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

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THE
CHRONICLE
HISTORY
OF
PERKIN WARBECK.

A Strange Truth.

Acted (sometimes) by the Queen’s
MAJESTY’S Servants at the
Phoenix in Drury lane.

Fide Honor.

LONDON,
Printed by T. P. for Hugh Beeston, and are to
be sold at his Shop, near the Castle in
Cornhill. 1634.

The Scene,

The Continent of Great Britain.

The Persons presented.

Henry the seventh. James the 4th King of Scotland
Daubeney. Earl of Huntly.
Surrey. Marchmount a
Urswick Chaplain to
King Henry. Perkin Warbeck.
Sir Robert Clifford. Fron his Secretary.
Lambert Simnel. Mayor of Cork.
Hialas a Spanish Agent. Heron a Mercer.
Constable, Officers, Serving-men, Skelton a Tailor.
and Soldiers. Astly — a Scrivener.

Women.
Lady Katherine Gordon, — wife to Perkin.
Countess of Crawford.
Jane Douglas — Lady Katherine’s maid.
TO
THE RIGHTLY
HONORABLE,
WILLIAM CAVENDISH,
Earl of Newcastle, Viscount
Mansfield, Lord
Bolsover and Ogle.

MY LORD:

Out of the darkness of a former
Age, (enlightened by a late, both
learned, and an honorable pen)
I have endeavored, to personate
a great Attempt, and in It, a greater
Danger. In other Labors,
you may read Actions of Antiquity discoursed;
In This Abridgement, find the Actors themselves
discoursing: in some kind, practiced as well
What to speak; as speaking Why to do. Your
Lordship is a most competent Judge, in expressions of

such credit; commissioned by your known Ability
in examining; and enabled by your knowledge
in determining, the monuments of Time.
Eminent Titles, may indeed inform, who, their
owners are, not often what: To yours, the addition
of that information, in BOTH, cannot in any
application be observed flattery; the Authority
being established by TRUTH. I can only
acknowledge, the errors in writing, mine own;
the worthiness of the Subject written, being a perfection
in the Story, and of It. The custom of
your Lordship’s entertainments (even to Strangers) is,
rather an Example, than a Fashion: in which consideration,
I dare not profess a curiosity; but am
only studious, that your Lordship will please, amongst
such as best honor your Goodness, to admit into
your noble construction

JOHN FORD.

To my own friend, Master John Ford,
on his Justifiable Poem of Perkin Warbeck,
This Ode.
To his worthy friend, Master *John Ford*,
upon his *Perkin Warbeck*.

LET men, who are writ Poets, lay a claim
To the *Phoebean Hill*, I have no name,

Nor art in Verse; True, I have heard some tell
Of *Aganippe*, but ne’er knew the Well:
Therefore have no ambition with the Times,
To be in Print, for making of ill Rhymes;
But love of *Thee*, and Justice to thy Pen
Hath drawn me to this Bar, with other men
To justify, though against double Laws,
(Waving the subtle business of his cause)
The GLORIOUS PERKIN, and thy Poet’s Art
Equal with His, in playing the KING’S PART.

*Ralph Eure*

*Baronis Primogenitus*

To my faithful, no less deserving friend,
the Author; This indebted Oblation.

PERKIN is redivived by thy strong hand,
And crowned a King of new; the vengeful wand
Of *Greatness* is forgot: HIS Execution
May rest unmentioned; and HIS birth’s Collusion
Lie buried in the Story: But HIS fame
Thou hast eternized; made a Crown HIS Game.
HIS lofty spirit soars *yet*. Had HE been
To the Author, his friend, upon his
Chronicle History.

These are not to express thy wit,
But to pronounce thy Judgment fit;
In full-filled phrase, those Times to raise,
When PERKIN ran his wily ways.
Still, let the method of thy brain,
From Error’s touch, and Envy’s stain
Preserve Thee, free; that ever, thy quill
Fair Truth may wet, and Fancy fill.
Thus Graces are, with Muses met,
And practic Critics on may fret:
For here, Thou hast produced, A Story,
Which shall eclipse, Their future Glory.

George Crymes, miles.

To my friend, and kinsman, Master John
Ford, the Author.

Dramatic Poets (as the Times go) now
Can hardly write, what others will allow;
The Cynic snarls; the Critic howls and barks;
And Ravens croak, to drown the voice of Larks:
Scorn those STAGE-HARPIES! This I’ll boldly say,
Many may imitate, few match thy Play.

John Brograve: Armiger

To the Author, his friend, upon his
Chronicle History.

These are not to express thy wit,
But to pronounce thy Judgment fit;
In full-filled phrase, those Times to raise,
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John Brograve: Armiger

To my friend, and kinsman, Master John
Ford, the Author.

Dramatic Poets (as the Times go) now
Can hardly write, what others will allow;
The Cynic snarls; the Critic howls and barks;
And Ravens croak, to drown the voice of Larks:
Scorn those STAGE-HARPIES! This I’ll boldly say,
Many may imitate, few match thy Play.

John Ford: Graiensis.

PROLOGUE.

Studies have, of this Nature, been of late
So out of fashion, so unfollowed; that
It is become more Justice, to revive
The antic follies of the Times, then strive
To countenance wise Industry: no want
Of Art, doth render wit, or lame, or scant,
Or slothful, in the purchase of fresh bays;
But want of Truth in Them, who give the praise
To their self-love, presuming to outdo
The Writer, or (for need) the Actors too.
But such THIS AUTHOR’S silence best befits,  
Who bids Them, be in love, with their own wits:  
From Him, to clearer Judgements, we can say,  
He shows a History, couched in a Play:  
A History of noble mention, known,  
Famous, and true: most noble, ’cause our own:  
Not forged from Italy, from France, from Spain,  
But Chronicled at Home; as rich in strain  
Of brave Attempts, as ever, fertile Rage  
In Action, could beget to grace the Stage.  
We cannot limit Scenes, for the whole Land  
Itself, appeared too narrow to withstand  
Competitors for Kingdoms: nor is here  
Unnecessary mirth forced, to endear  
A multitude; on these two, rests the Fate  
Of worthy expectation; TRUTH and STATE.

THE  
CHRONICLE  
HISTORY OF  
PERKIN WARBECK.  

Actus primus, Scaena prima.

Enter King Henry, Durham, Oxford, Surrey, Sir William  
Stanley, Lord Chamberlaine, Lord Daubeney.  
The King supported to his Throne by Stanley and  
Durham. A Guard.

King.  
Still to be haunted; still to be pursued,  
Still to be frightened with false apparitions  
Of pageant Majesty, and new-coined greatness,  
As if we were a mockery King in state;  
Only ordained to lavish sweat and blood  
In scorn and laughter to the ghosts of York,  
Is all below our merits; yet (my Lords,  
My friends and Counselors) yet we sit fast  
In our own royal birthright; the rent face  
And bleeding wounds of England’s slaughtered people,  
Have been by us (as by the best Physician)  
At last both thoroughly Cured, and set in safety;  
And yet for all this glorious work of peace  
Ourself is scarce secure.

Durham    The rage of malice  
Conjures fresh spirits with the spells of York;  
For ninety years ten English Kings and Princes,
Threescore great Dukes and Earls, a thousand Lords
And valiant Knights, two hundred fifty thousand
Of English Subjects have in Civil Wars,
Been sacrificed to an uncivil thirst
Of discord and ambition: this hot vengeance
Of the just powers above, to utter ruin
And Desolation had reigned on, but that
Mercy did gently sheathe the sword of Justice,
In lending to this blood-shrunk Commonwealth
A new soul, new birth in your Sacred person.

Daubeney Edward the fourth after a doubtful fortune
Yielded to nature; leaving to his sons
Edward and Richard, the inheritance
Of a most bloody purchase; these young Princes
Richard the Tyrant their unnatural Uncle
 Forced to a violent grave, so just is Heaven.
Him hath your Majesty by your own arm
Divinely strengthened, pulled from his Boar’s sty
And struck the black Usurper to a Carcase:
Nor doth the House of York decay in Honors,
Though Lancaster doth repossess his right.
For Edward’s daughter is King Henry’s Queen.
A blessed Union, and a lasting blessing
For this poor panting Island, if some shreds
Some useless remnant of the House of York
Grudge not at this Content. Oxford Margaret of Burgundy
Blows fresh Coals of Division. Surrey Painted fires
Without to heat or scorch or light to cherish.

Daubeney York’s headless trunk her Father, Edward’s fate
Her brother King, the smothering of her Nephews
By Tyrant Gloucester, brother to her nature;
Nor Gloucester’s own confusion, (all decrees
Sacred in Heaven) Can move this Woman-Monster,
But that she still from the unbottomed mine

Of Devilish policies, doth vent the Ore
Of troubles and sedition. Oxford In her age
(Great Sir, observe the Wonder) she grows fruitful,
Who in her strength of youth was always barren
Nor are her births as other Mothers’ are,
At nine or ten months end, she has been with child
Eight or seven years at least; whose twins being born
(A prodigy in Nature) even the youngest
Is fifteen years of age at his first entrance
As soon as known i’ th’ world, tall striplings, strong
And able to give battle unto Kings.
Idols of Yorkish malice. Oxford And but Idols,
A steely hammer Crushes ’em to pieces.

King Lambert the eldest (Lords) is in our service,
Preferred by an officious care of Duty
From the Scullery to a Falconer (strange example!)
Which shows the difference between noble natures
And the base born: but for the upstart Duke,
The new revived York, Edward's second son,
Murdered long since i' th' Tower; he lives again
And vows to be your King. Stanley The throne is filled Sir.
King True Stanley, and the lawful heir sits on it;
A guard of Angels, and the holy prayers
Of loyal Subjects are a sure defense
Against all force and Counsel of Intrusion.
But now (my Lords) put case some of our Nobles,
Our GREAT ONES, should give Countenance and Courage
To trim Duke Perkin; you will all confess
Our bounties have unthriftily been scattered
Amongst unthankful men. Daubeney Unthankful beasts,
Dogs, villains, traitors. King Daubeney let the guilty
Keep silence, I accuse none, though I know,
Foreign attempts against a State and Kingdom
Are seldom without some great friends at home.
Stanley Sir, if no other abler reasons else
Of duty or allegiance could divert
A headstrong resolution, yet the dangers

So lately passed by men of blood and fortunes
In Lambert Simnel's party, must Command
More than a fear, a terror to Conspiracy,
The high-born Lincoln, son to De la Pole,
The Earl of Kildare, Lord Geraldine,
Francis Lord Lovell, and the German Baron,
Bold Martin Swart, with Broughton and the rest,
(Most spectacles of ruin, some of mercy;)
Are precedents sufficient to forewarn
The present times, or any that live in them,
What folly, nay, what madness 'twere to lift
A finger up in all defense but yours,
Which can be but impostorous in a title.
King Stanley we know thou lov'st Us, and thy heart
Is figured on thy tongue; nor think we less
Of any's here, how closely we have hunted
This Cub (since he unlodged) from hole to hole,
Your knowledge is our Chronicle: first Ireland
The common stage of Novelty, presented
This gewgaw to oppose us, there the Geraldines
And Butlers once again stood in support
Of this Colossic statue: Charles of France
Thence called him into his protection;
Dissembled him the lawful heir of England;
Yet this was all but French dissimulation,
Aiming at peace with us, which being granted
On honorable terms on our part, suddenly
This smoke of straw was packed from France again,
T’ infect some grosser air; and now we learn
(Maughtre the malice of the bastard Neville,
Sir Taylor, and a hundred English Rebels)
They’re all retired to Flanders, to the Dam
That nursed this eager Whelp, Margaret of Burgundy.
But we will hunt him there too, we will hunt him,
Hunt him to death even in the Beldame’s Closet,
Though the Archduke were his Buckler.

Surrey She has styled him — The fair white rose of England.

Daubeney Jolly Gentleman, more fit to be a Swabber
To the Flemish after a drunken surfeit.

Enter Urswick.

Urswick Gracious Sovereign, please you peruse this paper.
Durham The King’s Countenance, gathers a sprightly blood:
Daubeney Good news believe it. King Urswick thine ear —
Th’ast lodged him? Urswick Strongly, safe Sir.
King Enough, is Barley come too? Urswick No, my Lord.
King No matter — phew, he’s but a running weed,
At pleasure to be plucked up by the roots:
But more of this anon — I have bethought me.
(My Lords) for reasons which you shall partake,
It is our pleasure to remove our Court
From Westminster to th’ Tower: We will lodge
This very night there, give Lord Chamberlain
A present order for it.
Stanley The Tower — I shall sir.
King Come my true, best, fast friends, these clouds will vanish,
The Sun will shine at full: the Heavens are clearing. Exeunt.

Flourish.

Enter Huntly and Daliell.

Huntly You trifle time Sir. Daliell Oh my noble Lord,
You conster my griefs to so hard a sense,
That where the text is argument of pity
Matter of earnest love, your gloss corrupts it
With too much ill placed mirth.

Huntly Much mirth Lord Daliell?
Not so I vow: observe me sprightly gallant:
I know thou art a noble lad, a handsome,
Descended from an honorable Ancestry,
Forward and active, dost resolve to wrestle,
And ruffle in the world by noble actions
For a brave mention to posterity:
I scorn not thy affection to my Daughter,

Not I by good St. Andrew; but this bugbear,
This whoreson tale of honor, (honor Daliell)
So hourly chats, and tattles in mine ear,
The piece of royalty that is stitched up
In my Kate's blood, that 'tis as dangerous
For thee young Lord, to perch so near an Eaglet,
As foolish for my gravity to admit it.
I have spoke all at once.

Daliell    Sir, with this truth
You mix such Wormwood, that you leave no hope
For my disordered palate, e'er to relish
A wholesome taste again; alas, I know Sir,
What an unequal distance lies between
Great Huntly's Daughter's birth, and Daliell's fortunes.
She's the King's kinswoman, placed near the Crown,
A Princess of the blood, and I a Subject.

Huntly    Right, but a noble Subject, put in that too.

Daliell    I could add more; and in the rightest line,
Derive my pedigree from Adam Mure,
A Scottish Knight; whose daughter, was the mother
To him who first begot the race of Jameses,
That sway the Sceptre to this very day
But kindreds are not ours, when once the date
Of many years, have swallowed up the memory
Of their originals: So pasture fields
Neighboring too near the Ocean, are sooped up
And known no more: for stood I in my first
And native greatness, if my Princely Mistress
Vouchsafed me not her servant, 'twere as good
I were reduced to Clownery; to nothing
As to a throne of Wonder.

Huntly    Now by Saint Andrew
A spark of mettle, 'a has a brave fire in him.
I would 'a had my Daughter so I knew 't not.
But must not be so, must not: — well young Lord
This will not do yet, if the girl be headstrong
And will not hearken to good Counsel, steal her

And run away with her, dance galliards, do,
And frisk about the world to learn the Languages:
'Twill be a thriving trade; you may set up by 't.

Daliell    With pardon (noble Gordon) this disdain
Suits not your Daughter's virtue, or my constancy.

Huntly    You are angry — would 'a would beat me, I deserve it.
Enter Katherine and Jane.

Katherine The King commands your presence Sir.
Huntly The gallant — this this this Lord, this Servant (Kate) of yours, desires to be your Master.
Katherine I acknowledge him, a worthy friend of mine.
Daliell Your humblest Creature.
Huntly So, so, the game’s a foot, I’m in cold hunting, The hare and hounds are parties.
Daliell Princely Lady, — how most unworthy I am to employ My services, in honor of your virtues, How hopeless my desires are to enjoy Your fair opinion, and much more your love; Are only matter of despair, unless Your goodness give large warrant to my boldness, My feeble-winged ambition. Huntly This is scurvy. Katherine My Lord I interrupt you not. Huntly Indeed? Now on my life she’ll Court him — nay, nay, on Sir.
Daliell Oft have I tuned the lesson of my sorrows To sweeten discord, and enrich your pity;

But all in vain: here had my Comforts sunk And never risen again, to tell a story Of the despairing Lover, had not now Even now the Earl your Father.
Huntly ’A means me sure.
Daliell After some fit disputes of your Condition, Your highness and my lowness, given a license Which did not more embolden, then encourage My faulting tongue. Huntly How how? how’s that? Embolden? Encourage? I encourage ye? d’ ye hear sir? A subtle trick, a quaint one, — will you hear (man) What did I say to you, come come to th’ point.
Kate: It shall not need my Lord.
Huntly Then hear me Kate: Keep you on that hand of her; I on this — Thou standst between a Father and a Suitor,
Both striving for an interest in thy heart:
He Courts thee for affection, I for duty;
He as a servant pleads, but by the privilege
Of nature, though I might Command, my care
Shall only Counsel what it shall not force.
Thou canst but make one choice, the ties of marriage
Are tenures not at will, but during life.
Consider whose thou art, and who; a Princess,
A Princess of the royal blood of Scotland.
In the full spring of youth, and fresh in beauty.
The King that sits upon the throne is young
And yet unmarried, forward in attempts
On any least occasion, to endanger
His person; Wherefore Kate as I am confident
Thou dar’st not wrong thy birth and education
By yielding to a common servile rage
Of female wantonness, so I am confident
Thou wilt proportion all thy thoughts to side
Thy equals, if not equal thy superiors.
My Lord of Daliell young in years, is old
In honors, but nor eminent in titles

Or in estate, that may support or add to
The expectation of thy fortunes, settle
Thy will and reason by a strength of Judgement;
For in a word, I give thee freedom, take it.
If equal fates have not ordained to pitch
Thy hopes above my height, let not thy passion
Lead thee to shrink mine honor in oblivion:
Thou art thine own, I have done.

Daliell   Oh! y’ are all Oracle,
The living stock and root of truth and wisdom.

Katherine     My worthiest Lord and Father, the indulgence
Of your sweet composition, thus commands
The lowest of obedience, you have granted
A liberty so large, that I want skill
To choose without direction of EXAMPLE:
From which I daily learn, by how much more
You take off from the roughness of a Father,
By so much more I am engaged to tender
The duty of a Daughter. For respects
Of birth, degrees of title, and advancement,
I nor admire, nor slight them; all my studies
Shall ever aim at this perfection only,
To live and die so, that you may not blush
In any course of mine to own me yours.

Huntly    Kate, Kate, thou growest upon my heart, like peace,
Creating every other hour a Jubilee.

Katherine:  To you my Lord of Daliell, I address
Enter Crawford.

Some few remaining words, the general fame
That speaks your merit even in vulgar tongues,
Proclaims it clear; but in the best a *Precedent*.

Huntly  Good wench, good girl i’ faith.
Katherine  For my part (trust me)

I value mine own worth at higher rate,
Cause you are pleased to prize it; if the stream
Of your protested service (as you term it)
Run in a constancy, more than a Compliment;
It shall be my delight, that worthy love

Leads you to worthy actions; and these guide ye
Richly to wed an *honorable name*:
So every virtuous praise, in after ages,
Shall be your heir, and I in your brave mention,
Be Chronicled the MOTHER of that *issue*,
That glorious *issue*.  Huntly  Oh that I were young again,
She’d make me Court proud danger, and suck spirit
From reputation.

Katherine  To the present motion,
Here’s all that I dare answer: when a ripeness
Of more experience, and some use of time,
Resolves to treat the freedom of my youth
Upon exchange of troths, I shall desire
No surer credit, of a match with virtue,
Than such as lives in you; mean time, my hopes are
Preserved secure, in having you a friend.

Daliet  You are a blessed Lady, and instruct
Ambition not to soar a farther flight,
Then in the perfumed air of your soft voice.
My noble *Lord of Huntly*, you have lent
A full extent of bounty to this parley;
And for it, shall command your humblest servant.

Huntly  Enough; we are still friends, and will continue
A hearty love, oh Kate, thou art mine own: —
No more, my Lord of *Crawford*.

Enter Crawford.

Crawford  From the King I come my Lord of Huntly,
Who in Counsel requires your present aid.

Huntly  Some weighty business!

Crawford  A Secretary from a *Duke of York*,
The second son to the late English *Edward*,
Concealed I know not where these fourteen years,
Craves audience from our Master, and ’tis said
The *Duke* himself is following to the Court.

Huntly  *Duke* upon Duke; ’tis well; ’tis well here’s bustling
For Majesty; my Lord, I will along with ye.

Crawford  My service noble Lady.  Katherine  Please ye walk sir?
“Times have their changes, sorrow makes men wise,
“The Sun itself must set as well as rise;
Then why not I — fair Madam I wait on ye.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Durham, Sir Robert Clifford, and Urswick: Lights.

Daliell  You find (Sir Robert Clifford) how securely
King Henry  our great Master, doth commit
His person to your loyalty; you taste
His bounty and his mercy even in this;
That at a time of night so late, a place
So private as his Closet, he is pleased
To admit you to his favor; do not falter
In your Discovery, but as you covet
A liberal grace, and pardon for your follies.
So labor to deserve it, by laying open
All plots, all persons, that contrive against it.

Urswick  Remember not the witchcraft, or the Magic,
The charms, and incantations, which the Sorceress
Of Burgundy hath cast upon your reason!
Sir Robert be your own friend now, discharge
Your conscience freely, all of such as love you,
Stand sureties for your honesty and truth.
Take heed you do not dally with the King,
He is wise as he is gentle.  Clifford  I am miserable,
If Henry be not merciful.  Urswick  The King comes.

Enter King Henry.

King Henry  Clifford!  Clifford  Let my weak knees rot on the earth,
If I appear as leprous in my treacheries,
Before your royal eyes; as to mine own
I seem a Monster, by my breach of truth.
King Henry  Clifford stand up, for instance of thy safety
I offer thee my hand.  Clifford  A sovereign Balm
For my bruised Soul, I kiss it with a greediness.
Sir you are a just Master, but I —

King Henry  Tell me, is every circumstance, thou hast set down
With thine own hand, within this paper true?
Is it a sure intelligence of all

The progress of our enemies’ intents
Without corruption?  Clifford  True, as I wish heaven;
Or my infected honor white again.

King Henry  We know all (Clifford) fully, since this meteor
This airy apparition first discradled
From Tournay into Portugal; and thence
Advanced his fiery blaze for adoration
To th’ superstitious Irish; since the beard
Of this wild Comet, Conjured into France,
Sparkled in antic flames in Charles his Court:
But shrunk again from thence, and hid in darkness,
Stole into Flanders, flourishing the rags
Of painted power on the shore of Kent,
Whence he was beaten back with shame and scorn,
Contempt, and slaughter of some naked outlaws:
But tell me, what new course now shapes Duke Perkin?

Clifford For Ireland (mighty Henry:) so instructed
By Stephen Frion, sometimes Secretary
In the French tongue unto your sacred Excellence,
But Perkin’s tutor now.  King Henry A subtle villain!
That Frion, Frion, — you my Lord of Durham
Knew well the man.  Durham French both in heart and actions!

King Henry Some Irish heads work in this mine of treason;
Speak ’em!  Clifford Not any of the best; your fortune
Hath dulled their spleens; never had Counterfeit
Such a confused rabble of lost Bankrupts
For Counselors: first Heron a broken Mercer,
Than John a Water, sometimes Mayor of Cork,
Skelton a tailor and a Scrivener
Called Astley: and whate’er these list to treat of,
Perkin must harken to; but Frion, cunning
Above these dull capacities, still prompts him,
To fly to Scotland to young James the fourth;
And sue for aid to him; this is the latest
Of all their resolutions.  King Henry Still more Frion.
Pestilent Adder, he will hiss out poison
As dang’rous as infections — we must match ’em.

Clifford thou hast spoke home, we give thee life:
But Clifford, there are people of our own
Remain behind untold, who are they Clifford?
Name those and we are friends, and will to rest,
’Tis thy last task.  Clifford Oh Sir, here I must break
A most unlawful Oath to keep a just one.

King Henry Well, well, be brief, be brief.  Clifford The first in rank
Shall be John Ratcliffe, Lord Fitzwater, then
Sir Simon Mountford, and Sir Thomas Thwaites,
With William Daubeney, Cressoner, Astwood,
Worsley the Dean of Paul’s, two other Friars,
And Robert Ratcliffe.  King Henry Churchmen are turned Devils.
These are the principal.  Clifford One more remains
Unnamed, whom I could willingly forget.

King Henry Ha Clifford, one more?  Clifford Great Sir, do not hear him:
For when Sir William Stanley your Lord Chamberlain
Shall come into the list, as he is chief
I shall lose credit with ye, yet this Lord,
Last named, is first against you.
Enter Daubeney.

King Henry Urswick the light, view well my face Sirs,
Is there blood left in it? Durham You alter
Strangely Sir. King Henry Alter Lord Bishop?
Why Clifford stabbed me, or I dreamed 'a stabbed me.
Sirrah, it is a custom with the guilty
To think they set their own stains off, by laying
Aspersions on some nobler than themselves:
Lies wait on treasons, as I find it here.
Thy life again is forfeit, I recall
My word of mercy, for I know thou dar'st
Repeat the name no more. Clifford I dare, and once more
Upon my knowledge, name Sir William Stanley
Both in his counsel, and his purse, the chief
Assistant, to the feigned Duke of York. Durham Most strange!

Urswick Most wicked! King Henry Yet again, once more;
Clifford Sir William Stanley is your secret enemy,
And if time fit, will openly profess it.


My Chamberlain, my Counselor, the love,
The pleasure of my Court, my bosom friend,
The Charge, and the Controlment of my person
The keys and secrets of my treasury;
The all of all I am: I am unhappy:
Misery of confidence, — let me turn traitor
To mine own person, yield my Sceptre up
To Edward's Sister, and her bastard Duke!

Durham You lose your constant temper.

King Henry Sir William Stanley!
Oh do not blame me; he, 'twas only he
Who having rescued me in Bosworth field
From Richard's bloody sword, snatched from his head
The Kingly Crown, and placed it first on mine.
He never failed me; what have I deserved
To lose this good man's heart, or he, his own?

Urswick The night doth waste, this passion ill becomes ye;
Provide against your danger. King Henry Let it be so.
Urswick command straight Stanley to his chamber.
'Tis well we are i' th' Tower; set a guard on him;
Clifford to bed; you must lodge here tonight,
We'll talk with you tomorrow: my sad soul
Divines strange troubles. Daubeney Ho, the King, the King,
I must have entrance. King Henry Daubeney’s voice; admit him.
What new combustions huddle next to keepe
Our eyes from rest? — the news?

Enter Daubeney.

Daubeney Ten thousand Cornish grudging to pay your
Subsidies, have gathered a head, led by a
Blacksmith, and a Lawyer, they make for London,
Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.

Actus Secundus: Scaena prima.

Enter above: Countess of Crawford, Katherine, Jane, with other Ladies.

Countess Come Ladies, here’s a solemn preparation For entertainment of this English Prince; The King intends grace more than ordinary, ’twere pity now, if a’ should prove a Counterfeit. Katherine Bless the young man, our Nation would be laughed at For honest souls through Christendom: my father Hath a weak stomach to the business (Madam) But that the King must not be crossed. Countess ’A brings A goodly troop (they say) of gallants with him; But very modest people, for they strive not To fame their names too much; their godfathers May be beholding to them, but their fathers Scarce owe them thanks: they are disguised Princes, Brought up it seems to honest trades; no matter; They will break forth in season. Jane. Or break out. For most of ’em are broken by report; — The King, Katherine Let us observe ’em and be silent.

Flourish.

Enter King James, Huntly, Crawford, and Dalieill.

King James The right of Kings (my Lords) extends not only To the safe Conservation of their own; But also to the aid of such Allies As change of time, and state, hath often times Hurl’d down from careful Crowns, to undergo An exercise of sufferance in both fortunes: So English Richard surnamed Coeur-de-lion, So Robert Bruce our royal Ancestor, Forced by the trial of the wrongs they felt, Both sought, and found supplies, from foreign Kings To repossess their own: then grudge not (Lords) A much distressed Prince, King Charles of France, And Maximilian of Bohemia both,

Have ratified his Credit by their Letters.
Hautboys.

Daliell goes out, brings in Perkin at the door where Crawford entertains him, and from Crawford, Huntly salutes him, and presents him to the King: they embrace, Perkin in state retires some few paces back: During which Ceremony, the Noblemen slightly salute Frion, Heron a Mercer, Skelton a Tailor, Astley a Scrivener, with John a-Water, all Perkins followers. Salutations ended: cease Music.

Warbeck Most high, most mighty King! that now there stands Before your eyes, in presence of your Peers, A subject of the rarest kind of pity That hath in any age touched noble hearts, The vulgar story of a Prince’s ruin, Hath made it too apparent: EUROPE knows, And all the Western World what persecution Hath raged in malice, against Us, sole heir To the great throne, of old Plantagenets. How from our Nursery, we have been hurried Unto the Sanctuary, from the Sanctuary Forced to the Prison, from the Prison hauled By cruel hands, to the tormentor’s fury; Is registered already in the Volume Of all men’s tongues, whose true relation draws Compassion, melted into weeping eyes, And bleeding souls: but our misfortunes since, Have ranged a larger progress through strange Lands. Protected in our Innocence by Heaven. Edward the Fifth our brother, in his Tragedy

Quenched their hot thirst of blood, whose hire to murder Paid them their wages, of despair and horror; The softness of my childhood smiled upon The roughness of their task, and robbed them farther Of hearts to dare, or hands to execute. Great King they spared my life, the butchers spared it; Returned the tyrant, my unnatural Uncle, A truth of my dispatch; I was conveyed With secrecy and speed to Tournay; fostered By obscure means, taught to unlearn myself: But as I grew in years, I grew in sense
Of fear, and of disdain; fear, of the tyrant
Whose power swayed the throne then, when disdain
Of living so unknown, in such a servile
And abject lowness, prompted me to thoughts
Of recollecting who I was; I shook off
My bondage, and made haste to let my *Aunt*
*Of Burgundy* acknowledge me her kinsman;
Heir to the Crown of *England*, snatched by *Henry*
From *Richard*’s head; a thing scarce known i’ th’ world.

*King James*  My Lord, it stands not with your Counsel now
To fly upon invectives, if you can
Make this apparent what you have discoursed
In every Circumstance, we will not study
An answer, but are ready in your Cause.

*Warbeck*  You are a wise, and just King, by the powers
Above, reserved beyond all other aids
To plant me in *mine own inheritance*:
To marry these two Kingdoms in a love
Never to be divorced, while time is time.
As for the manner first of my escape,
Of my Conveyance, next, of my life since,
The means, and persons, who were instruments;
Great Sir, ’tis fit I overpass in silence:
Reserving the relation, to the secrecy
Of your own Princely ear, since it concerns
Some *great Ones* living yet, and others dead,

Whose issue might be questioned. For your bounty,
Royal magnificence to him that seeks it,
WE vow hereafter, to demean ourself,
As if we were your own, and natural brother:
Omitting no occasion in *our person*,
To express a gratitude, beyond example.

*King James*  He must be more than subject, who can utter
The language of a King, and such is thine.
Take this for answer, be whate’er thou art,
Thou never shalt repent that thou hast put
Thy cause, and person, into my protection.
*Cousin of York*, thus once more We embrace thee;
Welcome to *James of Scotland*, for thy safety,
Know such as love thee not, shall never wrong thee.
Come, we will taste a while our Court delights,
Dream hence afflictions past, and then proceed
To high attempts of honor, on, lead on;
Both thou and thine are ours, and we will guard ye.
Lead on. — *Exeunt, Manent Ladies above.*

*Countess*  I have not seen a Gentleman
Of a more brave aspect, or goodlier carriage;
His fortunes move not him — Madam, y’ are passionate.
Katherine  Beshrew me, but his words have touched me home,
As if his cause concerned me; I should pity him
If ’a should prove another than he seems.

Enter Crawford.

Crawford  Ladies the King commands your presence instantly,
For entertainment of the Duke. Katherine  The Duke
Must then be entertained, the King obeyed:
It is our duty. Countess  We will all wait on him.  Exeunt.

Flourish.

Enter King Henry: Oxford; Durham; Surrey.

King Henry:  Have ye condemned my Chamberlain?
Durham  His treasons condemned him (Sir,) which were as
Clear and manifest, as foul and dangerous:
Besides the guilt of his conspiracy pressed him
So nearly, that it drew from him free
Confession without an importunity.

King Henry:  Oh Lord Bishop,
This argued shame, and sorrow for his folly;
And must not stand in evidence against
Our mercy, and the softness of our nature
The rigor and extremity of Law
Is sometimes too too bitter, but we carry
A Chancery of pity in our bosom.
I hope we may reprieve him from the sentence
Of death; I hope, we may.  Durham  You may, you may;
And so persuade your Subjects, that the title
Of York is better, nay, more just, and lawful,
Than yours of Lancaster; so Stanley holds:
Which if it be not treason in the highest,
Then we are traitors all; perjured and false,
Who have took oath to Henry, and the justice
Of Henry’s title; Oxford, Surrey, Daubeney,
With all your other Peers of State, and Church,
Forsworn, and Stanley true alone to Heaven,
And England’s lawful heir. Oxford  By Vere’s old honors,
I’ll cut his throat dares speak it. Surrey  ’Tis a quarrel
To engage a soul in.  King Henry:  What a coil is here,
To keep my gratitude sincere and perfect?
Stanley was once my friend, and came in time
To save my life; yet to say truth (my Lords,)
The man stayed long enough t’ endanger it:
But I could see no more into his heart,
Then what his outward actions did present;

wln 0658  wln 0659  wln 0660
wln 0661
wln 0662  wln 0663  wln 0664  wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
wln 0668  wln 0669
wln 0670  wln 0671  wln 0672  wln 0673  wln 0674  wln 0675  wln 0676  wln 0677  wln 0678  wln 0679  wln 0680  wln 0681  wln 0682  wln 0683  wln 0684  wln 0685  wln 0686  wln 0687  wln 0688  wln 0689  wln 0690  wln 0691  wln 0692  wln 0693  wln 0694  wln 0695  wln 0696  wln 0697  wln 0698  wln 0699  wln 0700
Exeunt.

Enter Stanley; Executioner: Urswick and Daubeney.

And for ’em have rewarded ’em so fully,
As that there wanted nothing in our gift
To gratify his merit, as I thought,
Unless I should divide my Crown with him,
And give him half; though now I well perceive
’Twould scarce have served his turn, without the whole.

But I am Charitable (Lords) let Justice
Proceed in execution, whiles I mourn
The loss of one, whom I esteemed a friend.

Durham Sir, he is coming this way. King Henry: If ’a speak to me,
I could deny him nothing; to prevent it,
I must withdraw, pray (Lords) commend my favors
To his last peace, which I with him, will pray for:
That done, it doth concern us, to consult
Of other following troubles. Exeunt.

Oxford I am glad he’s gone, upon my life he would
Have pardoned the Traitor, had ’a seen him.

Surrey ’Tis a King composed of gentleness.

Durham Rare, and unheard of;
But every man is nearest to himself,
And that the King observes, ’tis fit ’a should.

Enter Stanley; Executioner: Urswick and Daubeney.

Stanley May I not speak with Clifford ere I shake
This piece of Frailty off? Daubeney You shall, he’s sent for.

Stanley I must not see the King? Durham From him Sir William
These Lords and I am sent, he bade us say
That he commends his mercy to your thoughts;
Wishing the Laws of England could remit
The forfeit of your life, as willingly
As he would in the sweetness of his nature,
Forget your trespass; but howe’er your body
Fall into dust, He vows, the King himself
Doth vow, to keep a requiem for your soul,
As for a friend, close treasured in his bosom.

Oxford Without remembrance of your errors past,
I come to take my leave, and wish you Heaven.

Surrey And I, good Angels guard ye. Stanley Oh the King
Next to my soul, shall be the nearest subject
Of my last prayers; my grave Lord of Durham,
My Lords of Oxford, Surrey, Daubeney, all,
Accept from a poor dying man, a farewell.

I was as you are once, great, and stood hopeful
Of many flourishing years, but fate, and time
Enter Clifford.

Daubeney Sir Robert Clifford comes, the man (Sir William) You so desire to speak with. Durham Mark their meeting.

Clifford Sir William Stanley, I am glad your Conscience Before your end, hath emptied every burden Which charged it, as that you can clearly witness, How far I have proceeded in a duty That both concerned my truth, and the State’s safety.

Stanley Mercy, how dear is life to such as hug it? Come hither — by this token think on me — Makes a Cross on Clifford’s face with his finger.

Clifford This token? What? I am abused? Stanley You are not.

I wet upon your cheeks a holy Sign, The Cross, the Christians’ badge, the Traitor’s infamy: Wear Clifford to thy grave this painted Emblem:
Water shall never wash it off, all eyes That gaze upon thy face, shall read there written, A State-Informer’s Character, more ugly Stamped on a noble name, then on a base.
The Heavens forgive thee; pray (my Lords) no change Of words: this man and I have used too many.

Clifford Shall I be disgraced without reply? Durham Give losers Leave to talk; his loss is irrecoverable. Stanley Once more To all a long farewell; the best of greatness
Preserve the King; my next suit is (my Lords) To be remembered to my noble Brother, Derby my much grieved brother; Oh! persuade him, That I shall stand no blemish to his house, In Chronicles writ in another age.
My heart doth bleed for him; and for his sighs, Tell him, he must not think, the style of Derby, Nor being husband to King Henry’s Mother, The league with Peers, the smiles of Fortune, can Secure his peace, above the state of man:

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

Clifford Was I called hither by a Traitor’s breath To be upbraided? Lords, the King shall know it.

Enter King Henry with a white staff.

King Henry: The King doth know it Sir; the King hath heard What he or you could say; We have given credit To every point of Clifford’s information, The only evidence ’gainst Stanley’s head.
’A dies for ’t, are you pleased? Clifford I pleased my Lord!
King Henry: No echoes: for your service, we dismiss
Your more attendance on the Court; take ease
And live at home; but as you love your life,
Stir not from London without leave from us.
We'll think on your reward, away.

Clifford I go Sir.

King Henry Die all our griefs with Stanley; take this staff
Of office Daubeney, henceforth be our Chamberlain.

Daubeney I am your humblest servant.

King Henry: We are followed
By enemies at home, that will not cease
To seek their own confusion; 'tis most true,
The Cornish under Awdley are marched on
As far as Winchester; but let them come,
Our forces are in readiness, we’ll catch ’em
In their own toils. Daubeney Your Army, being mustered,
Consist in all, of horse and foot, at least
In number six and twenty thousand; men
Daring, and able, resolute to fight,
And loyal in their truths.

King Henry: We know it Daubeney:
For them, we order thus, Oxford in chief
Assisted by bold Essex, and the Earl
Of Suffolk, shall lead on the first Battalia:
Be that your charge.

Oxford I humbly thank your Majesty.

King Henry The next Division we assign to Daubeney:
These must be men of action, for on those
The fortune of our fortunes, must rely.
The last and main, ourself commands in person,
As ready to restore the fight at all times,
As to consummate an assured victory.

Daubeney The King is still oraculous. King Henry But Surrey,
We have employment of more toil for thee!
For our intelligence comes swiftly to us,
That James of Scotland, late hath entertained
Perkin the counterfeit, with more than common
Grace and respect; nay courts him with rare favors;
The Scot is young and forward, we must look for
A sudden storm to England from the North:
Which to withstand, Durham shall post to Norham,
To fortify the Castle, and secure
The frontiers, against an Invasion there.
Surrey shall follow soon, with such an Army,
As may relieve the Bishop, and encounter
On all occasions, the death-daring Scots.
You know your charges all, ’tis now a time
To execute, not talk, Heaven is our guard still.
War must breed peace, such is the fate of Kings.

*Exeunt.*

Enter Crawford and Daliell.

*Crawford* ’Tis more than strange, my reason cannot answer
Such argument of fine Imposture, couched
In witchcraft of persuasion, that it fashions
Impossibilities, as if appearance
Could cozen *truth itself;* this Dukeling Mushroom
Hath doubtless charmed the King. *Daliell:* ’A courts the Ladies,
As if his strength of language, chained attention
By power of prerogative. *Crawford* It madded
My very soul, to hear our *Master’s* motion:
What surety both of amity, and honor,

Must of necessity ensue upon
A match betwixt some noble of our Nation,
And this brave Prince forsooth. *Daliell* ’Twill prove too fatal,
Wise *Huntly* fears the threatening. Bless the Lady
From such a ruin *Crawford* How the Counsel privy
Of this young *Phaeton,* do screw their faces
Into a gravity, their trades (good people)
Were never guilty of? the meanest of ’em
Dreams of at least an office in the State.

*Daliell* Sure not the Hangman’s, ’tis bespoke already
For service to their rogueships — silence.

*Enter King James and Huntly.*

*King James,* Do not —
Argue against our will; we have descended
Somewhat (as we may term it) too familiarly
From Justice of our birthright, to examine
The force of your allegiance: — Sir, we have;
But find it short of duty!

*Huntly* Break my heart,
Do, do, King; have my services, my loyalty,
(Heaven knows untainted ever) drawn upon me
Contempt now in mine age? when I but wanted
A minute of a peace not to be troubled?
My last, my long one? Let me be a Dotard,
A Bedlam, a poor sot, or what you please
To have me, so you will not stain your blood,
Your own blood (royal Sir) though mixed with mine,
By marriage of this girl to a straggler!
Take, take my head Sir, whilst my tongue can wag
It cannot name him other. *King James* Kings are counterfeits
In your repute (grave Oracle) not presently
Set on their thrones, with Sceptres in their fists:
But use your own detraction: ’tis our pleasure
To give our Cousin York for wife our kinswoman
The Lady Katherine: Instinct of sovereignty
Designs the honor, though her peevish Father
Usurps our Resolution.  Huntly  O ’tis well,

Exceeding well, I never was ambitious
Of using Congees to my Daughter Queen:
A Queen, perhaps a Queen? — Forgive me Daliell
Thou honorable Gentleman, none here
Dare speak one word of Comfort?  Daliell  Cruel misery!
    Crawford  The Lady gracious Prince, maybe hath settled
Affection on some former choice.
    Daliell  Enforcement, would prove but tyranny.
    Huntly  I thank ’ee heartily.
Let any yeoman of our Nation challenge
An interest in the girl: then the King
May add a Jointure of ascent in titles,
Worthy a free consent; now ’a pulls down
What old Desert hath builded.  King James  Cease persuasions,
I violate no pawns of faiths, intrude not
On private loves; that I have played the Orator
For Kingly York to virtuous Kate, her grant
Can justify, referring her contents
To our provision. the Welsh Harry, henceforth
Shall therefore know, and tremble to acknowledge,
That not the painted Idol of his policy,
Shall fright the lawful owner from a Kingdom.
We are resolved.  Huntly  Some of thy Subjects’ hearts
King James will bleed for this!  King James  Then shall their bloods
Be nobly spent; no more disputes, he is not
Our friend who contradicts us.  Huntly  Farewell Daughter!
My care by one is lessened; thank the King for ’t,  Enter.
I and my griefs will dance now,— Look Lords look,
Here’s hand in hand already?  King James  Peace old frenzy.

Enter Warbeck leading Katherine, complementing;
Countess of Crawford, Jane, Frion, Mayor
of Cork, Astley, Heron and Skelton.

How like a King ’a looks? Lords, but observe
The confidence of his aspect? Dross cannot
Cleave to so pure a metal; royal youth!
Plantagenet undoubted!  Huntly  Ho brave Lady!

But no Plantagenet by ’r Lady yet
By red Rose or by white.  Warbeck  An Union this way,
Settles possession in a Monarchy
Established rightly, as is my inheritance:
Acknowledge me but Sovereign of this Kingdom,
Your heart (fair Princess) and the hand of providence,
Shall crown you Queen of me, and my best fortunes.

Katherine    Where my obedience is (my Lord) a duty,
Love owes true service. Warbeck    Shall I? — King James    Cousin yes,
Enjoy her; from my hand accept your bride;
And may they live at enmity with comfort,
Who grieve at such an equal pledge of troths.
Y’ are the Prince’s wife now. Katherine    By your gift Sir;
A father’s blessing: Let me find it; — humbly
Upon my knees I seek it. Huntly    I am Huntly
Old Alexander Gordon, a plain subject,
Nor more, nor less; and Lady, if you wish for
A blessing, you must bend your knees to Heaven;
For Heaven did give me you; alas, alas,
What would you have me say? may all the happiness
My prayers ever sued to fall upon you,
Preserve you in your virtues; — prithee Daliell
Come with me; for, I feel thy griefs as full
As mine, let’s steal away, and cry together.       Exeunt Huntly
Daliell    My hopes are in their ruins.       and Daliell.
King James    Good kind Huntly
Is overjoyed, a fit solemnity,
Shall perfect these delights: Crawford attend
Our order for the preparation.       Exeunt, manent, Frion, Major,
Astley, Heron, and Skelton.

Frion    Now worthy Gentlemen, have I not followed
My undertakings with success? Here’s entrance
Into a certainty above a hope.
Heron.    Hopes are but hopes, I was ever confident, when I traded
but in remnants, that my stars had reserved me to the title of
a Viscount at least, honor is honor though cut out of any stuffs.

Skelton    My brother Heron, hath right wisely delivered his opinion:
for he that threads his needle with the sharp eyes of industry,
shall in time go throughstitch, with the new suit of
preferment.
Astley.    Spoken to the purpose my fine witted brother Skelton,
for as no Indenture, but has its counterpane; no Noverint but
his Condition, or Defeasance; so no right, but may have claim,
no claim but may have possession, any act of Parliament to the
Contrary notwithstanding.
Frion.    You are all read in mysteries of State,
And quick of apprehension, deep in judgement,
Active in resolution; and ’tis pity
Such counsel should lie buried in obscurity.
But why in such a time and cause of triumph,
Stands the judicious Mayor of Cork so silent?
Believe it Sir, as ENGLISH RICHARD prospers,
You must not miss employment of high nature.

Mayor. If men may be credited in their mortality, which I
dare not peremptorily aver, but they may, or not be; presumptions
by this marriage are then (in sooth) of fruitful expectation.
Or else I must not justify other men's belief, more than other
should rely on mine.

Frion. Pith of experience, those that have borne office,
Weigh every word before it can drop from them;
But noble Counselors, since now the present,
Requires in point of honor (pray mistake not)
Some service to our Lord; 'tis fit the Scots
Should not engross all glory to themselves,
At this so grand, and eminent solemnity.

Skelton The Scots? the motion is defied: I had rather, for my
part, without trial of my Country, suffer persecution under the
pressing Iron of reproach: or let my skin be pinched full of eyelet
holes, with the Bodkin of Derision.

Astley I will sooner lose both my ears on the Pillory of
Forgerie.

Heron. Let me first live a Bankrupt, and die in the lousy hole
of hunger, without compounding for six pence in the pound.

Mayor. If men fail not in their expectations, there may be
spirits also that digest no rude affronts (Master Secretary Frion)
or I am cozened: which is possible I grant.

Frion. Resolved like men of knowledge; at this feast then
In honor of the Bride, the Scots I know,
Will in some show, some masque, or some Device,
Prefer their duties: now it were uncomely,
That we be found less forward for our Prince,
Than they are for their Lady; and by how much
We outshine them in persons of account,
By so much more will our endeavors meet with
A livelier applause. Great Emperors,
Have for their recreations undertook
Such kind of pastimes; as for the Conceit,
Refer it to my study; the performance
You all shall share a thanks in, 'twill be grateful.

Heron. The motion is allowed, I have stole to a dancing
School when I was a Prentice.

Astley There have been Irish-Hubbubs, when I have made
one too.

Skelton For fashioning of shapes, and cutting a cross-caper,
turn me off to my trade again.

Mayor. Surely, there is, if I be not deceived, a kind of gravity
in merriment: as, there is, or perhaps ought to be, respect of
Exeunt, manet Frion.

Enter King Henry, his Gorget on, his sword, plume of feathers, leading staff, and Urswick.

King Henry: How runs the time of day?
Urswick: Past ten my Lord.

King Henry: A bloody hour will it prove to some,
Whose disobedience, like the sons o’ th’ earth,
Throw a defiance ’gainst the face of Heaven.
Oxford, with Essex, and stout De la Pole,
Have quieted the Londoners (I hope)
And set them safe from fear! Urswick They are all silent.

King Henry From their own battlements, they may behold,
Saint George’s fields o’erspread with armed men;
Amongst whom, our own royal Standard threatens
Confusion to opposers; we must learn
To practice war again in time of peace,
Or lay our Crown before our Subjects’ feet,
Ha, Urswick, must we not? Urswick The powers, who seated
King Henry on his lawful throne, will ever
Rise up in his defense. King Henry Rage shall not fright
The bosom of our confidence; in Kent
Our Cornish Rebels cozened of their hopes,
Met brave resistance by that Country’s Earl,
George Aberg’enny, Cobham, Poynings, Guilford,
And other loyal hearts; now if Blackheath
Must be reserved the fatal tomb to swallow
Such stiff-necked Abjects, as with weary Marches,
Have travailed from their homes, their wives, and children,
To pay instead of Subsidies their lives,
We may continue Sovereign? yet *Urswick*

We’ll not abate one penny, what in *Parliament*
Hath freely been contributed; we must not;
*Money gives soul to action*; Our Competitor,
The *Flemish Counterfeit*, with *James of Scotland*,
Will prove, what courage *need, and want*, can nourish
Without the food of fit supplies; but *Urswick*
I have a charm in secret, that shall loose
The Witchcraft, wherewith young *King James* is bound,
And free it at my pleasure without bloodshed.

*Urswick* Your Majesty’s a wise King, sent from Heaven
Protector of the just.

*King Henry* Let dinner cheerfully
Be served in; this day of the week is ours,
*Our day of providence*, for *Saturday*
Yet never failed in all my undertakings,
To yield me rest at night; what means this warning?
Good Fate, speak peace to *Henry*.

A Flourish.

*Enter Daubeney, Oxford, and attendants.*

*Daubeney* Live the King,
Triumphant in the ruin of his enemies.

*Oxford* The head of strong rebellion is cut off,
The body hewed in pieces: *King Henry* *Daubeney, Oxford*,
Minions to noblest fortunes, how yet stands
The comfort of your wishes? *Daubeney* Briefly thus:
The *Cornish* under *Awdley* disappointed
Of flattered expectation, from the *Kentish*
(Your Majesty’s right trusty Liegemen) flew,
Feathered by rage, and heartened by presumption,
To take the field, even at your Palace gates,
And face you in your *chamber Royal*; Arrogance,
Improved their ignorance; for they supposing,
(Misled by rumor) that the day of battle
Should fall on Monday, rather braved your forces
Then doubted any onset; yet this Morning,
When in the dawning I by your direction

Strove to get *Dertford Strand bridge*, there I found
Such a resistance, as might show what strength
Could make; here Arrows hailed in showers upon us
*A full yard long at least*, but we prevailed.
*My Lord of Oxford* with his fellow Peers,
Environing the hill, fell fiercely on them
On the one side, I on the other, till (great Sir)
(Pardon the oversight) eager of doing
Some memorable act, I was engaged
Almost a prisoner, but was freed as soon
As sensible of danger: now the fight
Began in heat, which quenched in the blood of
Two thousand Rebels, and as many more
Reserved to try your mercy, have returned
A victory with safety. King Henry Have we lost
An equal number with them? Oxford In the total
Scarcely four hundred: Awdley, Flammock, Joseph,
The Ring-leaders of this Commotion,
Railed in ropes, fit Ornaments for traitors,
Wait your determinations. King Henry We must pay
Our thanks where they are only due: Oh, Lords,
Here is no victory, nor shall our people
Conceive that we can triumph in their falls.
Alas, poor souls! Let such as are escaped
Steal to the Country back without pursuit:
There’s not a drop of blood spilt, but hath drawn
As much of mine, their swords could have wrought wonders
On their King’s part, who faintly were unsheathed
Against their Prince, but wounded their own breasts.
Lords we are debtors to your care, our payment
Shall be both sure, and fitting your Deserts.
Daubeney Sir, will you please to see those Rebels, heads
Of this wild Monster multitude? King Henry Dear friend,
My faithful Daubeney, no; on them our Justice
Must frown in terror, I will not vouchsafe
An eye of pity to them, let false Awdley
Be drawn upon an hurdle from the Newgate

To Tower Hill in his own coat of Arms
Painted on paper, with the Arms reversed,
Defaced, and torn, there let him lose his head.
The Lawyer and the Blacksmith shall be hanged,
Quartered, their quarters into Cornwall sent,
Examples to the rest, whom we are pleased
To pardon, and dismiss from further quest.
My Lord of Oxford see it done.
King Henry To Dinham our high treasurer,
Say we command Commissions be new granted,
For the Collection of our Subsidies
Through all the West, and that speedily.
Lords we acknowledge our engagements due
For your most constant services.
Daubeney Your Soldiers
Have manfully and faithfully acquitted
Their several duties.
King Henry  For it, we will throw
A Largesse free amongst them, which shall hearten
And cherish up their Loyalties, more yet
Remains of like employment, not a man
Can be dismissed, till enemies abroad
More dangerous than these at home, have felt
The puissance of our Arms, oh happy Kings
Whose thrones are raised in their Subjects’ hearts.

Enter Huntly and Daliell.

Huntly  Now, Sir a modest word with you (sad Gentleman)
Is not this fine, I trow, to see the gambols,
To hear the Jigs, observe the frisks, b’ enchanted
With the rare discord of bells, pipes and tabors,
Hotchpotch of Scotch and Irish twingle twangles,
Like to so many Quiristers of Bedlam,
Trolling a catch? the feasts, the manly stomachs,
The healths in Usquabaugh, and bony clabber,
The Ale in dishes never fetched from China,
The hundred thousand knacks not to be spoken of,
And all this for King Oberon, and Queen Mab,
Should put a soul in t’ee: look ’ee (good man)
How youthful I am grown, but by your leave,
This new Queen Bride, must henceforth be no more
My Daughter, no by ’r lady, ’tis unfit.
And yet you see how I do bear this change,
Methinks courageously, then shake off care
In such a time of jollity.  Daliell  Alas Sir,
How can you cast a mist upon your griefs?
Which howsoe’er you shadow, but present
To any judging eye, the perfect substance
Of which mine are but counterfeits.  Huntly  Foh Daliell
Thou interrupts the part I bear in Music
To this rare bridal feast, let us be merry;
Whilst flattering calms secure us against storms,
Tempests when they begin to roar, put out
The light of peace and cloud the Sun’s bright eye
In darkness of despair, yet we are safe.

Daliell  I wish you could as easily forget
The Justice of your sorrows, as my hopes
Can yield to destiny.

Huntly  Pish then I see
Thou dost not know the flexible condition
Of my apt nature, I can laugh, laugh heartily
When the Gout cramps my joints, let but the stone
Stop in my bladder, I am straight a singing,
The Quartane fever shrinking every limb,
Sets me a cap’ring straight, do but betray me
And bind me a friend ever. what I trust
The losing of a Daughter, (though I doted
On every hair that grew to trim her head)
Admits not any pain like one of these.
Come th’ art deceived in me, give me a blow,
A sound blow on the face, I’ll thank thee for ’t,
I love my wrongs, still th’ art deceived in me.

_Daliell_  Deceived? Oh noble _Huntly_, my few years
Have learned experience of too ripe an age
To forfeit fit credulity, forgive
My rudeness, I am bold. _Huntly_ Forgive me first
A madness of ambition, by example
Teach me humility, for patience scorns,
Lectures which Schoolmen use to read to boys
Uncapable of injuries; though old
I could grow tough in fury, and disclaim
Allegiance to my King, could fall at odds
With all my fellow Peers, that durst not stand
Defendants ’gainst the rape done on mine honor.
But Kings are earthly gods, there is no meddling
With their anointed bodies, for their actions,
They only are accountable to Heaven.
Yet in the puzzle of my troubled brain
One Antidote’s reserved against the poison
Of my distractions, ’tis in thee t’ apply it.

_Daliell_  Name it, oh name it quickly Sir! _Huntly_ A pardon
For my most foolish slighting thy Deserts,
I have culled out this time to beg it, prithee
Be gentle, had I been so, thou hadst owned
A happy Bride, but now a cast away,
And never child of mine more.

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

_Huntly_  The world would prate
How she was handsome; young I know she was,
Tender, and sweet in her obedience;
But lost now; what a bankrupt am I made
Of a full stock of blessings. — must I hope
a mercy from thy heart?  _Daliell_  A love, a service,
A friendship to posterity.  _Huntly_  Good Angels
Reward thy charity, I have no more
But prayers left me now.  _Daliell_  I’ll lend you mirth (Sir)
If you will be in Consort.  _Huntly_  Thank ye truly:
I must, yes, yes, I must; here’s yet some ease,
A partner in affliction, look not angry.
Flourish.

Enter King James, Warbeck leading Katherine, Crawford, Countess, and Jane, Huntly, and Daliell fall among them.

Music.
The Maskers dance.

Daliell  Good noble Sir.
Huntly  Oh hark, we may be quiet,
The King and all the others come: a meeting
Of gawdy sights; this days the last of Revels;
 tomorrow sounds of war; then new exchange:
Fiddles must turn to swords, unhappy marriage!
   Flourish.

Enter King James, Warbeck leading Katherine, Crawford, Countess, and Jane, Huntly, and Daliell fall among them.

King James  Cousin of York, you and your Princely Bride,
Have liberally enjoyed such soft delights,
As a new married couple could forethink:
Nor has our bounty shortened expectation;
But after all those pleasures of repose,
Or amorous safety, we must rouse the ease
Of dalliance, with achievements of more glory,
Than sloth and sleep can furnish: yet, for farewell,
Gladly we entertain a truce with time,
To grace the joint endeavors of our servants.

Warbeck  My Royal Cousin, in your Princely favor,
The extent of bounty hath been so unlimited,
As only an acknowledgement in words,
Would breed suspicion in our state, and quality:
When We shall in the fullness of our fate
(Whose Minister necessity will perfect.)
Sit on our own throne; then our arms laid open
To gratitude, in sacred memory
Of these large benefits, shall twine them close
Even to our thoughts, and heart, without distinction.
Then James, and Richard, being in effect
One person, shall unite and rule one people.
Divisible in titles only.  King James  Seat ye;
Are the presenters ready?

Crawford  All are ent’ring.

Huntly  Dainty sport towards Daliell, sit, come sit,
Sit and be quiet, here are Kingly bug’s-words.

Enter at one door four Scotch Antics, accordingly habited;
   Enter at another four wild Irish in Trowse,
   long haired, and accordingly habited. Music.
   The Maskers dance.

King James  To all a general thanks!
Warbeck  In the next Room
Take your own shapes again, you shall receive
Particular acknowledgement.  King James  Enough
Of merriments; Crawford, how far’s our Army
Upon the March? Crawford At Hedenhall (great King)
Twelve thousand well prepared. King James Crawford, tonight
Post thither We in person with the Prince
By four o’clock tomorrow after dinner,
Will be wi’ ye; speed away! Crawford I fly my Lord.

King James Our business grows to head now, where’s your
Secretary that he attends ’ee not to serve?

Warbeck With Marchmount your Herald.

King James Good: the Proclamations ready;
By that it will appear, how the English stand
Affected to your title; Huntly comfort
Your Daughter in her Husband’s absence; fight
With prayers at home for us, who for your honors,
Must toil in fight abroad.

Huntly Prayers are the weapons,
Which men, so near their graves as I, do use.
I’ve little else to do.

King James To rest young beauties!
We must be early stirring, quickly part,
“A Kingdom’s rescue craves both speed and art.
Cousins good night. Flourish.

Warbeck Rest to our Cousin King. Katherine Your blessing Sir;
Huntly Fair blessings on your Highness, sure you need ’em.

Exeunt omnes, Manent, Warbeck and Katherine.

Warbeck Jane set the lights down, and from us return
To those in the next room, this little purse
Say we’ll deserve their loves. Jane. It shall be done Sir.

Warbeck Now dearest; ere sweet sleep shall seal those eyes,
(Love’s precious tapers,) give me leave to use
A parting Ceremony; for tomorrow,
It would be sacrilege to intrude upon
The temple of thy peace: swift as the morning,
Must I break from the down of thy embraces,
To put on steel, and trace the paths which lead
Through various hazards to a careful throne.

Katherine My Lord, I would fain go wi’ ye, there’s small fortune
In staying here behind. Warbeck The churlish brow
Of war (fair dearest) is a sight of horror
For Lady’s entertainment; if thou hear’st
A truth of my sad ending by the hand
Of some unnatural subject, thou withal
Shalt hear, how I died worthy of my right,
By falling like a KING; and in the close
Which my last breath shall sound, thy name, thou fairest
Shall sing a requiem to my soul, unwilling
Only of greater glory, ’cause divided
From such a heaven on earth, as life with thee.
But these are chimes for funerals, my business
Attends on fortune of a sprightlier triumph;
for love and Majesty are reconciled,
And vow to crown thee Empress of the West.

Katherine You have a noble language (Sir,) your right
In me is without question, and however
Events of time may shorten my deserts,
In others’ pity; yet it shall not stagger,
Or constancy, or duty in a wife.
You must be King of me, and my poor heart
Is all I can call mine. Warbeck But we will live;
Live (beauteous virtue) by the lively test
Of our own blood, to let the Counterfeit
Be known the world’s contempt.

Katherine Pray do not use
That word, it carries fate in ’t; the first suit
I ever made, I trust your love will grant!

Warbeck Without denial (dearest.) Katherine That hereafter,
If you return with safety, no adventure
May sever us in tasting any fortune:
I ne’er can stay behind again. Warbeck Y’ are Lady
Of your desires, and shall command your will:
Yet ’tis too hard a promise.

Katherine What our Destinies
Have ruled out in their Books, we must not search
But kneel to.

Warbeck Then to fear when hope is fruitless,
Were to be desperately miserable;
Which poverty, our greatness dares not dream of,
And much more scorns to stoop to; some few minutes
Remain yet, let’s be thrifty in our hopes. Exeunt.

Enter King Henry, Hialas, and Urswick.

King Henry Your name is Pedro Hialas: a Spaniard?
Hialas. Sir a Castillian born. King Henry King Ferdinand
With wise Queen Isabell his royal consort,
Write ’ee a man of worthy trust and candor.
Princes are dear to heaven, who meet with Subjects
Sincere in their employments; such I find
Your commendation (Sir,) let me deliver
How joyful I repute the amity,
With your most fortunate Master, who almost
Comes near a miracle, in his success
Against the Moors, who had devoured his Country,
Entire now to his Sceptre; We, for our part
Will imitate his providence, in hope
Of partage in the use on ’t; We repute
The privacy of his advisement to us
By you, intended an Ambassador
To Scotland for a peace between our Kingdoms;
A policy of love, which well becomes
His wisdom, and our care.  Hialas.  Your Majesty
Doth understand him rightly.

King Henry  Else, your knowledge can instruct me, wherein (Sir)

To fall on Ceremony, would seem useless,
Which shall not need; for I will be as studious
Of your concealment in our Conference,
As any Counsel shall advise.  Hialas.  Then (Sir)
My chief request is, that on notice given
At my dispatch in Scotland, you will send
Some learned man of power and experience
To join in treaty with me.  King Henry  I shall do it,
Being that way well provided by a servant
Which may attend ’ee ever.  Hialas.  If King James
By any indirection should perceive
My coming near your Court, I doubt the issue
Of my employment.

King Henry  Be not your own Herald,
I learn sometimes without a teacher.

Hialas.  Good days guard all your Princely thoughts.

King Henry  Urswick no further
Than the next open Gallery attend him.
A hearty love go with you.


King Henry  King Ferdinand is not so much a Fox,
But that a cunning Huntsman may in time
Fall on the sent; in honorable actions
Safe imitation best deserves a praise.

Enter Urswick.

What the Castillian’s passed away?  Urswick  He is,
And undiscovered; the two hundred marks
Your Majesty conveyed, ’a gently pursed,
With a right modest gravity.  King Henry  What was’t
’A muttered in the earnest of his wisdom,
’A spoke not to be heard?  ’Twas about —  Urswick  Warbeck;
How if King Henry were but sure of Subjects,
Such a wild runagate might soon be caged,
No great ado withstandig.  King Henry  Nay, nay, something
About my son Prince Arthur’s match!

Urswick  Right, right, Sir.
’A hummed it out, how that King Ferdinand

Sware, that the marriage ’twixt the Lady Katherine
His Daughter, and the Prince of Wales your Son,  
Should never be consummated, as long  
As any Earl of Warwick lived in England,  
Except by new Creation. King Henry I remember,  
’Twas so indeed, the King his Master swore it?

Urswick  Directly, as he said. King Henry  An Earl of Warwick!  
Provide a Messenger for Letters instantly  
To Bishop Fox. Our news from Scotland creeps,  
It comes so slow; we must have airy spirits:  
Our time requires dispatch, — the Earl of Warwick!  
Let him be son to Clarence, younger brother  
To Edward! Edward’s Daughter is I think  
Mother to our Prince Arthur; get a Messenger.  

Enter King James, Warbecke, Crawford, Daliell, Heron,  
Astley, Mayor, Skelton, and Soldiers.

King James  We trifle time against these Castle walls,  
The English Prelate will not yield, once more  
Give him a Summons!  

Enter above Durham armed, a Truncheon  
in his hand, and Soldiers.

Warbeck  See, the jolly Clerk  
Appears trimmed like a ruffian.  

King James  Bishop, yet  
Set ope the ports, and to your lawful Sovereign  
Richard of York surrender up this Castle,  
And he will take thee to his Grace; else Tweed  
Shall overflow his banks with English blood,  
And wash the sand that cements those hard stones,  
From their foundation.

Durham  Warlike King of Scotland,  
Vouchsafe a few words from a man enforced  
To lay his Book aside, and clap on Arms,  
Unsuitable to my age, or my profession.  
Courageous Prince, consider on what grounds,

You rend the face of peace, and break a League  
With a confederate King that courts your amity;  
For whom too? for a vagabond, a straggler,  
Not noted in the world by birth of name,  
An obscure peasant, by the rage of Hell  
Loosed from his chains, to set great Kings at strife.  
What Nobleman? what common man of note?  
What ordinary subject hath come in,  
Since first you footed on our Territories,  
To only feign a welcome? children laugh at
Your Proclamations, and the wiser pity,
So great a Potentate’s abuse, by one
Who juggles merely with the fawns and youth
Of an instructed compliment; such spoils,
Such slaughters as the rapine of your Soldiers
Already have committed, is enough
To show your zeal in a concetted Justice.
Yet (great King) wake not yet my Master’s vengeance:
But shake that Viper off which gnaws your entrails
I, and my fellow Subjects, are resolved
If you persist, to stand your utmost fury,
Till our last blood drop from us.

Warbeck    O Sir, lend
Me ear to this seducer of my honor!
What shall I call thee, (thou gray bearded Scandal)
That kickest against the Sovereignty to which
Thou owest allegiance? Treason is boldfaced,
And eloquent in mischief; sacred King
Be deafed to his known malice!  Durham    Rather yield
Unto those holy motions, which inspire
The sacred heart of an anointed body!
It is the surest policy in Princes,
To govern well their own, then seek encroachment
Upon another’s right.  Crawford    The King is serious,
Deepe in his meditation.  Dalieel    Lift them up
To heaven his better genius!

Warbeck    Can you study, while such a Devil raves? O Sir.

King James    Well, — Bishop,
You’ll not be drawn to mercy?  Durham    Conster me
In like case by a Subject of your own!
My resolutions fixed, King James be counselled.
A greater fate waits on thee.  
Exit Durham cum suis.

King James    Forage through
The Country, spare no prey of life, or goods,

Warbeck    O Sir, then give me leave to yield to nature,
I am most miserable; had I been
Born what this Clergyman would by defame
Baffle belief with, I had never sought
The truth of mine inheritance with rapes
Of women, or of infants murdered; Virgins
Deflowered; old men butchered; dwellings fired;
My Land depopulated; and my people
Afflicted with a Kingdom’s devastation.
Show more remorse great King, or I shall never
Endure to see such havoc with dry eyes:
Spare, spare, my dear dear England.

King James    You fool your piety
Ridiculously, careful of an interest
Another man possesseth! Where’s your faction?
Shrewdly the Bishop guessed of your adherents,
When not a petty Burgess of some Town,
No, not a Villager hath yet appeared
In your assistance, that should make ’ee whine,
And not your Country’s sufferance as you term it.

Dalilel The King is angry. Crawford And the passionate Duke,
Effeminately dolent. Warbeck The experience
In former trials (Sir) both of mine own
Or other Princes, cast out of their thrones,
Have so acquainted me, how misery
Is destitute of friends, or of relief,
That I can easily submit to taste
Lowest reproof, without contempt or words.

Enter Frion.

King James An humble minded man, — now, what intelligence

Spokes Master Secretary Frion. Frion. Henry
Of England, hath in open field o’erthrown
The Armies who opposed him, in the right
Of this young Prince.

King James His Subsidies you mean: more if you have it?
Frion. Howard Earl of Surrey,
Backed by twelve Earls and Barons of the North,
An hundred Knights and Gentlemen of Name,
And twenty thousand Soldiers, is at hand
To raise your siege. Brooke with a goodly Navy
Is Admiral at Sea: and Daubeney follows
With an unbroken Army for a second.

Warbeck 'Tis false! they come to side with us. King James Retreat:
We shall not find them stones and walls to cope with.
Yet Duke of York, (for such thou sayest thou art,)
I’ll try thy fortune to the height; to Surrey
By Marchmount, I will send a brave Defiance
For single Combat; once a King will venture
His person to an Earl; with Condition
Of spilling lesser blood, Surrey is bold
And James resolved. Warbeck O rather (gracious Sir,)
Create me to this glory; since my cause
Doth interest this fair quarrel; valued least
I am his equal. King James I will be the man;
March softly off, where Victory can reap
“A harvest crowned with triumph, toil is cheap.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus: Scaena prima.
Enter Surrey, Durham, Soldiers,
with Drums and Colors.

Surrey: Are all our braving enemies shrunk back?
Hid in the fogs of their distempered climate,

Not daring to behold our Colors wave
In spite of this infected air? Can they
Look on the strength of Cundrestine defaced?
The glory of Heydonhall devasted? that
Of Edington cast down? the pile of Foulden
O’erthrown? And this the strongest of their Forts
Old Ayton Castle yielded, and demolished?
And yet not peep abroad? the Scots are bold,
Hardy in battle, but it seems the cause
They undertake considered, appears
Unjointed in the frame on ’t. Durham Noble Surrey,
Our Royal Master’s wisdom is at all times
His fortune’s Harbinger; for when he draws
His sword to threaten war, his providence
Settles on peace, the crowning of an Empire. Trumpet.

Surrey Rank all in order, ’tis a Herald’s sound,
Some message from King James, keep a fixed station.

Enter Marchmount, and another Herald
in their Coats.

Marchmount From Scotland’s awful Majesty, we come
Unto the English General;

Surrey To me? Say on.

Marchmount Thus then; the waste and prodigal
Effusion of so much guiltless blood,
As in two potent Armies, of necessity
Must glut the earth’s dry womb, his sweet compassion
Hath studied to prevent; for which to thee
Great Earl of Surrey, in a single fight
He offers his own royal person; fairly
Proposing these conditions only, that,
If Victory conclude our Master’s right;
The Earl shall deliver for his ransom
The town of Berwick to him, with the Fishgarths,
If Surrey shall prevail; the King will pay
A thousand pounds down present for his freedom,
And silence further Arms; so speaks King James.

Surrey So speaks King James; so like a King ’a speaks.
Heralds, the English General returns,
A sensible Devotion from his heart,
His very soul, to this unfellowed grace.
For let the King know (gentle Heralds) truly
How his descent from his great throne, to honor
A stranger subject with so high a title
As his Compeer in Arms, hath conquered more
Than any sword could do: for which (my loyalty
Respected) I will serve his virtues ever
In all humility: but Berwick say
Is none of mine to part with: In affairs
“Of Princes, Subjects cannot traffic rights
“Inherent to the Crown. My life is mine,
That I dare freely hazard; and (with pardon
To some unbribed vainglory) if his Majesty
Shall taste a change of fate, his liberty
Shall meet no Articles. If I fall, falling
So bravely, I refer me to his pleasure
Without condition; and for this dear favor,
Say (if not countermanded) I will cease
Hostility, unless provoked. Marchmount This answer
We shall relate unpartially.
   Durham With favor,
Pray have a little patience — Sir, you find
By these gay­flourishes, how wearied travail
Inclines to willing rest; here’s but a Prologue
However confidently uttered, meant
For some ensuing Acts of peace: consider
The time of year, unseasonableness of weather,
Charge, barrenness of profit, and occasion
Presents itself for honorable treaty,
Which we may make good use of; I will back
As sent from you, in point of noble gratitude
Unto King James with these his Heralds; you
Shall shortly hear from me (my Lord) for order
Of breathing or proceeding; and King Henry

(Doubt not) will thank the service.
   Surrey To your wisdom Lord Bishop I refer it.
   Durham Be it so then.
   Surrey Heralds, accept this chain, and these few Crowns
   Marchmount Our Duty Noble General. Durham In part
Of retribution for such Princely love,
My Lord the General is pleased to show
The King your Master, his sincerest zeal
By further treaty, by no common man;
I will myself return with you. Surrey Y’ oblige
My faithfultest affections t’ee (Lord Bishop.)
   Marchmount All happiness attend your Lordship.
   Surrey Come friends,
And fellow-Soldiers, we I doubt shall meet
No enemies, but woods and hills to fight with:
Then 'twere as good to feed, and sleep at home,
We may be free from danger, not secure.  

Enter Warbeck and Frion.

Warbeck Frion, o Frion! all my hopes of glory
Are at a stand! the Scottish King grows dull,
Frosty and wayward, since this Spanish Agent
Hath mixed Discourses with him; they are private,
I am not called to counsel now; confusion
On all his crafty shrugs; I feel the fabric
Of my designs are tottering. Frion. Henry's policies
Stir with too many engines. Warbeck Let his mines,
Shaped in the bowels of the earth, blow up
Works raised for my defense, yet can they never
Toss into air the freedom of my birth,
Or disavow my blood, Plantagenet's!
I am my Father's son still; but o Frion,
When I bring into count with my Disasters,
My Wife's copartnership, my Kate's, my life's;
Then, then, my frailty feels an earthquake; mischief
Damn Henry's plots, I will be England's King,
Or let my Aunt of Burgundy report

My fall in the attempt, deserved our Ancestors?
Frion. You grow too wild in passion, if you will
Appear a Prince indeed, confine your will
To moderation Warbeck What a saucy rudeness
Prompts this distrust? If, if I will appear?
Appear, a Prince? Death throttle such deceits
Even in their birth of utterance; cursed cozenage
Of trust? Ye make me mad, 'twere best (it seems)
That I should turn Imposter to myself,
Be mine own counterfeit, belie the truth
Of my dear mother's womb, the sacred bed
Of a Prince murdered, and a living baffled!

Frion. Nay, if you have no ears to hear, I have
No breath to spend in vain. Warbeck Sir, sir, take heed
Gold, and the promise of promotion, rarely
Fail in temptation. Frion. Why to me this?
Warbeck Nothing
Speak what you will; we are not sunk so low
But your advice, may piece again the heart
Which many cares have broken: you were wont
In all extremities to talk of comfort:
Have ye none left now? I'll not interrupt ye.
Good, bear with my distractions! if King James
Deny us dwelling here, next whither must I?
I prithee be not angry. Frion. Sir, I told ye
Of Letters come from Ireland, how the Cornish
Stomach their last defeat, and humbly sue
That with such forces, as you could partake,
You would in person land in Cornwall, where
Thousands will entertain your title gladly.
Warbeck Let me embrace thee, hug thee! th’ast revived
My comforts, if my cousin King will fail,
Our cause will never, welcome my tried friends.

Enter Mayor, Heron, Astley, Skelton.

You keep your brains awake in our defense:
Frion, advise with them of these affairs,

In which be wondrous secret; I will listen
What else concerns us here, be quick and wary. Exit Warbeck.
Astley Ah sweet young Prince? Secretary, my fellow Counselors
and I, have consulted, and jump all in one opinion directly,
that if this Scotch garboils do not fadge to our minds,
we will pell-mell run amongst the Cornish Choughs presently,
and in a trice.
Skelton ’Tis but going to Sea, and leaping ashore, cut ten or
twelve thousand unnecessary throats, fire seven or eight towns,
take half a dozen Cities, get into the Market place, crown him
RICHARD THE FOURTH, and the business is finished.
Mayor I grant ye, quoth I, so far forth as men may do,
no more than men may do; for it is good to consider, when
consideration may be to the purpose, otherwise still you shall
pardon me: Little said is soon amended.
Frion. Then you conclude the Cornish Action surest?
Heron. We do so. And doubt not but to thrive abundantly:
Ho (my Masters) had we known of the Commotion when
we set sail out of Ireland, the Land had been ours ere this
time.
Skelton Pish, pish, ’tis but forbearing being an Earl or a Duke
a month or two longer; I say, and say it again, if the work go
not on apace, let me never see new fashion more, I warrant ye,
I warrant ye, we will have it so, and so it shall be.
Astley This is but a cold phlegmatic Country, not stirring enough
for men of spirit, give me the heart of England for my
money.
Skelton A man may batten there in a week only with hot loaves
and butter, and a lusty cup of Muscadine and Sugar at breakfast,
though he make never a meal all the month after.
Mayor. Surely, when I bore office, I found by experience,
that to be much troublesome, was to be much wise and busy;
I have observed, how filching and bragging, has been the best
service in these last wars, and therefore conclude peremptorily on the Design in England; If things and things may fall out; as who can tell what or how; but the end will show it.

Frion. Resolved like men of judgement, here to linger

More time, is but to lose it; cheer the Prince,
And haste him on to this; on this depends,
Fame in success, or glory in our ends. Exeunt omnes.

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

Hialas. France, Spain and Germany combine a League Of amity with England nothing wants For settling peace through Christendom, but love Between the British Monarchs, James, and Henry.

Durham The English Merchants (Sir,) have been received With general procession into Antwerp; The Emperor confirms the Combination.

Hialas. The King of Spain, resolves a marriage For Katherine his Daughter, with Prince Arthur.

Durham France courts this holy contract.

Hialas What can hinder a quietness in England?

Durham But your suffrage
To such a silly creature (mighty Sir?)
As is but in effect an apparition,
A shadow, a mere trifle? Hialas To this union The good of both the Church and Commonwealth Invite 'ee — Durham To this unity, a mystery Of providence points out a greater blessing For both these Nations, than our human reason Can search into; King Henry hath a Daughter The Princess Margaret; I need not urge, What honor, what felicity can follow On such affinity twixt two Christian Kings, Inleagued by ties of blood; but sure I am, If you Sir ratify the peace proposed, I dare both motion, and effect this marriage. For weal of both the Kingdoms.

King James Dar’st thou Lord Bishop?

Durham Put it to trial royal James, by sending Some noble personage to the English Court By way of Embassy. Hialas Part of the business,

Shall suit my mediation. King James Well; what Heaven Hath pointed out to be, must be; you two Are Ministers (I hope) of blessed fate. But herein only I will stand acquitted,
No blood of Innocents shall buy my peace.
For Warbeck as you nick him, came to me
Commended by the States of Christendom.
A Prince, though in distress; his fair demeanor,
Lovely behavior, unappalled spirit,
Spoke him not base in blood, however clouded.
The brute beasts have both rocks and caves to fly to,
And men the Altars of the Church; to us
He came for refuge, “Kings come near in nature
“Unto the Gods in being touched with pity.
Yet (noble friends) his mixture with our blood,
Even with our own, shall no way interrupt
A general peace; only I will dismiss him
From my protection, throughout my Dominions
In safety, but not ever, to return.
Hialas. You are a just King.
Durham Wise, and herein happy.
King James Nor will we dally in affairs of weight:
Huntly (Lord Bishop) shall with you to England
Ambassador from us; we will throw down
Our weapons; peace on all sides now, repair
Unto our Counsel, we will soon be with you.
Hialas Delay shall question no dispatch,
Heaven crown it. Exeunt Durham and Hialas.
King James A league with Ferdinand? a marriage
With English Margaret? a free release
From restitution for the late affronts?
Cessation from hostility! and all
For Warbeck not delivered, but dismissed?
We could not wish it better, Daliell —
Daliell Here Sir.
King James Are Huntly and his Daughter sent for?
Daliell Sent for, and come (my Lord.)

King James Say to the English Prince,
We want his company.
Daliell He is at hand Sir.

Enter Warbeck, Katherine, Jane, Frion, Heron,
Skelton, Mayor, Astley.

King James Cousin, our bounty, favors, gentleness,
Our benefits, the hazard of our person,
Our people’s lives, our Land hath evidenced,
How much we have engaged on your behalf:
How trivial, and how dangerous our hopes
Appear, how fruitless our attempts in war,
How windy rather smoky your assurance
Of party shows, we might in vain repeat!
But now obedience to the Mother Church,  
A Father’s care upon his Country’s weal,  
The dignity of State directs our wisdom,  
To seal an oath of peace through Christendom:  
To which we are sworn already: ’tis you  
Must only seek new fortunes in the world,  
And find an harbor elsewhere: as I promised  
On your arrival, you have met no usage  
Deserves repentance in your being here:  
But yet I must live Master of mine own.  
However, what is necessary for you  
At your departure, I am well content  
You be accommodated with; provided  
Delay prove not my enemy.  

Warbeck  It shall not  
(Most glorious Prince.) the fame of my Designs,  
Soars higher, than report of ease and sloth  
Can aim at; I acknowledge all your favors  
Boundless, and singular, am only wretched  
In words as well as means, to thank the grace  
That flowed so liberally. Two Empires firmly  
You’re Lord of, Scotland, and Duke Richard’s heart.  
My claim to mine inheritance shall sooner  

Fail, than my life to serve you, best of Kings.  
And witness EDWARD’S blood in me, I am  
More loath to part, with such a great example  
Of virtue, than all other mere respects.  
But Sir my last suit is, you will not force  
From me what you have given, this chaste Lady,  
Resolved on all extremes. Katherine I am your wife,  
No human power, can or shall divorce  
My faith from duty. Warbeck Such another treasure  
The earth is Bankrupt of. King James I gave her (Cousin)  
And must avow the gift: will add withal  
A furniture becoming her high birth  
And unsuspected constancy; provide  
For your attendance — we will part good friends.

Exit King and Daliell.

Warbeck  The Tudor hath been cunning in his plots:  
His Fox of Durham would not fail at last.  
But what? our cause and courage are our own:  
Be men (my friends) and let our Cousin King,  
See how we follow fate as willingly  
As malice follows us. Y’ are all resolved  
For the West parts of England?

Cornwall, Cornwall.  

Frion.  The Inhabitants expect you daily.

Warbeck  Cheerfully
Draw all our ships out of the harbor (friends)
Our time of stay doth seem too long, we must
Prevent Intelligence; about it suddenly.
A Prince, a Prince, a Prince.

Exeunt Counselors.

Warbeck    Dearest; admit not into thy pure thoughts
The least of scruples, which may charge their softness
With burden of distrust. Should I prove wanting
To noblest courage now, here were the trial:
But I am perfect (sweet) I fear no change,
More than thy being partner in my sufferance.

Katherine    My fortunes (Sir) have armed me to encounter
What chance soe’er they meet with — Jane ’tis fit

Thou stay behind, for whither wilt thou wander?

Jane.    Never till death, will I forsake my Mistress,
Nor then, in wishing to die with ’ee gladly.

Katherine    Alas good soul.

Frion.    Sir, to your Aunt of Burgundy
I will relate your present undertakings;
From her expect on all occasions, welcome.
You cannot find me idle in your services.

Warbeck    Go, Frion, go! wise-men know how to soothe
Adversity, not serve it: thou hast waited
Too long on expectation; “never yet
“Was any Nation read of, so besotted
“In reason, as to adore the setting Sun.
Fly to the Archduke’s Court; say to the Duchess,
Her Nephew, with fair Katherine, his wife,
Are on their expectation to begin
The raising of an Empire. If they fail,
Yet the report will never: farewell Frion.

Exit Frion.

This man Kate has been true, though now of late,
I fear too much familiar with the Fox.

Enter Huntly and Daliell.

Huntly    I come to take my leave, you need not doubt
My interest in this sometime-child of mine.
She’s all yours now (good Sir) oh poor lost creature!
Heaven guard thee with much patience, if thou canst
Forget thy title to old Huntly’s family;
As much of peace will settle in thy mind
As thou canst wish to taste, (but in thy grave,)
Accept my tears yet, (prithee) they are tokens
Of charity, as true as of affection.

Katherine    This is the cruellest farewell!

Huntly    Love (young Gentleman)
This model of my griefs; she calls you husband;
Then be not jealous of a parting kiss,
It is a Father’s not a Lover’s offering;  
Take it, may last, — I am too much a child.

Exchange of passion is to little use,  
So I should grow too foolish, — goodness guide thee.  
Exit Huntly

Katherine Most miserable Daughter! — have you ought  
To add (Sir) to our sorrows? Daliell. I resolve  
(Fair Lady) with your leave, to wait on all  
Your fortunes in my person, if your Lord  
Vouchsafe me entertainment.  

Warbeck We will be bosom friends, (most noble Daliell)  
For I accept this tender of your love  
Beyond ability of thanks to speak it.  
Clear thy drowned eyes (my fairest) time and industry  
Will show us better days, or end the worst.  
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Oxford and Daubeney.

Oxford No news from Scotland yet (my Lord!)  
Daubeney Not any  
But what King Henry knows himself; I thought  
Our Armies should have marched that way, his mind  
It seems, is altered. Oxford Victory attends  
His Standard everywhere. Daubeney Wise Princes (Oxford)  
Fight not alone with forces. Providence  
Directs and tutors strength; else Elephants,  
And barbed Horses might as well prevail,  
As the most subtle stratagems of war.  

Oxford The Scottish King showed more than common bravery,  
In proffer of a Combat hand to hand  
With Surrey! Daubeney And but showed it; Northern bloods  
Are gallant being fired, but the cold climate  
Without good store of fuel, quickly freezeth  
The glowing flames. Oxford Surrey upon my life  
Would not have shrunk an hair’s breadth.  

Daubeney May ’a forfeit  
The honor of an English name, and nature,  
Who would not have embraced it with a greediness,  
As violent as hunger runs to food.  
’Twas an addition, any worthy Spirit  
Would covet next to immortality,  
Above all joys of life: we all missed shares  
In that great opportunity.

Enter King Henry, and Urswick whispering.  

Oxford The King: see ’a comes smiling!  
Daubeney O the game runs smooth  
On his side then believe it, Cards well shuffled
And dealt with cunning, bring some gamester thrift,
But others must rise losers’. *King Henry* The train takes?

**Urswick** Most prosperously. *King Henry* I knew it should not miss.

He fondly angles who will hurl his bait
Into the water, ’cause the Fish at first
Plays round about the line, and dares not bite.

Lords, we may reign your King yet, *Daubeney, Oxford, Urswick,* must *Perkin* wear the Crown?

**Daubeney** A Slave. *Oxford* A Vagabond.

**Urswick** A Glow-worm. *King Henry* Now if *Frion*,

His practiced politician wear a brain
Of proof, King *Perkin* will in progress ride
Through all his large Dominions; let us meet him,
And tender homage; Ha *Sirs*? Liegenen ought
To pay their fealty. **Daubeney** Would the Rascal were
With all his rabble, within twenty miles
Of *London*. *King Henry* Farther off is near enough
To lodge him in his home; he wager odds
*Surrey* and all his men are either idle,
Or hasting back, they have not work (I doubt)
To keep them busy. **Daubeney** ’Tis a strange conceit Sir.

**King Henry** Such voluntary favors as our people
In duty aid us with, we never scattered
On *Cobweb Parasites*, or lavished out
In riot, or a needless hospitality:
No *undeserving favorite* doth boast
His issues from our treasury; our charge
Flows through all *Europe*, proving us but steward
Of every contribution, which provides
Against the creeping Canker of Disturbance.

Is it not rare then, in this toil of State
Wherein we are embarked, with breach of sleep,
Cares, and the noise of trouble, that our mercy

Returns nor thanks, nor comfort? Still the *West*
Murmur and threaten innovation,
Whisper our government tyrannical,
Deny us what is ours, nay, spurn their lives
Of which they are but owners by our gift.

It must not be. *Oxford* It must not, should not.

**King Henry** So then. To whom? Enter a Post.

**Post.** This packet to your sacred Majesty.

**King Henry** Sirrah attend without.

**Oxford** News from the *North*, upon my life. **Daubeney** Wise *Henry*

Divines aforehand of events: with him
Attempts and execution are one act.

**King Henry** *Urswick* thine ear; *Frion* is caught, the man

Of cunning is outreached: we must be safe:
Should reverend *Morton* our Archbishop move
Exeunt omnes.
A general shout within.
Enter Warbeck, Daliell, Katherine, and Jane.

To a translation higher yet, I tell thee,
My Durham owns a brain deserves that See.
He’s nimble in his industry, and mounting:
Thou hear’st me? Urswick And conceive your Highness fitly:

King Henry Daubeney, and Oxford; since our Army stands
Entire, it were a weakness to admit
The rust of laziness to eat amongst them:
Set forward toward Salisbury; the plains
Are most commodious for their exercise.
Ourself will take a Muster of them there:
And or disband them with reward, or else
Dispose as best concerns us. Daubeney Salisbury?
Sir, all is peace at Salisbury. King Henry Dear friend —
The charge must be our own; we would a little
Partake the pleasure with our Subjects’ ease.

King Henry Y’ are men know how to do, not to forethink:

My Bishop is a jewel tried, and perfect;
A jewel (Lords) the Post who brought these Letters,
Must speed another to the Mayor of Exeter
Urswick dismiss him not. Urswick He waits your pleasure.

King Henry Perkin a King? a King? Urswick My gracious Lord.

King Henry Thoughts, busied in the sphere of Royalty,
Fix not on creeping worms, without their stings;
Mere excrement of earth. The use of time
Is thriving safety, and a wise prevention
Of ills expected. W’ are resolved for Salisbury. Exeunt omnes.
A general shout within.

Enter Warbeck, Daliell, Katherine, and Jane.

Warbeck After so many storms as wind and Seas,
Have threatened to our weather-beaten Ships,
At last (sweet fairest) we are safe arrived
On our dear mother earth, ingrateful only
To heaven and us, in yielding sustenance
To sly Usurpers of our throne and right.
These general acclamations, are an OMEN
Of happy process to their welcome Lord:
They flock in troops, and from all parts with wings
Of duty fly, to lay their hearts before us,
Unequaled pattern of a matchless wife,
How fares my dearest yet? Katherine Confirmed in health:
By which I may the better undergo
The roughest face of change; but I shall learn
Patience to hope, since silence courts affliction
For comforts, to this truly noble Gentleman;
Rare unexampled pattern of a friend?
And my beloved Jane, the willing follower
Of all misfortunes. Daliell Lady, I return
But barren crops, of early protestations,
Frost-bitten in the spring of fruitless hopes.
    Jane, I wait but as the shadow to the body,
For Madam without you let me be nothing.
    Warbeck None talk of sadness, we are on the way
Which leads to Victory: keep cowards thoughts
With desperate sullenness! the Lion faints not
Locked in a grate, but loose, disdains all force
Which bars his prey; and we are Lion-hearted,
Or else no King of beasts. Hark how they shout.        Another shout.

Triumphant in our cause? **bold confidence**
Marches on bravely, cannot quake at **danger**.
    Enter Skelton.

    Skelton Save King Richard the fourth, saue thee King of hearts?
the Cornish blades are men of mettle, have proclaimed through
Bodmin and the whole County, my sweet Prince, Monarch of
England, four thousand tall yeomen, with bow and sword already
vow to live and die at the foot of KING RICHARD.
    Enter Astley.

    Astley. The Mayor our fellow Counselor, is servant for an
Emperor. Exeter is appointed for the Rend a vous and nothing
wants to victory but courage, and resolution. vigillatum
et datum decimo Septembris, Anno Regni Regis primo and cetera;
confirmatum est. All’s cock-sure.
    Warbeck To Exeter, to Exeter, march on.
Commend us to our people; we in person
Will lend them double spirits, tell them so.
    Skelton and Astley King Richard, King Richard.
    Warbeck A thousand blessings guard our lawful Arms!
A thousand horrors pierce our enemies’ souls!
Pale fear unedge their weapons’ sharpest points,
And when they draw their arrows to the head,
Numbness shall strike their sinews; such advantage
Hath Majesty in its pursuit of Justice,
That on the proppers-up, of truth’s old throne,
It both enlightens counsel, and gives heart
To execution: whiles the throats of traitors
Lie bare before our mercy. O Divinity
Of royal birth? how it strikes dumb the tongues
Whose prodigality of breath is bribed
By trains to greatness? Princes are but men,
Distinguished in the fineness of their frailty.
Yet not so gross in beauty of the mind,
For there’s a fire more sacred, purifies
The dross of mixture. Herein stands the odds
“Subjects are men, on earth Kings men and gods.
Actus Quintus: Scaena prima.

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

Katherine IT is decreed; and we must yield to fate,
Whose angry Justice though it threaten ruin,
Contempt, and poverty, is all but trial
Of a weak woman’s constancy in suffering.
Here in a stranger’s, and an enemy’s Land
Forsaken, and unfurnished of all hopes,
(But such as wait on misery,) I range
To meet affliction wheresoe’er I tread.
My train, and pomp of servants, is reduced
To one kind Gentlewoman, and this groom.
Sweet Jane, now whither must we? Jane. To your Ships
Dear Lady: and turn home. Katherine Home! I have none.
Fly thou to Scotland, thou hast friends will weep
For joy to bid thee welcome; but ô Jane
My Jane, my friends are desperate of comfort
As I must be of them; the common charity,
Good people’s alms, and prayers of the gentle
Is the revenue must support my state.
As for my native Country, since it once
Saw me a Princess in the height of greatness
My birth allowed me; here I make a vow,
Scotland shall never see me, being fallen
Or lessened in my fortunes. Never Jane;
Never to Scotland more will I return.
Could I be England’s Queen (a glory Jane
I never fawned on) yet the King who gave me,
Hath sent me with my husband from his presence:
Delivered us suspected to his Nation:
Rendered us spectacles to time, and pity.
And is it fit I should return to such
As only listen after our descent
From happiness enjoyed, to misery

Expected, though uncertain? Never, never;
Alas, why dost thou weep? and that poor creature,
Wipe his wet cheeks too? let me feel alone
Extremities, who know to give them harbor:
Nor thou, nor he, has cause. You may live safely.
Jane. There is no safety whiles your dangers (Madam)
Are every way apparent. Servant. Pardon Lady;
I cannot choose but show my honest heart;
You were ever my good Lady. Katherine O dear souls!
Your shares in grief are too too much.

Enter Daliell.

Daliell. I bring
(Fair Princess) news of further sadness yet,
Than your sweet youth, hath been acquainted with.

Katherine Not more (my Lord) than I can welcome; speak it;
The worst, the worst, I look for. Daliell All the Cornish,
At Exeter, were by the Citizens
Repulsed, encountered by the Earl of Devonshire
And other worthy Gentlemen of the Country.
Your husband marched to Taunton, and was there
Affronted by King Henry’s Chamberlain.
The King himself in person, with his Army
Advancing nearer, to renew the fight
On all occasions. But the night before
The battles were to join, your husband privately
Accompanied with some few horse, departed
From out the camp, and posted none knows whither.

Katherine Fled without battle given? Daliell Fled, but followed
By Daubeney, all his parties left to taste
King Henry’s mercy, for to that they yielded;
Victorious without bloodshed. Katherine O my sorrows!
If both our lives had proved the sacrifice
To Henry’s tyranny, we had fallen like Princes,
And robbed him, of the glory of his pride.

Daliell Impute it not to faintness, or to weakness
Of noble courage Lady, but foresight:
For by some secret friend he had intelligence

Of being bought and sold, by his base followers.
Worse yet remains untold. Katherine No, no, it cannot.

Daliell. I fear y’ are betrayed. The Earl of Oxford
Runs hot in your pursuit. Katherine ’A shall not need,
We’ll run as hot in resolution, gladly
To make the Earl our Jailor.

Jane. Madam, Madam, they come, they come!

Enter Oxford, with followers.

Daliell. Keep back, or he who dares
Rudely to violate the Law of honor,
Runs on my sword. Katherine Most noble Sir, forbear!
What reason draws you hither (Gentlemen!)
Whom seek ’ee? Oxford All stand off; with favor Lady
From Henry, England’s King, I would present,
Unto the beauteous Princess, Katherine Gordon,
The tender of a gracious entertainment.

Katherine We are that Princess, whom your master King
Pursues with reaching arms, to draw into
His power: let him use his tyranny,
We shall not be his Subjects.

   Oxford  My Commission, extends no further (excellentest Lady)
Then to a service; ’tis King Henry’s pleasure,
That you, and all, that have relation t’ee,
Be guarded as becomes your birth, and greatness.
For rest assured (sweet Princess) that not aught
Of what you do call yours, shall find disturbance,
Or any welcome other, then what suits
Your high condition. Katherine By what title (Sir)
May I acknowledge you? Oxford Your servant (Lady)
Descended from the Line of Oxford’s Earls,
Inherits what his ancestors before him
Were owners of. Katherine Your King is herein royal,
That by a Peer so ancient in desert
As well as blood, commands Us to his presence.

   Oxford  Invites ’ee, Princess not commands. Katherine Pray use
Your own phrase as you list; to your protection
Both I, and mine submit. Oxford There’s in your number

A Nobleman, whom fame hath bravely spoken.
To him the King my Master bade me say
How willingly he courts his friendship. Far
From an enforcement, more than what in terms
Of courtesy, so great a Prince may hope for.

   Daliell. My name is Daliell. Oxford ’Tis a name, hath won
Both thanks, and wonder, from report; (my Lord)
The Court of England emulates your merit,
And covets to embrace ’ee. Daliell. I must wait on
The Princess in her fortunes. Oxford Will you please,
(Great Lady) to set forward? Katherine Being driven
By fate, it were in vain to strive with Heaven. Exeunt omnes.

Enter King Henry, Surrey, Urswick, and a guard of Soldiers.

   King Henry  The Counterfeit King Perkin is escaped,
Escape, so let him; he is hedged too fast
Within the Circuit of our English pale,
To steal out of our Ports, or leap the walls
Which guard our Land; the Seas are rough, and wider
Than his weak arms can tug with; Surrey henceforth
Your King may reign in quiet: turmoil past
Like some unquiet dream, have rather busied
Our fancy, then affrighted rest of State.
But Surrey, why in articling a peace
With James of Scotland, was not restitution
Of Losses, which our Subjects did sustain
By the Scotch inroads, questioned? Surrey Both demanded
And urged (my Lord,) to which the King replied
In modest merriment, but smiling earnest,
How that our Master *Henry* was much abler
To bear the detriments, than he repay them.

*King Henry*  The young man I believe spake honest truth,
’A studies to be wise betimes. Has *Urswick*,
Sir *Rice ap Thomas*, and Lord *Brook* our Steward,
Returned the western Gentlemen full thanks,
From *Us*, for their tried Loyalties? *Surrey* They have:
Which as if health and life had reigned amongst ’em,

With open hearts, they joyfully received.

*King Henry*  Young *Buckingham* is a fair natured *Prince*,
*Lovely* in hopes, and *worthy of his Father*:
Attended by an hundred Knights and Squires,
Of special name, he tendered humble service,
Which we must ne’er forget: and *Devonshire’s* wounds
Though sleight, shall find sound cure, in our respect.

*Enter Daubeney, with Warbeck, Heron,*
*John a-Water, Astley, Skelton.*

*Daubeney*  Life to the King, and safety fix his throne:
I here present you (royal Sir) a shadow
Of *Majesty*, but in effect a substance
Of pity; a young man, in nothing grown
To ripeness, but th’ ambition of your mercy:
*Perkin* the Christian world’s strange wonder.

*King Henry*  *Daubeney*, We observe no wonder; I behold (’tis true)
An ornament of nature, fine, and polished,
*A handsome youth indeed*, but not admire him.
How came he to thy hands? *Daubeney*  From Sanctuary
At *Beaulieu*, near *Southampton*, registered
With these few followers, for persons privileged.

*King Henry*  I must not thank you Sir! you were to blame
To infringe the Liberty of houses sacred:
Dare we be irreligious? *Daubeney*  Gracious Lord,
They voluntarily resigned themselves,
Without compulsion. *King Henry*  So? ’twas very well,
’Twas very very well — turn now thine eyes
(Young man) upon thyself, and thy past actions!
What revels in combustion through our Kingdom,
A frenzy of aspiring youth hath danced,
Till wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipped
To break thy neck. *Warbeck*  But not my heart; my heart
Will mount, till every drop of blood be frozen
By deaths perpetual Winter: If the *Sun*
*Of Majesty* be darkened, let the *Sun*
*Of Life* be hid from me, in an eclipse
Lasting, and universal. Sir, remember
There was a shooting in of light, when Richmond
(Not aiming at a crown) retired, and gladly,
For comfort, to the Duke of Britain’s Court.
Richard who swayed the Sceptre, was reputed
A tyrant then; yet then, a dawning glimmered
To some few wand’ring remnants, promising day
When first they ventured, on a frightful shore,
At Milford Haven. Daubeney Whither speeds his boldness?
Check his rude tongue (great Sir!) King Henry O let him range:
The player’s on the stage still, ’tis his part;
’A does but act: what followed? Warbeck Bosworth field:
Where at an instant, to the world’s amazement,
A morn to Richmond, and a night to Richard
Appeared at once: the tale is soon applied:
Fate which crowned these attempts when least assured,
 Might have befriended others, like resolved.

King Henry A pretty gallant! thus, your Aunt of Burgundy,
Your Duchess Aunt informed her Nephew; so
The lesson prompted, and well conned, was molded
Into familiar Dialogue, oft rehearsed,
Till learnt by heart, ’tis now, received for truth.

Warbeck Truth in her pure simplicity wants art
To put a feigned blush on: scorn wears only
Such fashion, as commends to gazers’ eyes
Sad ulcerated Novelty; far beneath
The sphere of Majesty: in such a Court,
Wisdom, and gravity, are proper robes,
By which the Sovereign is best distinguished,
From Zanies to his Greatness. King Henry Sirrah, shift
Your antic Pageantry, and now appear
In your own nature, or you’ll taste the danger
Of fooling out of season. Warbeck I expect
No less, then what severity calls Justice,
And Politicians, safety; let such beg,
As feed on alms: but if there can be mercy
In a protested enemy, then may it

Descend to these poor creatures, whose engagements
To th’ bettering of their fortunes, have incurred
A loss of all; to them, if any charity
Flow from some noble Orator, in death
I owe the fee of thankfulness. King Henry So brave!
What a bold knave is this? which of these Rebels
Has been the Mayor of Cork? Daubeney This wise formality:
Kneel to the King ’ee Rascals!

King Henry Canst thou hope,
Exit Urswick with Perkin and his.

A Pardon, where thy guilt is so apparent?

Mayor. Under your good favors, as men, are men, they may err: for I confess, respectively, in taking great parts, the one side prevailing, the other side must go down: herein the point is clear, if the proverb hold, that hanging goes by destiny, that it is to little purpose to say, this thing, or that, shall be thus, or thus; for as the fates will have it, so it must be, and who can help it.

Daubeney O blockhead! thou a privy Counselor?

Beg life, and cry aloud, Heaven save King Henry.

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

King Henry We trifle time with follies.

Omnes. Mercy, mercy.

King Henry Urswick, command the Dukeling, and these fellows, To Digby, the Lieutenant of the Tower:

With safety let them be conveyed to London.

It is our pleasure, no uncivil outrage,

Taunts, or abuse be suffered to their persons;

They shall meet fairer Law than they deserve.

Time may restore their wits, whom vain ambition

Hath many years distracted. Warbeck Noble thoughts

Meet freedom in captivity; the Tower?

Our Childhood’s dreadful nursery. King Henry No more.

Urswick Come, come, you shall have leisure to bethink ’ee.

Exit Urswick with Perkin and his.

King Henry Was ever so much impudence in forgery?

The custom sure of being styled a King,

Hath fastened in his thought that HE IS SUCH.

But we shall teach the lad, another language;

’Tis good we have him fast. Daubeney The Hangman’s physic

Will purge this saucy humor. King Henry Very likely:

Yet, we could, temper mercy, with extremity,

Being not too far provoked.

Enter Oxford, Katherine in her richest attire,

Jane, and attendants.

Oxford Great Sir, be pleased

With your accustomed grace, to entertain

The Princess Katherine Gordon. King Henry Oxford, herein

We must beshrew thy knowledge of our nature.

A Lady of her birth and virtues, could not

Have found Us so unfurnished of good manners,

As not on notice given, to have met her

Half way in point of Love. Excuse (fair Cousin)
The oversight! ó fie, you may not kneel:
’Tis most unfitting; first, vouchsafe this welcome;
A welcome to your own, for you shall find Us
But guardian to your fortune, and your honors.
  Katherine  My fortunes, and mine honors, are weak champions,
As both are now befriended (Sir!) however
Both bow before your clemency.  King Henry  Our arms
Shall circle them from malice — ’A sweet Lady?
Beauty incomparable? Here lives Majesty
At league with Love.  Katherine  O Sir, I have a husband.
  King Henry  We’ll prove your father, husband, friend, and servant,
Prove what you wish to grant us, (Lords) be careful
A Patent presently be drawn, for issuing
A thousand pounds from our Exchequer yearly,
During our Cousin’s life: our Queen shall be
Your chief companion, our own Court your Home,
Our Subjects, all your servants.
  Katherine  But my husband?

  King Henry  By all descriptions, you are noble Daliell,
Whose generous truth hath famed a rare observance!
We thank ’ee, ’tis a goodness gives addition
To every title, boasted from your Ancestry,
In all most worthy.  Daliell.  Worthier than your praises,
Right princely Sir, I need not glory in.
  King Henry  Embrace him (Lords,) whoever calls you Mistress
Is lifted in our charge, — a goodlier beauty
Mine eyes yet ne’er encountered.  Katherine  Cruel misery
Of fate, what rests to hope for?  King Henry  Forward Lords
To London: (fair) ere long, I shall present ’ee
With a glad object, peace, and Huntly’s blessing.  Exeunt omnes.

Enter Constable, and Officers, Warbeck, Urswick, and Lambert
Simnel, like a Falconer.

A pair of Stocks.

  Constable  Make room there, keep off I require ’ee, and none come
within twelve foot of his Majesty’s new Stocks, upon pain of
displeasure. Bring forward the Malefactors. Friend, you must to
this gear, — no remedy, — open the hole, and in with his legs,
just in the middle hole, there, that hole; keep off, or I’ll commit
you all. Shall not a man in authority be obeyed? So, so, there,
’tis as it should be: put on the padlock, and give me the key;
off I say, keep off.
  Urswick  Yet Warbeck clear thy Conscience, thou hast tasted
King Henry’s mercy liberally; the Law
Has forfeited thy life, an equal Jury
Have doomed thee to the Gallows; twice, most wickedly,
Most desperately hast thou escaped the Tower:
Inveigling to thy party with thy witchcraft,
Young Edward, Earl of Warwick, son to Clarence;
Whose head must pay the price of that attempt;
Poor Gentleman — unhappy in his fate —
And ruined by thy cunning! so a Mongrel
May pluck the true Stag down: yet, yet, confess
Thy parentage; for yet the King has mercy.

Lambert You would be Dick the fourth, very likely
Your pedigree is published, you are known
For Osbeck's son of Tourney, a loose runagate,
A Landloper: your Father was a Jew,
Turned Christian merely to repair his miseries.
Where’s now your Kingship? Warbeck Baited to my death?
Intolerable cruelty! I laugh at
The Duke of Richmond's practice on my fortunes.
Possession of a Crown, ne’er wanted Heralds.
Lambert You will not know who I am!
Urswick Lambert Simnel;
Your predecessor in a dangerous uproar;
But on submission, not alone received
To grace, but by the King, vouchsafed his service.
Lambert I would be Earl of Warwick, toiled and ruffled
Against my Master, leapt to catch the Moon,
Vaunted my name, Plantagenet, as you do:
An Earl forsooth! Whenas in truth I was,
As you are, a mere Rascal: yet, his Majesty,
(A Prince composed of sweetness! Heaven protect him)
Forgave me all my villainies, reprieved
The sentence of a shameful end, admitted
My surety of obedience to his service;
And I am now his Falconer, live plenteously;
Eat from the King's purse, and enjoy the sweetness
Of liberty, and favor, sleep securely:
And is not this now better, than to buffet
The Hangman’s clutches? or to brave the Cordage
Of a tough halter, which will break your neck?
So then the Gallant totters; prithee (Perkin)
Let my example lead thee, be no longer
A Counterfeit, confess, and hope for pardon!
Warbeck For pardon? hold my heartstrings, whiles contemp
Of injuries, in scorn, may bid defiance
To this base man’s foul language: thou poor vermin!
How dar'st thou creep so near me? thou an Earl?
Why thou enjoyest as much of happiness,
As all the swinge of sleight ambition flew at.
A dunghill was thy Cradle. So a puddle
By virtue of the Sunbeams, breathes a vapor
To infect the purer air, which drops again
Into the muddy womb that first exhaled it.
Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance
From the base Beadle’s whip, crowned all thy hopes.
But (Sirrah) ran there in thy veins, one drop
Of such a royal blood, as flows in mine;
Thou wouldest not change condition, to be second
In England’s State without the Crown itself!
Course creatures are incapable of excellence.
But let the world, as all, to whom I am
This day a spectacle, to time, deliver,
And by tradition fix posterity,
Without another Chronicle than truth,
How constantly, my resolution suffered
A martyrdom of Majesty! Lambert He’s past
Recovery, a Bedlam cannot cure him.
Urswick Away, inform the King of his behavior.
Lambert Perkin, beware the rope, the Hangman’s coming.
Urswick If yet thou hast no pity of thy body,
Pity thy soul!  

Enter Katherine, Jane, Daliell, and Oxford.

Jane. Dear Lady! Oxford Whither will ’ee
Without respect of shame? Katherine Forbear me (Sir)
And trouble not the current of my duty!
Oh my Loved Lord! Can any scorn be yours,
In which I have no interest? some kind hand
Lend me assistance, that I may partake
Th’ infliction of this penance; my life’s dearest
Forgive me, I have stayed too long, from tend’ring
Attendance on reproach, yet bid me welcome.
Warbeck Great miracle of Constancy! my miseries,
Were never bankrupt of their confidence

In worst afflictions, till this now, I feel them.
Report, and thy Deserts, (thou best of creatures)
Might to eternity, have stood a pattern
For every vertuous wife, without this conquest.
Thou hast outdone belief, yet, may their ruin
In after marriages, be never pitied,
To whom thy Story, shall appear a fable.
Why wouldst thou prove so much unkind to greatness,
To glorify thy vows by such a servitude?
I cannot weep, but trust me (Dear) my heart
Is liberal of passion; Harry Richmond!
A woman’s faith, hath robbed thy fame of triumph.

Oxford Sirrah, leave off your juggling, and tie up
The Devil, that ranges in your tongue. Urswick Thus Witches,
Possessed, even their deaths’ deluded, say,
They have been wolves, and dogs, and sailed in Eggshells
Over the Sea, and rid on fiery Dragons;
Passed in the air more than a thousand miles,
All in a night; the enemy of mankind
Is powerful, but false; and falsehood confident.

Oxford Remember (Lady) who you are; come from
That impudent Imposter! Katherine You abuse us:
For when the holy Churchman joined our hands,
Our Vows were real then; the Ceremony
Was not in apparition, but in act.
Be what these people term Thee, I am certain
Thou art my husband, no Divorce in Heaven
Has been sued out between us; ’tis injustice
For any earthly power to divide us.
Or we will live, or let us die together.
There is a cruel mercy.

Warbeck Spite of tyranny
We reign in our affections, (blessed Woman)
Read in my destiny, the wrack of honor;
Point out in my contempt of death, to memory
Some miserable happiness: since, herein,
Even when I fell, I stood, enthroned a Monarch

Of one chaste wife’s troth, pure, and uncorrupted.
Fair Angel of perfection; immortality
Shall raise thy name up to an adoration;
Court every rich opinion of true merit;
And Saint it in the Calendar of virtue,
When I am turned into the self-same dust
Of which I was first formed. Oxford The Lord Ambassador,
Huntly, your Father (Madam) should ’a look on
Your strange subjection, in a gaze so public,
Would blush on your behalf, and wish his Country
Unleft, for entertainment to such sorrow.

Katherine Why art thou angry Oxford? I must be
More peremptory in my duty; — (Sir)
Impute it not unto immodesty,
That I presume to press you to a Legacy,
Before we part forever! Warbeck Let it be then
My heart, the rich remains, of all my fortunes.

Katherine Confirm it with a kiss pray! Warbeck Oh, with that
I wish to breathe my last upon thy lips,
Those equal twins of comeliness, I seal
The testament of honorable Vows:
Whoever be that man, that shall unkiss
This sacred print next, may he prove more thrifty
In this world’s just applause, not more desertful.

Katherine  By this sweet pledge of both our souls, I swear
To die a faithful widow to thy bed:
Not to be forced, or won. ó, never, never.

Enter Surrey, Daubeny, Huntly, and Crawford.

Daubeny  Free the condemned person, quickly free him.
What has ’a yet confessed?  Urswick  Nothing to purpose;
But still ’a will be King.  Surrey  Prepare your journey
To a new Kingdom then, (unhappy Madam)
Wilfully foolish! See my Lord Ambassador,
Your Lady Daughter will not leave the Counterfeit
In this disgrace of fate.  Huntly  I never pointed

Thy marriage (girl) but yet being married,
Enjoy thy duty to a husband, freely:
The griefs are mine. I glory in thy constancy;
And must not say, I wish, that I had missed
Some partage in these trials of a patience.

Katherine  You will forgive me noble Sir?  Huntly  Yes, yes;
In every duty of a wife, and daughter,
I dare not disavow thee, — to your husband
(For such you are Sir) I impart a farewell
Of manly pity; what your life has passed through,
The dangers of your end will make apparent?
And I can add, for comfort to your sufferance,
No Cordial, but the wonder of your frailty,
Which keeps so firm a station. — We are parted.

Warbeck  We are a crown of peace, renew thy age
Most honorable  Huntly:  worthy Crawford?
We may embrace, I never thought thee injury.

Crawford  Nor was I ever guilty of neglect
Which might procure such thought. I take my leave (Sir.)

Warbeck  To you Lord Daliell: what? accept a sigh,
’Tis heartly, and in earnest.  Daliell.  I want utterance:
My silence is my farewell.  Katherine  Oh — oh, —

Jane.  Sweet Madam,
What do you mean! — my Lord, your hand.

Daliell  Dear Lady,
Be pleased that I may wait ’ee to your lodging.

Exeunt Daliell, Katherine, Jane.

Enter Sheriff, and Officers, Skelton, Astley, Heron,
and Mayor with halters about their necks.

Oxford  Look ’ee, behold your followers, appointed
To wait on ’ee in death.  Warbeck  Why Peers of England,
We’ll lead ’em on courageously. I read
A triumph over tyranny upon
Their several foreheads. Faint not in the moment
Of Victory! our ends, and *Warwick’s* head,

Innocent *Warwick’s* head, (for we are Prologue
But to his tragedy) conclude the wonder
Of *Henry’s* fears; and then the glorious race
Of *fourteen Kings* Plantagenets, determines
In this *last issue male*, Heaven be obeyed.
Impoverish time of its amazement (friends)
And we will prove, as trusty in our payments,
As prodigal to *nature* in our debts.
Death? pish, ’tis but a sound; a name of air;
A minute’s storm; or not so much, to tumble
From bed to bed, be massacred alive
By some *Physicians*, for a month, or two,
In hope of freedom from a Fever’s torments,
Might stagger manhood; here, the pain is past
Ere sensibly ’tis felt. Be men of spirit!
Spurn coward passion! so illustrious mention,
Shall blaze *our names*, and style us *KINGS O’ER DEATH*.

*Daubeney*  
Away—Imposter beyond precedent: *Exeunt all Officers* and *Prisoners*.

No Chronicle records his fellow.

*Huntly*  
I have

Not thoughts left, ’tis sufficient in such cases
Just Laws ought to proceed.

Enter King Henry, Durham, and Hialas.

*King Henry*  
We are resolved:
Your business (noble Lords) shall find success,
Such as your King importunes. *Huntly*  
You are gracious.

*King Henry*  
*Perkin*, we are informed, is armed to die:
In that we’ll honor him. Our Lords shall follow
To see the execution; and from hence
We gather this fit use: that public States,
“As our particular bodies, taste most good
“In health, when purged of corrupted blood.

*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

Epilogue.

*Here has appeared, though in a several fashion,*
*The Threats of Majesty; the strength of passion;*
*Hopes of an Empire; change of fortunes; All*
What can to Theaters or Greatness fall;
Proving their weak foundations: who will please
Amongst such several Sights, to censure These
No birth’s abortive nor a bastard-brood
(Shame to a parentage, or fosterhood)
May warrant by their loves, all just excuses,
And often find a welcome to the Muses.

FINIS.
Textual Notes

1. **14 (4-b)**: The regularized reading *eclipse* is amended from the original *eclipfe*.
2. **27 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *TRUTH* is amended from the original *TTVTH*.
3. **856 (17-a)**: The regularized reading *Phaeton* is amended from the original *Phueton*.
4. **1102 (20-b)**: The regularized reading *Dertford* comes from the original *Dertford*, though possible variants include *Deptford*.
5. **1764 (29-b)**: The regularized reading *Combination* is supplied for the original *Combinati[*]n*.
6. **2082 (34-a)**: Both Huntington (base copy) and Folger shelfmark STC 11157 have faint printing on this page. Regularizations in this section are taken from the Folger copy.
7. **2082 (34-a)**: The regularized reading *confidence* is supplied for the original *c[◇]*.
8. **2083 (34-a)**: The regularized reading *danger* is supplied for the original [*◇]*.
9. **2086 (34-a)**: The regularized reading *have* is supplied for the original *ha[*]e.*
10. **2265 (36-b)**: The regularized reading *Lovely* is supplied for the original *L[*]uely*.
11. **2458 (39-a)**: The regularized reading *Earl* is amended from the original *Eare*.
12. **2579 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *forced* is amended from the original *foret*. 