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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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



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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A1r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

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

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

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

ln 0011

ln 0012

ln 0013

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

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: A2r

wln 0001

wln 0002

wln 0003

wln 0004

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

wln 0005

wln 0006

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

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

wln 0018

wln 0019

wln 0020

wln 0021

wln 0022

wln 0023

wln 0024

MY father is deceased, come *Gaveston*,  
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend  
Ah words that make me surfeit with delight:  
What greater bliss can hap to *Gaveston*,  
Than live and be the 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,

img: 3-a  
sig: A2v

wln 0025  
wln 0026  
wln 0027  
wln 0028  
wln 0029  
wln 0030  
wln 0031  
wln 0032  
wln 0033  
wln 0034  
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wln 0037  
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wln 0049  
wln 0050  
wln 0051  
wln 0052  
wln 0053  
wln 0054  
wln 0055  
wln 0056

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

*Enter three poor men.*

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

*Gaveston* What canst thou do?

*1. poor.* I can ride.

*Gaveston* But I have no horses. What art thou?

*2. poor.* A 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.*

img: 3-b  
sig: A3r

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

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

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

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

wln 0081  
wln 0082  
wln 0083

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

wln 0084  
wln 0085  
wln 0086

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

img: 4-a  
sig: A3v

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

*Edward* Will you not grant me this? in spite of them  
I'll have my will, and these two *Mortimers*,  
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeased.  
*Mortimer senior* If you love us my lord, hate *Gaveston*.  
*Gaveston* That villain *Mortimer* I'll be his death.  
*Mortimer junior* Mine uncle here, this Earl, and I myself,  
Were sworn to your father at his death,  
That he should ne'er return into the realm:  
And know my lord, ere I will break my oath,  
This sword of mine that should offend your foes,  
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,  
And underneath thy banners march who will,  
For *Mortimer* will hang his 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,

wln 0116

wln 0117

wln 0118

img: 4-b  
sig: A4r

wln 0119

wln 0120

wln 0121

wln 0122

wln 0123

wln 0124

wln 0125

wln 0126

wln 0127

wln 0128

wln 0129

wln 0130

wln 0131

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wln 0138

wln 0139

wln 0140

wln 0141

wln 0142

wln 0143

wln 0144

wln 0145

wln 0146

wln 0147

wln 0148

wln 0149

wln 0150

img: 5-a  
sig: A4v

wln 0151

wln 0152

wln 0153

wln 0154

wln 0155

wln 0156

wln 0157

wln 0158

wln 0159

wln 0160

wln 0161

Therefore if he be come, expel him straight.

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

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

*Warwick.* O our heads.

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

*Warwick* Bridle thy anger gentle *Mortimer*.

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

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

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

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

*Exeunt Nobiles.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

Fearst thou thy person? thou shalt have a guard:

Wants thou gold? go to my treasury,

Wouldst thou be loud and feared? receive my seal,

Save or condemn, and in our name command,

What so thy mind affects or fancy likes.

img: 5-b  
sig: B1r

wln 0183  
wln 0184  
wln 0185  
wln 0186

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

wln 0187

*Enter the Bishop of Coventry.*

wln 0188

*Edward* Whither goes my Lord of Coventry so fast?

wln 0189

*Bishop* To celebrate your father's exequies,

wln 0190

But is that wicked *Gaveston* returned?

wln 0191

*Edward* Ay priest, and lives to be revenged on thee,

wln 0192

That wert the only cause of his exile.

wln 0193

*Gaveston* 'Tis true, and but for reverence of these robes,

wln 0194

Thou shouldst not plod one foot beyond this place.

wln 0195

*Bishop* I did no more than I was bound to do,

wln 0196

And *Gaveston* unless thou be reclaimed,

wln 0197

As then I did incense the parliament,

wln 0198

So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

wln 0199

*Gaveston* Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.

wln 0200

*Edward* Throw off his golden miter, rend his stole,

wln 0201

And in the channel christen him anew.

wln 0202

*Kent.* Ah brother, lay not violent hands on him,

wln 0203

For he'll complain unto the see of Rome.

wln 0204

*Gaveston* Let him complain unto the see of hell,

wln 0205

I'll be revenged on him for my exile.

wln 0206

*Edward* No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods,

wln 0207

Be thou lord bishop, and receive his rents,

wln 0208

And make him serve thee as thy chaplain,

wln 0209

I give him thee, here use him as thou wilt.

wln 0210  
wln 0211  
wln 0212  
wln 0213  
wln 0214

img: 6-a  
sig: B1v

wln 0215  
wln 0216  
wln 0217  
wln 0218  
wln 0219  
wln 0220  
wln 0221  
wln 0222  
wln 0223  
wln 0224  
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wln 0242  
wln 0243  
wln 0244  
wln 0245  
wln 0246  
wln 0247

*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 beseem his holiness.

*Enter both the Mortimers, Warwick,  
and Lancaster.*

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

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

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

*Mortimer senior* How now, why droops the earl of Lancaster?

*Mortimer junior* Wherefore is *Guy* of Warwick discontent?

*Lancaster* That villain *Gaveston* is made an Earl.

*Mortimer senior* An Earl!

*Warwick* Ay, and besides, lord Chamberlain of the realm,  
And secretary too, and lord of Man.

*Mortimer senior* We may not, nor we will not suffer this.

*Mortimer junior* Why post we not from hence to levy men?

*Lancaster* My lord of Cornwall, now at every word,  
And happy is the man, whom he vouchsafes  
For vailing of his bonnet one good look,  
Thus arm in arm, the king and he doth march:  
Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits:  
And all the court begins to flatter him.

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

*Mortimer senior* Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?

img: 6-b  
sig: B2r

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

*Lancaster* All stomach him, but none dare speak a word.

*Mortimer junior* Ah that bewrays their baseness Lancaster,  
Were all the Earls and Barons of my mind,  
we'll hale him from the bosom of the king,  
And at the court gate hang the peasant up,  
Who swollen with venom of ambitious pride,  
Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

*Enter the Bishop of Canterbury.*

*Warwick* Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace.

wln 0257  
wln 0258  
wln 0259  
wln 0260  
wln 0261  
wln 0262  
wln 0263  
wln 0264  
wln 0265  
wln 0266  
wln 0267  
wln 0268  
wln 0269  
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wln 0274  
wln 0275  
wln 0276  
wln 0277  
wln 0278  
wln 0279  
wln 0280

img: 7-a  
sig: B2v

wln 0281  
wln 0282  
wln 0283  
wln 0284  
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wln 0286  
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wln 0296  
wln 0297  
wln 0298  
wln 0299  
wln 0300  
wln 0301  
wln 0302  
wln 0303  
wln 0304

*Lancaster* His countenance bewrays he is displeas'd.

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter the Queen.*

*Mortimer junior* Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?

*Queen* Unto the forest gentle *Mortimer*,  
To live in grief and baleful discontent,

For now my lord the king regards me not,

But dotes upon the love of *Gaveston*,

He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,

Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears,

And when I come, he frowns, as who should say,

Go whither thou wilt seeing I have *Gaveston*.

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

*Mortimer junior* Madam, return unto the court again:

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

*Bishop* But yet lift not your swords against the king.

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

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

*Queen.* Then let him stay, for rather than my lord

Shall be oppress'd by civil mutinies,

I will endure a melancholy life,

And let him frolic with his minion.

*Bishop* My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak,

We and the rest that are his 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.



wln 0305  
wln 0306  
wln 0307

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

wln 0308  
wln 0309  
wln 0310  
wln 0311  
wln 0312

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

img: 7-b  
sig: B3r

wln 0313  
wln 0314

Are gone towards Lambeth, there let them remain.

*Exeunt.*

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

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

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

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

img: 8-a  
sig: B3v

wln 0344  
wln 0345  
wln 0346

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

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

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.

img: 8-b  
sig: B4r

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

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

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

img: 9-a  
sig: B4v

whom the world hates so?

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

*Warwick.* You that are princely born should shake  
him off,

For shame subscribe, and let the loon depart.

*Mortimer senior* Urge him my lord.

*Bishop* Are you content to banish him the realm?

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

*Mortimer junior* The king is lovesick for his minion.

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

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

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

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

*Bishop* Now is my heart at ease.

*Warwick* And so is mine.

*Pembroke* This will be good news to the common sort.

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

*Exeunt Nobiles.*

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

img: 9-b

wln 0442  
wln 0443  
wln 0444  
wln 0445  
wln 0446  
wln 0447  
wln 0448  
wln 0449  
wln 0450  
wln 0451  
wln 0452  
wln 0453  
wln 0454  
wln 0455  
wln 0456  
wln 0457  
wln 0458  
wln 0459  
wln 0460  
wln 0461  
wln 0462  
wln 0463  
wln 0464  
wln 0465  
wln 0466  
wln 0467  
wln 0468

Thou from this land, I from myself am banished.

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

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

*Gaveston* 'Tis something to be pitied of a king.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Gaveston* The peers will frown.

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

*Enter Edmund and Queen Isabell.*

*Queen* Whither goes my lord?

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

*Queen* On whom but on my husband should I fawn?

wln 0469  
wln 0470  
wln 0471  
wln 0472  
wln 0473

img: 10-a  
sig: C1v

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

img: 10-b  
sig: C2r

*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.

wln 0507  
wln 0508  
wln 0509  
wln 0510  
wln 0511  
wln 0512  
wln 0513  
wln 0514  
wln 0515  
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wln 0532  
wln 0533

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

img: 11-a  
sig: C2v

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

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

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

img: 11-b  
sig: C3r

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

Nay for the realm's behoof and for the king's.  
*Lancaster* Fie *Mortimer*, 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.

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

img: 12-a  
sig: C3v

wln 0606  
wln 0607  
wln 0608  
wln 0609  
wln 0610  
wln 0611  
wln 0612  
wln 0613  
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wln 0620  
wln 0621  
wln 0622  
wln 0623  
wln 0624  
wln 0625  
wln 0626

*Lancaster* In no respect can contraries be true.

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

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

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

*Pembroke* I would he were.

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

*Mortimer senior* But nephew, do not play the sophister.

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

To mend the king, and do our country good:

Know you not *Gaveston* hath store of gold,

Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,

As he will front the mightiest of us all,

And whereas he shall live and be beloved,

'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.

*Warwick* Mark you but that my lord of Lancaster.

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

How easily might some base slave be suborned,

To greet his lordship with a poniard,

And none so much as blame the murderer,

But rather praise him for that brave attempt,

And in the Chronicle, enrol his name,

For purging of the realm of such a plague.

*Pembroke* He saith true.

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

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

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

To banish him, and then to call him home,

'Twill make him veil the topflag of his pride,

And fear to offend the meanest noble man.

*Mortimer senior* But how if he do not Nephew?

*Mortimer junior* Then may we with some 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*.

*Lancaster* On that condition Lancaster will grant.

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

*Mortimer senior* And *I*.

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

And *Mortimer* will rest at your command.

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

*Queen* And when this 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.

wln 0635  
wln 0636  
wln 0637

*Enter king Edward mourning.*

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

img: 12-b  
sig: C4r

wln 0638  
wln 0639  
wln 0640  
wln 0641  
wln 0642  
wln 0643  
wln 0644  
wln 0645  
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wln 0663  
wln 0664  
wln 0665  
wln 0666  
wln 0667  
wln 0668  
wln 0669

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

*Queen* Hark how he harps upon his minion.

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

*Lancaster Diabolo*, what passions call you these

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

*Edward* That you have parled with your *Mortimer*.

*Queen* That *Gaveston* my Lord shall be repealed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

img: 13-a  
sig: C4v

wln 0671  
wln 0672

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



wln 0673  
wln 0674  
wln 0675  
wln 0676  
wln 0677  
wln 0678  
wln 0679  
wln 0680  
wln 0681  
wln 0682  
wln 0683  
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wln 0696  
wln 0697  
wln 0698  
wln 0699  
wln 0700  
wln 0701  
wln 0702  
wln 0703

img: 13-b  
sig: D1r

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

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

*Lancaster* This salutation overjoys my heart.

*Edward* Warwick, shall be my chiefest 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.

*Exeunt.*

*Manent* Mortimers.

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

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

img: 14-a  
sig: D1v

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,

wln 0737  
wln 0738  
wln 0739  
wln 0740  
wln 0741  
wln 0742  
wln 0743  
wln 0744  
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wln 0765  
wln 0766  
wln 0767  
wln 0768

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,  
Whiles other walk below, the king and he  
From out a window, laugh at such as we,  
And flout our train, and jest at our attire:  
Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.

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

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Spencer and Baldock.*

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

Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?

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

wln 0769

img: 14-b  
sig: D2r

May with one word, advance us while we live:

wln 0770

The liberal earl of Cornwall is the man,

wln 0771

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

wln 0772

*Baldock* What, mean you then to be his follower?

wln 0773

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

wln 0774

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

wln 0775

*Spencer* Ay for a while, but *Baldock* mark the end,

wln 0776

A friend of mine told me in secrecy,

wln 0777

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

wln 0778

And even now, a post came from the court,

wln 0779

With letters to our lady from the King,

wln 0780

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

wln 0781

It is about her lover *Gaveston*.

wln 0782

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

wln 0783

She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight:

wln 0784

But I had thought the match had been broke off,

wln 0785

And that his banishment had changed her mind.

wln 0786

*Spencer* Our Lady's first love is not wavering,

wln 0787

My life for thine she will have *Gaveston*.

wln 0788

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

wln 0789

Having read unto her since she was a child.

wln 0790

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

wln 0791

And learn to court it like a Gentleman,

wln 0792

'Tis not a black coat and a little band,

wln 0793

A Velvet capped cloak, faced before with Serge,

wln 0794

And smelling to a Nosegay all the day,

wln 0795

Or holding of a napkin in your hand,

wln 0796

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

wln 0797

Or making low legs to a noble man,

wln 0798

Or looking downward, with your eye lids close,

wln 0799

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

wln 0800

Can get you any favor with great men,

wln 0801

You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,

wln 0802

img: 15-a  
sig: C2v

wln 0803

And now and then, stab as occasion serves.

wln 0804

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

wln 0805

And use them but of mere hypocrisy.

wln 0806

Mine old lord whiles he lived, was so precise,

wln 0807

That he would take exceptions at my buttons,

wln 0808

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

wln 0809

Which made me curate-like in mine attire,

wln 0810

Though inwardly licentious enough,

wln 0811

And apt for any kind of villainy.

wln 0812

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

wln 0813

That cannot speak without *propterea quod*.

wln 0814  
wln 0815  
wln 0816  
wln 0817  
wln 0818  
wln 0819  
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img: 15-b  
sig: D3r

wln 0836  
wln 0837  
wln 0838  
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wln 0840  
wln 0841  
wln 0842  
wln 0843  
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wln 0857  
wln 0858  
wln 0859  
wln 0860  
wln 0861

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

*Baldock* Leave off this jesting, here my lady comes.

*Enter the Lady.*

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

See that my coach be ready, I must hence.

*Baldock* It shall be done madam.

*Exit.*

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

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

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

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

*Spencer* *I* humbly thank your ladyship.

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

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

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

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

*Lancaster* My Lord.

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

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

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

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

*Edward* Prithee let me know it.

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

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

img: 16-a  
sig: D3v

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

wln 0869  
wln 0870  
wln 0871  
wln 0872  
wln 0873  
wln 0874  
wln 0875  
wln 0876  
wln 0877  
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wln 0896  
wln 0897  
wln 0898  
wln 0899  
wln 0900  
wln 0901

img: 16-b  
sig: D4r

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

wln 0902  
wln 0903  
wln 0904  
wln 0905  
wln 0906

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

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wln 0908  
wln 0909  
wln 0910  
wln 0911  
wln 0912  
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wln 0934

img: 17-a  
sig: D4v

wln 0935  
wln 0936  
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wln 0952  
wln 0953  
wln 0954

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

*Edward* Yes more than thou canst answer though he live,  
Dear shall you both abye 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,

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

img: 17-b  
sig: E1r

wln 0968  
wln 0969  
wln 0970  
wln 0971  
wln 0972  
wln 0973  
wln 0974  
wln 0975  
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wln 0997  
wln 0998  
wln 0999  
wln 1000

img: 18-a  
sig: E1v

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

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

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wln 1002  
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*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*.

img: 18-b  
sig: E2r

wln 1034  
wln 1035  
wln 1036  
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wln 1046  
wln 1047

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



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img: 19-a  
sig: E2v

wln 1067  
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wln 1094

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

*Exeunt Nobiles.*

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

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

*Edward* Art thou an enemy to my *Gaveston*?

*Kent.* Ay, and it grieves me that I 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.*

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

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

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

*Edward* Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you 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:

wln 1095  
wln 1096  
wln 1097  
wln 1098

img: 19-b  
sig: E3r

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

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

What is thine arms?  
*Baldock* My name is *Baldock*, and my gentry  
I fetched from Oxford, not from Heraldry.  
*Edward* The fitter art thou *Baldock* for my turn,  
Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.  
*Baldock* I humbly thank your majesty.  
*Edward* Knowest thou him *Gaveston*?  
*Gaveston* Ay my lord, his name is *Spencer*, he is well allied,  
For my sake let him wait upon your grace,  
Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.  
*Edward* Then *Spencer* wait upon me, for his sake  
I'll grace thee with a higher style ere long.  
*Spencer* No greater titles happen unto me,  
Than to be 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.*

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

img: 20-a  
sig: E3v

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

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

To undermine us with a show of love.  
*Warwick* He is your brother, therefore have we cause  
To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.  
*Edmund* Mine 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?

wln 1139  
wln 1140  
wln 1141  
wln 1142  
wln 1143  
wln 1144  
wln 1145  
wln 1146  
wln 1147  
wln 1148  
wln 1149  
wln 1150  
wln 1151  
wln 1152  
wln 1153  
wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156  
wln 1157  
wln 1158  
wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161  
wln 1162  
wln 1163

img: 20-b  
sig: E4r

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

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

*Exeunt.*

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

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

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

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

*Gaveston* Farewell my Lord.

*Edward* Lady, farewell.

*Lady* Farewell sweet uncle till we meet again.

*Edward* Farewell sweet *Gaveston*, and farewell Niece.

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

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

*Exeunt omnes, manet Isabella.*

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

*Enter the Barons alarms.*

*Lancaster* I wonder how he 'scaped.

*Mortimer junior* Who's this, the Queen?

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

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

img: 21-a  
sig: E4v

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

wln 1197  
wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
wln 1202  
wln 1203  
wln 1204  
wln 1205  
wln 1206  
wln 1207  
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wln 1220  
wln 1221  
wln 1222  
wln 1223  
wln 1224  
wln 1225  
wln 1226  
wln 1227  
wln 1228  
wln 1229

*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.*

img: 21-b  
sig: F1r

wln 1230  
wln 1231

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

wln 1232  
wln 1233  
wln 1234  
wln 1235  
wln 1236  
wln 1237  
wln 1238  
wln 1239  
wln 1240  
wln 1241  
wln 1242  
wln 1243  
wln 1244  
wln 1245  
wln 1246  
wln 1247  
wln 1248  
wln 1249  
wln 1250  
wln 1251  
wln 1252  
wln 1253  
wln 1254  
wln 1255  
wln 1256  
wln 1257  
wln 1258  
wln 1259  
wln 1260  
wln 1261  
wln 1262

img: 22-a  
sig: Flv

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

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

*Enter the Nobles.*

*Warwick* Upon him soldiers, take away his weapons.

*Mortimer* Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,  
Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils,  
Base flatterer, yield, and were it not for shame,  
Shame and 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

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

img: 22-b  
sig: F2r

wln 1296  
wln 1297  
wln 1298  
wln 1299  
wln 1300  
wln 1301  
wln 1302  
wln 1303  
wln 1304  
wln 1305  
wln 1306  
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wln 1318  
wln 1319  
wln 1320  
wln 1321  
wln 1322  
wln 1323  
wln 1324  
wln 1325  
wln 1326  
wln 1327

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

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

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

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

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

*Arundel* My lords, it is his majesty's request,  
And in the 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?

wln 1328

img: 23-a  
sig: F2v

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

wln 1329

*Pembroke* And you lord *Mortimer*.

wln 1330

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

wln 1331

*Warwick* Nay, do your pleasures,

wln 1332

I know how 'twill prove.

wln 1333

*Pembroke* Then give him me.

wln 1334

*Gaveston* Sweet sovereign, yet I come

wln 1335

To see thee ere *I* die.

wln 1336

*Warwick* Yet not perhaps,

wln 1337

If *Warwick's* wit and policy prevail.

wln 1338

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

wln 1339

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

wln 1340

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

wln 1341

wln 1342

*Pembroke* My Lord, you shall go with me,

wln 1343

My house is not far hence out of the way,

wln 1344

A little, but our men shall go along,

wln 1345

We that have pretty wenches to our wives,

wln 1346

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

wln 1347

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

wln 1348

Your honor hath an adamant of power,

wln 1349

To draw a prince.

wln 1350

*Pembroke* So my lord, come hither *James*,

wln 1351

*I* do commit this *Gaveston* to thee,

wln 1352

Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning

wln 1353

We will discharge thee of thy charge, be gone.

wln 1354

*Gaveston* Unhappy *Gaveston*, whither goest thou now.

wln 1355

*Exit cum servis Pembroke.*

wln 1356

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

wln 1357

*Exeunt ambo.*

wln 1358

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

wln 1359

wln 1360

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

wln 1361

img: 23-b  
sig: F3r

wln 1362

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

wln 1363

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

wln 1364

Oh must this day be period of my life!

wln 1365

Center of all my bliss, and ye be men,

wln 1366

Speed to the king.

wln 1367

*Enter Warwick and his company.*

wln 1368

*Warwick* My lord of *Pembroke's* men,

wln 1369

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

wln 1370

*James* Your lordship doth dishonor to yourself,

wln 1371

And wrong our lord, your honorable friend.

wln 1372

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

wln 1373  
wln 1374  
wln 1375  
wln 1376  
wln 1377  
wln 1378  
wln 1379  
wln 1380  
wln 1381  
wln 1382  
wln 1383  
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wln 1389  
wln 1390  
wln 1391  
wln 1392  
wln 1393  
wln 1394

img: 24-a  
sig: F3v

wln 1395  
wln 1396  
wln 1397  
wln 1398  
wln 1399  
wln 1400  
wln 1401  
wln 1402  
wln 1403  
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wln 1416  
wln 1417  
wln 1418  
wln 1419  
wln 1420

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

Son to the lovely *Eleanor* of Spain,  
Great *Edward Longshanks*' issue: would *I* bear  
These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontrolled  
These Barons thus to beard me in my land,  
In mine own realm? my lord pardon my speech,  
Did you retain your father's magnanimity?  
Did you regard the 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.



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

img: 24-b  
sig: F4r

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

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

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

img: 25-a  
sig: F4v

wln 1461  
wln 1462  
wln 1463  
wln 1464  
wln 1465

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

wln 1466  
wln 1467  
wln 1468  
wln 1469  
wln 1470  
wln 1471  
wln 1472  
wln 1473  
wln 1474  
wln 1475  
wln 1476  
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wln 1486  
wln 1487  
wln 1488  
wln 1489  
wln 1490  
wln 1491  
wln 1492  
wln 1493

img: 25-b  
sig: G1r

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter lord Matre.*

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

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

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

*Matrevis* Neither my lord, for as he was surprised,  
Begirt with weapons, and with enemies round,  
I did your highness' message to them all,  
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,  
And said, upon the 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.

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

img: 26-a  
sig: G1v

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

*Edward kneels, and saith.*

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

wln 1527  
wln 1528  
wln 1529  
wln 1530  
wln 1531  
wln 1532  
wln 1533  
wln 1534  
wln 1535  
wln 1536  
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wln 1554  
wln 1555  
wln 1556  
wln 1557  
wln 1558  
wln 1559

As *I* have manors, castles, towns, and towers,  
Traucherous *Warwick*, traitorous *Mortimer*:  
If *I* be England's king, in lakes of gore  
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,  
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,  
And stain my royal standard with the same,  
That so my bloody 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.*

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

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

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

img: 26-b  
sig: G2r

wln 1560  
wln 1561  
wln 1562  
wln 1563  
wln 1564  
wln 1565  
wln 1566  
wln 1567  
wln 1568  
wln 1569  
wln 1570  
wln 1571  
wln 1572  
wln 1573  
wln 1574  
wln 1575  
wln 1576  
wln 1577  
wln 1578  
wln 1579  
wln 1580  
wln 1581

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

*Spencer* Ay traitors, will they still display their pride?

*Edward* Away, tarry no answer, but be gone,

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

Yet ere thou go, see how I do divorce

*Embrace*

*Spencer* from me: now get thee to thy lords,

*Spencer.*

And tell them I will come to chastise them,

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

*Edward* with fire and sword, follows at thy heels,

My lord, perceive you how these rebels swell:

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

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

Away.

*Exeunt.*

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

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

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

*Edward* Why do we sound retreat? upon them lords,

This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword

On those proud rebels that are up in arms,

And do confront and countermand their king.

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

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

To breathe a while, our men with sweat and dust

All choked well near, begin to faint for heat,

img: 27-a  
sig: G2v

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

And this retire refresheth horse and man.

*Spencer son.* Here come the rebels.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

wln 1606  
wln 1607  
wln 1608  
wln 1609  
wln 1610  
wln 1611  
wln 1612  
wln 1613  
wln 1614  
wln 1615  
wln 1616  
wln 1617  
wln 1618  
wln 1619  
wln 1620  
wln 1621  
wln 1622  
wln 1623  
wln 1624

img: 27-b  
sig: G3r

*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

wln 1625  
wln 1626  
wln 1627  
wln 1628  
wln 1629  
wln 1630  
wln 1631  
wln 1632  
wln 1633  
wln 1634  
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wln 1641  
wln 1642  
wln 1643  
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wln 1645  
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wln 1648  
wln 1649  
wln 1650  
wln 1651  
wln 1652  
wln 1653

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.

wln 1654  
wln 1655  
wln 1656  
wln 1657

img: 28-a  
sig: G3v

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

wln 1658  
wln 1659  
wln 1660  
wln 1661  
wln 1662  
wln 1663  
wln 1664  
wln 1665  
wln 1666  
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wln 1688  
wln 1689  
wln 1690

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

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Edmund.*

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

img: 28-b  
sig: G4r

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

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

wln 1699  
wln 1700  
wln 1701  
wln 1702  
wln 1703  
wln 1704  
wln 1705  
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wln 1719  
wln 1720  
wln 1721  
wln 1722  
wln 1723

img: 29-a  
sig: G4v

wln 1724  
wln 1725  
wln 1726  
wln 1727  
wln 1728  
wln 1729  
wln 1730  
wln 1731  
wln 1732  
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wln 1741  
wln 1742  
wln 1743  
wln 1744  
wln 1745  
wln 1746

device.

*Enter Mortimer disguised.*

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

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

*Mortimer junior* It hath my lord, the warders all asleep, I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace:

But hath your grace got shipping unto France?

*Edmund* Fear it not.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Queen and her son.*

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

What shall we do?

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

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

*Enter sir John of Hainault.*

*Sir John* Madam, what cheer?

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

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

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

*Sir John.* Well said my lord.

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

*Enter Edmund and Mortimer.*

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

img: 29-b  
sig: H1r

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

wln 1757  
wln 1758  
wln 1759  
wln 1760  
wln 1761  
wln 1762  
wln 1763  
wln 1764  
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wln 1787  
wln 1788  
wln 1789

No my lord *Mortimer*, not I, I trow.  
*Queen* Not son, why not? I would it were no worse,  
But gentle lords, friendless we are in France.  
*Mortimer junior* Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend of yours,  
Told us at our arrival all the news,  
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king  
Hath showed himself: but madam, right makes room,  
Where weapons want, and though a many friends  
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,  
And others of our party and faction,  
Yet have we friends, assure your grace in England,  
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,  
To see us there appointed for our foes.  
*Edmund* Would all were well, and *Edward* well reclaimed,  
For England's 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,

img: 30-a  
sig: H1v

wln 1790  
wln 1791

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



wln 1792  
wln 1793  
wln 1794  
wln 1795  
wln 1796  
wln 1797  
wln 1798  
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wln 1822

img: 30-b  
sig: H2r

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

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

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

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

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

*Spencer junior* What news my lord?

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

*Matrevis* From the lieutenant of the tower my lord.

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

Read it *Spencer.* *Spencer reads their names.*

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

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

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

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

*Enter a Post.*

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

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

To you my lord of Gloucester from *Levune*.

*Edward.* read.

*Spencer reads the letter.*

My duty to your 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?

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

img: 31-a  
sig: H2v

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

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

*Queen* Now lords, our loving friends and countrymen,

wln 1856  
wln 1857  
wln 1858  
wln 1859  
wln 1860  
wln 1861  
wln 1862  
wln 1863  
wln 1864  
wln 1865  
wln 1866  
wln 1867  
wln 1868  
wln 1869  
wln 1870  
wln 1871  
wln 1872  
wln 1873  
wln 1874  
wln 1875  
wln 1876  
wln 1877  
wln 1878  
wln 1879  
wln 1880  
wln 1881  
wln 1882  
wln 1883  
wln 1884  
wln 1885  
wln 1886  
wln 1887

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

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

wln 1888

img: 31-b  
sig: H3r

Shape we our course to Ireland there to breathe.

wln 1889

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

wln 1890

Give me my horse and let's reinforce our troops:

wln 1891

And in this bed of honor die with fame.

wln 1892

wln 1893

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

wln 1894

wln 1895

*Edmund alone with a sword  
and target.*

wln 1896

wln 1897

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

wln 1898

*Edward*, alas my heart relents for thee,

wln 1899

Proud traitor *Mortimer* why dost thou chase

wln 1900

Thy lawful king thy sovereign with thy sword?

wln 1901

Vild wretch, and why hast thou of all unkind,

wln 1902

Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?

wln 1903

Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head

wln 1904

Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs,

wln 1905

To punish this unnatural revolt:

wln 1906

*Edward*, this *Mortimer* aims at thy life:

wln 1907

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

wln 1908

Dissemble or thou diest, for *Mortimer*

wln 1909

And *Isabell* do kiss while they conspire,

wln 1910

And yet she bears a face of love forsooth:

wln 1911

Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate.

wln 1912

*Edmund* away, Bristol to Longshanks' blood

wln 1913

Is false, be not found single for suspect:

wln 1914

Proud *Mortimer* pries near into thy walks.

wln 1915

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

wln 1916

wln 1917

wln 1918

*Queen* Successful battles gives the God of kings,

wln 1919

To them that fight in right and fear his wrath:

wln 1920

Since then successfully we have prevailed,

wln 1921

Thanks be heaven's great architect and you,

img: 32-a  
sig: H3v

wln 1922

Ere farther we proceed my noble lords,

wln 1923

We here create our well-beloved son,

wln 1924

Of love and care unto his royal person,

wln 1925

Lord warden of the realm, and sith the fates

wln 1926

Have made his father so infortunate,

wln 1927

Deal you my lords in this, my loving lords,

wln 1928

As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

wln 1929

*Edmund* Madam, without offense if I may ask,

wln 1930

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

wln 1931

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

wln 1932

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

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

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

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

img: 32-b  
sig: H4r

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

That like the lawless *Catiline* of Rome,  
Revelled in England's wealth and treasury.  
*Queen* We thank you all.  
*Mortimer junior* Your loving care in this,  
Deserveth princely 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*,

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

img: 33-a  
sig: H4v

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

*Exeunt omnes.*

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

img: 33-b  
sig: I1r

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

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

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

*Edward* Father, thy face should 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,

wln 2020  
wln 2021  
wln 2022  
wln 2023  
wln 2024

And all the land I know is up in arms,  
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

*Baldock* We were embarked for Ireland, wretched we,  
With awkward winds, and sore tempests driven  
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear

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

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

wln 2035  
wln 2036  
wln 2037  
wln 2038  
wln 2039  
wln 2040  
wln 2041  
wln 2042  
wln 2043  
wln 2044  
wln 2045  
wln 2046  
wln 2047  
wln 2048  
wln 2049  
wln 2050  
wln 2051

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

img: 34-a  
sig: 11v

wln 2052  
wln 2053  
wln 2054  
wln 2055  
wln 2056  
wln 2057  
wln 2058  
wln 2059  
wln 2060  
wln 2061  
wln 2062  
wln 2063  
wln 2064  
wln 2065  
wln 2066  
wln 2067  
wln 2068  
wln 2069  
wln 2070  
wln 2071

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

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

img: 34-b  
sig: I2r

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

wln 2085  
wln 2086  
wln 2087  
wln 2088  
wln 2089  
wln 2090  
wln 2091  
wln 2092  
wln 2093  
wln 2094  
wln 2095  
wln 2096  
wln 2097  
wln 2098  
wln 2099  
wln 2100  
wln 2101  
wln 2102  
wln 2103  
wln 2104  
wln 2105  
wln 2106  
wln 2107  
wln 2108  
wln 2109  
wln 2110  
wln 2111  
wln 2112  
wln 2113

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

wln 2114  
wln 2115  
wln 2116

*Enter the king, Leicester, with a Bishop  
for the crown.*  
*Leicester* Be patient good my lord, cease to lament,

img: 35-a  
sig: I2v

wln 2117  
wln 2118  
wln 2119  
wln 2120  
wln 2121  
wln 2122  
wln 2123  
wln 2124  
wln 2125  
wln 2126  
wln 2127  
wln 2128  
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wln 2138  
wln 2139  
wln 2140  
wln 2141  
wln 2142  
wln 2143  
wln 2144  
wln 2145  
wln 2146  
wln 2147  
wln 2148  
wln 2149

Imagine Killingworth castle were your court,  
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,  
Not of compulsion or necessity.  
*Edward* Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,  
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows,  
For kind and loving hast thou always been:  
The griefs of private men are soon allayed,  
But not of kings, the forest Deer being struck  
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds,  
But when the imperial Lion's flesh is gored,  
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,  
Highly scorning, that the lowly earth  
Should drink his blood, mounts up into the air,  
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind  
The ambitious *Mortimer* would seek to curb,  
And that unnatural Queen false *Isabell*,  
That thus hath pent and mewed me in a prison,  
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,  
As with the wings of 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,

img: 35-b  
sig: I3r

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

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



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

img: 36-a  
sig: I3v

*Leicester* My lord, why waste you thus the time away,  
They stay your answer, will you yield your crown?  
*Edward* Ah Leicester, way, how hardly I can brook  
To lose my crown and kingdom, without cause,  
To give ambitious *Mortimer* my right,  
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss.  
In which extreme my mind here murdered is:  
But what the heavens appoint, I must obey,  
Here, take my crown, the life of *Edward* too,  
Two kings in England cannot reign at once:  
But stay a while, let me be king till night,  
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown,  
So shall my eyes receive their last content,  
My head, the latest 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,

wln 2183  
wln 2184  
wln 2185  
wln 2186  
wln 2187  
wln 2188  
wln 2189  
wln 2190  
wln 2191  
wln 2192  
wln 2193  
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wln 2201  
wln 2202  
wln 2203  
wln 2204  
wln 2205  
wln 2206  
wln 2207  
wln 2208  
wln 2209  
wln 2210  
wln 2211

That *Edward* may be still fair England's king:  
But day's bright beams doth vanish fast away,  
And needs I must resign my wished crown,  
Inhuman creatures, nursed with Tiger's milk,  
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow?  
My diadem I mean, and guiltless life,  
See monsters see, I'll wear my crown again,  
What, fear you not the fury of your king?  
But hapless *Edward*, thou art fondly led,  
They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,  
But seeks to make a new elected king,  
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,  
Which thoughts are martyred with endless torments.  
And in this torment, comfort find I none,  
But that I feel the crown upon my head,  
And therefore let me wear it yet a while.  
*Trussell* My Lord, the parliament must have present  
news,  
And therefore say, will you resign or no.  
*The king rageth.*  
*Edward* I'll not resign, but whilst I live,  
Traitors be gone, and join you with *Mortimer*,  
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will,  
Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries.  
*Bishop* This answer we'll return, and so farewell.  
*Leicester* Call them again my lord, and speak them  
fair,  
For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.  
*Edward.* Call thou them back, I have no power to

wln 2212  
wln 2213  
wln 2214  
wln 2215

img: 36-b  
sig: 14r

Speak.

*Leicester* My lord, the king is willing to resign.

*Bishop* If he be not, let him choose.

*Edward* O would I might, but heavens and earth conspire

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

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

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

*Enter Bartley.*

*Bartley.* My lord.

*Edward* Call me not lord,

Away, out of my sight, ah pardon me,

Grief makes me lunatic,

Let not that *Mortimer* protect my son,

More safety is there in a Tiger's jaws,

This his embracements, bear this to the queen,

Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs,

If with the sight thereof she be not moved,

Return it back and dip it in my blood,

Commend me to my son, and bid him rule

Better than I, yet how have I transgressed,

Unless it be with too much clemency?

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

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

img: 37-a  
sig: 14v

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

Will be my death, and welcome shall it be,

To wretched men death is felicity.

*Leicester* Another post, what news brings he?

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

*Bartley* My lord, think not a thought so villainous  
Can harbor in a man of noble birth.

To do your highness service and devoir,

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

And save you from your foes, *Bartley* would die.  
*Leicester* My lord, the counsel of the Queen  
commands,  
That I resign my charge.  
*Edward* And who must keep me now, must you my  
lord?  
*Bartley* Ay, my most gracious lord, so 'tis decreed.  
*Edward* By *Mortimer*, whose name is written here,  
Well may *I* rent his name, that rends my heart,  
This poor revenge hath something eased my mind,  
So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper,  
Hear me immortal *Jove*, and grant it too.  
*Bartley* Your grace must hence with me to *Bartley*  
straight.  
*Edward* Whither you will, all places are alike,  
And every earth is fit for burial.  
*Leicester* 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.

img: 37-b  
sig: K1r

wln 2281  
wln 2282  
wln 2283  
  
wln 2284  
wln 2285  
  
wln 2286  
wln 2287  
wln 2288  
wln 2289  
wln 2290  
wln 2291  
wln 2292  
wln 2293  
wln 2294  
wln 2295  
wln 2296  
wln 2297  
wln 2298  
wln 2299  
wln 2300  
wln 2301

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

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Mortimer, and Queen  
Isabell.*

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

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

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

img: 38-a  
sig: K1v

wln 2309

*Enter Messenger.*

wln 2310

*Mortimer junior* Letters, from whence?

wln 2311

*Messenger* From Killingworth my lord.

wln 2312

*Queen* How fares my lord the king?

wln 2313

*Messenger* In health madam, but full of pensiveness.

wln 2314

*Queen.* Alas poor soul, would I could ease his

wln 2315

grief,

wln 2316

Thanks gentle Winchester, sirrah, be gone.

wln 2317

*Winchester.* The king hath willingly resigned his

wln 2318

crown.

wln 2319

*Queen* O happy news, send for the prince my son.

wln 2320

*Bishop* Further, or this letter was sealed, Lord *Bartley*

wln 2321

came,

wln 2322

So that he now is gone from Killingworth,

wln 2323

And we have heard that *Edmund* laid a plot,

wln 2324

To set his brother free, no more but so,

wln 2325

The lord of *Bartley* is so pitiful,

wln 2326

As Leicester that had charge of him before.

wln 2327

*Queen* Then let some other be his guardian.

wln 2328

*Mortimer junior* Let me alone, here is the privy seal,

wln 2329

Who's there, call hither *Gurney* and *Matrevis*,

wln 2330

To dash the heavy headed *Edmund's* drift,

wln 2331

*Bartley* shall be discharged, the king removed,

wln 2332

And none but we shall know where he lieth.

wln 2333

*Queen* But *Mortimer*, as long as he survives

wln 2334

What safety rests for us, or for my son?

wln 2335

*Mortimer junior* Speak, shall he presently be dispatched

wln 2336

and die?

wln 2337

*Queen.* I would he were, so it were not by my

wln 2338

means.

img: 38-b  
sig: K2r

wln 2339

*Enter Matrevis and Gurney.*

wln 2340

*Mortimer junior* Enough *Matrevis*, write a letter

wln 2341

presently

wln 2342

Unto the Lord of *Bartley* from ourself,

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

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

img: 39-a  
sig: K2v

wln 2369  
wln 2370  
  
wln 2371  
  
wln 2372  
  
  
wln 2373  
wln 2374  
  
wln 2375  
wln 2376  
wln 2377  
wln 2378  
wln 2379  
wln 2380  
wln 2381  
wln 2382  
wln 2383  
wln 2384  
wln 2385

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.

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

img: 39-b  
sig: K3r

*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?

wln 2397  
wln 2398  
wln 2399  
wln 2400  
wln 2401  
wln 2402  
wln 2403  
wln 2404  
wln 2405  
wln 2406  
wln 2407  
wln 2408  
wln 2409  
wln 2410  
wln 2411  
wln 2412  
wln 2413  
wln 2414  
wln 2415  
wln 2416  
wln 2417  
wln 2418  
wln 2419  
wln 2420  
wln 2421  
wln 2422  
wln 2423  
wln 2424  
wln 2425  
wln 2426  
wln 2427  
wln 2428

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

img: 40-a  
sig: K3v

wln 2429  
wln 2430

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

wln 2431

*Exeunt omnes.*

wln 2432

*Enter Matrevis and Gurney with  
the king.*

wln 2433

wln 2434

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

wln 2435

wln 2436

wln 2437

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

wln 2438

wln 2439

wln 2440

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

wln 2441

wln 2442

When will the fury of his mind assuage?

wln 2443

When will his heart be satisfied with blood?

wln 2444

If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,

wln 2445

And give my heart to *Isabell* and him,  
It is the chiefest mark they level at.

wln 2446

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

wln 2447

To keep your grace in safety,

wln 2448

Your passions make your dolours to increase.

wln 2449

wln 2450

*Edward* This usage makes my misery increase.

wln 2451

But can my air of life continue long,

wln 2452

When all my senses are annoyed with stench?

wln 2453

Within a dungeon England's king is kept,

wln 2454

Where I am starved for want of sustenance,

wln 2455

My daily diet, is heart breaking sobs,

wln 2456

That almost rends the closet of my heart,

wln 2457

Thus lives old *Edward* not relieved by any,

img: 40-b

sig: K4r

wln 2458

And so must die, though pitied by many.

wln 2459

O water gentle friends to cool my thirst,

wln 2460

And clear my body from foul excrements.

wln 2461

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

wln 2462

wln 2463

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

wln 2464

wln 2465

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

wln 2466

Lest you be known, and so be rescued.

wln 2467

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

wln 2468

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

wln 2469

wln 2470

But all in vain, so vainly do I strive,  
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

wln 2471

wln 2472

wln 2473

wln 2474

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

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

img: 41-a  
sig: K4v

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

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

*Enter Edmund.*

*Gurney* How now, who comes there?

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

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

*Edward* O gentle brother, help to rescue me.

*Matrevis* Keep them asunder, thrust in the king.

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

*Gurney* Lay hands upon the earl for this assault.

*Edmund* Lay down your weapons, traitors yield the  
king.

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

*Edmund* Base villains, wherefore do you grip me  
thus?

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

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

*Matrevis* The court is where lord *Mortimer* remains,  
Thither shall your 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 whither you will, even to my death,  
Seeing that my brother cannot be released.

*Exeunt omnes.*

wln 2513

*Enter Mortimer alone.*

wln 2514  
wln 2515  
wln 2516  
wln 2517  
wln 2518

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

img: 41-b



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

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

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

img: 42-b  
sig: L2r

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

wln 2583  
wln 2584  
wln 2585  
wln 2586

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

wln 2587  
wln 2588

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

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

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

wln 2598  
wln 2599

*Enter Soldiers with the Earl of  
Kent prisoner.*

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

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

wln 2609

img: 43-a  
sig: L2v

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

wln 2610

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

wln 2611

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

wln 2612

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

wln 2613

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

wln 2614

*Edmund.* Stay villains.

wln 2615

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

wln 2616

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

wln 2617

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

wln 2619

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

wln 2620

My lord, if you will let my uncle live,

wln 2621

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

wln 2622

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

wln 2623

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

wln 2624

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

wln 2625

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

wln 2626

*Edmund* Let me but stay and speak, *I* will not go,

wln 2627

Either my brother or his son is king,

wln 2628

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

wln 2629

And therefore soldiers whither will you hale me?

wln 2630

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

wln 2631

wln 2632

wln 2633

wln 2634

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

wln 2635

wln 2636

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

wln 2637

Had *Edmund* lived, he would have sought thy death,

wln 2638

Come son, we'll ride a hunting in the park.

wln 2639

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

wln 2640

wln 2641

wln 2642

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

wln 2643

*Exeunt omnes.*

wln 2644

*Enter Matrevis and Gurney.*

wln 2645

*Matrevis* *Gurney*, I wonder the king dies not,

wln 2646

Being in a vault up to the knees in water,

wln 2647

To which the channels of the castle run,

wln 2648

From whence a damp continually ariseth,

wln 2649

wln 2650

wln 2651

wln 2652

wln 2653

wln 2654

wln 2655

wln 2656

wln 2657

wln 2658

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

That were enough to poison any man,  
Much more a king brought up so tenderly.  
*Gurney* And so do *I, Matrevis*: yesternight  
*I* opened but the door to throw him meat,  
And *I* was almost stifled with the 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?

wln 2659

*Enter Lightborne.*

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

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

img: 44-a  
sig: L3v

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

*Matrevis* And when the murder's done,  
See how he must be handled for his 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.

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

img: 44-b  
sig: L4r

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

wln 2701  
wln 2702  
wln 2703  
wln 2704  
wln 2705  
wln 2706  
wln 2707  
wln 2708  
wln 2709  
wln 2710  
wln 2711  
wln 2712  
wln 2713  
wln 2714  
wln 2715  
wln 2716  
wln 2717  
wln 2718  
wln 2719  
wln 2720  
wln 2721  
wln 2722  
wln 2723  
wln 2724  
wln 2725  
wln 2726  
wln 2727  
wln 2728  
wln 2729  
wln 2730  
wln 2731  
wln 2732

*Edward* Weepst thou already, list a while to me,  
And then thy heart, were it as *Gurney's* is,  
Or as *Matrevis*, hewn from the *Caucasus*,  
Yet will it melt, ere *I* have done my tale,  
This dungeon where they keep me, is the sink,  
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.  
*Lightborne* O villains!  
*Edward* And there in mire and puddle have *I* stood,  
This ten days' space, and lest that *I* should sleep,  
One plays continually upon a Drum,  
They give me bread and water being a king,  
So that for want of sleep and sustenance,  
My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed,  
And whether *I* have limbs or no, *I* know not,  
O would my blood dropped out from every vein,  
As doth this water from my tattered robes:  
Tell *Isabell* the Queen, *I* looked not thus,  
When for her sake *I* ran at tilt in France,  
And there unhorsed the duke of *Cleremont*.

*Lightborne* O speak no more my lord, this breaks my  
heart.  
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while,  
*Edward* These looks of thine can 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?

img: 45-a  
sig: L4v

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

*Lightborne* These hands were never stained with innocent  
blood,  
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.  
*Edward.* Forgive my thought, for having such a  
thought,  
One jewel have I left, receive thou this,  
Still fear *I*, and I know not what's the cause,

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

But every joint shakes as I give it thee:  
O if thou 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.

img: 45-b  
sig: M1r

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

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

wln 2777

*Exeunt omnes.*

wln 2778

*Enter Mortimer and Matrevis.*

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

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

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

img: 46-a  
sig: M1v

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?

wln 2794

*Enter the Queen.*

wln 2795  
wln 2796  
wln 2797  
wln 2798  
wln 2799  
wln 2800  
wln 2801  
wln 2802  
wln 2803  
wln 2804

*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.

wln 2805

*Enter the king, with the lords.*

wln 2806  
wln 2807  
wln 2808  
wln 2809  
wln 2810  
wln 2811  
wln 2812  
wln 2813  
wln 2814  
wln 2815  
wln 2816  
wln 2817  
wln 2818  
wln 2819  
wln 2820  
wln 2821

*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,

img: 46-b  
sig: M2r

wln 2822  
wln 2823  
wln 2824  
wln 2825  
wln 2826

Who is the man dare say *I* murdered him?  
*King.* Traitor, in me my loving father speaks,  
And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murderedst him.  
*Mortimer junior* But hath your grace no other proof than  
this?

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

img: 47-a  
sig: M2v

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

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

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



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

img: 47-b  
sig: M3r

*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,

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

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

wln 2893

*FINIS.*

ln 0001  
ln 0002  
ln 0003  
ln 0004

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

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### 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*.