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

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

As it was sundry times publicly acted in the honorable city of London, by the right honorable the Earl of Pembroke his servants.

Written by Christopher Marlowe Gent.

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

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

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

MY father is deceased, come Gaveston,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend
Ah words that make me surfeit with delight:
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston,
Than live and be the favorite of a king?
Sweet prince I come, these these thy amorous lines,
Might have enforced me to have swum from France,
And like Leander gasped upon the sand,
So thou wouldst smile and take me in thy arms.
The sight of London to my exiled eyes,
Is as Elysium to a new come soul,
Not that I love the city or the men,
But that it harbors him I hold so dear,
The king, upon whose bosom let me die,
And with the world be still at enmity:
What need the arctic people love starlight,
To whom the sun shines both by day and night.
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers,
My knee shall bow to none but to the king,
As for the multitude that are but sparks,
Raked up in embers of their poverty,
_Tanti_: I’ll fan first on the wind,
That glanceth at my lips and flieth away;
But how now, what are these?

_Enter three poor men._

_Poor men._ Such as desire your worship’s service.

_Gaveston_ What canst thou do?

1. _poor._ I can ride.

_Gaveston_ But I have no horses. What art thou?

2. _poor._ A traveler.

_Gaveston_ Let me see, thou wouldst do well
To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner time,
And as I like your discoursing, I’ll have you.
And what art thou?

3. _poor._ A soldier, that hath served against the Scot.

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

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

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

_Omnes._ We thank your worship.

_Gaveston_ I have some business, leave me to myself.

_Omnes._ We will wait here about the court.

_Exeunt._

_Gaveston_ Do: these are not men for me,
I must have wanton Poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please:
Music and poetry is his delight,
Therefore I’ll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows,
And in the day when he shall walk abroad,
Like _Sylvan_ Nymphs my pages shall be clad,
My men like Satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their Goat feet dance an antic hay,
Sometime a lovely boy in _Dian’s_ shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an Olive tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring, and there hard by,
One like Actaeon peeping through the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transformed,
And running in the likeness of an Hart,
By yelping hounds pulled down, and seem to die,
Such things as these best please his majesty.
My lord, here comes the king and the nobles
From the parliament, I’ll stand aside.

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

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

Edward Will you not grant me this? in spite of them
I’ll have my will, and these two Mortimers,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeased.

Mortimer senior If you love us my lord, hate Gaveston.
Gaveston That villain Mortimer I’ll be his death.

Mortimer junior Mine uncle here, this Earl, and I myself,
Were sworn to your father at his death,
That he should ne’er return into the realm:
And know my lord, ere I will break my oath,
This sword of mine that should offend your foes,
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armor up.

Gaveston Mort. dieu.
Edward Well Mortimer, I’ll make thee rue these words,
Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?
Frown’st thou thereat aspiring Lancaster,
The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,
And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff,
I will have Gaveston, and you shall know,
What danger ’tis to stand against your king.

Gaveston Well done, Ned.
Lancaster My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,
That naturally would love and honor you:
But for that base and obscure Gaveston,
four Earldoms have I besides Lancaster,
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester,
These will I sell to give my soldiers pay,
Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm,
Therefore if he be come, expel him straight.

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

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

*Warwick* O our heads.

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

*Warwick* Bridle thy anger gentle *Mortimer*.

*Mortimer junior* I cannot, nor I will not, I must speak,
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.

Come uncle, let us leave the brainsick king,
And henceforth parley with our naked swords.

*Mortimer senior* Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.

*Warwick* All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.

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

*Exeunt Nobiles.*

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

*Gaveston* I can no longer keep me from my lord.

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

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

*Edward* I know it, brother welcome home my friend,
Now let the treacherous *Mortimers* conspire,
And that high minded earl of Lancaster,
I have my wish, in that I joy thy sight,
And sooner shall the sea o’erwhelm my land,
Then bear the ship that shall transport thee hence:
I here create thee Lord high Chamberlain,
Chief Secretary to the state and me,
Earl of Cornwall, king and lord of Man.

Gaveston   My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.
Kent.    Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.

Edward    Cease brother, for I cannot brook these words,
Thy worth sweet friend is far above my gifts,
Therefore to equal it receive my heart,
If for these dignities thou be envied,
I’ll give thee more, for but to honor thee,
Is Edward pleased with kingly regiment.

Edward    Whither goes my Lord of Coventry so fast?

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

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

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

Gaveston    Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.

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

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

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

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

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

Edward But in the meantime Gaveston away,
And take possession of his house and goods,
Come follow me, and thou shalt have my guard,
To see it done, and bring thee safe again.

Gaveston What should a priest do with so fair a house?
A prison may be seem his holiness.

Enter both the Mortimers, Warwick, and Lancaster.

Warwick 'Tis true, the Bishop is in the tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveston.

Lancaster What? will they tyrannize upon the Church?
Ah wicked king, accursed Gaveston,
This ground which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timeless sepulcher, or mine.

Mortimer junior Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him sure
Unless his breast be swordproof he shall die.

Mortimer senor How now, why droops the earl of Lancaster?
Mortimer junior Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent?
Lancaster That villain Gaveston is made an Earl.

Mortimer senor An Earl!
Warwick Ay, and besides, lord Chamberlain of the realm,
And secretary too, and lord of Man.

Mortimer senor We may not, nor we will not suffer this.
Mortimer junior Why post we not from hence to levy men?
Lancaster My lord of Cornwall, now at every word,
And happy is the man, whom he vouchsafes
For vailing of his bonnet one good look,
Thus arm in arm, the king and he doth march:
Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits:
And all the court begins to flatter him.

Warwick Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king.
He nods, and scorns, and smiles at those that pass.

Mortimer senor Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?

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

Enter the Bishop of Canterbury.

Warwick Here comes my lord of Canterbury’s grace.
Lancaster  His countenance bewrays he is displeased.
Bishop  First were his sacred garments rent and torn,
Then laid they violent hands upon him next,
Himself imprisoned, and his goods asseized;
This certify the Pope, away take horse.
Lancaster  My lord, will you take arms against the king?
Bishop  What need I, God himself is up in arms,
When violence is offered to the church.
Mortimer junior  Then will you join with us that be his peers
To banish or behead that Gaveston?
Bishop  What else my lords, for it concerns me near,
The Bishopric of Coventry is his.

Enter the Queen.
Mortimer junior  Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?
Queen  Unto the forest gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent,
For now my lord the king regards me not,
But dotes upon the love of Gaveston,
He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears,
And when I come, he frowns, as who should say,
Go whither thou wilt seeing I have Gaveston.
Mortimer senior  Is it not strange, that he is thus bewitched?
Mortimer junior  Madam, return unto the court again:
That sly inveigling Frenchman we’ll exile,
Or lose our lives: and yet ere that day come,
The king shall lose his crown, for we have power,
And courage to, to be revenged at full.
Bishop  But yet lift not your swords against the king.
Lancaster  No, but we’ll lift Gaveston from hence.
Warwick  And war must be the means, or he’ll stay still.
Queen  Then let him stay, for rather than my lord
Shall be oppressed by civil mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolic with his minion.
Bishop  My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak,
We and the rest that are his counselors,
Will meet, and with a general consent,
Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.
Lancaster  What we confirm the king will frustrate.
Mortimer junior  Then may we lawfully revolt from him.
Warwick  But say my lord, where shall this meeting be?
Bishop  At the new temple.
Mortimer junior  Content:
And in the mean time I’ll entreat you all,
To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.
Lancaster  Come then let’s away.
Mortimer junior  Madam farewell.
Enter Gaveston and the earl of Kent.

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

Are gone towards Lambeth, there let them remain. Exeunt.

Enter Nobiles.

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

Enter the King and Gaveston.

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

Gaveston No, threaten not my lord, but pay them home. Were I a king.

Mortimer junior Thou villain, wherefore talks thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?
   Edward   Were he a peasant being my minion,
I’ll make the proudest of you stoop to him.
   Lancaster  My lord, you may not thus disparage us,
Away I say with hateful Gaveston.
   Mortimer senior  And with the earl of Kent that favors him.
   Edward   Nay, then lay violent hands upon your king,
Here Mortimer, sit thou in Edward’s throne,
Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown,
Was ever king thus overruled as I?
   Lancaster  Learn then to rule us better and the realm.
   Mortimer junior  What we have done,
our heart blood shall maintain.
   Warwick  Think you that we can brook this upstart pride?
   Edward   Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.
   Bishop  Why are you moved, be patient my lord,
And see what we your councillors have done.
   Mortimer junior  My lords, now let us all be resolute,
And either have our wills, or lose our lives.
   Edward   Meet you for this, proud overdaring peers,
Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,
This Isle shall fleet upon the Ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Ind.
   Bishop  You know that I am legate to the Pope,
On your allegiance to the see of Rome,
Subscribe as we have done to his exile.
   Mortimer junior  Curse him, if he refuse, and then may we
Depose him and elect another king.
   Edward   Ay there it goes, but yet I will not yield,
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.

   Lancaster  Then linger not my lord but do it straight.
   Bishop  Remember how the Bishop was abused,
Either banish him that was the cause thereof.
Or I will presently discharge these lords,
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.
   Edward   It boots me not to threat, I must speak fair,
The Legate of the Pope will be obeyed:
My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm,
Thou Lancaster, high admiral of our fleet,
Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls,
And you lord Warwick, president of the North,
And thou of Wales, if this content you not,
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,
And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may have some nook or corner left,
To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.
   Bishop  Nothing shall alter us, we are resolved.
   Lancaster  Come, come, subscribe.
   Mortimer junior  Why should you love him,
Exeunt Nobiles.

Enter Gaveston.

whom the world hates so?

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

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

Mortimer senior Urge him my lord.
Bishop Are you content to banish him the realm?
Edward I see I must, and therefore am content,
Instead of ink, I’ll write it with my tears.

Mortimer junior The king is lovesick for his minion.
Edward ’Tis done, and now accursed hand fall off.

Lancaster Give it me, I’ll have it published in the streets.
Mortimer junior I’ll see him presently dispatched away.
Bishop Now is my heart at ease.
Warwick And so is mine.
Pembroke This will be good news to the common sort.
Mortimer senior Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

Exeunt Nobiles.

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

Enter Gaveston.

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

Gaveston Is all my hope turned to this hell of grief.
Edward Rend not my heart with thy too piercing words,
Enter Edmund and Queen Isabell.

Gaveston  To go from hence, grieves not poor Gaveston,
Gaveston  But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks
The blessedness of Gaveston remains,
Gaveston  For nowhere else seeks he felicity.
Edward   And only this torments my wretched soul,
Edward   That whether I will or no thou must depart:
Edward   Be governor of Ireland in my stead,
Edward   And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here take my picture, and let me wear thine,
Edward   O might I keep thee here, as I do this,
Edward   Happy were I, but now most miserable.
Gaveston  'Tis something to be pitied of a king.
Edward   Thou shalt not hence, I'll hide thee Gaveston.
Gaveston  I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.
Edward   Kind words, and mutual talk, makes our
grief greater.
Therefore with dumb embracement let us part,
Stay Gaveston I cannot leave thee thus.
Gaveston  For every look, my lord drops down a tear,
Gaveston  Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.
Edward   The time is little that thou hast to stay,
Edward   And therefore give me leave to look my fill,
Edward   But come sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way.
Gaveston  The peers will frown.
Edward   I pass not for their anger, come let's go,
Edward   O that we might as well return as go.

Enter Edmund and Queen Isabell.

Queen   Whither goes my lord?
Edward   Fawn not on me French strumpet, get thee
gone.
Queen   On whom but on my husband should I fawn?

Gaveston  On Mortimer, with whom ungenteel Queen,
Gaveston  I say no more, judge you the rest my lord.
Queen    In saying this, thou wrong'st me Gaveston,
Gaveston  Is 't not enough, that thou corrupts my lord,
Queen    And art a bawd to his affections,
Queen    But thou must call mine honor thus in question?
Gaveston  I mean not so, your grace must pardon me.
Edward   Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,
Edward   And by thy means is Gaveston exiled,
Edward   But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Queen    Or thou shalt ne'er be reconciled to me.
Queen    Your highness knows, it lies not in my power.
Edward   Away then, touch me not, come Gaveston.
Queen  Villain, 'tis thou that rob'st me of my lord.
Gaveston  Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.
Edward  Speak not unto her, let her droop and pine.
Queen  Wherein my lord, have I deserved these words?
Witness the tears that Isabella sheds,  
Witness this heart, that sighing for thee breaks,  
How dear my lord is to poor Isabell.
Edward  And witness heaven how dear thou art to me.
There weep, for till my Gaveston be repealed,  
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.

Exeunt Edward and Gaveston.

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

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

Enter the Nobles to the Queen.

Lancaster  Look where the sister of the king of France,
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast.
Warwick  The king I fear hath ill entreated her.
Pembroke  Hard is the heart, that injures such a saint.
Mortimer junior  I know 'tis long of Gaveston she weeps.
Mortimer senior  Why? he is gone.
Mortimer junior  Madam, how fares your grace?
Queen  Ah Mortimer! now breaks the king's hate forth,
And he confesseth that he loves me not.
Mortimer junior  Cry quittance Madam then, and love not him.
Queen  No, rather will I die a thousand deaths,
And yet I love in vain, he'll ne'er love me.
Lancaster  Fear ye not Madam, now his minion's gone,
His wanton humor will be quickly left.
Queen  O never Lancaster! I am enjoined,
To sue unto you all for his repeal:
This wills my lord, and this must I perform,
Or else be banished from his highness' presence.
Lancaster For his repeal, Madam, he comes not back,
Unless the sea cast up his shipwreck body.

Warwick And to behold so sweet a sight as that,
There’s none here, but would run his horse to death.

Mortimer junior But madam, would you have us call him home?

Queen Ay Mortimer, for till he be restored,

The angry king hath banished me the court:
And therefore as thou lovest and tend’rest me,
Be thou my advocate unto these peers.

Mortimer junior What, would ye have me plead for Gaveston?

Mortimer senior Plead for him he that will, I am resolved.

Lancaster And so am I my lord, dissuade the Queen.

Queen O Lancaster, let him dissuade the king,
For ’tis against my will he should return.

Warwick Then speak not for him, let the peasant go.

Queen ’Tis for myself I speak, and not for him.

Pembroke No speaking will prevail, and therefore cease.

Mortimer junior Fair Queen forbear to angle for the fish,
Which being caught, strikes him that takes it dead,
I mean that vile Torpedo, Gaveston,
That now I hope floats on the Irish seas.

Queen Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me a while,
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight,
As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.

Mortimer junior It is impossible, but speak your mind.

Queen Then thus, but none shall hear it but ourselves.

Lancaster My Lords albeit the Queen win Mortimer,
will you be resolute and hold with me?

Mortimer senior Not I against my nephew.

Pembroke Fear not, the queen’s words cannot alter him.

Warwick No, do but mark how earnestly she pleads.

Lancaster And see how coldly his looks make denial.

Warwick She smiles, now for my life his mind is changed.

Lancaster I’ll rather lose his friendship I, then grant.

Mortimer junior Well of necessity it must be so,

My Lords, that I abhor base Gaveston,
I hope your honors make no question,
And therefore though I plead for his repeal,
’Tis not for his sake, but for our avail:

Nay for the realm’s behoof and for the king’s.

Lancaster Fie Mortimer, dishonor not thyself,
Can this be true ’twas good to banish him?
And is this true to call him home again?
Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.

Mortimer junior My Lord of Lancaster, mark the respect.
In no respect can contraries be true.

Yet good my lord, hear what he can allege.

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

Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead?

I would he were.

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

But nephew, do not play the sophister.

This which I urge, is of a burning zeal,

To mend the king, and do our country good:

Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,

Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,

As he will front the mightiest of us all,

And whereas he shall live and be beloved,

’Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.

Mark you but that my lord of Lancaster.

But were he here, detested as he is,

How easily might some base slave be suborned,

To greet his lordship with a poniard,

And none so much as blame the murderer,

But rather praise him for that brave attempt,

And in the Chronicle, enrol his name,

For purging of the realm of such a plague.

He saith true.

Ay, but how chance this was not done before?

Because my lords, it was not thought upon:

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

To banish him, and then to call him home,

’Twill make him vail the topflag of his pride,

And fear to offend the meanest noble man.

But how if he do not Nephew?

Then may we with some color rise in arms,

For howsoever we have borne it out,

’Tis treason to be up against the king,

So shall we have the people of our side,

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

But cannot brook a night grown mushroom,

Such a one as my Lord of Cornwall is,

Should bear us down of the nobility,

And when the commons and the nobles join,

’Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston.

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

My lords, if to perform this I be slack,

Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.

On that condition Lancaster will grant.

And so will Pembroke and I.

And I.

In this I count me highly gratified,

And Mortimer will rest at your command.
Enter king Edward mourning.

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

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

As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston,
And could my crown’s revenue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gained, having bought so dear a friend.
Queen Hark how he harps upon his minion.
Edward My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops’ hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston:
Ah had some bloodless fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre stroke me dead,
When I was forced to leave my Gaveston.

Lancaster Diablo, what passions call you these
Queen My gracious lord, I come to bring you news.
Edward That you have parled with your Mortimer.
Queen That Gaveston my Lord shall be repealed.
Edward Repealed, the news is too sweet to be true.
Queen But will you love me, if you find it so?
Edward If it be so, what will not Edward do?
Queen For Gaveston, but not for Isabell.
Edward For thee fair Queen, if thou lovest Gaveston,
I’ll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.
Queen No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these my lord, nor let me have more wealth,
Than I may fetch from this rich treasury:
O how a kiss revives poor Isabell.
Edward Once more receive my hand, and let this be,
A second marriage ’twixt thyself and me.
Queen And may it prove more happy than the first,
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,
That wait attendance for a gracious look,
And on their knees salute your majesty.

Edward Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king,
And as gross vapors perish by the sun,
Even so let hatred with thy sovereign smile,
Live thou with me as my companion.

Lancaster  This salutation overjoys my heart.
Edward    Warwick, shall be my chiepest counselor:
These silver hairs will more adorn my court,
Then gaudy silks, or rich embroidery,
Chide me sweet Warwick, if I go astray.

Warwick  Slay me my lord, when I offend your grace.
Edward    In solemn triumphs, and in public shows,
Pembroke    shall bear the sword before the king.

Pembroke    And with this sword, Pembroke will fight for you.
Edward    But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?

Be thou commander of our royal fleet,
Or if that lofty office like thee not,
I make thee here lord Marshal of the realm.

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

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

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

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

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

Beaumont    It shall be done my gracious Lord.

Edward    Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge:
Now let us in, and feast it royally:
Against our friend the earl of Cornwall comes,
We’ll have a general tilt and tournament,
And then his marriage shall be solemnized,
For wot you not that I have made him sure,
Unto our cousin, the earl of Gloucester’s heir.

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

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

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

Manent Mortimers.

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

Mortimer junior  Uncle, his wanton humor grieves not me,

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

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

Mortimer junior  Then so am I, and live to do him service,

But whiles I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstart.
You know my mind, come uncle let’s away.

Exeunt.

Enter Spencer and Baldock.

Spencer, seeing that our Lord th’ earl of Gloucester’s
dead,
Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?

Spencer  Not Mortimer, nor any of his side,
Because the king and he are enemies,
Baldock: learn this of me, a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us,
But he that hath the favor of a king,
May with one word, advance us while we live:

The liberal earl of Cornwall is the man,
On whose good fortune Spencer’s hope depends.

    Baldock  What, mean you then to be his follower?
    Spencer  No, his companion, for he loves me well,
And would have once preferred me to the king.

    Baldock  But he is banished, there’s small hope of him.
    Spencer  Ay for a while, but Baldock mark the end,
A friend of mine told me in secrecy,
That he’s repealed, and sent for back again,
And even now, a post came from the court,
With letters to our lady from the King,
And as she read, she smiled, which makes me think,
It is about her lover Gaveston.

    Baldock  ’Tis like enough, for since he was exiled,
She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight:
But I had thought the match had been broke off,
And that his banishment had changed her mind.

    Spencer  Our Lady’s first love is not wavering,
My life for thine she will have Gaveston.

    Baldock  Then hope I by her means to be preferred,
Having read unto her since she was a child.

    Spencer  Then Baldock, you must cast the scholar off,
And learn to court it like a Gentleman,
’Tis not a black coat and a little band,
A Velvet capped cloak, faced before with Serge,
And smelling to a Nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a table’s end,
Or making low legs to a noble man,
Or looking downward, with your eye lids close,
And saying, truly an ’t may please your honor,
Can get you any favor with great men,
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,

And now and then, stab as occasion serves.

    Baldock  Spencer, thou knowest I hate such formal toys,
And use them but of mere hypocrisy.
Mine old lord whiles he lived, was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And being like pins heads, blame me for the bigness,
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough,
And apt for any kind of villainy.
I am none of these common pedants I,
That cannot speak without propterea quod.
Enter the Lady.

Baldock  Leave off this jesting, here my lady comes.

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

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

Baldock  It shall be done madam.  Exit.

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

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

Spencer  I knew the King would have him home again.

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

Spencer  I humbly thank your ladyship.

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

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

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

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

Lancaster  My Lord.

Edward  How now, what news, is Gaveston arrived?

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

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

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

Edward  Prithee let me know it.

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

Edward My Gaveston, welcome to Tynemouth, welcome to thy friend,
Thy absence made me droop, and pine away,
For as the lovers of fair Danae,
When she was locked up in a brazen tower,

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

Gaveston Sweet Lord and King, your speech preventeth
Yet have I words left to express my joy:
The shepherd nipped with biting winter’s rage,
Frolicks not more to see the painted spring,
Than I do to behold your Majesty.

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

Edward    Yes more than thou canst answer though he live,
Dear shall you both abyde this riotous deed:
Out of my presence, come not near the court.
Mortimer junior  I’ll not be barred the court for Gaveston.
Lancaster  We’ll hail him by the ears unto the block.
Edward    Look to your own heads, his is sure enough.
Warwick    Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.
Edmund Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.
Edward    Nay all of them conspire to cross me thus,
But if I live, I’ll tread upon their heads,
That think with high looks thus to tread me down,
Come Edmund let’s away, and levy men,
’Tis war that must abate these Barons’ pride.

Exit the King.
Warwick    Let’s to our castles, for the king is moved.
Mortimer junior  Moved may he be, and perish in his wrath.
Lancaster    Cousin it is no dealing with him now,
He means to make us stoop by force of arms,
And therefore let us jointly here protest,
To prosecute that Gaveston to the death.

Mortimer junior  By heaven, the abject villain shall not live.
Warwick      I’ll have his blood, or die in seeking it.
Pembroke      The like oath Pembroke takes.
Lancaster     And so doth Lancaster.

Now send our Heralds to defy the King,
And make the people swear to put him down.

Enter a Post.

Mortimer junior  Letters, from whence?
Messenger      From Scotland my lord.
Lancaster      Why how now cousin, how fares all our friends?
Mortimer junior  My uncle’s taken prisoner by the Scots.
Lancaster      We’ll have him ransomed man, be of good cheer.

Mortimer      They rate his ransom at five thousand pound,
Who should defray the money, but the King,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?
I’ll to the King.

Lancaster     Do cousin, and I’ll bear thee company.
Warwick      Mean time my lord of Pembroke and myself,
Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.
Mortimer junior  About it then, and we will follow you.
Lancaster     Be resolute, and full of secrecy.
Warwick      I warrant you.
Mortimer junior  Cousin, and if he will not ransom him,
I’ll thunder such a peal into his ears,
As never subject did unto his King.
Lancaster     Content, I’ll bear my part, holla who’s there?
Mortimer junior  Ay marry, such a guard as this doth well.
Lancaster     Lead on the way.
Guard           Whither will your lordships?
Mortimer junior  Whither else but to the King.
Guard           His highness is disposed to be alone.
Lancaster     Why, so he may, but we will speak to him.
Guard           You may not in my lord.
Mortimer junior  May we not.
Edward         How now, what noise is this?

Who have we there, is ’t you?
Mortimer      Nay, stay my lord, I come to bring you news,
Mine uncle’s taken prisoner by the Scots.
Edward         Then ransom him.
Lancaster      ’Twas in your wars, you should ransom him.
Mortimer junior  And you shall ransom him, or else.
Edmund        What Mortimer, you will not threaten him?
Edward         Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal,
To gather for him throughout the realm.
Lancaster     Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.
Mortimer junior  My lord, the family of the Mortimers Are not so poor, but would they sell their land, Would Levy men enough to anger you, We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

Edward  Shall I still be haunted thus?

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

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

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

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

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

Lancaster  What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?

Mortimer  Who loves thee? but a sort of flatterers.

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

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

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

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

Lancaster  And thereof came it, that the fleering Scots, To England’s high disgrace, have made this Jig, Maids of England, sore may you mourn, For your lemans you have lost, at Bannocksbourn, With a heave and a ho, What weeneth the king of England, So soon to have won Scotland, With a rumbelow.
Mortimer     Wigmore shall fly, to set my uncle free.
Lancaster     And when ’tis gone, our swords shall purchase
more,
If ye be moved, revenge it as you can,
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.

    Exeunt Nobiles.

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

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

Edward     Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?

    Kent.     Ay, and it grieves me that I favored him.
Edward     Traitor be gone, whine thou with Mortimer.
Kent.      So will I, rather than with Gaveston.
Edward     Out of my sight, and trouble me no more.
Kent.      No marvel though thou scorn thy noble
peers,
When I thy brother am rejected thus.

    Exit.

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

Queen       My lord, ’tis thought, the Earls are up in arms.
Edward      Ay, and ’tis likewise thought you favor him.
Queen       Thus do you still suspect me without cause.
Lady        Sweet uncle speak more kindly to the queen.
Gaveston    My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.
Edward      Pardon me sweet, I forgot myself.
Queen       Your pardon is quickly got of Isabell.
Edward      The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,
That to my face he threatens civil wars.
Gaveston    Why do you not commit him to the tower?
Edward      I dare not, for the people love him well.
Gaveston    Why then we’ll have him privily made away.
Edward      Would Lancaster and he had both caroused,
A bowl of poison to each others’ health:
But let them go, and tell me what are these.

Lady Two of my father’s servants whilst he lived,

May ’t please your grace to entertain them now.

Edward Tell me, where wast thou born?

What is thine arms?

Baldock My name is Baldock, and my gentry
I fetched from Oxford, not from Heraldry.

Edward The fitter art thou Baldock for my turn,

Wait on me, and I’l see thou shalt not want.

Baldock I humbly thank your majesty.

Edward Knowest thou him Gaveston?

Gaveston Ay my lord, his name is Spencer, he is well allied,

For my sake let him wait upon your grace,

Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.

Edward Then Spencer wait upon me, for his sake

I’ll grace thee with a higher style ere long.

Spencer No greater titles happen unto me,

Than to be favored of your majesty.

Edward Cousin, this day shall be your marriage feast,

And Gaveston, think that I love thee well,

To wed thee to our niece, the only heir

Unto the Earl of Gloucester late deceased.

Gaveston I know my lord, many will stomach me,

But I respect neither their love nor hate.

Edward The headstrong Barons shall not limit me.

He that I list to favor shall be great:

Come let’s away, and when the marriage ends,

Have at the rebels, and their complices.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Lancaster, Mortimer, Warwick,

Pembroke, Kent.

Kent My lords, of love to this our native land,

I come to join with you, and leave the king,

And in your quarrel and the realm’s behoof,

Will be the first that shall adventure life.

Lancaster I fear me you are sent of policy,

To undermine us with a show of love.

Warwick He is your brother, therefore have we cause

To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.

Edmund Mine honor shall be hostage of my truth,

If that will not suffice, farewell my lords.

Mortimer junior Stay Edmund, never was Plantagenet

False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

Pembroke But what’s the reason you should leave him now?
Kent. I have informed the Earl of Lancaster.
Lancaster. And it sufficeth: now my lords know this,
That Gaveston is secretly arrived,
And here in Tynemouth frolics with the king,
Let us with these our followers scale the walls,
And suddenly surprise them unawares.

Mortimer junior. I’ll give the onset.
Warwick. And I’ll follow thee.

Mortimer junior. This tottered ensign of my ancestors,
Which swept the desert shore of that dead sea,
Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,
Will I advance upon this castle walls,
Drums strike alarum, raise them from their sport,
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston.

Lancaster. None be so hardy as to touch the King,
But neither spare you Gaveston, nor his friends.

Exeunt.

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

Edward. O tell me Spencer, where is Gaveston?
Spencer. I fear me he is slain my gracious lord.
Edward. No, here he comes, now let them spoil and kill:

Fly, fly, my lords, the ears have got the hold,
Take shipping and away to Scarborough,
Spencer and I will post away by land.

Gaveston. O stay my lord, they will not injure you.
Edward. I will not trust them, Gaveston away.
Gaveston. Farewell my Lord.
Edward. Lady, farewell.
Lady. Farewell sweet uncle till we meet again.
Edward. Farewell sweet Gaveston, and farewell Niece.
Queen. No farewell, to poor Isabell, thy Queen?
Edward. Yes, yes, for Mortimer your lover’s sake.

Exeunt omnes, manet Isabella.

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

Enter the Barons alarms.

Lancaster. I wonder how he ’scaped.
Mortimer junior. Who’s this, the Queen?
Queen. Ay Mortimer, the miserable Queen,
Whose pining heart, her inward sighs have blasted,
And body with continual mourning wasted:
These hands are tired, with haling of my lord
From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston,
And all in vain, for when I speak him fair,
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.

    Mortimer junior  Cease to lament, and tell us where’s the king?
    Queen    What would you with the king, is ’t him you seek?
    Lancaster  No madam, but that cursed Gaveston,
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster,
To offer violence to his sovereign,
We would but rid the realm of Gaveston,
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.

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

  Exeunt.

    Gaveston    Yet lusty lords I have escaped your hands,
Your threats, your larums, and your hot pursuits,
And though divorced from king Edward’s eyes,
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurprised,
Breathing, in hope (malgrado all your beards,
That musta rebels thus against your king)
To see his royal sovereign once again.

Enter the Nobles.

Warwick Upon him soldiers, take away his weapons.
Mortimer Thou proud disturber of thy country’s peace,
Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils,
Base flatterer, yield, and were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonor to a soldier’s name,
Upon my weapon’s point here shouldst thou fall,
And welter in thy gore.

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

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

Gaveston My Lord.
Warwick soldiers, have him away:
But for thou wert the favorite of a King,
Thou shalt have so much honor at our hands.

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

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

Enter earl of Arundel.

Lancaster How now my lord of Arundel?
My lords, king Edward greets you all by me.
Warwick Arundel, say your message.
Arundel His majesty, hearing that you had taken Gaveston,
Intreateth you by me, yet but he may
See him before he dies, for why he says,
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall,
And if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.
Warwick How now?
Gaveston Renowned Edward, how thy name
Revives poor Gaveston.
Warwick No, it needeth not,
Arundel, we will gratify the king


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

   Gaveston   Why my Lord of Warwick,
Will not these delays beget my hopes?
   I know it lords, it is this life you aim at,
Yet grant king Edward this.
   Mortimer junior  Shalt thou appoint what we shall grant?
Soldiers away with him:
Thus we’ll gratify the king,
We’ll send his head by thee, let him bestow
His tears on that, for that is all he gets
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.
   Lancaster  Not so my Lord, lest he bestow more cost,
In burying him, than he hath ever earned.
   Arundel  My lords, it is his majesty’s request,
And in the honor of a king he swears,

He will but talk with him and send him back.
   Warwick  When can you tell? Arundel no, we wot,
He that the care of realm remits,
And drives his nobles to these exigents
For Gaveston, will if he seize him once,
Violate any promise to possess him.
   Arundel  Then if you will not trust his grace in keep,
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.
   Mortimer junior  It is honorable in thee to offer this,
But for we know thou art a noble gentleman,
We will not wrong thee so,
To make away a true man for a thief.
   Gaveston  How meanst thou Mortimer? that is over base.
   Mortimer  Away base groom, robber of king’s renown,
Question with thy companions and thy mates.
   Pembroke  My lord Mortimer, and you my lords each one,
To gratify the king’s request therein,
Touching the sending of this Gaveston,
Because his majesty so earnestly
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will upon mine honor undertake
To carry him, and bring him back again,
Provided this, that you my lord of Arundel
Will join with me.
   Warwick  Pembroke, what wilt thou do?
Cause yet more bloodshed: is it not enough
That we have taken him, but must we now
Leave him on had-I-wist, and let him go?
   Pembroke  My lords, I will not over woo your honors,
But if you dare trust Pembroke with the prisoner,
Upon mine oath I will return him back.
   Arundel  My lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?
Lancaster Why I say, let him go on Pembroke’s word.

Pembroke And you lord Mortimer.

Mortimer junior How say you my lord of Warwick.

Warwick Nay, do your pleasures, I know how ’twill prove.

Pembroke Then give him me.

Gaveston Sweet sovereign, yet I come To see thee ere I die.

Warwick Yet not perhaps, If Warwick’s wit and policy prevail.

Mortimer junior My lord of Pembroke, we deliver him you, Return him on your honor, sound away. Exeunt.

Manent Pembroke, Matrevis Gaveston. and Pembroke’s men, four soldiers.

Pembroke My Lord, you shall go with me, My house is not far hence out of the way, A little, but our men shall go along, We that have pretty wenches to our wives, Sir, must not come so near and balk their lips. Matrevis ’Tis very kindly spoken my lord of Pembroke, Your honor hath an adaman of power, To draw a prince. Pembroke So my lord, come hither James, I do commit this Gaveston to thee, Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning We will discharge thee of thy charge, be gone. Gaveston Unhappy Gaveston, whither goest thou now. Exit cum servis Pembroke.

Horse boy. My lord, we’ll quickly be at Cobham. Exeunt ambo.

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

Gaveston O treacherous Warwick thus to wrong thy friend!

James I see it is your life these arms pursue.

Gaveston Weaponless must I fall and die in bands, Oh must this day be period of my life! Center of all my bliss, and ye be men, Speed to the king.

Enter Warwick and his company.

Warwick My lord of Pembroke’s men, Strive you no longer, I will have that Gaveston.

James Your lordship doth dishonor to yourself, And wrong our lord, your honorable friend.

Warwick No James, it is my country’s cause I follow,
Go, take the villain, soldiers come away,
We'll make quick work, commend me to your master
My friend, and tell him that I watched it well,
Come, let thy shadow parley with king Edward.
   Gaveston  Treacherous earl, shall I not see the king?
   Warwick  The king of heaven perhaps, no other king,
   Exeunt Warwick and his men, with Gaveston.

Come fellows, it booted not for us to strive,
We will in haste go certify our Lord.

Enter king Edward and Spencer, with
   Drums and Fifes.

   Edward  I long to hear an answer from the Barons
   Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston,
   Ah Spencer, not the riches of my realm
   Can ransom him, ah he is marked to die,
   I know the malice of the younger Mortimer,
   Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
   Inexorable, and I shall never see
   My lovely Pierce, my Gaveston again,
   The Barons overbear me with their pride.
   Spencer.  Were I king Edward England’s sovereign,

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

   Enter Hugh Spencer an old man, father to
   the young Spencer, with his truncheon,
   and soldiers.

   Spencer pater  Long live my sovereign the noble Edward,
   In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars.
Edward Welcome old man, com’st thou in Edward’s aid?
Then tell thy prince, of whence, and what thou art.

Spencer pater Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
Brown bills, and targeteers, 400 strong,
Sworn to defend king Edward’s royal right,
I come in person to your majesty,
Spencer, the father of Hugh Spencer there,

Bound to your highness everlastingly,
For favors done in him, unto us all.

Edward Thy father Spencer?

Spencer filius True, and it like your grace,
That powers in lieu of all your goodness shown,
His life my lord, before your princely feet.

Edward Welcome ten thousand times, old man again,
Spencer, this love, this kindness to thy King,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition:
Spencer, I here create thee earl of Wiltshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favor,
That as the sunshine shall reflect o’er thee:
Beside, the more to manifest our love,
Because we hear Lord Bruce doth sell his land,
And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,
Thou shalt have crowns of us, t’ outbid the Barons,
And Spencer, spare them not, but lay it on.
Soldiers a largesse, and thrice welcome all.

Spencer My lord, here comes the Queen.

Enter the Queen and her son, and Levune a Frenchman.

Edward Madam, what news?

Queen News of dishonor lord, and discontent,
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,
Informeth us, by letters and by words,
That lord Valois our brother, king of France,
Because your highness hath been slack in homage,
Hath seized Normandy into his hands,
These be the letters, this the messenger.

Edward Welcome Levune, tush Sib, if this be all,
Valois and I will soon be friends again,
But to my Gaveston: shall I never see,
Never behold thee now? Madam in this matter

We will employ you and your little son,
You shall go parley with the king of France,
Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,
And do your message with a majesty.

Prince Commit not to my youth things of more weight
Then fits a prince so young as I to bear,
And fear not lord and father, heaven’s great beams
On Atlas’ shoulder, shall not lie more safe,
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.

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

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

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

Enter lord Matre.

Edward What lord Matre. dost thou come alone?
Matrevis Yea my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.
Edward Ah traitors, have they put my friend to death,
Tell me Matre. died he ere thou cam’st,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?

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

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

Spencer Proud recreants.

Edward Yea Spencer, traitors all.

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

Edward Well, and how fortunes that he came not?

Spencer Some treason, or some villainy was cause.

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

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

Spencer  A bloody part, flatly against law of arms.
Edward  O shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die!
Spencer  My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword,

Upon these Barons, hearten up your men,
Let them not unrevenged murder your friends,
Advance your standard Edward in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting holes.

Edward kneels, and saith.

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

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

Spencer  My lord, here’s is a messenger from the Barons,
Desires access unto your majesty.
Edward  Admit him near.

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

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

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

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

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

Edward Why do we sound retreat? upon them lords, This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword On those proud rebels that are up in arms, And do confront and countermand their king.

Spencer son. Here come the rebels.

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

Mortimer Look Lancaster, yonder is Edward among his flatterers.

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

Warwick And shall or Warwick’s sword shall smite in vain.

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

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

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

Spencer son. Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lancaster.
Enter Edward, with the Barons captives.  

_Pembroke_ Away base upstart, brav’st thou nobles thus.  

_Spencer father_ A noble attempt, and honorable deed,  
Is it not trow ye, to assemble aid,  
And levy arms against your lawful king?  

_Edward_ For which ere long, their heads shall satisfy,  
T’ appease the wrath of their offended king.  

_Mortimer junior_ Then Edward, thou wilt fight it to the last,  
And rather bathe thy sword in subjects’ blood,  
Than banish that pernicious company.  

_Edward_ Ay traitors all, rather than thus be braved,  
Make England’s civil towns huge heaps of stones,  
And plows to go about our palace gates.  

_Warwick_ A desperate and unnatural resolution,  
Alarum to the fight, saint George for England,  
And the Barons right.  

_Edward_ Sir George for England, and king Edward’s right.  
_Enter Edward, with the Barons captives.  

_Edward_ Now lusty lords, now not by chance of war,  
But justice of the quarrel and the cause  

Vailed is your pride, methinks you hang the **heads**  
But we’ ll advance them traitors, now ’tis time  
To be avenged on you for all your braves,  
And for the murder of my dearest friend,  
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,  
Good _Pierce of Gaveston_ my sweet favorite,  
_Ay_ rebels, recreants, you made him away.  

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

_Edward_ So sir, you have spoke, away, avoid our presence,  
Accursed wretches, was’t in regard of us,  
When we had sent our messenger to request  
He might be spared to come to speak with us,  
And _Pembroke_ undertook for his return,  
That thou proud _Warwick_ watched the prisoner,  
Poor _Pierce_, and headed him against law of arms,  
For which thy head shall over look the rest.  
As much as thou in rage out wentest the rest?  

_Warwick_ Tyrant, _I_ scorn thy threats and menaces,  
’Tis but temporal that thou canst inflict.  

_Lancaster_ The worst is death, and better die to live,  
Than live in infamy under such a king.  

_Edward_ Away with them my lord of Winchester,  
These lusty leaders _Warwick_ and _Lancaster_,  
I charge you roundly off with both their heads, away.  

_Warwick_ Farewell vain world.  

_Lancaster_ Sweet _Mortimer_ farewell.  

_Mortimer junior_ England, unkind to thy nobility,  
Groan for this grief, behold how thou art maimed.
Edward Go take that haughty Mortimer to the tower,
There see him safe bestowed, and for the rest,
Do speedy execution on them all, be gone.
Mortimer junior What Mortimer? can ragged stony wall

Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven,
No Edward, England’s scourge, it may not be,
Mortimer’s hope surmounts his fortune far.
Edward Sound drums and trumpets, march with me
my friends,
Edward this day hath crowned him king a new.

Exit.

Manent Spencer filius, Levune and Baldock.
Spencer Levune, the trust that we repose in thee,
Begets the quiet of king Edward’s land,
Therefore be gone in haste, and with advice,
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France,
That therewith all enchanted like the guard,
That suffered Jove to pass in showers of gold
To Danae, all aid may be denied
To Isabell the Queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son,
And step into his father’s regiment.
Levune That’s it these Barons and the subtle Queen,
Long levied at.
Baldock Yea, but Levune thou seest,
These Barons lay their heads on blocks together,
What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean.
Levune Have you no doubts my lords, I’ll claps close,
Among the lords of France with England’s gold,
That Isabell shall make her plaints in vain,
And France shall be obdurate with her tears.
Spencer Then make for France, amain Levune away,
Proclaim king Edward’s wars and victories.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Edmund.
Edmund Fair blows the wind for France, blow
gentle gale,
Till Edmund be arrived for England’s good,

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

Mortimer junior  Holla, who walketh there, is 't you my lord?
Edmund  Mortimer  'tis I, but hath thy potion wrought so happily?
Mortimer junior  It hath my lord, the warders all asleep,
I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace:
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?
Edmund  Fear it not.  

Enter the Queen and her son.

Queen  A boy, our friends do fail us all in France,
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind,
What shall we do?
Prince.  Madam, return to England,
And please my father well, and then a Fig
For all my uncle’s friendship here in France,
I warrant you, I’ll win his highness quickly,
'A loves me better than a thousand Spencers.
Queen  A boy, thou art deceived at least in this,
To think that we can yet be tuned together,
No, no, we war too far, unkind Valois,
Unhappy Isabell, when France rejects,
Whither, O whither dost thou bend thy steps.

Enter sir John of Hainault.

Sir John  Madam, what cheer?

Queen  A good sir John of Hainault,
Never so cheerless, nor so far distressed.
Sir John  I hear sweet lady of the king’s unkindness,
But droop not madam, noble minds contemn
Despair: will your grace with me to Hainault?
And there stay time’s advantage with your son,
How say you my Lord, will you go with your friends,
And shake off all our fortunes equally.
Prince  So pleaseth the Queen my mother, me it likes,
The king of England, nor the court of France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother’s side,
Till I be strong enough to break a staff,
And then have at the proudest Spencer’s head.
Sir John.  Well said my lord.
Queen  Oh my sweet heart, how do I moan thy wrongs?
Yet triumph in the hope of thee my joy,
Ah sweet sir John, even to the utmost verge
Of Europe, or the shore of Tanais,
Will we with thee to Hainault, so we will,
The Marquis is a noble Gentleman,
His grace I dare presume will welcome me,
But who are these?

Enter Edmund and Mortimer.
Edmund Madam, long may you live,
Much happier than your friends in England do.

Queen Lord Edmund and lord Mortimer alive,
Welcome to France: the news was here my lord,
That you were dead, or very near your death.

Mortimer junior Lady, the last was truest of the twain,
But Mortimer reserved for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldom of the tower,
And lives t’ advance your standard good my lord.

Prince How mean you, and the king my father lives?

No my lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.

Queen Not son, why not? I would it were no worse,
But gentle lords, friendless we are in France.

Mortimer junior Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
Told us at our arrival all the news,
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
Hath showed himself: but madam, right makes room,
Where weapons want, and though a many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our party and faction,
Yet have we friends, assure your grace in England,
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,
To see us there appointed for our foes.

Edmund Would all were well, and Edward well reclaimed,
For England’s honor, peace, and quietness.

Mortimer But by the sword, my lord, it must be deserved.
The king will ne’er forsake his flatterers.

Sir John My Lords of England, sith the ungentle king
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms,
To this distressed Queen his sister here,
Go you with her to Hainault, doubt ye not,
We will find comfort, money, men, and friends
Ere long, to bid the English king a base,
How say young Prince, what think you of the match?

Prince I think king Edward will out run us all.

Queen Nay son, not so, and you must not discourage
Your friends that are so forward in your aid.

Edmund Sir John of Hainault, pardon us I pray,
These comforts that you give our woeful queen,
Bind us in kindness all at your command.

Queen Yea gentle brother, and the God of heaven,
Prosper your happy motion good sir John.

Mortimer junior This noble gentleman forward in arms,

Was born I see to be our anchor hold,
Sir John of Hainault, be it thy renown,
Enter the king, Matrevis the two Spencers, with others.

Enter a Post.

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

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

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

Spencer junior What news my lord?

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

Matrevis From the lieutenant of the tower my lord.

Edward I pray let us see it, what have we there?

Spencer reads their names.

Why so, they barked a pace a month ago,
Now on my life, they’ll neither bark nor bite.
Now sirs, the news from France, Gloucester I trow,
The lords of France love England’s gold so well,
As Isabell gets no aid from thence.
What now remains, have you proclaimed, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?

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

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

Enter a Post.

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

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

To you my lord of Gloucester from Levune.

Edward read.

Spencer reads the letter.

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

Your honors in all service, Levune.

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

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

Queen  Now lords, our loving friends and countrymen,

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

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

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

Edmund  I would he never had been flattered more.

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

Spencer  Fly, fly, my Lord, the Queen is overstrong.
Her friends do multiply and yours do fail,
Shape we our course to Ireland there to breathe.

Edward  What, was I born to fly and run away,  
And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind?  
Give me my horse and let’s reinforce our troops:  
And in this bed of honor die with fame.  

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

Edmund alone with a sword  
and target.  

Edmund  This way he fled, but I am come too late,  
Edward, alas my heart relents for thee,  
Proud traitor Mortimer why dost thou chase  
Thy lawful king thy sovereign with thy sword?  
Vild wretch, and why hast thou of all unkind,  
Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?  
Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head  
Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs,  
To punish this unnatural revolt:  
Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life:  
O fly him then, but Edmund calm this rage,  
Dissemble or thou diest, for Mortimer  
And Isabell do kiss while they conspire,  
And yet she bears a face of love forsooth:  
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate.  
Edmund away, Bristol to Longshanks’ blood  
Is false, be not found single for suspect:  
Proud Mortimer pries near into thy walks.  

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

Queen  Successful battles gives the God of kings,  
To them that fight in right and fear his wrath:  
Since then successfully we have prevailed,  
Thanks be heaven’s great architect and you,  

Ere farther we proceed my noble lords,  
We here create our well-beloved son,  
Of love and care unto his royal person,  
Lord warden of the realm, and sith the fates  
Have made his father so unfortunate,  
Deal you my lords in this, my loving lords,  
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.  

Edmund  Madam, without offense if I may ask,  
How will you deal with Edward in his fall?  

Prince.  Tell me good uncle, what Edward do you  
mean?
Enter Rice ap Howell, and the Mayor of Bristow, with Spencer the father.

Rice. God save Queen Isabell, and her princely son, Madam, the Mayor and Citizens of Bristol, In sign of love and duty to this presence, Present by me this traitor to the state, "Spencer, the father to that wanton Spencer," That like the lawless Catiline of Rome, Revelled in England’s wealth and treasury.

Queen We thank you all.  
Mortimer junior Your loving care in this, Deserveth princely favors and rewards, But where’s the king and the other Spencer fled?  
Rice. Spencer the son, created earl of Gloucester, Is with that smooth tongued scholar Baldock gone, And shipped but late for Ireland with the king.  
Mortimer junior Some whirlwind fetch them back, or sink them all:  
They shall be started thence I doubt it not.  
Prince Shall I not see the king my father yet?  
Edmund. Unhappy Edward, chased from England’s bounds.  
Sir John Madam, what resteth, why stand ye in a muse?  
Queen I rue my lords ill fortune, but alas,  
Care of my country called me to this war.  
Mortimer Madam, have done with care and sad complain, Your king hath wronged your country and himself, And we must seek to right it as we may, Meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block, Your lordship cannot privilege your head.  
Spencer pater Rebel is he that fights against his prince, So fought not they that fought in Edward’s right.  
Mortimer Take him away, he prates, you Rice ap howell,
Shall do good service to her Majesty,
Being of countenance in your country here,
To follow these rebellious runagates,
We in meanwhile madam, must take advice,
How Baldock, Spencer, and their complices,
May in their fall be followed to their end.

_Exeunt omnes._

_Enter the Abbot, Monks, Edward, Spencer, and Baldock._

_Abbot._ Have you no doubt my Lord, have you no fear,
As silent and as careful will we be,
To keep your royal person safe with us,
Free from suspect, and fell invasion
Of such as have your majesty in chase,
yourself, and those your chosen company,
As danger of this stormy time requires.

_Edward._ Father, thy face should harbor no deceit,
Oh hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart
Pierced deeply with sense of my distress,
Could not but take compassion of my state,
Stately and proud, in riches and in train,
Whilom I was powerful and full of pomp,
But what is he, whom rule and empery
Have not in life or death made miserable?

Come Spencer, come Baldock, come sit down by me,
Make trial now of that philosophy,
That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suckedst from Plato, and from Aristotle.
Father, this life contemplative is heaven,
O that I might this life in quiet lead,
But we alas are chased, and you my friends,
Your lives and my dishonor they pursue
Yet gentle monks, for treasure, gold nor fee,
Do you betray us and our company.

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

_Spencer._ Not one alive, but shrewdly I suspect,
A gloomy fellow in a mead below,
’A gave a long look after us my lord,
And all the land I know is up in arms,
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

_Baldock._ We were embarksed for Ireland, wretched we,
With awkward winds, and sore tempests driven
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear
Enter with Welsh hooks, Rice ap Howell, a Mower, and the Earl of Leicester.

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

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

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

Leicester Be patient good my lord, cease to lament,
Imagine Killingworth castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.

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

That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?

Bishop  Your grace mistakes, it is for England’s good,
And princely Edward’s right we crave the crown.

Edward  No, ’tis for Mortimer, not Edward’s head,
For he’s a lamb, encompassed by Wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life:
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire,
Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head,
So shall not England’s Vines be perished,
But Edward’s name survives, though Edward dies.
Leicester My lord, why waste you thus the time away, They stay your answer, will you yield your crown? Edward Ah Leicester, way, how hardly I can brook To lose my crown and kingdom, without cause, To give ambitious Mortimer my right, That like a mountain overwhelm my bliss. In which extreme my mind here murdered is: But what the heavens appoint, I must obey, Here, take my crown, the life of Edward too, Two kings in England cannot reign at once: But stay a while, let me be king till night, That I may gaze upon this glittering crown, So shall my eyes receive their last content, My head, the latest honor due to it, And jointly both yield up their wished right. Continue ever thou celestial sun, Let never silent night possess this clime, Stand still you watches of the element, All times and seasons rest you at a stay, That Edward may be still fair England’s king: But day’s bright beams doth vanish fast away, And needs I must resign my wished crown, Inhuman creatures, nursed with Tiger’s milk, Why gape you for your sovereign’s overthrow? My diadem I mean, and guiltless life, See monsters see, I’ll wear my crown again, What, fear you not the fury of your king? But hapless Edward, thou art fondly led, They pass not for thy frowns as late they did, But seeks to make a new elected king, Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts, Which thoughts are martyred with endless torments. And in this torment, comfort find I none, But that I feel the crown upon my head, And therefore let me wear it yet a while. Trussell My Lord, the parliament must have present news, And therefore say, will you resign or no. The king rageth. Edward I’ll not resign, but whilst I live, Traitors be gone, and join you with Mortimer, Elect, conspire, install, do what you will, Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries. Bishop This answer we’ll return, and so farewell. Leicester Call them again my lord, and speak them fair, For if they go, the prince shall lose his right. Edward Call thou them back, I have no power to
Leicester My lord, the king is willing to resign.
Bishop If he be not, let him choose.
Edward O would I might, but heavens and earth conspire

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

Enter Bartley.

Bartley. My lord.
Edward Call me not lord,
Away, out of my sight, ah pardon me,
Grief makes me lunatic,
Let not that Mortimer protect my son,
More safety is there in a Tiger’s jaws,
This his embraces, bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs,
If with the sight thereof she be not moved,
Return it back and dip it in my blood,
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I, yet how have I transgressed,
Unless it be with too much clemency?
Trussell And thus, most humbly do we take our leave.
Edward. Farewell, I know the next news that they
bring,

Will be my death, and welcome shall it be,
To wretched men death is felicity.
Leicester Another post, what news brings he?
Edward Such news as I expect, come Bartley, come,
And tell thy message to my naked breast.
Bartley My lord, think not a thought so villainous
Can harbor in a man of noble birth.
To do your highness service and devoir,
And save you from your foes, Bartley would die.

  Leicester    My lord, the counsel of the Queen
commands,
That I resign my charge.

  Edward     And who must keep me now, must you my
lord?

  Bartley    Ay, my most gracious lord, so 'tis decreed.

  Edward     By Mortimer, whose name is written here,
Well may I rent his name, that rends my heart,
This poor revenge hath something eased my mind,
So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper,
Hear me immortal Jove, and grant it too.

  Bartley    Your grace must hence with me to Bartley
straight.

  Edward     Whither you will, all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.

  Leicester  Favor him my lord, as much as lieth in you.

  Bartley    even so betide my soul as I use him.

  Edward     Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And that's the cause that I am now removed.

  Bartley.    And thinks your grace that Bartley will be
cruel?

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

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

  Exeunt omnes.

  Enter Mortimer, and Queen
  Isabell.

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

  Queen     Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabell,
Be thou persuaded, that I love thee well,
Enter Messenger.

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

Enter Matrevis and Gurney.

Mortimer junior Enough Matrevis, write a letter
presently
Unto the Lord of Bartley from ourself,
That he resign the king to thee and Gurney,  
And when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name.  

Matrevis  It shall be done my lord.  
Mortimer junior  Gurney.  
Gurney  My Lord.  
Mortimer junior  As thou intendest to rise by Mortimer,  
Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he please,  
Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,  
And neither give him kind word, nor good look.  
Gurney  I warrant you my lord.  
Mortimer junior  And this above the rest, because we hear That Edmund casts to work his liberty,  
Remove him still from place to place by night,  
And at the last, he come to Killingworth,  
And then from thence to Bartley back again:  
And by the way to make him fret the more,  
Speak curtly to him, and in any case  
Let no man comfort him, if he chance to weep,  
But amplify his grief with bitter words.  
Matrevis  Fear not my Lord, we'll do as you command.  
Mortimer junior  So now away, post thitherwards amain.  
Queen  Whither goes this letter, to my lord the king?  
Commend me humbly to his Majesty,  
And tell him, that I labor all in vain,  
To ease his grief, and work his liberty:  
And bear him this, as witness of my love.  
Matrevis  I will madam.

Exeunt Matrevis and Gurney.

Manent Isabell and Mortimer.

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

Mortimer junior  Finely dissembled, do so still sweet Queen,  
Here comes the young prince, with the Earl of Kent.  
Queen  Something he whispers in his childish ears.  
Mortimer junior  If he have such access unto the prince,  
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dashed.  
Queen.  Use Edmund friendly, as if all were well.  
Mortimer junior  How fares my honorable lord of Kent?  
Edmund  In health sweet Mortimer, how fares your grace.  
Queen.  Well, if my Lord your brother were enlarged.
Edmund     I hear of late he hath deposed himself.
Queen.     The more my grief.
Mortimer junior     And mine.
Edmund     Ah they do dissemble.
Queen.     Sweet son come hither, I must talk with thee.
Mortimer junior     Thou being his uncle, and the next of blood,
Do look to be protector over the prince.
Edmund     Not I my lord: who should protect the son,
But she that gave him life, I mean the Queen?

Prince     Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown,
Let him be king, I am too young to reign.
Queen.     But be content, seeing it his highness’ pleasure.
Prince     Let me but see him first, and then I will.
Edmund.     Ay do sweet Nephew.
Queen     Brother, you know it is impossible.
Prince.     Why, is he dead?
Queen.     No, God forbid.
Edmund     I would these words proceeded from your heart.


c\text{Mortimer junior }     Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favor him,
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?
Edmund     The more cause have I now to make amends.
Mortimer junior     I tell thee ’tis not meet, that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince,
My lord, he hath betrayed the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not. 
Prince.     But he repents, and sorrows for it now.
Queen.     Come son, and go with this gentle Lord and me.
Prince     With you I will, but not with Mortimer.
Mortimer junior     Why youngling, ’sdain’st thou so of Mortimer?
Then I will carry thee by force away.
Prince     Help uncle Kent, Mortimer will wrong me.
Queen     Brother Edmund, strive not, we are his friends,
Isabell is nearer than the earl of Kent.
Edmund     Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem him.
Queen.     Edward is my son, and I will keep him.
Edmund     Mortimer shall know that he hath wronged me.
Hence will I haste to Killingworth castle,

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

Enter Matrevis and Gurney with the king.

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

Edward Friends, whither must unhappy Edward go,
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest?
Must I be vexed like the nightly bird,
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowls?
When will the fury of his mind assuage?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,
And give my heart to Isabell and him,
It is the chiepest mark they level at.

Gurney Not so my liege, the Queen hath given
this charge,
To keep your grace in safety,
Your passions make your dolours to increase.

Edward This usage makes my misery increase.
But can my air of life continue long,
When all my senses are annoyed with stench?
Within a dungeon England’s king is kept,
Where I am starved for want of sustenance,
My daily diet, is heart breaking sobs,
That almost rends the closet of my heart,
Thus lives old Edward not relieved by any,

And so must die, though pitied by many.
O water gentle friends to cool my thirst,
And clear my body from foul excrements.

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

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

Gurney No, but wash your face, and shave away your beard,
Lest you be known, and so be rescued.

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

Edward The Wren may strive against the Lion’s strength.
But all in vain, so vainly do I strive,
To seek for mercy at a tyrant’s hand.

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

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

Enter Edmund.

  Gurney  How now, who comes there?

Matrevis  Guard the king sure, it is the earl of Kent.
Edward  O gentle brother, help to rescue me.
Matrevis  Keep them asunder, thrust in the king.
Edmund  Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.
Gurney  Lay hands upon the earl for this assault.
Edmund  Lay down your weapons, traitors yield the king.
Matrevis  Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.
Edmund  Base villains, wherefore do you grip me thus?
Gurney  Bind him, and so convey him to the court.
Edmund  Where is the court but here, here is the king,  
  And I will visit him, why stay you me?
Matrevis  The court is where lord Mortimer remains,  
  Thither shall your honor go, and so farewell.

Exeunt Matrevis and Gurney, with the king.

Manent Edmund and the soldiers.

Edmund  O miserable is that commonweal, where lords  
  Keep courts, and kings are locked in prison!
Soldier  Wherefore stay we? on sirs to the court.
Edmund  Ay, load me wither you will, even to my death,  
  Seeing that my brother cannot be released.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Mortimer alone.

Mortimer junior  The king must die, or Mortimer goes down,  
  The commons now begin to pity him,  
  Yet he that is the cause of Edward’s death,  
  Is sure to pay for it when his son is of age,  
  And therefore will I do it cunningly,
This letter written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life.
*Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.*
Fear not to kill the king 'tis good he die.
But read it thus, and that's another sense:
*Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.*
Kill not the king 'tis good to fear the worst.
Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,
That being dead, if it chance to be found,
Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,
And we be quit that caused it to be done:
Within this room is locked the messenger,
That shall convey it, and perform the rest,
And by a secret token that he bears,
Shall he be murdered when the deed is done.

*Lightborn*, come forth, art thou as resolute as thou wast?

  *Lightborne*  What else my lord? and far more resolute.
  *Mortimer junior*  And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?

  *Lightborne*  Ay, ay, and none shall know which way he died.
  *Mortimer junior*  But at his looks *Lightborne* thou wilt relent.

  *Lightborne*  Relent, ha, ha, I use much to relent.
  *Mortimer junior*  Well, do it bravely, and be secret.

  *Lightborne*  You shall not need to give instructions,
'Tis not the first time I have killed a man,
I learned in Naples how to poison flowers,
To strangle with a lawn thrust through the throat,
To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point,
Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his ears,
Or open his mouth, and pour quick silver down,
But yet I have a braver way than these.

  *Mortimer junior*  what’s that?
  *Lightborne*  Nay, you shall pardon me, none shall know my tricks.

  *Mortimer junior*  I care not how it is, so it be not spied,
Deliver this to *Gurney* and *Matrevis*,
At every ten miles' end thou hast a horse.
Take this, away, and never see me more.

  *Lightborne*  No.

  *Mortimer junior*  No, unless thou bring me news of Edward's death.

  *Lightborne*  That will I quickly do, farewell my lord.

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

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

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

Bishop Long live king Edward, by the grace of God
King of England, and lord of Ireland.

Chamberlain If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
Dares but affirm, that Edward’s not true king.
And will avouch his saying with the sword,
I am the Champion that will combat him.

Mortimer junior None comes, sound trumpets.

King Champion, here’s to thee.

Queen Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

Enter Soldiers with the Earl of Kent prisoner.

Mortimer junior What traitor have we there with blades
and bills?

Soldier Edmund the Earl of Kent.

King What hath he done?

Soldier A would have taken the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

Mortimer junior Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund
speak?

Edmund Mortimer, I did, he is our king,
And thou compellest this prince to wear the crown.

_Mortimer junior_ Strike off his head, he shall have martial law.

_Edmund_ Strike off my head, base traitor I defy thee.

_King._ My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.

_Mortimer junior_ My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.

_Edmund._ Stay villains.

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

_Queen_ Son, be content, I dare not speak a word.

_King._ Nor I, and yet methinks I should command,
But seeing I cannot, I’ll entreat for him:
My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.

_Mortimer junior_ ’Tis for your highness’ good, and for the realm’s,
How often shall I bid you bear him hence?

_Edmund_ Art thou king, must I die at thy command?

_Mortimer junior_ At our command, once more away with him.

_Edmund_ Let me but stay and speak, I will not go,
Either my brother or his son is king,
And none of both, then thirst for _Edmund’s_ blood,
And therefore soldiers whither will you hale me?

_They hale Edmund away, and carry him to be beheaded._

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

_Queen._ Fear not sweet boy, I’ll guard thee from thy foes,
Had _Edmund_ lived, he would have sought thy death,
Come son, we’ll ride a hunting in the park.

_King._ And shall my Uncle _Edmund_ ride with us?

_Queen._ He is a traitor, think not on him, come.

_Exeunt omnes._

_Enter Matrevis and Gurney._

_Matrevis_ _Gurney, I_ wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the castle run,
From whence a damp continually ariseth,
Enter Lightborne.

That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king brought up so tenderly.

Gurney  And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight
I opened but the door to throw him meat,
And I was almost stifled with the savor.

Matrevis  He hath a body able to endure,
More than we can inflict, and therefore now,
Let us assail his mind another while.

Gurney  Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

Matrevis  But stay, who’s this?

Lightborne  My lord protector greets you.

Gurney  What’s here? I know not how to construe it.

Matrevis  Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce,
Edwardum occidere nolite timere,
That’s his meaning.

Lightborne  Know you this token, I must have the king?

Matrevis  Ay stay a while, thou shalt have answer straight.
This villain’s sent to make away the king.

Gurney.  I thought as much.

Matrevis  And when the murder’s done,
See how he must be handled for his labor,
Pereat iste: let him have the king,
What else, here is the keys, this is the lake,
Do as you are commanded by my lord.

Lightborne  I know what I must do, get you away,
Yet be not far off, I shall need your help,
See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red hot.

Matrevis  Very well.

Gurney  Need you any thing besides?

Lightborne  What else, a table and a featherbed.

Gurney  That’s all.

Lightborne  Ay, ay, so when I call you, bring it in.

Matrevis  Fear not you that.

Gurney  here’s a light to go into the dungeon.

Lightborne  So now must I about this gear, ne’er was
there any
So finely handled as this king shall be,
Foh, here’s a place in deed with all my heart.

Edward.  Who’s there, what light is that, wherefore comes thou?

Lightborne  To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

Edward.  Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy
looks,
Villain, I know thou com’st to murder me.
Lightborne To murder you my most gracious lord,
Far is it from my heart to do you harm,
The Queen sent me, to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery.
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?

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

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

Lightborne O speak no more my lord, this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while,
Edward These looks of thine can harbor naught but death.
I see my tragedy written in thy brows,
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That and even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Lightborne What means your highness to mistrust me thus?
Edward What means thou to dissemble with me thus?

Lightborne These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king’s.
Edward Forgive my thought, for having such a thought,
One jewel have I left, receive thou this,
Still fear I, and I know not what’s the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee:
O if thou harbor'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul,
Know that I am a king, oh at that name,
I feel a hell of grief, where is my crown?
Gone, gone, and do I remain alive?

Lightborne you’re overwatched my lord, lie down and rest.
Edward But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep,
For not these ten days have these eyes’ lids closed,
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again, O wherefore sits thou here?

Lightborne If you mistrust me, I’ll be gone my lord.
Edward No, no, for if thou meanst to murder me,
Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay.

Lightborne He sleeps.
Edward O let me not die, yet stay, O stay a while.

Lightborne How now my Lord.
Edward Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep I never wake,
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus,
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

Lightborne To rid thee of thy life, Matrevis come,
Edward I am too weak and feeble to resist,
Assist me sweet God, and receive my soul.

Lightborne Run for the table.
Edward O spare me, or dispatch me in a trice.

Lightborne So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

Matrevis I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore let us take horse and away.

Lightborne Tell me sirs, was it not brave lie done?
Gurney Excellent well, take this for thy reward,

Then Gurney stabs Lightborne.

Come let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the king’s to Mortimer our lord, away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Mortimer and Matrevis.

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

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

Mortimer junior  Fly to the Savages.

Matrevis  I humbly thank your honor.

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

Enter the Queen.

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

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

Queen.  Ay, ay, but he tears his hair, and wrings his
hands,
And vows to be revenged upon us both,
Into the council chamber he is gone,
To crave the aid and succor of his peers,
Aye me, see where he comes, and they with him,
Now Mortimer begins our tragedy.

Enter the king, with the lords.

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

King.  Villain.

Mortimer junior  How now my lord?

King.  Think not that I am frightened with thy words,
My father's murdered through thy treachery,
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse,
Thy hateful and accursed head shall lie,
To witness to the world, that by thy means,
His kingly body was too soon interred.

Queen  Weep not sweet son.

King.  Forbid not me to weep, he was my father,
And had you loved him half so well as I,
You could not bear his death thus patiently,
But you I fear, conspired with Mortimer.

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

Mortimer junior  Because I think scorn to be accused,
Who is the man dare say I murdered him?

King.  Traitor, in me my loving father speaks,
And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murdredst him.

Mortimer junior  But hath your grace no other proof than
this?
King. Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.
Mortimer junior False Gurney hath betrayed me and himself.
Queen. I feared as much, murder cannot be hid.
Mortimer junior 'Tis my hand, what gather you by this.
King. That thither thou didst send a murderer.
Mortimer junior What murderer? bring forth the man I sent.

King. A Mortimer, thou knowest that he is slain,
And so shalt thou be too: why stays he here?
Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth,
Hang him I say, and set his quarters up,
But bring his head back presently to me.

Queen. For my sake sweet son pity Mortimer.
Mortimer junior Madam, entreat not,
I will rather die,
Then sue for life unto a paltry boy.

King. Hence with the traitor, with the murderer.

Mortimer junior Base fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel
There is a point, to which when men aspire,
They tumble headlong down, that point I touched,
And seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
Why should I grieve at my declining fall,
Farewell fair Queen, weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and as a traveler,
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

King. What, suffer you the traitor to delay?

Queen. Shall I not mourn for my beloved lord?
And with the rest accompany him to his grave.
Lords. Thus madam, ’tis the king’s will you shall hence.

Queen He hath forgotten me, stay, I am his mother.

Lords. That boots not, therefore gentle madam go.

Queen. Then come sweet death, and rid me of this grief.

Lords. My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.

King. Go fetch my father’s hearse, where it shall lie,
And bring my funeral robes: accursed head,

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

FINIS.

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

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