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The first part
Of the true and honorable historie, of the life of Sir

John Old-castle, the good
Lord Cobham.

As it hath been lately acted by the right
honorable the Earle of Notingham
Lord high Admirall of England his
servants.

LONDON
Printed by V.S. for Thomas Pauier, and are to be solde at
his shop at the signe of the Catte and Parrots
neere the Exchange. 1600.
The Prologue.

The doubtful Title (Gentlemen) prefixt
Upon the Argument we haue in hand,
May breede suspence, and wrongfully disturbe
The peacefull quiet of your setled thoughts:
To stop which scruple, let this briefe suffise.
It is no pamperd glutton we present,
Nor aged Councellor to youthfull sinne,
But one, whose vertue shone aboue the rest,
A valiant Martyr, and a vertuous peere,
In whose true faith and loyalty exprest
Unto his soueraigne, and his countries weale:
We striue to pay that tribute of our Loue,
Your fauours merite, let faire Truth be grac’te,
Since forg’de inuention former time defac’te.
The true and honorable Historie, of
*the life of Sir John Oldcastle, the*
good Lord Cobham.

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

_Sheriffe._
MY Lords, I charge ye in his Highnesse name,
To keepe the peace, you, and your followers.

*Herb.* Good M. Sheriffe, look vnto your self.
*Pow.* Do so, for we haue other businesse.

*Proffer to fight againe*

_Sher._ Will ye disturbe the Judges, and the Assise?

Heare the Kings proclamation ye were best.

*Pow.* Hold then, lets heare it.
*Herb.* But be briefe, ye were best.
*Bayl.* O yes.
*Dauiy* Cossone, make shorter O, or shall marre your Yes.
*Bay.* O yes.
*Owen* What, has her nothing to say but O yes?
*Bay.* O yes.
*Da.* O nay, pye Cosse plut downe with her, down with her,
A Pawesse a Pawesse.

*Gough* A Herbert a Herbert, and downe with Powesse.

_Helter skelter againe._

_Sher._ Hold, in the Kings name, hold.
*Owen* Downe e tha kanaues name, downe.

A3
The first part of

In this fight, the Bailiffe is knocked downe, and the Sheriffe
and the other runne away.

Herb. Powesse, I thinke thy Welsh and thou do smart.
Pow. Herbert, I thinke my sword came neere thy heart.
Herb. Thy hearts best bloud shall pay the losse of mine.
Gough A Herbert a Herbert.
Dauy A Pwesse a Pwesse.

As they are lifting their weapons, enter the Maior of Hereford,
and his Officers and Townes-men with clubbes.

Maior My Lords, as you are liege men to the Crowne,
True noblemen, and subiects to the King,
Attend his Highnesse proclamation,
Commaund by the Iudges of Assise,
For keeping peace at this assemblie.

Herb. Good M. Maior of Hereford be briefe.
Mai. Serieant, without the ceremonie of O yes.
Pronounce alowd the proclamation.
Ser. The Kings Justices, perceiuing what publique mis-
chiefe may ensue this priuate quarrel: in his maiesties name do
straightly charge and commaund all persons, of what degree
soeuer, to depart this citty of Hereford, except such as are
bound to giue attendance at this Assise, and that no man pre-
sume to weare any weapon, especially welsh-hookes, Forrest
billes.

Owen Haw, no pill nor wells hoog? ha?
Ma. Peace, and heare the proclamation.
Ser. And that the Lord Powesse do presently disperse and
discharge his retinue, and depart the citty in the Kings peace,
he and his followers, on paine of imprisonment.
Dauy Haw? pud her Lord Pawesse in prison, A Pawes
A Pwesse, cossone liue and tie with her Lord.
Gough A Herbert a Herbert.

In this fight the Lord Herbert is wounded, and fals to the ground,
the Maior and his company goe away crying clubbes, Pwesse
runnes away, Gough and other of Herbets faction busie them-

sir Iohn Old-castle.

the Sheriffe and his Bailefes afore them, &c.

1. Iud. Where’s the Lord Herbert? is he hurt or slaine?
Sher. Hee’s here my Lord.
2. Iud. How fares his Lordshippe, friends?
Gough Mortally wounded, speechlesse, he cannot liue.
1. Iud Conuay him hence, let not his wounds take ayre,
And get him dress’d with expedition,
Ex. Herb. & Gough

M. Maior of Hereford M Shriue o’th shire,
Commit Lord Powesse to safe custodie,
To answer the disturbance of the peace,
Lord Herberths perill, and his high contempt
Of vs, and you the Kings commissioners,
See it be done with care and diligence.

Sher. Please it your Lordship, my Lord Powesse is gone,
Past all recouery.

2. Iud. Yet let search be made,
To apprehend his followers that are left.

Sher. There are some of them, sirs, lay hold on them,
Owen Of vs, and why? what has her done I pray you?
Sher. Disarme them Bailiffes.
Ma. Officers assist.
Dauy Heare you Lor shudge, what resson is for this?
Owen Cosson pe puse for fighting for our Lord?
1. Iudge Away with them.
Dauy Harg you my Lord. (shitten knaue, Both at once al this
Owen Gough my Lorde herberts man’s a Ise liue and tie in good quarrell.
Dauy Owen Pray you do shustice, let awl be preson.
Dauy Prison no,
Lord shudge I wooll giue you pale, good suerty.

2. Iudge What Bale? what suerties?
Dauy Her coozin ap Ries, ap Euan, ap Morrice, ap Mor-
Owen ap Lluellyn, ap Madoc, ap Meredith,
ap Griffen, ap Dauy, ap Owen ap Shinken Shones.

2 Iudge. Two of the most, sufficient are ynow,
Sher. And’t please your Lordship these are al but one.

1. Iudge.
The first part of

1. Judge To Iayle with them, and the Lord Herberths men, Weele talke with them, when the Assise is done, Exeunt. Riotous, audacious, and vnruily Groomes, Must we be forced to come from the Bench, To quiet brawles, which euery Constable In other ciuill places can suppresse?

2. Judge What was the quarrel that causde all this stirre?
Sher. About religion (as I heard) my Lord.
Lord Powesse detracted from the power of Rome, Affirming Wickliffes doctrine to be true, And Romes erroneous: hot reply was made By the lord Herbert, they were traytors all That would maintaine it: Powesse answered, They were as true, as noble, and as wise As he, that would defend it with their liues, He namde for instance sir Iohn Old­castle The Lord Cobham: Herbert replide againe, He, thou, and all are traitors that so hold. The lie was giuen, the seuerall factions drawne, And so enragde, that we could not appease it.

1. Judge This case concernes the Kings prerogatiue, And’s dangerous to the State and common wealth. Gentlemen, Justices, master Maior, and master Shrieue, It doth behoue vs all, and each of vs In generall and particular, to haue care For the suppressing of all mutinies, And all assemblies, except souldiers musters For the Kings preparation into France. We heare of secret conuenticles made, And there is doubt of some conspiracies, Which may breake out into rebellious armes When the King’s gone, perchance before he go: Note as an instance, this one perillous fray, What factions might haue growne on either part, To the destruction of the King and Realm, Yet, in my conscience, sir Iohn Old­castle

Innocent
Innocent of it, onely his name was vsde. We therefore from his Highnesse giue this charge. You maister Maior, looke to your citizens, You maister Sherife vnto your shire, and you As Iustices in euery ones precinct
There be no meetings. When the vulgar sort Sit on their Ale-bench, with their cups and kannes, Matters of state be not their common talke, Nor pure religion by their lips prophande. Let vs returne vnto the Bench againe, And there examine further of this fray. Enter a Baily and a Serieant

Sher. Sirs, haue ye taken the lord Powesse yet?  
Ba. No, nor heard of him.  
Ser. No, hee’s gone farre enough.
2. Iu. They that are left behind, shall answer all. Exeunt.

Enter Suffolke, Bishop of Rochester, Butler, parson of Wrotham.

Suffolke Now my lord Bishop, take free liberty
To speake your minde: what is your sute to vs?
Bishop My noble Lord, no more than what you know, And haue bin oftentimes inuested with:
Griuous complaints haue past betweene the lippes
Of enuious persons to vpbraide the Cleargy, Some carping at the liuings which we haue, And others spurning at the ceremonies That are of auncient custome in the church. Amongst the which, Lord Cobham is a chiefe:
What inconuenience may proceede hereof, Both to the King and to the common wealth, May easily be discernd, when like a frensie This innouation shall possesse their minds. These vpstarts will haue followers to vphold Their damned opinion, more than Harry shall To vndergoe his quarrell gainst the French.

Suffolke What proofe is there against them to be had,
That what you say the law may justifie?
Bishop They giue themselves the name of Protestants,
The first part of

And meete in fields and solitary groues.

   sir Ihon   Was euer heard (my Lord) the like til now?
That theeues and rebells, sbloud heretikes,
Playne heretikes, Ile stand toote to their teeth,
Should haue to colour, their vile practises,
A title of such worth, as Protestant?       enter one wyth a letter.

   Suf.     O but you must not sweare, it ill becomes
One of your coate, to rappe out bloody oaths.

   Bish.    Pardon him good my Lord, it is his zeale,
An honest country prelate, who laments
To see such foule disorder in the church.

   Sir Iohn   Theris one they call him Sir John Old-castle,
He has not his name for naught: for like a castle
Doth he encompasse them within his walls,
But till that castle be subuered quite,
We ne’re shall be at quiet in the realme.

   Bish.    That is our sute, my Lord, that he be tane,
And brought in question for his heresie,
Beside, two letters brought me out of Wales,
Wherin my Lord Herford writes to me,
What tumult and sedition was begun,
About the Lord Cobham, at the Sises there,
For they had much ado to calme the rage,
And that the valiant Herbert is there slaine.

   Suf.     A fire that must be quencht; wel, say no more,
The King anon goes to the counsell chamber,
There to debate of matters touching France:
As he doth passe by, Ile informe his grace
Concerning your petition: Master Butler,
If I forget, do you remember me,

   But.      I will my Lord.       Offer him a purse.

   Bish.    Not for a recompence,
But as a token of our loue to you,
By me my Lords of the cleargie do present
This purse, and in it full a thousand Angells,
Praying your Lordship to accept their gift.

   Suf:  
Suf. I thanke them, my Lord Bishop, for their loue,
But will not take their mony, if you please
To giue it to this gentleman, you may.

Bish. Sir, then we craue your furtherance herein.

But. The best I can my Lord of Rochester.

Bish. Nay, pray ye take it, trust me but you shal,
sir Iohn Were ye all three vpon New Market heath,
You should not neede straine curtsie who should ha’t e,
Sir Iohn would quickly rid ye of that care.

Suf. The King is comming, feare ye not my Lord,
The very first thing I will breake with him,
Shal be about your matter. Enter K. Harry and Huntington in talke.

Har. My Lord of Suffolke,
Was it not saide the Cleargy did refuse
To lend vs mony toward our warres in France?

Suf. It was my Lord, but very wrongfully.

Har. I know it was, for Huntington here tells me,
They haue bin very bountifull of late.

Suf. And still they vow my gracious Lord to be so,
Hoping your maiestie will think of them,
As of your louing subiects, and suppress
All such malitious errors as begin
To spot their calling, and disturb the church.

Har. God else forbid: why Suffolke, is there
Any new rupture to disquiet them?

Suf. No new my Lord, the old is great enough,
And so increasing, as if not cut downe,
Will breede a scandale to your royall state,
And set your Kingdome quickly in an vproare,
The Kentish knight, Lord Cobham, in despight
Of any law, or spirituall discipline,
Maintaines this vpstart new religion still,
And diuers great assemblies by his meanes
And priuate quarrells, are commenst abroad,
As by this letter more at large my liege,
Is made apparant.

B2

Har.
Let Har. We do find it here,
There was in Wales a certaine fray of late,
Betweene two noblemen, but what of this?
Followes it straight Lord Cobham must be he
Did cause the same? I dare be sworne (good knight)
He neuer dreampt of any such contention.

Bish. But in his name the quarrell did begin,
About the opinion which he held (my liege.)

Har. How if it did? was either he in place,
To take part with them, or abette them in it?
If brabling fellowes, whose inkindled bloud,
Seethes in their fiery vaines, will needes go fight,
Making their quarrells of some words that passt,
Either of you, or you, amongst their cuppes,
Is the fault yours, or are they guiltie of it?

Suffolke With pardon of your Highnesse (my dread lord)
Such little sparkes neglected, may in time
Grow to a mighty flame: but thats not all,
He doth beside maintaine a strange religion,
And will not be compelld to come to masse.

Bish. We do beseech you therefore gracious prince,
Without offence vnto your maiesty
We may be bold to vse authoritie.

Harry As how?

Bishop To summon him vnto the Arches,
Where such offences haue their punishment.

Harry To answere personally, is that your meaning?

Bishop It is, my lord.

Harry How if he appeale?

Bishop He cannot (my Lord) in such a case as this.

Suffolke Not where Religion is the plea, my lord.

Harry I tooke it alwayes, that our selfe stoode ont,
As a sufficient refuge, vnto whome
Not any but might lawfully appeale.
But weele not argue now vpon that poynct:
For sir Iohn Old-castle whom you accuse,
Let me intreat you to dispence awhile
With your high title of preheminence.  
Report did neuer yet condemne him so,
But he hath alwayes beeene reputed loyall:
And in my knowledge I can say thus much,
That he is vertuous, wise, and honourable:
If any way his conscience be seducde,
To wauer in his faith: Ile send for him,
And schoole him priuately, if that serue not,
Then afterward you may procede against him.
Butler, be you the messenger for vs,
And will him presently repaire to court.

sir Iohn
How now my lord, why stand you discontent?
In sooth, me thinkes the King hath well decreed.

Bishop
Yea, yea, sir Iohn, if he would keepe his word,
But I perceiue he faoures him so much,
As this will be to small effect, I feare.

sir Iohn
Why then Ile tell you what y’are best to do:
If you suspect the King will be but cold
In reprehending him, send you a processe too
To serue vpon him: so you may be sure
To make him answer’t, howsoere it fall.

Bishop
And well remembred, I will haue it so,
A Sumner shall be sent about it strait.

sir Iohn
Yea, doe so, in the meane space this remaines
For kinde sir Iohn of Wrotham honest Iacke.
Me thinkes the purse of gold the Bishop gaue,
Made a good shew, it had a tempting looke,
Beshrew me, but my fingers ends do itch
To be vpon those rudduks: well, tis thus:
I am not as the worlde does take me for:
If euer woolfe were cloathed in sheepes coate,
Then I am he, olde huddle and twang, yfaith,
A priest in shew, but in plaine termes, a thl*lefe.
Yet let me tell you too, an honest theefe.
One that will take it where it may be sp[*].

B3
And
The first part of

And spend it freely in good fellowship.
I haue as many shapes as Proteus had,
That still when any villany is done,
There may be none suspect it was sir Iohn.
Besides, to comfort me, for what's this life,
Except the crabbed bitternes thereof
Be sweetened now and then with lechery?
I haue my Doll, my concubine as 'twere,
To frolick with, a lusty bousing gerle.
But whilst I loyter here the gold, may scape,
And that must not be so, it is mine owne,
Therefore Ile meete him on his way to court,
And shriue him of it: there will be the sport.  

Exit.

Enter three or foure poore people, some soouldiers, some old men.

1 God help, God help, there's law for punishing,
   But there's no law for our necessity:
   There be more stockes to set poore soldiers in,
   Than there be houses to releue them at.

   Old man  Faith, housekeeping decayes in every place,
   Euen as Saint Peter writ, still worse and worse

   4 Maister maior of Rochester has giuen commande-
      ment, that none shall goe abroade out of the parish, and they
      haue set an order downe forsooth, what euery poore housshol-
      der must giue towards our reliefe: where there be some ceased
      I may say to you, had almost as much neede to beg as we.

   1 It is a hard world the while.

   Old man  If a poore man come to a doore to aske for Gods
      sake, they aske him for a licence, or a certificate from a Justice.

   2 Faith we haue none, but what we beare vpon our bo-
      dies, our maimed limbs, God help vs.

   4 And yet, as lame as I am, Ile with the king into France,
      if I can crawle but a ship-boorde, I hadde rather be slaine in
      France, than starue in England.

   Olde man.  Ha, were I but as lusty as I was at the battell of
      Shrewsbury, I would not doe as I do: but we are now come
      to the good lord Cobhams, to the best man to the poore that
sir John Old-castle

is in all Kent.

4 God blesse him, there be but few such.

Enter Lord Cobham with Harpoole.

Cob. Thou peeuish froward man, what wouldst thou haue?
Har. This pride, this pride, brings all to beggarie,
I seru’d your father, and your grandfather,
Shew me such two men now: no, no,
Your backes, your backes, the diuell and pride,
Has cut the throate of all good housekeeping,
They were the best Yeomens masters, that
Euer were in England.

Cob. Yea, except thou haue a crue of seely knaues,
And sturdy rogues, still feeding at my gate,
There is no hospitalitie with thee.

Har. They may sit at the gate well enough, but the diuell
of any thing you giue them, except they will eate stones.

Cob. Tis long then of such hungry knaues as you,
Yea sir, heres your retinue, your guests be come,
They know their howers I warrant you.

Old. God blesse your honour, God saue the good Lord
Cobham, and all his house,

Soul. Good your honour, bestow your blessed almes,
Vpon poore men.

Cob. Now sir, here be your Almes knights.
Now are you as safe as the Emperour.

Har. My Almes knights: nay, th’are yours,
It is a shame for you, and Ile stand too’t,
Your foolish almes maintaines more vagabonds,
Then all the noblemen in Kent beside.
Out you rogues, you knaues, worke for your liuings,
Alas poore men, O Lord, they may beg their hearts out,
Theres no more charitie amongst men,
Then amongst so many mastiffe dogges,
What make you here, you needy knaues?
Away, away, you villaines.

2. soul. I beseech you sit, be good to vs.

Cob.
The first part of

Cobham  Nay, nay, they know thee well enough, I thinke that all the beggars in this land are thy acquaintance, goe bestowe your almes, none will controule you sir.

Harp.  What should I giue them? you are growne so beggarly, you haue scarce a bitte of breade to giue at your doore: you talke of your religion so long, that you haue banished charitie from amongst you, a man may make a flaxe shop in your kitchin chimneyes, for any fire there is stirring.

Cobham  If thou wilt giue them nothing, send them hence, let them not stand here staruing in the colde.

Harp.  Who I driue them hence? if I driue poore men from your doore, Ile be hangd, I know not what I may come to my selfe: yea, God help you poore knaues, ye see the world yfaith, well, you had a mother: well, God be with thee good Lady, thy soule’s at rest: she gaue more in shirts and smocks to poore children, then you spend in your house, & yet you liue a beggar too.

Cobham  Euen the worst deede that ere my mother did, was in releuuing such a foole as thou.

Harpoole  Yea, yea, I am a foole still, with all your wit you will die a beggar, go too.

Cobham  Go you olde foole, giue the poore people something, go in poore men into the inner court, and take such alms as there is to be had.

Souldier  God blesse your honor.

Harpoole  Hang you roags, hang you, theres nothing but misery amongst you, you feare no law you.

Olde man  God blesse you good maister Rafe, God saue your life, you are good to the poore still.

Enter the Lord Powes disguised, and shrowde himselfe.

Cobham  What fellow’s yonder comes along the groue?

Few passengers there be that know this way:
Me thinkes he stopes as though he stayd for me,
And meant to shrowde himselfe amongst the bushes.
I know the Cleargie hate me to the death,
And my religion gets me many foes:

And
sir John Oldcastle.

And this may be some desperate rogue,
Subord to worke me mischiefe: As it
Pleaseth God, if he come toward me, sure
Ile stay his comming, be he but one man,
What soere he be:   

The Lord Powis comes on.

I haue beene well acquainted with that face.

Powis    Well met my honorable lord and friend.

Cobham    You are welcome sir, what ere you be,

But of this sodaine sir, I do not know you.

Powis    I am one that wisheth well vnto your honor,
My name is Powes, an olde friend of yours.

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

Powis    My Lord, an vnexpected accident,
Hath at this time inforc’d me to these parts:
And thus it hapt, not yet ful fiue dayes since,
Now at the last Assise at Hereford,
It chanst that the lord Herbert and my selfe,
Mongst other things, discoursing at the table,
To fall in speech about some certaine points
Of Wickcliffes doctrine, gainst the papacie,
And the religion catholique, maintaund
Through the most part of Europe at this day.
This wilfull teasty lord stucke not to say,
That Wickcliffe was a knaue, a schismatike,
His doctrine duelian and hereticall,
And what soere he was maintaund the same,
was traitor both to God and to his country.
Being moued at his peremptory speech,
I told him, some maintaund those opinions,
Men, and truer subiects then lord Herbert was:
And he replying in comparisons:
Your name was vrgde, my lord, gainst his chalenge,
To be a perfect faouer of the trueth.
And to be short, from words we fell to blowes,
The first part of

Our servants, and our tenants taking parts,
Many on both sides hurt: and for an houre
The broyle by no meanes could be pacified,
Vntill the Judges rising from the bench,
Were in their persons forc’d to part the fray.

   Cobham    I hope no man was violently slaine.
   Powis    Faith none I trust, but the lord Herberts selfe,
   Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,
   As it is doubted he can hardly scape.
   Cobham    I am sorry, my good lord, of these ill newes.
   Powis    This is the cause that driues me into Kent,
   To shrowd my selfe with you so good a friend,
   Vntill I heare how things do speed at home.
   Cobham    Your lordship is most welcome vnto Cobham,
   But I am very sorry, my good lord,
   My name was brought in question in this matter,
   Considering I haue many enemies,
   That threaten malice, and do lie in waite
   To take aduantange of the smallest thing.
   But you are welcome, and repose your lordship,
   And keepe your selfe here secret in my house,
   Vntill we heare how the lord Herbert speedes:
   Here comes my man.                      Enter Harpoole.

Sirra, what newes?
   Harpoole    Yonders one maister Butler of the priuie cham-
               ber, is sent vnto you from the King.
   Powis    I pray God the lord Herbert be not dead, and the
   King hearing whither I am gone, hath sent for me.
   Cob.    Comfort your selfe my lord, I warrant you.
   Harpoole    Fellow, what ailes thee? doost thou quake? dost
   thou shake? dost thou tremble? ha?
   Cob.    Peace you old foole, sirra, conuey this gentleman
   in the backe way, and bring the other into the walke.
   Harpoole    Come sir. you are welcome, if you loue my lorde.
   Powis    God haue mercy gentle friend.
   Cob.    I thought as much, that it would not be long before I
   heard
sir John Old-castle.

heard of something from the King, about this matter.  

Enter Harpoole with Maister Butler.  

Harpoole Sir, yonder my lord walkes, you see him,  
Ile haue your men into the Celler the while.  

Cobh. welcome good maister Butler.  

Butler Thankes, my good lord: his Maiestie dooth commend his loue vnto your lordship, and wils you to repaire vnto the court.  

Cobh. God blesse his Highnesse, and confound his enemie-s, I hope his Maiestie is well.  

Butler In health, my lord.  

Cobh. God long continue it: mee thinkes you looke as though you were not well, what ailes you sir?  

Butler Faith I haue had a foolish odde mischance, that angers mee: comming ouer Shooters hill, there came a fellow to me like a Sailer, and asked me money, and whilst I staide my horse to draw my purse, he takes th’aduantage of a little banck and leapes behind me, whippes my purse away, and with a sodaine ierke I know not how, threw me at least three yards out of my saddle. I neuer was so robbed in all my life.  

Cobh. I am very sorie sir for your mischance, wee will send our warrant foorth, to stay such suspitious persons as shal be found, then maister Butler, we wil attend you.  

Butler I humbly thanke your lordship, I will attend you.  

Enter the Sumner.  

Sum. I haue the law to warrant what I do, and though the Lord Cobham be a noble man, that dispenses not with law, I dare serue processe were a fiue noble men, though we Sumners make sometimes a mad slip in a corner with a prettie wench, a Sumner must not goe always by seeing, a manne may be content to hide his eies, where he may feele his profit: well, this is my Lord Cobhams house, if I can deuise to speake with him, if not, Ile clap my citation vpon’s doore, so my lord of Rochester bid me, but me thinkes here comes one of his men.  

Enter Harpoole.  

Harp. Welcome good fellow, welcome, who wouldst thou C2 speake
The first part of

speake with?
    Sum. With my lord Cobham, I would speake, if thou be
    one of his men.
    Harp. Yes I am one of his men, but thou canst not speake
    with my lord.
    Sum. May I send to him then?
    Harp. Ile tel thee that, when I know thy errand.
    Sum. I will not tel my errand to thee.
    Harp. Then keepe it to thy selfe, and walke like a knaue as
    thou camest.
    Sum. I tell thee my lord keepes no knaues, sirra.
    Harp. Then thou seruest him not, I beleue, what lord is thy
    master?
    Sum. My lord of Rochester.
    Harp. In good time, and what wouldst thou haue with my
    lord Cobham?
    Sum. I come by vertue of a processe, to ascite him to ap­
    peare before my lord, in the court at Rochester.
    Harp aside. Wel, God grant me patience, I could eate this
    conger. My lord is not at home, therefore it were good Sum­
    ner you caried your processe backe.
    Sum. Why, if he will not be spoken withall, then will I
    leaye it here, and see you that he take knowledge of it.
    Harp. Swounds slaeue, do you set vp your bills here, go
    to, take it downe againe, doest thou know what thou dost, dost
    thee know on whom thou seruest processe?
    Sum. Yes marry doe I, Sir Iohn Old-castle Lord Cob­
    ham.
    Harp. I am glad thou knowest him yet, and sirra dost not
    thou know, that the lord Cobham is a braue lord, that keepes
    good beefe and beere in his house, and euery day feedes a
    hundred poore people at’s gate, and keepes a hundred tall fel­
    lowes?
    Sum. Whats that to my processe?
    Harp. Mary this sir, is this processe parchment?
    Sum. Yes mary.


sir John Old-castle.

Harp. And this seale waxe?
Sum. It is so.
Harp. If this be parchment, & this wax, eate you this parch-
ment, and this waxe, or I will make parchment of your skinne,
and beate your braines into waxe: Sirra Sumner dispatch,
deuoure, sirra deuoure.
Sum. I am my lord of Rochesters Sumner, I came to do my
office, and thou shalt answere it.
Harp. Sirra, no railing, but betake you to your teeth, thou
shalt eate no worse then thou bringst with thee, thou bringst
it for my lord, and wilt thou bring my lord worse then thou
wilt eate thy selfe?
Sum. Sir, I brought it not my lord to eate.
Harp. O do you sir me now, all’s one for that, but ile make
you eate it, for bringing it.
Sum. I cannot eate it.
Harp. Can you not? sbloud ile beate you vntil you haue a
stomacke. he beates him.
Sum. O hold, hold, good master seruing-man, I will eate it.
Harp. Be champping, be chawing sir, or Ile chaw you, you
rogue, the purest of the hony.
Sum. Tough waxe, is the purest of the hony.
Harp. O Lord sir, oh oh, he eates.
Feed, feed, wholsome rogue, wholsome.
Cannot you like an honest Sumner walke with the diuell your
brother, to fetch in your Bailiffes rents, but you must come to
a noble mans house with processe? Sbloud if thy seale were as
broad as the lead that couers Rochester church, thou shouldst
eate it.
Sum. O I am almost choaked, I am almost choaked.
Harp. Who’s within there? wil you shame my Lord, is
there no beere in the house? Butler I say.
But. Heere, here. Enter Butler.
Harp. Giue him Beere. he drinkes.
There, tough old sheepskins, bare drie meate.
Sum. O sir, let me go no further, Ile eate my word.
C3 harp.
The first part of

Harp. Yea mary sir, so I meane you shall eate more then your own word, for ile make you eate all the words in the processe. Why you drab monger, cannot the secrets of al the wenches in a sheire serue your turne, but you must come hither with a citation with a poxe? Ile cite you. he has then done.

A cup of sacke for the Sumner.

But. Here sir here.

Harp. Here slaue I drinke to thee.

Sum. I thanke you sir.

Harp. Now if thou findest thy stomacke well, because thou shalt see my Lord keep’s meate in’s house, if thou wilt go in thou shalt haue a pece of beefe to thy break fast.

Sum. No I am very well good M. seruing-man, I thanke you, very well sir.

Harp. I am glad on’t, then be walking towards Rochester to keepe your stomack warme: and Sumner, if I may know you disturb a good wench within this Diocesse, if I do not make thee eate her peticote, if there were four yards of Kentish cloth in’t, I am a villaine.

Sum. God be with you M. seruingmaan.

Harp. Farewell Sumner. Enter Constable.

Con. God saue you M. Harpoole.

Harp. Welcome Constable, welcom Constable, what news with thee?

Con. And’t please you M. Harpoole, I am to make hue to crie, for a fellow with one eie that has rob’d two Clothiers, and am to craue your hindrance, for to search all suspected places, and they say there was a woman in the company.

Harp. Hast thou bin at the Alehouse, hast thou sought there?

Con. I durst not search sir, in my Lord Cobhams libertie, except I had some of his seruants, which are for my warrant.

Harp. An honest Constable, an honest Constable, cal forth him that keepes the Alehouse there.

Con. Ho, who’s within there?

Ale man Who calls there, come neere a Gods name, oh is’t you
you M. Constable and M. Harpoole, you are welcome with all my heart, what make you here so earely this morning?

_Harp._ Sirra, what strangers do you lodge, there is a robbery done this morning, and we are to search for all suspected persons.

_Aleman._ Gods bores, I am sorry for’t, yfaith sir I lodge no body but a good honest mery priest, they call him sir Iohn a Wrootham, and a handsome woman that is his neece, that he saies he has some sute in law for, and as they go vp & down to London, sometimes they lie at my house.

_Harp._ What, is he here in thy house now?

_Con._ She is sir, I promise you sir he is a quiet man, and because he will not trouble too many roomes, he makes the woman lie euery night at his beds feete.

_Harp._ Bring her forth Constable, bring her forth, let’s see her, let’s see her.

_Con._ Dorothy, you must come downe to M. Constable.

_Dol._ Anon forsooth. _she enters._

_Harp._ Welcome sweete lasse, welcome.

_Dol._ I thank you good M. seruing-man, and master Constable also.

_Harp._ A plump girle by the mas, a plump girle, ha Dol ha, wilt thou forsake the priest, and go with me.

_Con._ A well said M. Harpooole, you are a merrie old man yfaith, yfaith you wil neuer be old: now by the macke, a prettie wench indeed.

_Harp._ Ye old mad mery Constable, art thou aduis’d of that ha, well said Dol, fill some ale here.

_Dol aside._ Oh if I wist this old priest would not sticke to me, by Ioue I would ingle this old seruing-man.

_Harp._ Oh you of*ld mad colt, yfaith Ile feak you: fil all the pots in the house there.

_Con._ Oh wel said M. Harpoole, you are heart of oake when all’s done.

_Harp._ Ha Dol, thou hast a sweete paire of lippes by the masse.

_Dol._
The first part of

Doll    Truely you are a most sweet olde man, as euer I sawe, by my troth, you haue a face, able to make any woman in loue with you.

Harp.    Fill sweete Doll, Ile drinke to thee.

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

Harp.    imbracing her    Doll, canst thou loue me? a mad merry lasse, would to God I had neuer seene thee.

Doll    I warrant you you will not out of my thoughts this tweluemonth, truely you are as full of fauour, as a man may be. Ah these sweete grey lockes, by my troth, they are most louely.

Constable    Gods boores maister Harpoole, I will haue one busse too.

Harp.    Nolicking for you Constable, hand off, hand off.

Constable    Bur lady I loue kissing as wel as you.

Doll    Oh you are an od boie, you haue a wanton eie of your owne: ah you sweet sugar lipt wanton, you will winne as ma- ny womens hearts as come in your company. Enter Priest.

Wroth.    Doll, come hither.

Harp.    Priest, she shal not.

Doll    Ile come anone, sweete loue.

Wroth.    Hand off, old fornicator.

Harp.    Vicar, Ile sit here in spight of thee, is this fitte stuffe for a priest to carry vp and downe with him?

Wrotham    Ah sirra, dost thou not know, that a good fellow parson may haue a chappel of ease, where his parish Church is farre off?

Harp.    You whooreson ston’d Vicar.

Wroth.    You olde stale ruffin, you lion of Cotswold.

Harp.    Swounds Vicar, Ile geld you. flies vpon him.

Constable    Kepe the Kings peace.

Doll    Murder, murder, murder.

Ale man    Holde, as you are men, holde, for Gods sake be quiet: put vp your weapons, you drawe not in my house.

Harp.    You whooreson bawdy priest.

Wroth.
sir John Old-castle.

Wroth. You old mutton monger.
Constable Hold sir John, hold.

Doll to the Priest I pray thee sweet heart be quiet, I was but sitting to drinke a pot of ale with him, euen as kinde a man as euer I met with.
Harp. Thou art a theefe I warrant thee.
Wroth. Then I am but as thou hast beene in thy dayes, lets not be ashamed of our trade, the King has beene a theefe himselfe.

Doll Come, be quiet, hast thou sped?
Wroth. I haue wench, here be crownes ifaith.
Doll Come, lets be all friends then.
Constable Well said mistris Dorothy ifaith.
Harp. Thou art the madst priest that euer I met with.
Wroth. Giue me thy hand, thou art as good a fellow, I am a singer, a drinker, a bencher, a wencher, I can say a masse, and kisse a lasse: faith I haue a parsonage, and bicause I would not be at too much charges, this wench serues me for a sexton.
Harp. Well said mad priest, weele in and be friends,  
exeunt.

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

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

Mu. Mary God dild ye daintie my deere, no master, good Sr Roger Acton Knight, maister Bourne, and maister Beuerley esquires, gentlemen, and justices of the peace, no maister I, but plaine William Murly the brewer of Dunstable your honest neighbour, and your friend, if ye be men of my professi-
on.

Beuerley Professed friends to Wickliffe, foes to Rome.
Murl. Hold by me lad, leane vpon that staffe good ma-
stre Beuerley, all of a house, say your mind, say your mind.
Acton You know our faction now is growne so great, Throughout the realme; that it beginnes to smoake
Into the Cleargies eies, and the Kings eares,
The first part of

High time it is that we were drawne to head,
Our generall and officers appoynted.
And warres ye wot will aske great store of coine.
Able to strength our action with your purse,
You are elected for a colonell
Ouer a regiment of fifteene bands.

Murley     Fue paltrie paltrie, in and out, to and fro, be it more
or lesse, vpon occasion, Lorde haue mercie vpon vs, what a
world is this? Sir Roger Acton, I am but a Dunstable man, a
plaine brewer, ye know: will lusty Causaliering capaines gen-
tlemen come at my calling, goe at my bidding? Daintie my
dee, theile doe a dogge of waxe, a horse of cheese, a pricke
and a pudding, no, no, ye must appoint some lord or knight
at least to that place.

Bourne    Why master Murley, you shall be a Knight:
Were you not in election to be shrieue?
Haue ye not past all offices but that?
Haue ye not wealth to make your wife a lady?
I warrant you, my lord, our Generall
Bestowes that honor on you at first sight.

Murley     Mary God dild ye daintie my deare:
But tell me, who shalbe our Generall?
Wheres the lord Cobham, sir John Old-castle,
That noble almes-giuer, housekeeper, vertuous,
Religious gentleman? Come to me there boies,
Come to me there.

Acton     Why who but he shall be our Generall?

Murley     And shall he knight me, and make me colonell?

Acton     My word for that, sir William Murley knight.

Murley     Fellow sir Roger Acton knight, all fellows, I
meane in armes, how strong are we? how many partners? our
enemies beside the King are mightie, be it more or lesse vpon
occasion, reckon our force.

Acton      There are of vs, our friends, and followers,
Three thousand and three hundred at the least,
Of northerne lads foure thousand, beside horse,
sir John Old-castle.

From Kent there comes with sir Iohn Old-castle
Seauen thousand, then from London issue out,
Of maisters, seruants, strangers, prentices
Fortie odde thousands into Ficket field,
Where we appoynt our speciall randeuous.

"altry paltry, in and out, to and fro, Lord haue
a world is this, wheres that Ficket fielde,
sir Roger?"

Acton  Behinde saint Giles in the field neere Holborne.
Murley  Newgate, vp Holborne, S. Giles in the field, and to Tiborne, an old saw: for the day, for the day?
Acton  On friday next the fourteenth day of January.
Murley  Tyllie vallie, trust me neuer if I haue any liking of that day: fue paltry paltry, friday quoth a, dismall day, Childermasse day this yeare was friday.
Beuerley  Nay maister Murley, if you obserue such daies,
We make some question of your constancie,
All daies are like to men resolu’d in right.
Murley  Say Amen, and say no more, but say, and hold ma­­­ster Beuerley, friday next, and Ficket field, and William Mur­­­ley, and his merry men shalbe al one, I haue halfe a score iades
that draw my beere cartes, and euyer iade shall beare a knaue,
and euery knaue shall weare a iacke, and euery iacke shal haue
a scull, and euery scull shal shew a speare, and euery speare shal
kill a foe at Ficket field, at Ficket field, Iohn and Tom, and
Dicke and Hodge, and Rafe and Robin, William & George,
and all my knaues shall fight like men, at Ficket field on friday
next.
Bourne  What summe of money meane you to disburse?
Murley  It may be modestly, decently, soberly, and hand­somely I may bring fiue hundreth pound.
Acton  Fiue hundreth man? fiue thousand’s not enough,
A hundreth thousand will not pay our men
Two months together, either come preparde
Like a braue Knight, and martiall Colonell,
In glittering golde, and gallant furniture,
The first part of

Bringing in coyne, a cart loade at the least,
And all your followers mounted on good horse,
Or neuer come disgracefull to vs all.

    Beuerley  Perchance you may be chosen Treasurer,
Tenne thousand pound’s the least that you can bring.

    Murley  Paltry paltry, in and of and fro, vpon sion I
haue ten thousand pound to sion, and . And ra-
ther than the Bishop shall haue his will of mee for my con-
science, it shall out all. Flame and flaxe, flame and flaxe, it was
gotte with water and mault, and it shal flie with fire and gunne
powder. Sir Roger, a cart loade of mony til the axetree cracke,
my selfe and my men in Ficket field on friday next: remem-
ber my Knighthoode, and my place: there’s my hand Ile bee
there.

    Acton  See what Ambition may perswade men to,
In hope of honor he will spend himselfe.

    Bourne  I neuer thought a Brewer halfe so rich.
    Beuerley  Was neuer bankerout Brewer yet but one,
With vsing too much mault, too little water.

    Acton  Thats no fault in Brewers now-adayes:
Come, away about our businesse.

    Enter K. Harry, Suffolke, Butler, and Old-castle kneeling
to the King.

    Harry  Tis not enough Lord Cobham to submit.
You must forsaKE your grosse opinion,
The Bishops find themselues much injured,
And though for some good service you haue done,
We for our part are pleasde to pardon you,
Yet they will not so soone be satisfied,

    Cobham  My gracious Lord vnto your Maiestie,
Next vnto my God, I owe my life,
And what is mine, either by natures gift,
Or fortunes bountie, al is at your service,
But for obedience to the Pope of Rome,
I owe him none, nor shall his shaueling priests
That are in England, alter my beliefe.

If
sir John Old-castle

If out of holy Scripture they can proue,
That I am in an errore, I will yeeld,
And gladly take instruction at their hands,
But otherwise, I do beseech your grace,
My conscience may not be incroacht vpon.

   Har. We would be loath to presse our subiects bodies,
Much lesse their soules, the deere redeemed part,
Of him that is the ruler of vs all,
Yet let me counsell ye, that might command,
Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,
Nor suffer any meetings to be had
Within your house, but to the vtermost,
Disperse the flockes of this new gathering sect.

   Cobham My liege, if any breathe, that dares come forth,
And say, my life in any of these points
Deserues th’attaindor of ignoble thoughts
Here stand I, crauing no remorce at all,
But euen the vtmost rigor may be showne.

   Har. Let it suffice we know your loyaltie,
What haue you there?

   Cob. A deed of clemencie,
Your Highnesse pardon for Lord Powesse life,
Which I did beg, and you my noble Lord,
Of gracious fauour did vouchsafte to grant.

   Har. But yet it is not signed with our hand.

   Cob. Not yet my Liege.                      one ready with pen

   Har. The fact, you say, was done,            and incke.
Not of prepensed malice, but by chance.

   Cob. Vpon mine honor so, no otherwise.

   Har. There is his pardon, bid him make amends,  writes.
And cleanse his soule to God for his offence,
What we remit, is but the bodies scourge,

How now Lord Bishop?

   Bishop Justice dread Soueraigne.
As thou art King, so graunt I may haue justice.

   Har. What meanes this exclamation, let vs know?

D3                             Enter Bishop.
The first part of

_Bish._ Ah my good Lord, the state’s abusde,
And our decrees most shamefully prophande.

_Har._ How, or by whom?

_Bish._ Euen by this heretike,
This lew, this Traitor to your maiestie.

_Cob._ Prelate, thou liest, euen in thy greasie maw,
Or whosoeuer twits me with the name,
Of either traitor, or of heretike.

_Har._ Forbeare I say, and Bishop, shew the cause
From whence this late abuse hath bin deriu’d,

_Bish._ Thus mightie King, by generall consent,
A messenger was sent to cite this Lord,
To make appearance in the consistorie,
And comming to his house, a ruffian slaue,
One of his daily followers, met the man,
Who knowing him to be a parator,
Assaults him first, and after in contempt
Of vs, and our proceedings, makes him eate
The written processe, parchment, seale and all:
Whereby his maister neither was brought forth,
Nor we but scornd, for our authoritie.

_Har._ When was this done?

_Bish._ At sixe a clocke this morning.

_Har._ And when came you to court?

_Cob._ Last night my Lord.

_Har._ By this it seemes, he is not guilty of it,
And you haue done him wrong t’accuse him so.

_Bish._ But it was done my lord by his appointment,
Or else his man durst ne’re haue bin so bold.

_Har._ Or else you durst be bold, to interrupt,
And fill our eares with friuolous complaints,
Is this the duetie you do beare to vs?
Was’t not sufficient we did passe our word
To send for him, but you misdoubting it,
Or which is worse, intending to forestall
Our regall power, must likewise summon him?
This saours of Ambition, not of zeale,  
And rather proues, you malice his estate,  
Than any way that he offends the law.  
Go to, we like it not, and he your officer,  
That was imployde so much amisse herein,  
Had his desert for being insolent:  
So Cobham when you please you may depart.  

_Cob._ I humbly bid farewell vnto my liege.  

_Har._ Farewell, what’s the newes by Huntington?  

_Hunt._ Sir Roger Acton, and a crue, my Lord,  
Of bold seditious rebels, are in Armes,  
Intending reformation of Religion.  
And with their Army they intend to pitch,  
In Ficket field, vnlesse they be repulst.  

_Har._ So nere our presence? dare they be so bold?  
And will proud warre, and eager thirst of bloud,  
Whom we had thought to entertaine farre off,  
Presse forth vpon vs in our native boundes?  
Must wee be forc’t to hansell our sharp blades  
In England here, which we prepar’d for France?  
Well, a Gods name be it, what’s their number? say,  
Or who’s the chiefe commander of this rowt?  

_Hunt._ Their number is not knowne, as yet (my Lord)  
But tis reported Sir Iohn Old-castle  
Is the chiefe man, on whom they do depend.  

_Har._ How, the Lord Cobham?  

_Hunt._ Yes my gracious Lord.  

_Bish._ I could haue told your maiestie as much  
Before he went, but that I saw your Grace  
Was too much blinde by his flaterie.  

_Suf._ Send poast my Lord to fetch him backe againe.  

_But._ Traitor vnto his country, how he smooth’d,  
And seemde as innocent as Truth it selfe?  

_Har._ I cannot thinke it yet, he would be false,  
But if he be, no matter let him go,  
Weele meet both him and them vnto their wo.  

_Bishop_
The first part of

Bish. This falls out well, and at the last I hope
To see this heretike die in a rope.

Enter Earle of Cambridge, Lord Scroope, Gray, and
Chartres the French factor.

Scroop. Once more my Lord of Cambridge make rehearsal,
How you do stand intiteled to the Crowne,
The deeper shall we print it in our mindes,
And euery man the better be resolu’de,
When he perceiues his quarrell to be iust.

Cam. Then thus Lord Scroope, sir Thomas Gray, & you
Mounsieur de Chartres, agent for the French,
This Lionell Duke of Clarence, as I said,
Third sonne of Edward (Englands King) the third
Had issue Phillip his sole daughter and heyre,
Which Phillip afterward was giuen in marriage,
To Edmund Mortimer the Earle of March,
And by him had a son cald Roger Mortimer,
Which Roger likewise had of his discent,
Edmund, Roger, Anne, and Elianor,
Two daughters and two sonnes, but those three
Dide without issue, Anne that did suruiue,
And now was left her fathers onely heyre,
My fortune was to marry, being too
By my grandfather of King Edwardes line,
So of his surname, I am calde you know,
Richard Plantagenet, my father was,
Edward the Duke of Yorke, and son and heyre
To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's first sonne.

Scroop. So that it seemes your claime comes by your wife,
As lawfull heyre to Roger Mortimer,
The son of Edmund, which did marry Phillip
Daughter and heyre to Lyonell Duke of Clarence.

Cam. True, for this Harry, and his father both
Harry the first, as plainely doth appeare,
Are false intruders, and vsurp the Crowne.
For when yong Richard was at Pomfret slaine,
sir John Old-castle.

In him the title of prince Edward dide,
That was the eldest of king Edwards sonnes:
William of Hatfield, and their second brother,
Death in his nonage had before bereft:
So that my wife deriu’d from Lionell,
Third sonne vnto king Edward, ought proceede,
And take possession of the Diademe
Before this Harry, or his father king,
Who fetcht their title but from Lancaster,
Forth of that royall line. And being thus,
What reason ist but she should haue her right?

Scroope    I am resolu’d our enterprise is iust.
Gray    Harry shall die, or else resigne his crowne.
Chart.    Performe but that, and Charles the king of France
Shall ayde you lorde, not onely with his men,
But send you money to maintaine your warres,
Fiue hundred thousand crownes he bade me proffer,
If you can stop but Harries voyage for France.

Scroope    We neuer had a fitter time than now
The realme in such diuision as it is.

Camb.    Besides, you must perswade ye there is due,
Vengeance for Richards murder, which although
It be deferrde, yet will it fall at last,
And now as likely as another time.
Sinne hath had many yeeres to ripen in,
And now the haruest cannot be farre off,
Wherein the weeds of vsurpation,
Are to be cropt, and cast into the fire.

Scroope    No more earle Cambridge, here I plight my faith,
To set vp thee, and thy renowned wife.
Gray    Gray will performe the same, as he is knight.
Chart.    And to assist ye, as I said before,
Charters doth gage the honor of his king.

Scroope    We lacke but now Lord Cobhams fellowship,
And then our plot were absolute indeede.

Camb.    Doubt not of him, my lord, his life’s pursu’d
By th’incensed Cleargy, and of late,
Brought in displeasure with the king, assures
He may be quickly wonne vnto our faction.
Who hath the articles were drawne at large
Of our whole purpose?

Gray That haue I my Lord.

Camb. We should not now be farre off from his house,
Our serious conference hath beguild the way,
See where his castle stands, giue me the writing.
When we are come vnto the speech of him,
Because we will not stand to make recount,
Of that which hath beene saide, here he shall reade enter Cob.
Our mindes at large, and what we craue of him.

Scroope A ready way: here comes the man himselfe
Booted and spurrd, it seemes he hath beene riding.

Camb. VVell met lord Cobham.

Cobh. My lord of Cambridge?

Your honor is most welcome into Kent,
And all the rest of this faire company.
I am new come from London, gentle Lordes:
But will ye not take Cowling for your host,
And see what entertainement it affordes?

Camb. We were intended to haue beene your guests:
But now this lucky meeting shall suffise
To end our businesse, and deferre that kindnesse.

Cobh. Businesse my lord? what businesse should you haue
But to be mery? we haue no delicates,
But this Ile promise you, a peece of venison,
A cup of wine, and so forth: hunters fare:
And if you please, weele strike the stagge our selues
Shall fill our dishes with his wel-fed flesh.

Scroope That is indeede the thing we all desire.

Cobh. My lorde, and you shall haue your choice with me.

Camb. Nay but the stagge which we desire to strike,
Liues not in Cowling: if you will consent,
And goe with vs, weele bring you to a forrest,
Where runnes a lusty hierd: amongst the which
There is a stagge superior to the rest,
A stately beast, that when his fellows runne,
He leades the race, and beats the sullen earth,
As though he scornd it with his trampling hooves,
Aloft he beares his head, and with his breast,
Like a huge bulwarke counter-checkes the wind:
And when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth
His proud ambitious necke, as if he meant
To wound the firmament with forked hornes.
  
  Cobh.  Tis pitty such a goodly beast should die.
  Camb.  Not so, sir Iohn, for he is tyrannous,
And goes the other deere, and will not keep
Within the limites are appointed him.
Of late hees broke into a seueral,
Which doth belong to me, and there he spoiles
Both corne and pasture, two of his wilde race
Alike for stealth, and couetous incroaching,
Already are remou’d, if he were dead,
I shoule not onely be secure from hurt,
But with his body make a royall feast.
  Scroope  How say you then, will you first hunt with vs?
  Cobh.  Faith Lords, I like the pastime, wheres the place?
  Camb.  Peruse this writing, it will shew you all,
And what occasion we haue for the sport.
  Cobh.  Call ye this hunting, my lords? Is this the stag
You faine would chase, Harry our dread king?
So we may make a banquet for the diuell,
And in the steede of wholesome meate, prepare
A dish of poison to confound our selues.
  Camb.  Why so lord Cobham? see you not our claime?
And how imperiously he holdes the crowne?
  Scroope  Besides, you know your selfe is in disgrace,
Held as a recreant, and pursue to death.
This will defend you from your enemies,
And establish your religion through the land.

   E2

   Cob.
The first part of

Cobh. Notorious treason! yet I will conceale My secret thoughts, to sound the depth of it.
My lord of Cambridge, I doe see your claime,
And what good may redound vnto the land,
By prosecuting of this enterprise.
But where are men? where’s power and furniture
To order such an action? we are weake,
Harry, you know’s a mighty potentate.

Camb. Tut, we are strong enough, you are belou’d,
And many will be glad to follow you,
VVe are the light, and some will follow vs:
Besides, there is hope from France: heres an ambassador
That promiseth both men and money too.
The commons likewise (as we heare) pretend
A sodaine tumult, we wil ioyne with them.

Cobh. Some likelihooде, I must confesse, to speede:
But how shall I beleue this is plaine truth?
You are (my lords) such men as liue in Court,
And highly haue beene fauour’d of the king,
Especially lord Scroope, whome oftentimes
He maketh choice of for his bedfellow.
And you lord Gray are of his priuy councell:
Is not this a traine to intrappe my life?

Camb. Then perish may my soule: what thinke you so?

Scroope VVeele sweare to you.

Gray Or take the sacrament.

Cobh. Nay you are noble men, and I imagine,
As you are honorable by birth and bloud,
So you will be in heart, in thought, in word.
I craue no other testimony but this.
That you would all subscribe, and set your hands
Vnto this writing which you gaue to me.

Camb. VVith all our hearts: who hath any pen and inke?

Scroope My pocket should haue one: yea, heere it is.

Camb. Giue it me lord Scroope: there is my name.

Scroope And there is my name.

Gray
Sir John Oldcastle

Gray

And mine.

Cobh.  Sir, let me craue,
That you would likewise write your name with theirs,
For confirmation of your maisters word,
The king of Fraunce.

Char. That will I noble Lord.

Cobh. So now this action is well knit together,
And I am for you: where’s our meeting, lords?

Camb. Here if you please, the tenth of Iuly next.

Cobh. In Kent? agreed: now let vs in to supper,
I hope your honors will not away to night.

Camb. Yes presently, for I haue farre to ride,
About solliciting of other friends.

Scroope  And we would not be absent from the court,
Lest thereby grow suspition in the king.

Cobh. Yet taste a cup of wine before ye go.

Camb. Not now my lord, we thanke you: so farewell.

Cob. Farewell my noble lordes: my noble lords?

My noble villaines, base conspirators,
How can they looke his Highnesse in the face,
Whome they so closly study to betray?
But ile not sleepe vntill I make it knowne.
This head shall not be burnded with such thoughts,
Nor in this heart will I conceale a deede
Of such impietie against my king.

Madam, how now?  Enter Harpoole and the rest.

Lady cobh. You are welcome home, my Lord,
Why seeme ye so disquiet in your lookes?
What hath befalne you that disquiets your minde?

Lady Po. Bad newes I am afraye touching my husband.

Cobh. Madam, not so: there is your husbands pardon,
Long may ye liue, each ioy vnto the other.

Powesse  So great a kindnesse as I knowe not howe to make
reply, my sense is quite confounded.

Cobh. Let that alone: and madam stay me not,
For I must backe vnto the court againe

E3  With
With all the speede I can: Harpoole, my horse.

*Lady Cob.* So soone my Lord? what will you ride all night?

*Cobham* All night or day, it must be so, sweete wife,

Vrge me not why, or what my businesse is,

But get you in: Lord Powesse, beare with me,

And madam, thinke your welcome nere the worse:

My house is at your vse. Harpoole, away.

*Harp.* Shall I attend your lordship to the court?

*Cob.* Yea sir, your gelding, mount you presently

*Lady Cob.* I prythee Harpoole, looke vnto thy Lord,

I do not like this sodaine posting backe.

*Powes* Some earnest businesse is a foote belike,

What e’re it be, pray God be his good guide.

*Lady Po.* Amen that hath so highly vs bested.

*Lady Co.* Come madam, and my lord, weeel hope the best,

You shall not into Wales till he returne.

*Powesse* Though great occasion be we should departe, yet

madam will we stay to be resolude, of this vnlookt for doubtfull

accident.

Exeunt.

Enter Murley and his men, prepared in some filthy order for warre.

*Murly.* Come my hearts of flint, modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomly, no man afore his Leader, follow your master, your Captaine, your Knight that shal be, for the honor of Meale-men, Millers, and Mault-men dunne is the mowse, Dicke and Tom for the credite of Dunstable, ding downe the enemie to morrow, ye shall not come into the field like beggars, where be Leonard and Laurence my two loa-
ders, Lord haue mercie vpon vs, what a world is this? I would giue a couple of shillings for a dozen of good fethers for ye, and forty pence for as many skarffes to set ye out withall, frost and snow, a man has no heart to fight till he be braue.

*Dicke* Master I hope we be no babes, for our manhood, our bucklers, and our towne foote-balls can beare witnesse: and this lite parrell we haue shall off, and wee’l fight naked a-
fore we runne away.

*Tom.* Nay, I am of Laurence mind for that, for he meanes
sir John Old-castle.

to leaue his life behind him, he and Leonard your two loaders
are making their wills because they haue wiues, now we Bachellers bid our friends scramble for our goods if we die: but master, pray ye let me ride vpon Cutte.

Murly Meale and salt, wheat and mault, fire and tow, frost and snow, why Tom thou shalt: let me see, here are you, William and George are with my cart, and Robin and Hodge holding my owne two horses, proper men, handsom men, tall men, true men.

Dicke But master, master, me thinkes you are a mad man, to hazard your owne person and a cart load of money too.

Tom Yea, and maister theras a worse matter in’t, if it be as I heard say, we go to fight against all the learned Bishops, that should giue vs their blessing, and if they curse vs, we shall speede nere the better.

Dicke Nay bir lady, some say the King takes their part, and master, dare you fight against the King?

Murly Fie paltry, paltry in and out, to and fro vpon occasion, if the King be so vnwise to come there, weele fight with him too.

Tom What if ye should kill the King?

Mur Then weele make another.

Dicke Is that all, do ye not speake treason?

Mur If we do, who dare trippe vs? we come to fight for our conscience, and for honor, little know you what is in my bosome, looke here madde knaues, a paire of guilt spurres.

Tom A paire of golden spurres? why do you not put them on your heelles? your bosome’s no place for spurres.

Mur Bee’t more or lesse vpon occasion, Lord haue mercy vs, Tom th’art a foole, and thou speakest treason to knighthood, dare any weare golden or siluer spurrs til he be a knight? no, I shall be knighted to morrow, and then they shall on: sirs, was it euer read in the church booke of Dunstable, that euer mault man was made knight?

Tom No but you are more, you are meal-man, maultman, miller, corne-master and all.

Dicke
Dicke  Yea, and halfe a brewer too, and the diuell and all for wealth, you bring more money with you, than all the rest.

Mur.  The more’s my honor, I shal be a knight to morow, let me spose my men, Tom vpon cutte, Dicke vpon hobbe, Hodge vpon Ball, Raph vpon Sorell, and Robin vpon the forehorse.

Enter Acton, Bourne, and Beuerley.

Tom.  Stand, who comes there?
Act.  Al friends, good fellow.
Murl.  Friends and fellowes indeede sir Roger.
Act.  Why thus you shew your selfe a Gentleman, To keepe your day, and come so well preprarde, Your cart stands yonder, guarded by your men, Who tell me it is loaden well with coine, What summe is there?
Mur.  Ten thousand pound sir Roger, and modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomely, see what I haue here against I be knighted.
Mur.  But where’s our armie sir?
Act.  Disperst in sundry villages about, Some here with vs in Hygate, some at Finchley, Totnam, Enfield, Edmunton, Newington, Islington, Hogsdon, Pancredge, Kenzington, Some neerer Thames, Ratcliffe, Blackwall and Bow, But our chiefe strength must be the Londoners, Which ere the Sunne to morrow shine, Will be nere fiftie thousand in the field.
Mur.  Mary God dild ye daintie my deere, but vpon occa­sion sir Roger Acton, doth not the King know of it, and gather his power against vs.
Act.  No, hee’s secure at Eltham.
Mur.  What do the Cleargie?
Act.  Feare extremly, yet prepare no force.
Mur.  In and out, to and fro, Bullie my bokkin, we shall carry
 carry the world afore vs, I vow by my worshippe, when I am knighted, weele take the King napping, if he stand on their part.

Act. This night we few in Higate will repose,
With the first cocke weele rise and arme our selues,
To be in Ficket fielde by breake of day,
And there expect our Generall.

Mur. Sir Iohn Old-castle, what if he come not?

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

Mur. True M. Bourne, but who shall make me knight?

Beuer. He that hath power to be our Generall.

Act. Talke not of trifles, come lets away,
Our friends of London long till it be day. 

Enter sir Iohn of Wrootham and Doll.

Doll. By my troth, thou art as ielous a man as liues.

Priest Canst thou blame me Doll, thou art my lands, my goods, my iewels, my wealth, my purse, none walks within xl. miles of London, but a plies thee as truely, as the parish does the poore mans boxe.

Doll I am as true to thee, as the stone is in the wal, and thou knowest well enough sir Iohn, I was in as good doing, when I came to thee, as any wench neede to be: and therefore thou hast tried me, that thou hast: by Gods body, I wil not be kept as I haue bin, that I will not.

Priest Doll, if this blade holde, theres not a pedler walkes with a pack, but thou shalt as boldly chuse of his wares, as with thy ready mony in a Marchants shop, weele haue as good siluer as the King coynes any.

Doll What is al the gold spent you tooke the last day from the Courtier?

Priest Tis gone Doll, tis flown, merely come, merely gon, he comes a horse backe that must pay for all, weele haue as good meate, as mony can get, and as good gownes, as can be bought for gold, be mery wench, the mault-man comes on munday.

F Doll
The first part of

Doll You might haue left me at Cobham, vntil you had bin better prouided for.

Priest No sweet Dol, no, I do not like that, yond old ruffian is not for the priest, I do not like a new cleark should come in the old bel-frie.

Doll Ah thou art a mad priest yfaith.

Priest Come Doll, Ile see thee safe at some alehouse here at Cray, and the next sheepe that comes shall leaue his fleece.

exeunt.

Enter the King, Suffolke and Butler.

King in great hast. My lord of Suffolk, poste away for life, And let our forces of such horse and foote, As can be gathered vp by any meanes, Make speedy randeuow in Tuttle fields, It must be done this euening my Lord, This night the rebells meane to draw to head Neere Islington, which if your speede preuent not, If once they should vnite their seuerall forces, Their power is almost thought inuincible, Away my Lord I will be with you soone.

Suf I go my Soueraigne with all happie speede.

King Make haste my lord of Suffolke as you loue vs, Butler, poste you to London with all speede. Commaund the Maior, and shrieues, on their alegiance, The citty gates be presently shut vp, And guarded with a strong sufficient watch, And not a man be suffered to passe, Without a speciall warrant from our selfe. Command the Posterne by the Tower be kept, And proclamation on the paine of death, That not a citizen stirre from his doores, Except such as the Maior and Shrieues shall chuse, For their owne guarde, and safety of their persons, Butler away, haue care vnto my charge.

But I goe my Soueraigne.

King Butler.

But.
sir John Oldcastle.

But. My Lord.

King Goe downe by Greenewich, and command a boate,
At the Friers bridge attend my comming downe.

But. I will my Lord.

King It’s time I thinke to looke vnto rebellion,
When Acton doth expect vnto his ayd,
No lesse then fiftie thousand Londoners,
Well, Ile to Westminster in this disguise,
To heare what newes is stirring in these brawles.

Enter sir Iohn.

Sir Iohn Stand true-man saies a thiefe?

King Stand thiefe, saies a true man, how if a thiefe?

Sir Iohn Stand thiefe too.

King Then thiefe or true-man I see I must stand, I see how
soeuer the world wagges, the trade of theeuing yet will neuer
downe, what art thou?

sir Iohn A good fellow.

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

sir Iohn If thou be a good fellow, play the good fellowes
part, deliuer thy purse without more adoe.

King I haue no mony.

sir Iohn I must make you find some before we part, if you
haue no mony you shal haue ware, as many sound drie blows
as your skin can carrie.

King Is that the plaine truth?

sir Iohn Sirra no more adoe, come, come, giue me the mony
you haue, dispatch, I cannot stand all day.

King Wel, if thou wilt needs haue it, there tis: iust the prouerb,
one thiefe robs another, where the diuel are all my old theeues,
that were wont to keepe this walke? Falstaffe the villaine is so
fat, he cannot get on’s horse, but me thinkes Poines and Peto
should be stirring here abouts.

sir Iohn How much is there on’t of thy word?

King A hundred pound in Angels, on my word,
The time has beene I would haue done as much
For thee, if thou hadst past this way, as I haue now.

F2 sir
The first part of

sir. Iohn Sirra, what art thou, thou seem’st a gentleman?
King I am no lesse, yet a poore one now, for thou hast all my mony.
sir Iohn From whence cam’st thou?
King From the court at Eltham.
sir Iohn Art thou one of the Kings servants?
King Yes that I am, and one of his chamber.
sir Iohn I am glad thou art no worse, thou maist the better spare thy mony, & thinkst thou thou mightst get a poor thiefe his pardon if he should haue neede.
King Yes that I can.
sir Iohn Wilt thou do so much for me, when I shall haue occa­sion?
King Yes faith will I, so it be for no murther.
sir Iohn Nay, I am a pittifull thiefe, all the hurt I do a man, I take but his purse, Ile kill no man.
King Then of my word Ile do it.
sir Iohn Giue me thy hand of the same.
King There tis.
sir Iohn Me thinks the King should be good to theeues because he has bin a thiefe himselfe, though I thinke now he be turned true-man.
King Faith I haue heard indeed he has had an il name that way in his youth, but how canst thou tell he has beene a thiefe?
sir Iohn How? because he once robde me before I fell to the trade my selfe, when that foule villainous guts, that led him to all that rogery, was in’s company there, that Fal­staffe.
King aside. Well if he did rob thee then, thou art but euen with him now Ile be sworne: thou knowest not the king now, I thinke, if thou sawest him?
sir Iohn Not I yfaith.
King aside. So it should seeme.
sir Iohn Well, if old King Henry had liu’d, this King that is now, had made theeuing the best trade in England.

King
sir John Oldcastle.

King  Why so?
sir Iohn  Because he was the chiefe warden of our company, it's pittie that ere he should haue bin a King, he was so braue a thiefe, but sirra, wilt remember my pardon if neede be?

King  Yes faith will I.
sir Iohn  Wilt thou? well then because thou shalt go safe, for thou mayest hap (being so earely) be met with againe, before thou come to Southwarke, if any man when he should bid thee good morrow, bid thee stand, say thou but sir Iohn, and he will let thee passe.

King  Is that the word? well then let me alone.
sir Iohn  Nay sirra, because I thinke indeede I shall haue some occasion to vse thee, & as thou comst oft this way, I may light on thee another time not knowing thee, here, ile breake this Angell, take thou halfe of it, this is a token betwixt thee and me.

King.  God haue mercy, farewell.  
sir Iohn  O my fine golden slaues, heres for thee wench yfaith, now Dol, we wil reuel in our beuer, this is a tyth pigge of my vicaridge, God haue mercy neigbour Shooters hill, you paid your tyth honestly. Wel I heare there is a company of rebelles vp against the King, got together in Ficket field neere Holborne, and as it is thought here in Kent, the King will be there to night in’s owne person, well ile to the Kings camp, and it shall go hard, but if there be any doings, Ile make some good boote amongst them.

Exit King Henry, Suffolke, Huntington, and two with lights.

K. Hen.  My Lords of Suffolke and of Huntington, Who skouts it now? or who stands Sentinells? What men of worth? what Lords do walke the round?
Suff.  May it please your Highnesse.
K. Hen.  Peace, no more of that,
The King’s asleepe, wake not his maiestie,

F3  With
The first part of

With termes nor titles, hee’s at rest in bed,
Kings do not use to watch themselves, they sleepe,
And let rebellion and conspiracie,
Reuel and hauocke in the common wealth,
Is London lookt vnto?

    Hunt. It is my Lord,
Your noble Vncle Exceter is there,
Your brother Gloucester and my Lord of Warwicke,
Who with the maior and the Aldermen,
Do guard the gates, and keepe good rule within,
The Earle of Cambridge, and sir Thomas Gray,
Do walke the Round, Lord Scroope and Butler skout,
So though it please your maiestie to iest,
Were you in bed, well might you take your rest,

    K. Hen. I thank ye Lords, but you do know of old,
That I haue bin a perfect night-walker,
London you say is safely lookt vnto,
Alas poore rebels, there your ayd must faile,
And the Lord Cobham sire Iohn Old-caste,
Hee’s quiet in Kent, Acton ye are deceiu’d,
Reckon againe, you count without your host,
To morrow you shall giue account to vs,
Til when my friends, this long cold winters night,
How can we spend? King Harry is a sleepe,
And al his Lords, these garments tel vs so,
Al friends at footbal, fellowes all in field,
Harry, and Dicke, and George, bring vs a drumme,
Giue vs square dice, weele keepe this court of guard,
For al good fellowes companies that come.
Wheres that mad priest ye told me was in Armes,
To fight, as wel as pray, if neede required?

    Suff. Hees in the Camp, and if he knew of this,
I vndertake he would not be long hence.

    Har. Trippe Dicke, Trippe George. they trippe.

    Hunt. I must haue the dice,
What do we play at? the play at dice.

    Suff.
sir John Oldcastle

Suff. Passage if ye please.

Hunt. Set round then, so, at all.

Har. George, you are out.

Give me the dice, I passe for twentie pound,
Heres to our luckie passage into France.

Hunt. Harry you passe indeede for you sweep all.

Suff. A signe king Harry shal sweep al in France. ent. sir John

sir John Edge ye good fellowes, take a fresh gamster in.

Har. Master Parson? we play nothing but gold?

sir John. And fellow, I tel thee that the priest hath gold, gold?
sbloud ye are but beggerly souldiers to me, I thinke I haue
more gold than all you three.

Hunt. It may be so, but we beleue it not.

Har. Set priest set, I passe for all that gold.

sir John. Ye passe indeede.

Harry Priest, hast thou any more?

sir John. Zounds what a question’s that?

I tell thee I haue more then all you three,
At these ten Angells.

Harry. I wonder how thou comst by all this gold,
How many benefices hast thou priest?

sir John Yfaith but one, dost wonder how I come by gold?
I wonder rather how poore souldiers should haue gold, for
Ile tell thee good fellow, we haue euery day tythes, offerings,
christnings, weddings, burialls: and you poore snakes come
seldome to a bootie. Ile speake a proud word, I haue but one
parsonage, Wrootham, tis better than the Bishopprick of Ro-
chester, theres nere a hill, heath, nor downe in all Kent, but tis
in my parish, Barrham downe, Chobham downe, Gads hill,
Wrootham hill, Blacke heath, Cockes heath, Birchen wood,
all pay me tythe, gold quoth a? ye passe not for that.

Suff. Harry ye are out, now parson shake the dice.

sir John. Set, set Ile couer ye at al: A plague on’t I am out,
the diuell, and dice, and a wench, who will trust them?

Suff. Saist thou so priest? set faire, at all for once.

Har. Out sir, pay all.

sir John
The first part of

sir John  Sbloud pay me angel gold,
Ile none of your crackt French crownes nor pistolets,
Pay me faire angel gold, as I pay you.
  Har.  No crackt french crownes? I hope to see more crackt
french crownes ere long.
  sir John  Thou meanest of French mens crownes, when the
King is in France.
  Hunt.  Set round, at all.
  sir Ihon  Pay all: this is some lucke.
  Har.  Giue me the dice, tis I must shread the priest:
At all sir Iohn.
  sir Iohn  The diuell and all is yours: at that: sdeath, what
L:lasting is this?
  Suff.  Well throwne Harry yfaith.
  Har.  Ile cast better yet.
  sir Iohn  Then Ile be hangd. Sirra, hast thou not giuen thy
soule to the diuell for casting?
  Har.  I passe for all.
  sir Iohn  Thou passest all that ere I playde withall:
Sirra, dost thou not cogge, nor foist, nor slurre?
  Har.  Set parson, set, the dice die in my hand:
When parson, when? what can ye finde no more?
Alreadie drie? wast you bragd of your store?
  sir Iohn  Alls gone but that.
  Hunt.  What, halfe a broken angell?
  sir Iohn  Why sir, tis gold.
  Har.  Yea, and Ile couer it.
  sir Iohn  The diuell do ye good on’t, I am blinde, yee haue
blowne me vp.
  Har.  Nay tarry priest, ye shall not leaue vs yet,
Do not these peeces fit each other well?
  sir Ihon  What if they do?
  Har.  Thereby beginnes a tale:
There was a thiefe, in face much like sir Iohn,
But t’was not hee, that thiefe was all in greene,
Met me last day on Blacke Heath, neere the parke,
With him a woman, I was al alone,
And weaponlesse, my boy had al my tooles,
And was before prouiding me a boate:
Short tale to make, sir Iohn, the thiefe I meane,
Tooke a iust hundreth pound in gold from me.
I storm’d at it, and [⋯⋯] [⋯] be reueng’d
If ere we met, he like a [⋯⋯] [⋯]ef[e].
Brake with his teeth this Ang[⋯] ⋯ just in two,
To be a token at our meeting next,
Prouided, I should charge no Officer
To apprehend him, but at weapons point
Recouer that, and what he had beside.
Well met sir Iohn, betake ye to your tooles
By torch light, for master parson you are he
That had my gold.

sir Iohn  Zounds I won’t in play, in faire square play of the
keeper of Eltham parke, and that I will maintaine with this
poore whinyard, be you two honest men to stand and looke
vpon’s, and let’s alone, and take neither part.
Har.  Agreede, I charge ye do not boudge a foot,
Sir Iohn haue at ye.
sir Iohn  Souldier ware your skonce.

Here as they are ready to strike, enter Butler and drawes his
weapon and steps betwixt them.

But.  Hold villaines hold, my Lords, what do ye meane,
To see a traitor draw against the King?
sir Iohn  The King! Gods wil, I am in a proper pickle.
Har.  Butler what newes? why dost thou trouble vs?
But.  Please it your Highnesse, it is breake of day,
And as I skouted neere to Islington,
The gray eyed morning gaue me glimmering,
Of armed men comming downe Hygate hill,
Who by their course are coasting hitherward.
Har.  Let vs withdraw, my Lords, prepare our troopes,
To charge the rebels, if there be such cause,
For this lewd priest this diuellish hypocrite,

G  That
The first part of

That is a thiefe, a gamster, and what not,
Let him be hang’d vp for example sake.

    sir iohn    Not so my gracious soueraigne, I confesse I am a
frayle man, flesh and bloud as other are: but set my imperfection-
ons aside, by this light ye haue not a taller man, nor a truer sub-
ject to the Crowne and State, than sir [***] of VVrootham.

    Har.    Wil a true subject robbe his King?
    sir iohn    Alas twas ignorance and want, my gracious liege.
    Har.    Twas want of grace: why, you should be as salt
To season others with good document,
Your liues as lampes to giue the people light,
As shepheards, not as wolues to spoile the flock,
Go hang him Butler.

    But.    Didst thou not rob me?
    sir iohn    I must confesse I saw some of your gold, but my
dread Lord, I am in no humor for death, therfore saue my life,
God will that sinners liue; do not you cause me die, once in
their liues the best may goe astray, and if the world say true,
your selfe (my liege) haue bin a thiefe.

    Har.    I confesse I haue,
But I repent and haue reclaimd my selfe.

    sir iohn    So will I do if you will giue me time.
    Har.    Wilt thou? my lords, will you be his suerties?
    Hunt.    That when he robs againe, he shall be hang’d.
    sir iohn    I aske no more.

    Har.    And we will grant thee that,
Liue and repent, and proue an honest man,
Which when I heare, and safe returne from France,
Ile giue thee liuing, till when take thy gold,
But spend it better then at cards or wine,
For better vertues fit that coate of thine.

    sir iohn    Viuat Rex & currat lex, my liege, if ye haue cause
of battell, ye shal see sir iohn of Wrootham bestirre himselfe in
your quarrel.    exeunt.

After an alarum enter Harry, Suffolk, Huntington, sir iohn, bring-
ing forth Acton, Beuerly, and Murley prisoners.

    Har
sir John Old-castle.

Har. Bring in those traitors, whose aspiring minds,
Thought to have triumphed in our overthrow,
But now ye see, base villains, what success
Attends ill actions wrongfully attempted.
Sir Roger Acton, thou retainst the name
Of knight, and shouldst be more discreetly temper'd,
Than ioyne with peasants, gentry is divine,
But thou hast made it more then popular.

Act. Pardon my Lord, my conscience urg'd me to it,

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

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

Har. Reforme Religion? was it that ye sought?
I pray who gave you that authority?
Belike then we do hold the scepter vp,
And sit within the throne but for a cipher,
Time was, good subjects would make knowne their griefe,
And pray amendment, not enforce the same,
Vnlesse their King were tyrant, which I hope
You cannot justly say that Harry is,
What is that other?

Suff. A mault-man my Lord,
And dwelling in Dunstable as he saies.

Har. Sirra what made you leave your barly broth,
To come in armour thus against your King?

Mur. Fie paltry, paltry to and fro, in and out vpon occasion, what a world's this? knight-hood (my liege) twas knight-hood brought me hither, they told me I had wealth enough to make my wife a lady.

Har. And so you brought those horses which we saw,
Trapt all in costly furniture, and meant
To weare these spurs when you were knighted once.
The first part of

Mur. In and out vpon occasion I did.
Har. In and out vpon occasion, therefore you shall be hang’d, and in the sted of wearing these spurre vpon your heeles, about your necke they shall bewray your folly to the world.

sir John In and out vpon occasion, that goes hard.
Mur Fie paltry paltry, to and fro, good my liege a pardon,
I am sorry for my fault.
Har That comes too late: but tell me, went there none Beside sir Roger Acton, vpon whom You did depend to be your gouernour?
Mar. None none my Lord, but sir Iohn Old-castle.
Har. Beares he part in this conspiracie. enter Bishop
Act. We looke my Lord that he would meet vs here.
Har. But did he promise you that he would come.
Act. Such letters we receiued forth of Kent.
Bish. Where is my Lord the King? health to your grace,
Examining my Lord some of these caitiue rebels,
It is a generall voyce amongst them all,
That they had neuer come vnto this place,
But to haue met their valiant general,
The good Lord Cobham as they title him,
Whereby, my Lord, your grace may now perceiue,
His treason is apparant, which before
He sought to colour by his flattery.

Har. Now by my roialtie I would haue sworne,
But for his conscience, which I beare withall,
There had not liude a more true hearted subiect.

Bish. It is but counterfeit, my gracious lords,
And therefore may it please your maiestie,
To set your hand vnto this precept here,
By which weel cause him forthwith to appeare,
And answer this by order of the law.

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

Bish.


_sir John Old-castle._

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

_Har._ I think the yron age begins but now,
(Which learned poets have so often taught)
Wherein there is no credit to be gien,
To either words, or looks, or solemn oathes,
For if there were, how often hath he sworne,
How gently tun’d the musicke of his tongue,
And with what amiable face beheld he me,
When all, God knowes, was but hypocrisie. _enter Cobham._

_Cob._ Long life and prosperous raigne vnto my Lord.

_Har._ Ah villaine, canst thou wish prosperitie,
Whose heart includeth naught but treacherie?
I do arrest thee here my selfe, false knight,
Of treason capittal against the state.

_Cob._ Of treason mightie prince, your grace mistakes,
I hope it is but in the way of mirth.

_Har._ Thy necke shall feele it is in earnest shortly,
Darst thou intrude into our presence, knowing
How haynously thou hast offended vs?
But this is thy accustomed deceit,
Now thou perceiust thy purpose is in vaine,
With some excuse or other thou wilt come,
To cleere thy selfe of this rebellion.

_Cob._ Rebellion good my Lord, I know of none.

_Har._ If you deny it, here is evidence,
See you these men, you never counsellde,
Nor offerd them assistance in their warres

_Cob._ Speake sirs, not one but all, I craue no fauour,
Haue euer I beene conversant with you,
Or written letters to incourage you,
Or kindled but the least or smallest part,
Of this your late vnnaturall rebellion?
Speake for I dare the vtermost you can.

_Mur._ In and out vpon occasion I know you not.

_G3_
The first part of

Har. No, didst not say that sir Iohn Old-castle,  
Was one with whom you purposde to haue met?  
Mur. True, I did say so, but in what respect?  
Because I heard it was reported so.  
Har. Was there no other argument but that?  
Act. To cleere my conscience ere I die my lord,  
I must confesse, we haue no other ground  
But only Rumor, to accuse this lord,  
Which now I see was merely fabuluous.  
Har. The more pernitious you to taint him then,  
Whome you knew not was faulty yea or no.  
Cobh. Let this my Lord, which I present your grace  
Speake for my loyalty, reade these articles,  
And then giue sentence of my life or death.  
Har. Earle Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray corrupted  
With bribes from Charles of France, either to winne  
My Crowne from me, or secretly contribue  
My death by treason? Is this possible?  
Cobh. There is the platforme, and their hands, my lord,  
Each seuerally subscribed to the same.  
Har. Oh neuer heard of base ingratitude!  
Euen those I hugge within my bosome most,  
Are readiest euermore to sting my heart.  
Pardon me Cobham, I haue done thee wrong,  
Heereafter I will liue to make amends.  
Is then their time of meeting so neere hand?  
WEEEle meete with them, but little for their ease,  
If God permit: goe take these rebells hence,  
Let them haue martiall law: but as for thee,  
Friend to thy king and country, still be free.  
Mur. Be it more or lesse, what a world is this?  
Would I had continued still of the order of knaues,  
And neuer sought knighthood, since it costes  
So deere: sir Roger, I may thanke you for all.  
Acton Now tis too late to haue it remedied,  
I prithee Murley doe not vrge me with it.  

Exeunt.  

Hunt.
sir John Old-castle

Hunt. Will you away, and make no more to do?
Murl. Fy paltry paltry, to and fro, as occasion serues,
      If you be so hasty take my place.
Hunt. No good sir knight, you shall begin in your hand.
Murl. I could be glad to giue my betters place.  Exeunt.

Enter Bishop, lord Warden, Croamer the Shrieue, Lady Cob. and
      attendants.

      Bishop I tell ye Lady, its not possible
      But you should know where he conueies himselfe,
      And you haue hid him in some secret place.
      Lady  My Lord, beleue me, as I haue a soule,
      I know not where my lord my husband is.
      Bishop Go to, go to ye are an heretike,
      And will be forc’de by torture to confesse,
      If faire meanes will not serue to make ye tell.
      Lady  My husband is a noble gentleman,
      And neede not hide himselfe for anie fact
      That ere I heard of, therefore wrong him not.
      Bishop Your husband is a dangerous schismaticke,
      Traitor to God, the King, and common wealth,
      And therefore master Croamer shrieue of Kent,
      I charge you take her to your custodie,
      And ceaze the goods of Sir John Old-castle
      To the Kings vse, let her go in no more,
      To fetch so much as her apparell out,
      There is your warrant from his maiestie.
            L. War. Good my Lord Bishop pacifie your wrath
      Against the Lady.
      Bish.  Then let her confesse
      Where Old-castle her husband is conceald.
            L. War. I dare engage mine honor and my life,
      Poore gentlewoman, she is ignorant,
      And innocent of all his practises,
      If any euill by him be practised.
      Bish.  If my Lord Warden? nay then I charge you,
That all the cinque Ports whereof you are chiefe,
Be laid forthwith, that he escape vs not,
Shew him his highnesse warrant M. Shrieue.

    L. War. I am sorie for the noble gentleman,
    Bish. Peace, he comes here, now do your office.

Old-castle Harpoole what businesse haue we here in hand?
VVhat makes the Bishop and the Shiriffe here,
I feare my comming home is dangerous,
I would I had not made such haste to Cobham.

    Harp. Be of good cheere my Lord, if they be foes weele
        scramble shrewdly with them, if they be friends they are welcome: one of them (my Lord Warden) is your friend, but me
        thinkes my ladie weepes, I like not that.
    Croo. Sir Iohn Old-castle Lord Cobham, in the Kings
        maiesties name, I arrest ye of high treason.

Oldca. Treason M. Croomes?
    Harp. Treason M. Shrieue, sbloud what treason?
    Oldca. Harpoole I charge thee stirre not, but be quiet still,
Do ye arrest me M. Shrieue for treason?
    Bish. Yea of high treason, traitor, heretike.
    Oldca. Defiance in his face that calls me so,
I am as true a loyall gentleman
Vnto his highnesse, as my prowdest enemie,
The King shall witnesse my late faithfull seruice,
For safety of his sacred maiestie.
    Bish. VVhat thou art, the kings hand shall testifie,
Shewt him Lord Warden.
    Old. Iesu defend me,
Is’t possible your cunning could so temper
The princely disposition of his mind,
To signe the damage of a royall subiect?
Well, the best is, it beares an antedate,
Procured by my absence, and your malice,
But I, since that, haue shewd my selfe as true,
As any churchman that dare challenge me,
Let me be brought before his maiestie,
sir John Oldcastle.

If he acquite me not, then do your worst.

Bish. We are not bound to do kind offices
For any traitor, schismatike, nor heretike,
The kings hand is our warrant for our worke,
Who is departed on his way for France,
And at Southampton doth repose this night.

Harp O that it were the blessed will of God, that thou
and I were within twenty mile of it, on Salisbury plaine! I
would lose my head if euer thou broughtst thy head hither a-
gaine.

Oldca. My Lord Warden o’th cinque Ports, & my Lord of
Rochester, ye are ioynt Commissioners, fauor me so much,
On my expence to bring me to the king.

Bish. What, to Southampton?

Oldca. Thither my god Lord,
And if he do not cleere me of al guilt,
And all suspition of conspiracie,
Pawning his princely warrant for my truth:
I aske no fauour, but extreamest torture.
Bring me, or send me to him, good my Lord,
Good my Lord Warden, M Shrieue, entreate.

Here the Lord Warden, and Cromer vncouer to the Bishop, and
secretly whispers with him.

Come hither lady, nay, sweet wife forbeare,
To heape one sorrow on anothers necke,
Tis griefe enough falsly to be accusde,
And not permitted to acquite my selfe,
Do not thou with thy kind respectiue teares,
Torment thy husbands heart that bleedes for thee,
But be of comfort, God hath help in store,
For those that put assured trust in him.
Deere wife, if they commit me to the Tower,
Come vp to London to your sisters house:
That being neere me, you may comfort me.
One solace find I setled in my soule,
That I am free from treasons very thought,

H Only
Only my conscience for the Gospels sake,
Is cause of all the troubles I sustaine.

    Lady. O my deere Lord, what shall betide of vs?
You to the Tower, and I turned out of doores,
Our substance ceaz’d vnto his highnesse vse,
Euen to the garments longing to our backes.

    Harp. Patience good madame, things at worst will mend,
And if they doe not, yet our liues may end.

    Bish. Vrge it no more, for if an Angell spake,
I sweare by sweet saint Peters blessed keyes,
First goes he to the Tower, then to the stake.

    Crom. But by your leaue, this warrant doth not stretch
To imprison her.

    Bishop No, turne her out of doores,
Euen as she is, and leade him to the Tower,
With guard enough for feare of rescuing.

    Lady O God requite thee thou bloud-thirsty man.

    Oldca. May it not be my Lord of Rochester?
Wherein haue I incurd your hate so farre,
That my appeale vnto the King’s denide?

    Bish. No hate of mine, but power of holy church,
Forbids all fauor to false heretikes.

    Oldca. Your priuate malice more than publike power,
Strikes most at me, but with my life it ends.

    Harp. O that I had the Bishop in that feare,
That once I had his Sumner by our selues.

    Crom. My Lord yet graunt one sute vnto vs all,
That this same auncient seruing man may waite
Vpon my lord his master in the Tower.

    Bish. This old iniquitie, this heretike?
That in contempt of our church discipline,
Compeld my Sumner to deuoure his processe?

    Oldca. Old Ruffian past-grace, vpstart schismatike,

    Harp. Sbloud my lord Bishop, ye do me wrong, I am nei-
sir John Oldcastle
	her heretike nor puritane, but of the old church, ile sweare,
drinke ale, kisse a wench, go to masse, eate fish all Lent, and fast
fridaies with cakes and wine, fruite and spicerie, shriue me of
my old sinnes afore Easter, and beginne new afore whitson-
tide.

    Crom. A merie mad conceited knaue my lord.
    Harp. That knaue was simply put vpon the Bishop.
    Bish. VVel, God forgiue him and I pardon him.

Let him attend his master in the Tower,
For I in charity wish his soule no hurt.
    Oldca God blesse my soule from such cold charitie,
    Bish. Too th Tower with him, and when my leisure serues,
I will examine him of Articles,
Looke my lord Warden as you haue in charge,
The Shriue performe his office.
    L. Ward. Yes my lord.                Enter the Sumner with
        bookes.

    Som. Yea my lord, heres not a latine booke,
No not so much as our ladies Psalter,
Heres the Bible, the testament, the Psalmes in meter,
The sickemans salue, the treasure of gladnesse,
And al in English, not so much but the Almanack’s English.
    Bish. Away with them, to’th fire with them Clun,
Now fie vpon these vpstart heretikes,
Al English, burne them, burne them quickly Clun.
    Harp. But doe not Sumner as youle answere it, for I haue
there English booke my lord, that ile not part with for your
Bishoppricke, Beuis of Hampton, Owleglasse, the Frier and
the Boy, Ellen of Rumming, Robin hood, and other such
godly stories which if ye burne, by this flesh ile make ye drink
their ashes in S. Margets ale.                exeunt.

    Enter the Bishop of Rochester with his men, in
    liuerie coates.

    1. Ser. Is it your honors pleasure we shal stay,
Or come backe in the afternoone to fetch you.

        H2

    Bish.
The first part of

Bish. Now you haue brought me heere into the Tower,
You may go backe vnto the Porters Lodge,
And send for drinke or such things as you want,
Where if I haue occasion to imployn you,
Ile send some officer to cal you to me.
Into the cittie go not, I commaund you,
Perhaps I may haue present neede to vse you.

2 We will attend your worship here without.

Bish. Do so, I pray you.

3 Come, we may haue a quart of wine at the Rose at Bark- ing, I warrant you, and come backe an hower before he be ready to go.

1 We must hie vs then.

3 Let’s away. 

exeunt.

Bish. Ho, M. Lieftenant.

Lieften. Who calls there?

Bish. A friend of yours.

Lieften. My lord of Rochester, your honor’s welcome.

Bish. Sir heres my warrant from the Counsell,
For conference with sir Iohn Old-castle,
Vpon some matter of great consequence.

Lieften. Ho, sir Iohn.

Harp. Who calls there?

Lieften. Harpoole, tel Sir Iohn, that my lord of Rochester comes from the counsell to conferre with him.

Harp. I will sir.

Lief. I thinke you may as safe without suspition,
As any man in England as I heare,
For it was you most labor’d his commitment.

Bish. I did sir, and nothing repent it I assure you.

Enter sir John Old-castle.

M. Lieftenant I pray you giue vs leaue,
I must conferre here with sir Iohn a little.

Lief. With all my heart my lord.

Harp aside. My lord be rulde by me, take this occasion
while tis offered, and on my life your lordship shal escape.

Old-ca.
sir John Old-castle.

Old-ca. No more I say, peace lest he should suspect it.
Bish. Sir Iohn I am come vnto you from the lords of his highnesse most honorable counsell, to know if yet you do recant your errors, conforming you vnto the holy church.
Old-ca. My lord of Rochester on good advise, I see my error, but yet vnderstand me, I meane not error in the faith I hold, But error in submitting to your pleasure, Therefore your lordship without more to do. Must be a meanes to help me to escape.
Bish. What meanes? thou heretike?
Darst thou but lift thy hand against my calling?
sir Iohn No not to hurt you for a thousand pound,
Harpoole. Nothing but to borrow your vpper garments a little; not a word more, for if you do, you die: peace, for waking the children, there, put them on, dispatch, my lord, the window that goes out into the leads, is sure enough, I told you that before, there, make you ready, ile conuay him after, and bind him surely in the inner roome.
Old-ca. This is wel begun, God send vs happie speed,
Hard shift you see men make in time of need: Harpoole.
Harpoole. Heere my Lord, come come away.

Enter seruing men againe:

1 I maruell that my lord should stay so long.
2 He hath sent to seeke vs, I dare lay my life.
3 We come in good time, see where he is comming.
Harpoole. I beseech you good my lord of Rochester, be fauorable to my lord and maister.
Old-ca. The inner roomes be very hot and close, I do not like this ayre here in the Tower.
Harpoole. His case is hard my lord, you shall safely get out of the Tower, but I will downe vpon them, in which time get you away.
Old-ca. Fellow thou troublest me.
Harpoole. Heare me my Lord, hard vnder Islington wait you my comming, I will bring my Lady ready, with horses

H3 to
The first part of

to conuay you hence.

Old-ca. Fellow, go back againe vnto thy Lord and counsell him.

Harp. Nay my good lord of Rochester, ile bring you to S. Albons through the woods, I warrant you.

Old-ca. Villaine away.

Harp. Nay since I am past the Towers libertie, thou part’st not so.

Bish. Clubbes clubs, clubs.

1 Murther, murther murther.

2 Downe with him.

3 A villaine traitor.

Harp. You cowardly rogues.

Enter Lieftenant and his men.

Lief. Who is so bold as dare to draw a sword, So neare vnto the entrance of the Tower?

1 This ruffian seruant to sir Iohn Old-castle was like to haue slaine my Lord.

Lief. Lay hold on him.

Harp. Stand off if you loue your puddings.

Rochester calls within.


Lief. Who’s that within? some treason in the Tower vpon my life, looke in, who’s that which calls?

Lief. Without your cloke my lord of Rochester?

Harp. There, now it workes, then let me speed, for now is the fittest time for me to scape away.

Lief. Why do you looke so ghastly and affrighted?

Roch. Old-castle that traitor and his man,

When you had left me to conferre with him,

Tooke, bound, and stript me, as you see,

And left me lying in his inner chamber,

And so departed, and I

Lief. And you! ne’re say that the Lord Cobhams man

Did here set vpon you like to murther you.

1 And so he did.
sir John Old-castle.

Roch. It was upon his master then he did,
That in the brawle the traitor might escape.

Lief. Where is this Harpoole?

2 Here he was euene now.

Lief. Where can you tell? they are both escap’d,
Since it so happens that he is escap’d,
I am glad you are a winnesse of the same,
It might haue else beene laid vnto my charge,
That I had beene consenting to the fact.

Roch. Come, search shall be made for him with expedition,
the hauens laid that he shall not escape, and hue and crie con­tinue thorough England, to find this damned dangerous here­tike.

Camb. In mine opinion, Scroope hath well aduisde,
Poison will be the only aptest meane,
And fittest for our purpose to dispatch him.

Gray But yet there may be doubt in their deliuery,
Harry is wise, therefore Earle of Cambridge,
I ludge that way not so conuenient.

Scroop What thinke ye then of this? I am his bedfellow,
And unsuspected nightly sleepe with him.
VVhat if I venture in those silent houres,
VVhen sleepe hath sealed vp all mortall eies,
To murder him in bed? how like ye that?

Camb. Herein consistes no safetie for your selfe,
And you disclosde, what shall become of vs?
But this day (as ye know) he will aboord,
The wind so faire, and set away for France,
If as he goes, or entring in the ship,
It might be done, then it were excellent,

Gray VVhy any of these, or if you will,
Ile cause a present sitting of the Councell,
VVherein I will pretend some matter of such weight,
The first part of

As needes must haue his royall company,
And to dispatch him in the Councell chamber.
  Camb.  Tush, yet I heare not any thing to purpose,
I wonder that lord Cobham staiies so long,
His counsell in this case would much auailie vs.

  They rise from the table, and the King steps in to them with his Lordes.

  Scroop  What shal we rise thus, and determine nothing?
  Har.    That were a shame indeede, no, sit againe,
And you shall haue my counsell in this case,
If you can find no way to kill this King,
Then you shall see how I can further ye,
Scroopes way by poison was indifferent,
But yet being bed-fellow vncto the King,
And vnsuspected sleeping in his bosome,
In mine opinion, that’s the likelier way,
For such false friends are able to do much,
And silent night is Treason’s fittest friend,
Now, Cambridge in his setting hence for France,
Or by the way, or as he goes aboord,
To do the deed, that was indifferent too,
Yet somewhat doubtful; might I speake my mind,
For many reasons needellesse now to vrge.
Mary Lord Gray came something neare the point,
To haue the King at councell, and there murder him,
As Cæsar was amongst his dearest friends:
None like to that, if all were of his mind.
Tell me oh tel me you bright honors staines,
For which of all my kindnesses to you,
Are ye become thus traitors to your king?
And France must haue the spoile of Harries life?

  All.    Oh pardon vs dread lord.
  Har.    How pardon ye? that were a sinne indeed,
Drag them to death, which iustly they deserue,
And France shall dearely buy this villany,
So soone as we set footing on her breast,

God
sir John Old-castle.

God haue the praise for our deliuerance,
And next, our thankes (Lord Cobham) is to thee,
True perfect mirror of nobilitie.  exeunt.

Enter the hoste, sir John Old-castle, and Harpoole.

Hoste  Sir, you are welcome to this house, to such as heere is
with all my heart, but by the masse I feare your lodging wilbe
the woorst, I haue but two beds, and they are both in a cham-
ber, and the carier and his daughter lies in the one, and you and
your wife must lie in the other.

L. Cobh.  In faith sir, for my selfe I doe not greatly passe,
My wife is weary, and would be at rest,
For we haue traueld very far to day,
We must be content with such as you haue.

Hoste  But I cannot tell how to doe with your man.

Harpoole  What, hast thou neuer an empty roome in thy
house for me?

Hoste  Not a bedde by my troth: there came a poore Irish
man, and I lodgde him in the barne, where he has faire straw,
though he haue nothing else.

Harp.  Well mine hoste, I pray thee helpe mee to a payre of
faire sheetes, and Ile go lodge with him.

Hoste  By the masse that thou shalt, a good payre of hem-
pen sheetes, were neuer laine in: Come.  exeunt.

Enter Constable, Maior, and Watch.

Maior  What haue you searcht the towne?

Const.  All the towne sir, we haue not left a house vnsearcht
that vses to lodge.

Maior  Surely my lord of Rochester was then deceiude,
Or ill informde of sir Iohn Old-castle,
Or if he came this way, hees past the towne,
He could not else haue scapt you in the search.

Const.  The priuylarge watch hath beene abroad all night,
And not a stranger lodgeth in the towne
But he is knowne, onely a lusty priest
VVe found in bed with a pretty wench,

That
That says she is his wife, yonder at the sheeres:  
But we haue chargde the hoste with his forth comming  
To morow morning.  

Maior  What thinke you best to do?  
Const.  Faith maister maior, heeres a few stragling houses be­
yond the bridge, and a little Inne where cariers vse to lodge,  
though I thinke surely he would nere lodge there: but weele  
go search, & the rather, because there came notice to the towne  
the last night of an Irish man, that had done a murder, whome  
we are to make search for.  

Maior  Come I pray you, and be circumspect.  
Const.  First beset the house, before you begin the search.  
Officer  Content, euery man take a seuerall place.  

heere is heard a great noyse within.  

Keepe, keepe, strike him downe there, downe with him.  

Enter Constable with the Irish man in Harpooles apparell.  
Con.  Come you villainous heretique, confesse where your  
maister is.  

Irish man  Vat mester?  
Maior  Vat mester, you counterfeit rebell, this shall not  
serue your turne.  

Irish man  Be sent Patrike I ha no mester.  
Con.  VVheres the lord Cobham sir Iohn Old-castle that  
lately is escaped out of the Tower.  

Irish man  Vat lort Cobham?  
Maior  You counterfeit, this shal not serue you, weele tortu­
ture you, weele make you to confesse where that arch-heret­
tique Lord Cobham is: come binde him fast.  

Irish man  Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree.  
Con.  Ahone, you crafty rascall?  

Lord Cobham comes out in his gowne stealing.  

Cobh.  Harpoole, Harpoole, I heare a maruelous noyse a­
bout the house, God warant vs, I feare wee are pursued: what  
Harpoole.  

Harp.  within.  VVho calles there?  

Cobh.  Tis I, dost thou not heare a noyse about the house?
sir John Oldcastle.

Harp.  Yes mary doe I, zwounds, I can not finde my hose, this Irish rascal that was lodgde with me all night, hath stolne my apparell, and has left me nothing but a lowsie mantle, and a paire of broags. Get vp, get vp, and if the carier and his wench be asleep, change you with them as he hath done with me, and see if we can escape.

A noyse againe heard about the house, a pretty while, then enter the Constable meeting Harpoole in the Irish mans apparell.

Con.  Stand close, heere comes the Irish man that didde the murther, by all tokens, this is he.

Maior  And perceiving the house beset, would get away: stand sirra.

Harp.  What art thou that bidst me stand?

Con.  I am the Officer, and am come to search for an Irish man, such a villaine as thy selfe, that hast murthered a man this last night by the hie way.

Harp.  Sbloud Constable, art thou madde? am I an Irish man?

Maior  Sirra, weele finde you an Irish man before we part: lay hold vpon him.

Con.  Make him fast: O thou bloudy rogue!

Enter Lord Cobham and his lady in the carrier and wenches apparell.

Cobham  What will these Ostlers sleepe all day?

Good morow, good morow, Come wench, come,
Saddle, saddle, now afore God too foord-daiyes, ha?

Con.  Who comes there?

Maior  Oh tis Lankashire carier, let him passe.

Cobham  What, will no body open the gates here?

Come, lets int stable to looke to our capons.

The carrier calling.

Club calling  Hoste, why ostler, zwookes, heres such abo-mination company of boies: a pox of this pigstie at the house end, it fills all the house full of fleas, ostler, ostler.

Ostler  Who calles there, what would you haue?
Club Zwookes, do you robbe your ghests? doe you lodge rogues and slaeus, and scoundrels, ha? they ha stolne our cloths here: why ostler?

Ostler A murrein choake you, what a bawling you keepe.

Hoste How now, what woulde the carrier haue? looke vp there.

Ostler They say that the man and woman that lay by them haue stolne their clothes.

Hoste VVhat, are the strange folkes vp yet that came in yester night?

Const. VVhat mine hoste, vp so early?

Hoste VVhat, maister Maior, and maister Constable!

Maior VVe are come to seeke for some suspected persons, and such as heere we found, haue apprehended.

Enter the Carrier and Kate in lord Cobham and ladies apparell.

Con. VVho comes heere?

Club VVho comes here? a plague found ome, you bawle quoth a, ods hat, Ile forzweare your house, you lodgde a fellow and his wife by vs that ha runne away with our parrel, and left vs such gew-gawes here, come Kate, come to mee, thowse dizoard yfaith.

Maior Mine hoste, know you this man?

Hoste Yes maister Maior, Ile giue my word for him, why neibor Club, how comes this geare about?

Kate Now a fowle ont, I can not make this gew-gaw stand on my head, now the lads and the lasses won flowt me too too

Const. How came this man and woman thus attired?

Hoste Here came a man and woman hither this last night, which I did take for substantiall people, and lodgde all in one chamber by these folkes: mee thinkes, haue beene so bolde to change apparell, and gone away this morning ere they rose.

Maior That was that villaine traitour Old-castle, that thus escaped vs: make out huy and cry yet after him, keepe fast that traiterous rebell his servaut there: farewell mine hoste.

Carrier Come Kate Owdham, thou and Ise trimly dizard. I faith neame Club, Ise wot nere what to do, Ise be so flowted
sir John Oldcastle.

flowted and so showted at: but by th messe Ise cry.  
exeunt.

Enter Priest and Doll.

sir iohn  Come Dol, come, be mery wench, 
Farewell Kent, we are not for thee, 
Be lusty my lasse, come for Lancashire, 
We must nip the Boung for these crownes.

Doll  Why is all the gold spent already that you had the o-
ther day?

sir iohn  Gone Doll, gone, flowne, spent, vanished, the diuel, 
drine and the dice, has devoured all.

Doll  You might haue left me in Kent, that you might, vntil 
you had bin better prouided, I could haue staied at Cobham.

sir iohn  No Dol, no, ile none of that, Kent’s too hot Doll, 
Kent’s too hot: the weathercocke of Wrotham will crow no 
longer, we haue pluckt him, he has lost his feathers, I haue 
prunde him bare, left him thrice, is moulted, is moulted, wēch.

Doll  Faith sir Iohn, I might haue gone to seruice againe, 
old maister Harpoole told me he would prouide me a mistris.

sir iohn  Peace Doll, peace, come mad wench, Ile make thee 
an honest woman, weele into Lancashire to our friends, the 
troth is, Ile marry thee, we want but a little mony to buy vs a 
horse, and to spend by the way, the next sheep that comes shal 
loose his fleece, weele haue these crownes wench I warrant 
thee: stay, who comes here? some Irish villaine me thinkes that 
enter the Irish man with his master slaine.

has slaine a man, and drawes him out of the way to rifle him: 
stand close Doll, weele see the end.

The Irish man falls to rifle his master.

Alas poe mester, S. Rishard Lee, be saint Patricke is rob and 
cut thy trote, for dee shaine, and dy money, and dee gold ring, 
be me truly is loue thee wel, but now dow be kil thee, bee shitten 
kanaue.

sir iohn.  Stand sirra, what art thou? 
Irishman.  Be saint Patricke mester is pore Irisman, is a leufter.

sir iohn  Sirra, sirra, you are a damned rogue, you haue kil-
led a man here, and rifled him of all that he has, sbloud you
The first part of

rogue deliuer, or ile not leaue you so much as an Irish haire a-boue your shoulders, you whorson Irish dogge, sirra vntrusse presently, come off and dispatch, or by this crosse ile fetch your head off as cleane as a barke.

Irishman. Wees me saint Patricke, lse kill me mester for chaine and his ring, and nows be rob of all, mees vndoo.

Priest robs him.

sir Iohn Auant you rascal, go sirra, be walking, come Doll the diuel laughs, when one theefe robs another, come madde wench, weele to saint Albons, and reuel in our bower, hey my braue girle.

Doll O thou art old sir Iohn, when all’s done yfaith.

Enter the hoste of the Bell with the Irish man.

Irishman Be me tro mester is pore Irisman, is want ludging, is haue no mony, is starue and cold, good mester giue her some meate, is famise and tie.

Host Yfaith my fellow I haue no lodging, but what I keep for my guesse, that I may not disapoint, as for meate thou shalt haue such as there is, & if thou wilt lie in the barne, theres faire straw, and roome enough.

Irishman Is thanke my mester hartily, de straw is good bed for me.

Host Ho Robin?
Robin Who calls?
Host Shew this poore Irishman into the barne, go sirra.

exeunt.

Enter carrier and Kate.

Club. Ho, who’s within here, who lookes to the horses? Gods hatte heres fine worke, the hens in the manger, and the hogs in the litter, a bots found you all, heres a house well lookt too yvaith.

Kate Mas goffe Club, Ise very cawd.
Club. Get in Kate, get in to fier and warme thee.
Club Ho Iohn Hostler.
Hostler What gaffer Club, welcome to saint Albons, How does all our friends in Lancashire?

Club.
sir John Oldcastle

Club  Well God haue mercie Iohn, how does Tom, wheres he?

Hostler  O Tom is gone from hence, hees at the three horse-loues at Stony-stratford, how does old Dick Dunne?

Club  Gods hatte old Dunne has bin moyerd in a slough in Brickhil-lane, a plague found it, yonder is such abomination weather as neuer was seene.

Hostler.  Gods hat theife, haue one half pecke of pease and oates more for that, as I am Iohn Ostler, hee has been euer as good a iade as euer traueld.

Club  Faith well said old lacke, thou art the old lad stil.

Hostler  Come Gaffer Club, vnlode, vnlode, and get to supper, and Ie rub dunne the while. Come. 

Enter sir John Old-castle, and his Lady disguisde.

Oldca.  Come Madam, happily escapt, here let vs sit, This place is farre remote from any path, And here awhile our weary limbs may rest, To take refreshing, free from the pursue Of envious Winchester.

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

Oldca.  No matter loue, Extremities admit no better choice, And were it not for thee, say froward time, Imposde a greater taske, I would esteeme it As lightly as the wind that blowes vpon vs, But in thy sufferance I am doubly taskt, Thou wast not wont to haue the earth thy stoole, Nor the moist dewy grasse thy pillow, nor Thy chamber to be the wide horryson,

Lady  How can it seeme a trouble, hauing you A partner with me, in the worst I feel?
No gentle Lord, your presence would give ease
To death it selfe, should he now seaze vpon me,
Behold what my foresight hath vndertane
For feare we faint, they are but homely cates,
Yet saucde with hunger, they may seeme as sweete,
As greater dainties we were wont to taste.

Oldca. Praise be to him whose plentie sends both this,
And all things else our mortall bodies need,
Nor scorne we this poore feeding, nor the state
We now are in, for what is it on earth,
Nay vnnder heauen, continues at a stay?
Ebbes not the sea, when it hath ouerflowne?
Flowes not darknes when the day is gone?
And see we not sometime the eie of heauen,
Dimmd with ouerflying clowdes: theres not that worke
Of carefull nature, or of cunning art,
(How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be)
But falls in time to ruine: here gentle Madame,
In this one draught I wash my sorrow downe.

Lady And I incoragde with your cheerefull speech,
Wil do the like.

Oldca. Pray God poore Harpoole come,
If he should fall into the Bishops hands,
Or not remember where we bade him meete vs,
It were the thing of all things else, that now
Could breede reuolt in this new peace of mind.

Lady Feare not my Lord, hees witty to deuise,
And strong to execute a present shift.

Oldca. That power be stil his guide hath guided vs,
My drowsie eies waxe heauy, earely rising,
Together with the trauell we haue had,
Make me that I could gladly take a nap,
Were I perswaded we might be secure.

Lady Let that depend on me, whilst you do sleepe,
Ile watch that no misfortune happen vs,
Lay then your head vpon my lap sweete Lord,
sir John Old-castle

And boldly take your rest.

    Oldca. I shal deare wife,
Be too much trouble to thee.

    Lady Vrge not that,
My duty binds me, and your loue commands.
I would I had the skil with tuned voyce,
To draw on sleep with some sweet melodie,
But imperfectoin and vnaptnesse too,
Are both repugnant, feare inserts the one,
The other nature hath denied me vse.
But what talke I of meanes to purchase that,
Is freely hapned? sleepe with gentle hand,
Hath shut his eie-liddes, oh victorious labour,
How soone thy power can charme the bodies sense?
And now thou likewise climbst vnnto my braine,
Making my heauy temples stoupe to thee,
Great God of heauen from danger keepe vs free.

    Lee. A murder closely done and in my ground?
Search carefully, if any where it were,
This obscure thicket is the likeliest place.

    servuant. Sir I haue found the body stiffe with cold,
And mangled cruelly with many wounds.

    Lee Looke if thou knowest him, turne his body vp,
Alacke it is my son, my sonne and heire,
Whom two yeares since, I sent to Ireland,
To practise there the discipline of warre,
And coming home (for so he wrote to me)
Some sauage hart, some bloudy diuellish hand,
Either in hate, or thirsting for his coyne,
Hath here slucde out his bloud, vnhappy houre,
Accursed place, but most inconstant fate,
That hadst reserude him from the bullets fire,
And suffered him to scape the wood-karnes fury,
Didst here ordaine the treasure of his life,
(Euen here within the armes of tender peace,

    K And
And where security gate greatest hope)  
To be consumde by treasons wastefull hand?  
And what is most afflicting to my soule,  
That this his death and murther should be wrought,  
Without the knowledge by whose meanes twas done,  

2 seru. Not so sir, I haue found the authors of it,  
See where they sit, and in their bloudy fistes,  
The fatall instruments of death and sinne.  

Lee  Lust judgement of that power, whose gracious eie,  
Loathing the sight of such a hainous fact,  
Dazeled their senses with benumming sleepe,  
Till their vnhalloved treachery were knowne:  
Awake ye monsters, murderers awake,  
Tremble for horror, blush you cannot chuse,  
Beholdung this inhumane deed of yours.  

Old. What meane you sir to trouble weary soules,  
And interrupt vs of our quiet sleepe?  

Lee  Oh diuellish! can you boast vnto your selues  
Of quiet sleepe, hauing within your hearts  
The guilt of murder waking, that with cries  
Deafes the lowd thunder, and sollicites heauen,  
With more than Mandrakes shreekes for your offence?  

Lady Old. What murder? you vpbraid vs wrongfully.  

Lee  Can you deny the fact? see you not heere,  
The body of my sonne by you mis-done?  
Looke on his wounds, looke on his purple hew:  
Do we not finde you where the deede was done?  
Were not your kniues fast closed in your hands?  
Is not this cloth an argument beside,  
Thus staind and spotted with his innocent blood?  
These speaking characters, were nothing else  
To pleade against ye, would conviue you both.  
Bring them away, bereauers of my ioy,  
At Hartford where the Sises now are kept,  
Their liues shall answer for my sonses lost life.  

Old-castle As we are innocent, so may we speeded.  

Lee
sir John Old-castle.

Lee  As I am wrongd, so may the law proceede.  exeunt.

Enter bishop of Rochester, constable of S. Albons, with sir Iohn
of Wrotham, Doll his wench, and the Irishman in Har-
pooles apparell.

Bishop  What intricate confusion haue we heere?
Not two houres since we apprehended one,
In habite Irish, but in speech, not so:
And now you bring another, that in speech
Is altogether Irish, but in habite
Seemes to be English: yea and more than so,
The seruant of that heretike Lord Cobham.

Irishman  Fait me be no seruant of the lord Cobhams,
Me be Mack Chane of Vlster.

Bishop  Otherwise calld Harpoole of Kent, go to sir,
You cannot blinde vs with your broken Irish.

sir Iohn  Trust me, my Lord Bishop, whether Irish,
Or English, Harpoole or not Harpoole, that
I leaue to be decided by the triall:
But sure I am this man by face and speech
Is he that murdred yong sir Richard Lee:
I met him presently vpon the fact,
And that he slew his maister for that gold,
Those iewells, and that chaine I tooke from him.

Bishop  Well, our affaires doe call vs backe to London,
So that we cannot prosecute the cause
As we desire to do, therefore we leaue
The charge with you, to see they be conuaide
To Hartford Sise: both this counterfaite
And you sir Iohn of Wrotham, and your wench,
For you are culpable as well as they,
Though not for murder, yet for felony.
But since you are the meanes to bring to light
This gracelesse murder, you shall beare with you,
Our letters to the Judges of the bench,
To be your friendes in what they lawfull may.

sir Iohn  I thanke your Lordship.

K2

Bish.
The first part of

_Bish._ So, away with them. 
_**exeunt.**_

_Enter Gaoler and his man, bringing forth Old castle._

_Gaoler._ Bring forth the prisoners, see the court preparde,
The Justices are comming to the bench.
So, let him stand, away, and fetch the rest. 
_**exeunt.**_

_Old._ Oh giue me patience to indure this scourge,
Thou that art fountaine of that vertuous streame,
And though contempt, false witnes, and reproch
Hang on these yron gyues, to presse my life
As low as earth, yet strengthen me with faith,
That I may mount in spirite aboue the cloudes.

_Enter Gaoler bringing in Lady Old-castle, and Harpoole._

Here comes my lady, sorow tis for her,
Thy wound is greeuous, else I scoffe at thee.
What and poore Harpoole! art thou ith bryars too?
_Harp._ I faith my Lord, I am in, get out how I can.
_Lady._ Say (gentle Lord) for now we are alone,
And may conferre, shall we confesse in briefe,
Of whence, and what we are, and so preuent
The accusation is commencde against vs?

_Old._ What will that helpe vs? being knowne, sweete loue,
_VVe shall for heresie be put to death,
For so they tearme the religion we professe.
No, if it be ordained we must die,
And at this instant, this our comfort be,
That of the guilt imposde, our soules are free.

_Harp._ Yea, yea my lord, Harpoole is so resolude,
I wreake of death the lesse, in that I die
Not by the sentence of that enuisious priest
The Bishop of Rochester, oh were it he,
Or by his meanes that I should suffer here,
It would be double torment to my soule.

_Lady._ VVell, be it then according as heauen please.
_Enter lord Iudge, two Iustices, Maior of Saint Albons, lord Powesse and his lady, and old sir Richard Lee: the Iudge and Iustices take their places._

_Iudge._
sir John Old-castle.

judge  Now M. Maior, what gentleman is that, You bring with you, before vs and the bench? Maior  The Lord Powes if it like your honor, And this his Lady, travelling toward Wales, Who for they lodgde last night within my house, And my Lord Bishop did lay search for such, Were very willing to come on with me, Lest for their sakes, suspition we might wrong.

judge  We crie your honor mercy good my Lord, Wilt please ye take your place, madame your ladyship, May here or where you will repose your selfe, Vntill this businesse now in hand be past.

lady Po.  I will withdraw into some other roome, So that your Lordship, and the rest be pleasde.

judge  With all our hearts: attend the Lady there.

lord Po.  Wife, I haue eyde yond prisoners all this while, And my conceit doth tel me, tis our friend, The noble Cobham, and his vertuous Lady.

lady Po.  I thinke no lesse, are they suspected trow ye For doing of this murder?

lord Po.  What it meanes, I cannot tell, but we shall know anon, Meane space as you passe by them, ask the question, But do it secretly, you be not seene, And make some signe that I may know your mind.

lady Po.  My Lord Cobham, madam?  as she passeth over the

old.  No Cobhā now, nor madam as you loue vs,  stage by thē. But Iohn of Lancashire, and Ione his wife.

lady Po.  Oh tel, what is it that our loue can do, To pleasure you, for we are bound to you.

oldca.  Nothing but this, that you conceale our names, So gentle lady passe for being spied.

lady Po.  My heart I leaue, to beare part of your griefe.  exit.

judge  Call the prisoners to the barre: sir Richard Lee, What euidence can you bring against these people, To proove them guiltie of the murder done?

K3

lee.
The first part of

Lee. This bloudy towell, and these naked kniues, 
Beside we found them sitting by the place,  
Where the dead body lay within a bush.  

Judge VVhat answer you why law should not proceed,  
According to this evidence giuen in,  
To taxe ye with the penalty of death?  

Old. That we are free from murders very thought,  
And know not how the gentleman was slaine.  

1 Iust. How came this linnen cloth so boudy then?  
Lady Cob. My husband hot with trauell my lord,  
His nose gusht out a bleeding, that was it.  

2 lust. But wherefore were your sharpe edgde kniues vn-  
Lady Cob. To cut such simple victual as we had.  

Judge Say we admit this answer to those articles,  
VVhat made ye in so priuate a darke nooke,  
So far remote from any common path,  
As was the thicke where the dead corpes was throwne?  

Old. Iournying my lord from London from the terme,  
Downe into Lancashire where we do dwell,  
And what with age and trauell being faint,  
VVe gladly sought a place where we might rest,  
Free from resort of other passengers,  
And so we strayed into that secret corner.  

Judge These are but ambages to driue of time,  
And linger Justice from her purposde end.  
But who are these?  

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

Const. Stay Judgement, and release those innocents,  
For here is hee, whose hand hath done the deed,  
For which they stand indited at the barre,  
This saugage villaine, this rude Irish slaue,  
His tongue already hath confess the fact,  
And here is witnes to confirme as much.  

sir Iohn Yes my good Lords, no sooner had he slaine  
His louing master for the wealth he had,  

But
But I vpon the instant met with him,
And what he purchacde with the losse of bloud:
With strokes I presently bereau'de him of,
Some of the which is spent, the rest remaining,
I willingly surrender to the hands
Of old sir Richard Lee, as being his,
Beside my Lord Iudge, I greet your honor,
With letters from my Lord of Winchester.

 Lee    Is this the wolfe whose thirsty throate did drinke
My deare sonnes bloud? art thou the snake
He cherisht, yet with enuious piercing sting,
Assaiddst him mortally? foule stigmatike,
Thou venome of the country where thou liuedst,
And pestilence of this: were it not that law
Stands ready to reuenge thy crueltie,
Traitor to God, thy master, and to me,
These hands should be thy executioner.

 Iudge   Patience sir Richard Lee, you shall haue iustice,
And he the guerdon of his base desert,
The fact is odious, therefore take him hence,
And being hangde vntil the wretch be dead,
His body after shall be hangd in chaines,
Neare to the place, where he did act the murder.

 Irish.  Prethee Lord shudge let me haue mine own clothes,
my strouces there, and let me be hangd in a with after my cun-
try, the Irish fashion.

 Iudge   Go to, away with him, and now sir Iohn,
Although by you, this murther came to light,
And therein you haue well deseru’d, yet vpright law,
So will not haue you be excusde and quit,
For you did rob the Irishman, by which
You stand attained here of felony,
Beside, you haue bin lewd, and many yeares
Led a lasciuious vnbeseeing life.

 sir Iohn    Oh but my Lord, he repents, sir Iohn repents
he will mend.

[·····]
The first part of

Judge In hope thereof, together with the fauour, 
My Lord of Winchester intreates for you, 
We are content you shall be proued.  
sir Iohn I thanke your good Lordship.  
Judge These other falsly here, accusde, and brought 
In perill wrongfully, we in like sort 
Do set at liberty, paying their fees.  
Lord Po. That office if it please ye I will do, 
For countries sake, because I know them well, 
They are my neighbours, therefore of my cost, 
Their charges shall be paide.  
Lee. And for amends, 
Touching the wrong vnwittingly I haue done, 
There are a few crownes more for them to drinke.  
Judge. Your kindnes merites praise sir Richard Lee, a purse. 
So let vs hence.  
Lord Po. But Powesse still must stay, 
There yet remains a part of that true loue, 
He owes his noble friend vnsatisfide, 
And vnperformd, which first of all doth bind me, 
To gratulate your lordships safe deliuerie, 
And then intreat, that since vnlookt for thus, 
We here are met, your honor would vouchsafe, 
To ride with me to Wales, where though my power, 
(Though not to quittance those great benefites, 
I haue receiud of you) yet both my house, 
My purse, my seruants, and what else I haue, 
Are all at your command, deny me not, 
I know the Bishops hate pursues ye so, 
As theres no safety in abiding here.  
Old. Tis true my Lord, and God forgie him for it.  
Lord Po. Then let vs hence, you shall be straight prouided 
Of lusty geldings, and once entred VVales, 
VVell may the Bishop hunt, but spight his face, 
He neuer more shall haue the game in chace.  
exeunt.  
FINIS.
Textual Notes

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

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