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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
True Chronicle History
of King LEIR, and his three
*daughters, Gonoril, Ragan,
and Cordella.*

As it hath been divers and sundry
times lately acted.

LONDON,
Printed by Simon Stafford for John
Wright, and are to be sold at his shop at
Christ's Church door, next Newgate Market.
1605.

The true Chronicle History of King
Leir and his three daughters.

ACTUS I.

Enter King Leir and Nobles.

THus to our grief the obsequies performed
Of our (too late) deceased and dearest Queen,
Whose soul I hope, possessed of heavenly joys,
Doth ride in triumph 'mongst the Cherubins;
Let us request your grave advice, my Lords,
For the disposing of our princely daughters,
For whom our care is specially employed,
As nature bindeth to advance their states,
In royal marriage with some princely mates:
For wanting now their mother's good advice,
Under whose government they have received
A perfect pattern of a virtuous life:
Left as it were a ship without a stern,
Or silly sheep without a Pastor's care;
Although ourselves do dearly tender them,
Yet are we ignorant of their affairs:
For fathers best do know to govern sons;
But daughters' steps the mother's counsel turns.
A son we want for to succeed our Crown,
And course of time hath canceled the date
Of further issue from our withered loins;

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One foot already hangeth in the grave,
And age hath made deep furrows in my face:
The world of me, I of the world am weary,
And I would fain resign these earthly cares,
And think upon the welfare of my soul:
Which by no better means may be effected,
Than by resigning up the Crown from me,
In equal dowry to my daughters three.

Skalliger. A worthy care, my Liege, which well declares,
The zeal you bare unto our *quondam* Queen:
And since your Grace hath licensed me to speak,

I censure thus; Your Majesty knowing well,
What several Suitors your princely daughters have,
To make them each a Jointure more or less,
As is their worth, to them that love profess.

Leir. No more, nor less, but even all alike,
My zeal is fixed, all fashioned in one mold:
Wherefore impartial shall my censure be,
Both old and young shall have alike for me.

Noble My gracious Lord, I heartily do wish,
That God had lent you an heir indubitate,
Which might have sat upon your royal throne,
When fates should lose the prison of your life,
By whose succession all this doubt might cease;
And as by you, by him we might have peace.
But after-wishes ever come too late,
And nothing can revoke the course of fate:
Wherefore, my Liege, my censure deems it best,
To match them with some of your neighbor Kings,
Bord'ring within the bounds of Albion,
By whose united friendship, this our state
May be protected 'gainst all foreign hate.

Leir. Herein, my Lords, your wishes sort with mine,
And mine (I hope) do sort with heavenly powers:
For at this instant two near neighboring Kings
Of Cornwall and of Cambria, motion love
To my two daughters, *Gonoril* and *Ragan*.
My youngest daughter, fair *Cordella*, vows
No liking to a Monarch, unless love allows.
She is solicited by divers Peers;
But none of them her partial fancy hears.
Yet, if my policy may her beguile,
I'll match her to some King within this Isle,
And so establish such a perfect peace,
As fortune's force shall ne'er prevail to cease.

Perillus. Of us and ours, your gracious care, my Lord,
Deserves an everlasting memory,
To be enrolled in Chronicles of fame,

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By never-dying perpetuity:

Yet to become so provident a Prince,
Lose not the title of a loving father:
Do not force love, where fancy cannot dwell,
Lest streams being stopped, above the banks do swell.

Leir. I am resolved, and even now my mind
Doth meditate a sudden stratagem,
To try which of my daughters loves me best:
Which till I know, I cannot be in rest.
This granted, when they jointly shall contend,
Each to exceed the other in their love:
Then at the vantage will I take *Cordella*,
Even as she doth protest she loves me best,
I'll say, Then, daughter, grant me one request,
To show thou lovest me as thy sisters do,
Accept a husband, whom myself will woo.
This said, she cannot well deny my suit,
Although (poor soul) her senses will be mute:
Then will I triumph in my policy,
And match her with a King of Brittany.

Skalliger I'll to them before, and bewray your secrecy.

Perillus Thus fathers think their children to beguile,
And oftentimes themselves do first repent,
When heavenly powers do frustrate their intent.

Exeunt.

Enter Gonoril and Ragan.

Gonoril I marvel, *Ragan*, how you can endure
To see that proud pert Peat, our youngest sister,
So slightly to account of us, her elders,
As if we were no better than herself!
We cannot have a quaint device so soon,
Or new-made fashion, of our choice invention;
But if she like it, she will have the same,
Or study newer to exceed us both.
Besides, she is so nice and so demure;
So sober, courteous, modest, and precise,
That all the Court hath work enough to do,
To talk how she exceedeth me and you.

Ragan What should I do? would it were in my power,
To find a cure for this contagious ill:

Some desperate medicine must be soon applied,
To dim the glory of her mounting fame;
Else ere 't be long, she'll have both prick and praise,
And we must be set by for working days.
Do you not see what several choice of Suitors
She daily hath, and of the best degree?

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Say, amongst all, she hap to fancy one,
And have a husband whenas we have none:
Why then, by right, to her we must give place,
Though it be ne'er so much to our disgrace.

Gonoril By my virginity, rather than she shall have
A husband before me,
I'll marry one or other in his shirt:
And yet I have made half a grant already
Of my good will unto the King of Cornwall.

Ragan Swear not so deeply (sister) here cometh my Lord *Skalliger*,
Something his hasty coming doth import. *Enter Skalliger*

Skalliger Sweet Princesses, I am glad I met you here so luckily,
Having good news which doth concern you both,
And craveth speedy expedition.

Ragan For God's sake tell us what it is, my Lord,
I am with child until you utter it.

Skalliger Madam, to save your longing, this it is:
Your father in great secrecy today,
Told me, he means to marry you out of hand,
Unto the noble Prince of Cambria;
You, Madam, to the King of Cornwall's Grace:
Your younger sister he would fain bestow
Upon the rich King of Hibernia:
But that he doubts, she hardly will consent;
For hitherto she ne'er could fancy him.
If she do yield, why then, between you three,
He will divide his kingdom for your dowries.
But yet there is a further mystery,
Which, so you will conceal, I will disclose.

Gonoril Whate'er thou speak'st to us, kind *Skalliger*,
Think that thou speak'st it only to thyself.

Skalliger He earnestly desireth for to know,

Which of you three do bear most love to him,
And on your loves he so extremely dotes,
As never any did, I think, before.
He presently doth mean to send for you,
To be resolved of this tormenting doubt:
And look, whose answer pleaseth him the best,
They shall have most unto their marriages.

Ragan O that I had some pleasing Mermaid's voice,
For to enchant his senseless senses with!

Skalliger For he supposeth that *Cordella* will
(Striving to go beyond you in her love)
Promise to do whatever he desires:
Then will he straight enjoin her for his sake,
The Hibernian King in marriage for to take.
This is the sum of all I have to say;
Which being done, I humbly take my leave,

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Not doubting but your wisdoms will foresee,
What course will best unto your good agree.
Gonoril Thanks, gentle *Skalliger*, thy kindness undeserved,
Shall not be unrequited, if we live. *Exit Skalliger.*
Ragan Now have we fit occasion offered us,
To be revenged upon her unperceived.
Gonoril Nay, our revenge we will inflict on her,
Shall be accounted piety in us:
I will so flatter with my doting father,
As he was ne'er so flattered in his life.
Nay, I will say, that if it be his pleasure,
To match me to a beggar, I will yield:
For why, I know whatever I do say,
He means to match me with the Cornwall King.
Ragan I'll say the like: for I am well assured;
Whate'er I say to please the old man's mind.
Who dotes, as if he were a child again;
I shall enjoy the noble Cambrian Prince:
Only, to feed his humor, will **suffice**,
To say, I am content with any one
Whom he'll appoint me; this will please him more.
Than e'er *Apollo's* music pleased *Jove*.

Gonoril I smile to think, in what a woeful plight
Cordella will be, when we answer thus:
For she will rather die, than give consent
To join in marriage with the Irish King:
So will our father think, she loveth him not,
Because she will not grant to his desire,
Which we will aggravate in such bitter terms,
That he will soon convert his love to hate:
For he, you know, is always in extremes.
Ragan Not all the world could lay a better plot,
I long till it be put in practice. *Exeunt.*
Enter Leir and Perillus.
Leir. *Perillus*, go seek my daughters,
Will them immediately come and speak with me.
Perillus I will, my gracious Lord. *Exit.*
Leir. Oh, what a combat feels my panting heart,
'Twi'x children's love, and care of Common weal!
How dear my daughters are unto my soul,
None knows, but he, that knows my thoughts and secret deeds.
Ah, little do they know the dear regard,
Wherein I hold their future state to come:
When they securely sleep on beds of down,
These aged eyes do watch for their behalf:
While they like wantons sport in youthful toys,
This throbbing heart is pierced with dire annoys.
As doth the Sun exceed the smallest Star,

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So much the father's love exceeds the child's.
Yet my complaints are causeless: for the world
Affords not children more conformable:
And yet, methinks, my mind presageth still
I know not what; and yet I fear some ill.

Enter Perillus, with the three daughters.

Well, here my daughters come: me: I have found out
A present means to rid me of this doubt.

Gonoril Our royal Lord and father, in all duty,
We come to know the tenor of your will,
Why you so hastily have sent for us?

Leir Dear *Gonoril*, kind *Ragan*, sweet *Cordella*,

Ye flourishing branches of a Kingly stock,
Sprung from a tree that once did flourish green,
Whose blossoms now are nipped with Winter's frost,
And pale grim death doth wait upon my steps,
And summons me unto his next Assizes.
Therefore, dear daughters, as ye tender the safety
Of him that was the cause of your first being,
Resolve a doubt which much molests my mind,
Which of you three to me would prove most kind;
Which loves me most, and which at my request
Will soonest yield unto their father's hest.

Gonoril I hope, my gracious father makes no doubt
Of any of his daughter's love to him:
Yet for my part, to show my zeal to you,
Which cannot be in windy words rehearsed,
I prize my love to you at such a rate,
I think my life inferior to my love.
Should you enjoin me for to tie a millstone
About my neck, and leap into the Sea,
At your command I willingly would do it:
Yea, for to do you good, I would ascend
The highest Turret in all Brittany,
And from the top leap headlong to the ground:
Nay, more, should you appoint me for to marry
The meanest vassal in the spacious world,
Without reply I would accomplish it:
In brief, command whatever you desire,
And if I fail, no favor I require.

Leir. O, how thy words revive my dying soul!

Cordella O, how I do abhor this flattery!

Leir. But what saith *Ragan* to her father's will?

Ragan O, that my simple utterance could suffice,
To tell the true intention of my heart,
Which burns in zeal of duty to your grace,
And never can be quenched, but by desire
To show the same in outward forwardness.

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Oh, that there were some other maid that durst
But make a challenge of her love with me;

I'd make her soon confess she never loved
Her father half so well as I do you.
Ay then, my deeds should prove in plainer case,
How much my zeal aboundeth to your grace:
But for them all, let this one mean suffice,
To ratify my love before your eyes:
I have right noble Suitors to my love,
No worse than Kings, and happily I love one:
Yet, would you have me make my choice anew,
I'd bridle fancy, and be ruled by you.

Leir. Did never *Philomel* sing so sweet a note.

Cordella Did never flatterer tell so false a tale.

Leir. Speak now, *Cordella*, make my joys at full,
And drop down Nectar from thy honey lips.

Cordella I cannot paint my duty forth in words,
I hope my deeds shall make report for me:
But look what love the child doth owe the father,
The same to you I bear, my gracious Lord.

Gonoril Here is an answer answerless indeed:
Were you my daughter, I should scarcely brook it.

Ragan Dost thou not blush, proud Peacock as thou art,
To make our father such a slight reply?

Leir. Why how now, Minion, are you grown so proud?
Doth our dear love make you thus peremptory?
What, is your love become so small to us,
As that you scorn to tell us what it is?
Do you love us, as every child doth love
Their father? True indeed, as some,
Who by disobedience short their father's days,
And so would you; some are so father-sick,
That they make means to rid them from the world;
And so would you: some are indifferent,
Whether their aged parents live or die;
And so are you. But, didst thou know, proud girl,
What care I had to foster thee to this,
Ah, then thou wouldst say as thy sisters do:
Our life is less, than love we owe to you.

Cordella Dear father, do not so mistake my words,

Nor my plain meaning be misconstrued;
My tongue was never used to flattery.

Gonoril You were not best say I flatter: if you do,
My deeds shall show, I flatter not with you.
I love my father better than thou canst.

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Cordella The praise were great, spoke from another's mouth:
But it should seem your neighbors dwell far off.

Ragan Nay, here is one, that will confirm as much
As she hath said, both for myself and her.
I say, thou dost not wish my father's good.

Cordella Dear father. —

Leir. Peace, bastard Imp, no issue of King *Leir*,
I will not hear thee speak one tittle more.
Call not me father, if thou love thy life,
Nor these thy sisters once presume to name:
Look for no help henceforth from me nor mine;
Shift as thou wilt, and trust unto thyself:
My Kingdom will I equally divide
'Twi'th thy two sisters to their royal dower,
And will bestow them worthy their deserts:
This done, because thou shalt not have the hope,
To have a child's part in the time to come,
I presently will dispossess myself,
And set up these upon my princely throne.

Gonoril I ever thought that pride would have a fall.

Ragan Plain dealing, sister: your beauty is so sheen,
You need no dowry, to make you be a Queen.

Exeunt Leir, Gonoril, Ragan.

Cordella Now whither, poor forsaken, shall I go,
When mine own sisters triumph in my woe?
But unto him which doth protect the just,
In him will poor *Cordella* put her trust.
These hands shall labor, for to get my spending;
And so i'll live until my days have ending.

Perillus Oh, how I grieve, to see my Lord thus fond,
To dote so much upon vain flattering words.
Ah, if he but with good advice had weighed,
The hidden tenor of her humble speech,

Reason to rage should not have given place,
Nor poor *Cordella* suffer such disgrace.

Exit.

*Enter the Gallian King with Mumford, and three
Nobles more.*

King. Dissuade me not, my Lords, I am resolved,
This next fair wind to sail for Brittany,
In some disguise, to see if flying fame
Be not too prodigal in the wondrous praise
Of these three Nymphs, the daughters of King *Leir*.
If present view do answer absent praise,
And eyes allow of what our ears have heard,
And *Venus* stand auspicious to my vows,
And Fortune favor what I take in hand;
I will return seized of as rich a prize
As *Jason*, when he won the golden fleece.

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Mumford Heavens grant you may; the match were full of honor,
And well beseeming the young Gallian King.
I would your Grace would favor me so much,
As make me partner of your Pilgrimage.
I long to see the gallant British Dames,
And feed mine eyes upon their rare perfections:
For till I know the contrary, I'll say,
Our Dames in France are far more fair than they.

King Lord *Mumford*, you have saved me a labor,
In off'ring that which I did mean to ask:
And I most willingly accept your company.
Yet first I will enjoin you to observe
Some few conditions which I shall propose.

Mumford So that you do not tie mine eyes for looking
After the amorous glances of fair Dames:
So that you do not tie my tongue from speaking,
My lips from kissing when occasion serves,
My hands from congés, and my knees to bow
To gallant Girls; which were a task more hard,
Than flesh and blood is able to endure:
Command what else you please, I rest content.

King To bind thee from a thing thou canst not leave,
Were but a mean to make thee seek it more:

And therefore speak, look, kiss, salute for me;
In these myself am like to second thee.
Now hear thy task. I charge thee from the time
That first we set sail for the British shore,
To use no words of dignity to me,
But in the friendliest manner that thou canst,
Make use of me as thy companion:
For we will go disguised in Palmers' weeds,
That no man shall mistrust us what we are.

Mumford If that be all, i'll fit your turn, I warrant you. I am
some kin to the Blunts, and I think, the bluntest of all my kindred;
therefore if I be too blunt with you, thank yourself for
praying me to be so.

King. Thy pleasant company will make the way seem short.
It resteth now, that in my absence hence,
I do commit the government to you
My trusty Lords and faithful Counselors.
Time cutteth off the rest I have to say:
The wind blows fair, and I must needs away.

Nobles. Heavens send your voyage to as good effect,
As we your land do purpose to protect.

Exeunt.

*Enter the King of Cornwall and his man booted and
spurred, a riding wand, and a letter in his hand.*

Cornwall But how far distant are we from the Court?
Servant Some twenty miles, my Lord, or thereabouts.

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

img: 8-a
sig: B3v

wln 0417
wln 0418
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wln 0448
wln 0449
wln 0450
wln 0451

Cornwall It seemeth to me twenty thousand miles:
Yet hope I to be there within this hour.

Servant Then are you like to ride alone for me.
I think, my Lord is weary of his life.

*to
himself.*

Cornwall Sweet *Gonoril*, I long to see thy face,
Which hast so kindly gratified my love.

*Enter the King of Cambria booted and spurred, and his
man with a wand and a letter.*

Cambria Get a fresh horse: for by my soul I swear,
I am past patience, longer to forbear
The wished sight of my beloved mistress,
Dear *Ragan*, stay and comfort of my life.

*He looks
on the
letter.*

Servant Now what in God's name doth my Lord intend? *to himself.*

He thinks he ne'er shall come at 's journey's end.
I would he had old *Daedalus*' waxen wings,
That he might fly, so I might stay behind:
For ere we get to Troynovant, I see,
He quite will tire himself, his horse and me.

*Cornwall and Cambria look one upon another, and
start to see each other there.*

Cornwall Brother of Cambria, we greet you well,
As one whom here we little did expect.

Cambria Brother of Cornwall, met in happy time:
I thought as much to have met with the Souldan of Persia,
As to have met you in this place, my Lord.
No doubt, it is about some great affairs,
That makes you here so slenderly accompanied.

Cornwall To say the truth, my Lord, it is no less,
And for your part some hasty wind of chance
Hath blown you hither thus upon the sudden.

Cambria My Lord, to break off further circumstances,
For at this time I cannot brook delays:
Tell you your reason, I will tell you mine.

Cornwall In faith content, and therefore to be brief;
For I am sure my haste's as great as yours:
I am sent for, to come unto King *Leir*,
Who by these present letters promiseth
His eldest daughter, lovely *Gonoril*,
To me in marriage, and for present dowry,
The moiety of half his Regiment.
The Lady's love I long ago possessed:
But until now I never had the father's.

Cambria You tell me wonders, yet I will relate
Strange news, and henceforth we must brothers call;
Witness these lines: his honorable age,
Being weary of the troubles of his Crown,
His princely daughter *Ragan* will bestow
On me in marriage, with half his Signories,

wln 0452
wln 0453
wln 0454

img: 8-b
sig: B4r

Whom I would gladly have accepted of,
With the third part, her compliments are such.
Cornwall If I have one half, and you have the other,

wln 0455
wln 0456
wln 0457
wln 0458
wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467
wln 0468
wln 0469

Then between us we must needs have the whole.
Cambria The hole! how mean you that? 'Sblood, I hope,
We shall have two holes between us.
Cornwall Why, the whole Kingdom.
Cambria Ay, that's very true.
Cornwall What then is left for his third daughter's dowry,
Lovely *Cordella*, whom the world admires?
Cambria 'Tis very strange, I know not what to think,
Unless they mean to make a Nun of her.
Cornwall 'Twere pity such rare beauty should be hid
Within the compass of a Cloister's wall:
But howsoe'er, if *Leir*'s words prove true,
It will be good, my Lord, for me and you.
Cambria Then let us haste, all danger to prevent,
For fear delays do alter his intent. *Exeunt.*

wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477
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wln 0479
wln 0480
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wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489
wln 0490
wln 0491

img: 9-a
sig: B4v

Enter Gonoril and Ragan.

Gonoril Sister, when did you see *Cordella* last,
That pretty piece, that thinks none good enough
To speak to her, because (sir-reverence)
She hath a little beauty extraordinary?
Ragan Since time my father warned her from his presence,
I never saw her, that I can remember.
God give her joy of her surpassing beauty;
I think, her dowry will be small enough.
Gonoril I have incensed my father so against her,
As he will never be reclaimed again.
Ragan I was not much behind to do the like.
Gonoril Faith, sister, what moves you to bear her such good will?
Ragan In truth, I think, the same that moveth you;
Because she doth surpass us both in beauty.
Gonoril Beshrew your fingers, how right you can guess:
I tell you true, it cuts me to the heart.
Ragan But we will keep her low enough, I warrant,
And clip her wings for mounting up too high.
Gonoril Whoever hath her, shall have a rich marriage of her.
Ragan She were right fit to make a Parson's wife:
For they, men say, do love fair women well,

wln 0492
wln 0493
wln 0494
wln 0495

And many times do marry them with nothing.
Gonoril With nothing! marry God forbid: why, are there any such?
Ragan I mean, no money.
Gonoril I cry you mercy, I mistook you much:

wln 0496
wln 0497
wln 0498
wln 0499
wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502
wln 0503
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img: 9-b
sig: C1r

wln 0530
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wln 0541
wln 0542
wln 0543

And she is far too stately for the Church;
She'll lay her husband's Benefice on her back,
Even in one gown, if she may have her will.

Ragan In faith, poor soul, I pity her a little.
Would she were less fair, or more fortunate.

Well, I think long until I see my *Morgan*,
The gallant Prince of Cambria, here arrive.

Gonoril And so do I, until the Cornwall King
Present himself, to consummate my joys.
Peace, here cometh my father.

Enter Leir, Perillus and others.

Leir. Cease, good my Lords, and sue not to reverse
Our censure, which is now irrevocable.

We have dispatched letters of contract
Unto the Kings of Cambria and of Cornwall;

Our hand and seal will justify no less:
Then do not so dishonor me, my Lords,

As to make shipwreck of our kingly word.

I am as kind as is the Pelican,

That kills itself, to save her young ones' lives:

And yet as jealous as the princely Eagle,

That kills her young ones, if they do but dazzle

Upon the radiant splendor of the Sun.

Within this two days I expect their coming.

But in good time, they are arrived already.

This haste of yours, my Lords, doth testify

The fervent love you bear unto my daughters:

And think yourselves as welcome to King *Leir*,

As ever *Priam's* children were to him.

Cornwall My gracious Lord, and father too, I hope,
Pardon, for that I made no greater haste:

But were my horse as swift as was my will,

I long ere this had seen your Majesty.

Cambria No other 'scuse of absence can I frame,

Than what my brother hath informed your Grace:
For our undeserved welcome, we do vow,
Perpetually to rest at your command.

Cornwall But you, sweet Love, illustrious *Gonoril*,
The Regent, and the Sovereign of my soul,
Is *Cornwall* welcome to your Excellency?

Gonoril As welcome, as *Leander* was to *Hero*,
Or brave *Aeneas* to the Carthage Queen:
So and more welcome is your Grace to me.

Cambria O, may my fortune prove no worse than his,
Since heavens do know, my fancy is as much.

Dear *Ragan*, say, if welcome unto thee,
All welcomes else will little comfort me.

Ragan As gold is welcome to the covetous eye,

*Enter
Kings of
Cornwall and
Cambria.*

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wln 0545
wln 0546
wln 0547
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wln 0567

img: 10-a
sig: C1v

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wln 0569
wln 0570
wln 0571
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wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591

As sleep is welcome to the Traveler,
As is fresh water to sea-beaten men,
Or moistened showers unto the parched ground,
Or any thing more welcomer than this,
So and more welcome lovely *Morgan* is.

Leir. What resteth then, but that we consummate,
The celebration of these nuptial Rites?
My Kingdom I do equally divide.
Princes, draw lots, and take your chance as falls.

Then they draw lots.

These I resign as freely unto you,
As erst by true succession they were mine.
And here I do freely dispossess myself,
And make you two my true adopted heirs:
Myself will sojourn with my son of Cornwall,
And take me to my prayers and my beads.
I know, my daughter *Ragan* will be sorry,
Because I do not spend my days with her:
Would I were able to be with both at once;
They are the kindest Girls in Christendom.

Perillus I have been silent all this while, my Lord,
To see if any worthier than myself,
Would once have spoke in poor *Cordella's* cause:
But love or fear ties silence to their tongues.

Oh, hear me speak for her, my gracious Lord,
Whose deeds have not deserved this ruthless doom,
As thus to disinherit her of all.

Leir. Urge this no more, and if thou love thy life:
I say, she is no daughter, that doth scorn
To tell her father how she loveth him.
Whoever speaketh hereof to me again,
I will esteem him for my mortal foe.
Come, let us in, to celebrate with joy,
The happy Nuptials of these lovely pairs.

Exeunt omnes, manet Perillus.

Perillus Ah, who so blind, as they that will not see
The near approach of their own misery?
Poor Lady, I extremely pity her:
And whilst I live, each drop of my heart blood,
Will I strain forth, to do her any good.

Exit.

*Enter the Gallian King, and Mumford, disguised
like Pilgrims.*

Mumford My Lord, how do you brook this British air?
King of Gallia. My Lord? I told you of this foolish humor,
And bound you to the contrary, you know.

Mumford Pardon me for once, my Lord; I did forget.
King of Gallia. My Lord again? then let's have nothing else,
And so be ta'en for spies, and then 'tis well.

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wln 0595
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wln 0601
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wln 0604
wln 0605

img: 10-b
sig: C2r

wln 0606
wln 0607
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wln 0638
wln 0639

Mumford 'Swounds, I could bite my tongue in two for anger:
For God's sake name yourself some proper name.

King of Gallia. Call me *Tresillus*: I'll call thee *Denapoll*.

Mumford Might I be made the Monarch of the world,
I could not hit upon these names, I swear.

King of Gallia. Then call me *Will*, i'll call thee *Jack*.

Mumford Well, be it so, for I have well deserved to be called *Jack*.

King of Gallia. Stand close; for here a British Lady cometh: *Enter*
A fairer creature ne'er mine eyes beheld. *Cordella.*

Cordella This is a day of joy unto my sisters,
Wherein they both are married unto Kings;
And I, by birth, as worthy as themselves,
Am turned into the world, to seek my fortune.
How may I blame the fickle Queen of Chance,

That maketh me a pattern of her power?

Ah, poor weak maid, whose imbecility

Is far unable to endure these brunts.

Oh, father *Leir*, how dost thou wrong thy child,

Who always was obedient to thy will!

But why accuse I fortune and my father?

No, no, it is the pleasure of my God:

And I do willingly embrace the rod.

King of Gallia. It is no Goddess; for she doth **complain**
On fortune, and th' unkindness of her father.

Cordella These costly robes ill fitting my estate,
I will exchange for other meaner habit.

Mumford Now if I had a Kingdom in my hands,
I would exchange it for a milkmaid's smock and petticoat,
That she and I might shift our clothes together.

Cordella I will betake me to my thread and Needle,
And earn my living with my fingers' ends.

Mumford O brave! God willing, thou shalt have my custom,
By sweet Saint *Denis*, here I sadly swear,
For all the shirts and night-gear that I wear.

Cordella I will profess and vow a maiden's life.

Mumford Then I protest thou shalt not have my custom.

King of Gallia. I can forbear no longer for to speak:
For if I do, I think my heart will break.

Mumford 'Sblood, *Will*, I hope you are not in love with my Sempster.

King of Gallia. I am in such a labyrinth of love,
As that I know not which way to get out.

Mumford You'll ne'er get out, unless you first get in.

King of Gallia. I prithee *Jack*, cross not my passions.

Mumford Prithee *Will*, to her, and try her patience.

King of Gallia. Thou fairest creature, whatso'er thou art,
That ever any mortal eyes beheld,
Vouchsafe to me, who have o'erheard thy woes,
To show the cause of these thy sad laments.

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wln 0641
wln 0642
wln 0643

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wln 0678
wln 0679
wln 0680
wln 0681

img: 11-b
sig: C3r

wln 0682
wln 0683
wln 0684

Cordella Ah Pilgrims, what avails to show the cause,
When there's no means to find a remedy?
King of Gallia. To utter grief, doth ease a heart o'ercharged.
Cordella To touch a sore, doth aggravate the pain.

King of Gallia. The silly mouse, by virtue of her teeth,
Released the princely Lion from the net.

Cordella Kind Palmer, which so much desir'st to hear
The tragic tale of my unhappy youth:
Know this in brief, I am the hapless daughter
Of *Leir*, sometimes King of Brittany.

King of Gallia. Why, who debars his honorable age,
From being still the King of Brittany?

Cordella None, but himself hath dispossessed himself,
And given all his Kingdom to the Kings
Of Cornwall and of Cambria, with my sisters.

King of Gallia. Hath he given nothing to your lovely self?

Cordella He loved me not, and therefore gave me nothing,
Only because I could not flatter him:
And in this day of triumph to my sisters,
Doth Fortune triumph in my overthrow.

King of Gallia. Sweet Lady, say there should come a King,
As good as either of your sisters' husbands,
To crave your love, would you accept of him?

Cordella Oh, do not mock with those in misery,
Nor do not think, though fortune have the power,
To spoil mine honor, and debase my state,
That she hath any interest in my mind:
For if the greatest Monarch on the earth,
Should sue to me in this extremity,
Except my heart could love, and heart could like,
Better than any that I ever saw,
His great estate no more should move my mind,
Than mountains move by blast of every wind.

King of Gallia. Think not, sweet Nymph, 'tis holy Palmer's guise,
To grieved souls fresh torments to devise:
Therefore in witness of my true intent,
Let heaven and earth bear record of my words:
There is a young and lusty Gallian King,
So like to me, as I am to myself,
That earnestly doth crave to have thy love,
And join with thee in *Hymen's* sacred bonds.

Cordella The like to thee did ne'er these eyes behold;

Oh live to add new torments to my grief:
Why didst thou thus entrap me unawares?
Ah Palmer, my estate doth not befit

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wln 0686
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img: 12-a
sig: C3v

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wln 0732

A kingly marriage, as the case now stands.
Whilom whenas I lived in honor's height,
A Prince perhaps might postulate my love:
Now misery, dishonor and disgrace,
Hath light on me, and quite reversed the case.
Thy King will hold thee wise, if thou surcease
The suit, whereas no dowry will ensue.
Then be advised, Palmer, what to do:
Cease for thy King, seek for thyself to woo.
King of Gallia. Your birth's too high for any, but a King.
Cordella My mind is low enough to love a Palmer,
Rather than any King upon the earth.
King of Gallia. O, but you never can endure their life,
Which is so straight and full of penury.
Cordella O yes, I can, and happy if I might:
I'll hold thy Palmer's staff within my hand,
And think it is the Sceptre of a Queen.
Sometime i'll set thy Bonnet on my head,
And think I wear a rich imperial Crown.
Sometime i'll help thee in thy holy prayers,
And think I am with thee in Paradise.
Thus i'll mock fortune, as she mocketh me,
And never will my lovely choice repent:
For having thee, I shall have all content.
King of Gallia. 'Twere sin to hold her longer in suspense,
Since that my soul hath vowed she shall be mine.
Ah, dear *Cordella*, cordial to my heart,
I am no Palmer, as I seem to be,
But hither come in this unknown disguise,
To view th'admired beauty of those eyes.
I am the King of Gallia, gentle maid,
(Although thus slenderly accompanied)
And yet thy vassal by imperious Love,
And sworn to serve thee everlastingly.
Cordella Whate'er you be, of high or low descent,

All's one to me, I do request but this:
That as I am, you will accept of me,
And I will have you whatsoever you be:
Yet well I know, you come of royal race,
I see such sparks of honor in your face:
Mumford Have Palmer's weeds such power to win fair Ladies?
Faith, then I hope the next that falls is mine:
Upon condition I no worse might speed,
I would for ever wear a Palmer's weed.
I like an honest and plain-dealing wench,
That swears (without exceptions) I will have you.
These foppets, that know not whether to love a man or no, except
they first go ask their mother's leave, by this hand, I hate

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img: 12-b
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wln 0780

them ten times worse than poison.

King of Gallia. What resteth then our happiness to procure?

Mumford Faith, go to Church, to make the matter sure.

King of Gallia. It shall be so, because the world shall say,
King *Leir's* three daughters were wedded in one day:

The celebration of this happy chance,

We will defer, until we come to France.

Mumford I like the wooing, that's not long a-doing.

Well, for her sake, I know what I know:

I'll never marry whilst I live,

Except I have one of these British Ladies,

My humor is alienated from the maids of France.

Exeunt.

Enter Perillus solus.

Perillus The King hath dispossessed himself of all,
Those to advance, which scarce will give him thanks:

His youngest daughter he hath turned away,

And no man knows what is become of her.

He sojourns now in Cornwall with the eldest,

Who flattered him, until she did obtain

That at his hands, which now she doth possess,

And now she sees he hath no more to give,

It grieves her heart to see her father live.

Oh, whom should man trust in this wicked age,

When children thus against their parents rage?

But he, the mirror of mild patience,

Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply:

Yet shames she not in most opprobrious sort,

To call him fool and dotard to his face,

And sets her Parasites of purpose oft,

In scoffing wise to offer him disgrace.

Oh iron age! O times! O monstrous, vild,

When parents are contemned of the child!

His pension she hath half restrained from him,

And will, ere long, the other half, I fear:

For she thinks nothing is bestowed in vain,

But that which doth her father's life maintain.

Trust not alliance; but trust strangers rather,

Since daughters prove disloyal to the father.

Well, I will counsel him the best I can:

Would I were able to redress his wrong.

Yet what I can, unto my utmost power,

He shall be sure of to the latest hour.

Exit.

Enter Gonoril, and Skalliger.

Gonoril I prithee, *Skalliger*, tell me what thou thinkst:

Could any woman of our dignity

Endure such quips and peremptory taunts,

As I do daily from my doting father?

Doth 't not suffice that I him keep of alms,

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wln 0793
wln 0794
wln 0795

img: 13-a
sig: C4v

Who is not able for to keep himself?
But as if he were our better, he should think
To check and snap me up at every word.
I cannot make me a new-fashioned gown,
And set it forth with more than common cost;
But his old doting doltish withered wit,
Is sure to give a senseless check for it.
I cannot make a banquet extraordinary,
To grace myself, and spread my name abroad,
But he, old fool, is captious by and by,
And saith, the cost would well suffice for twice.
Judge then, I pray, what reason is't, that I
Should stand alone charged with his vain expense,
And that my sister *Ragan* should go free,
To whom he gave as much, as unto me?

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wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826
wln 0827
wln 0828

I prithee, *Skalliger*, tell me, if thou know,
By any means to rid me of this woe.
Skalliger Your many favors still bestowed on me,
Bind me in duty to advise your Grace,
How you may soonest remedy this ill.
The large allowance which he hath from you,
Is that which makes him so forget himself:
Therefore abridge it half, and you shall see,
That having less, he will more thankful be:
For why, abundance maketh us forget
The fountains whence the benefits do spring.
Gonoril Well, *Skalliger*, for thy kind advice herein,
I will not be ungrateful, if I live:
I have restrained half his portion already,
And I will presently restrain the other,
That having no means to relieve himself,
He may go seek elsewhere for better help. *Exit.*
Skalliger Go, viperous woman, shame to all thy sex:
The heavens, no doubt, will punish thee for this:
And me a villain, that to curry favor,
Have given the daughter counsel 'gainst the father.
But us the world doth this experience give,
That he that cannot flatter, cannot live. *Exit.*
Enter King of Cornwall, Leir, Perillus and Nobles.
Cornwall Father, what aileth you to be so sad?
Methinks, you frolic not as you were wont.
Leir. The nearer we do grow unto our graves,
The less we do delight in worldly joys.
Cornwall But if a man can frame himself to mirth,
It is a mean for to prolong his life.
Leir. Then welcome sorrow, *Leir's* only friend,
Who doth desire his troubled days had end.
Cornwall Comfort yourself, father, here comes your daughter,

wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832
wln 0833

img: 13-b
sig: D1r

wln 0834
wln 0835
wln 0836
wln 0837
wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
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wln 0847
wln 0848
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wln 0851
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wln 0859
wln 0860
wln 0861
wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871

img: 14-a
sig: D1v

wln 0872
wln 0873

Who much will grieve, I know, to see you sad.
Leir. But more doth grieve, I fear, to see me live.
Cornwall My *Gonoril*, you come in wished time,
To put your father from these pensive dumps.
In faith, I fear that all things go not well.

Enter
Gonoril.

Gonoril What, do you fear, that I have angered him?
Hath he complained of me unto my Lord?
I'll provide him a piece of bread and cheese;
For in a time he'll practice nothing else,
Than carry tales from one unto another.
'Tis all his practice for to kindle strife,
'Twixt you, my Lord, and me your loving wife:
But I will take an order, if I can,
To cease th' effect, where first the cause began.

Cornwall Sweet, be not angry in a partial cause,
He ne'er complained of thee in all his life.
Father, you must not weigh a woman's words.

Leir. Alas, not I: poor soul, she breeds young bones,
And that is it makes her so touchy sure.

Gonoril What, breeds young bones already! you will make
An honest woman of me then, belike.
O vild old wretch! whoever heard the like,
That seeketh thus his own child to defame?

Cornwall I cannot stay to hear this discord sound.

Exit.

Gonoril For any one that loves your company,
You may go pack, and seek some other place,
To sow the seed of discord and disgrace.

Exit.

Leir. Thus, say or do the best that e'er I can,
'Tis wrested straight into another sense.
This punishment my heavy sins deserve,
And more than this ten thousand thousand times:
Else aged *Leir* them could never find
Cruel to him, to whom he hath been kind.
Why do I overlive myself, to see
The course of nature quite reversed in me?
Ah, gentle Death, if ever any wight
Did wish thy presence with a perfect zeal:
Then come, I pray thee, even with all my heart,
And end my sorrows with thy fatal dart.

He weeps.

Perillus Ah, do not so disconsolate yourself,
Nor dew your aged cheeks with wasting tears.

Leir. What man art thou that takest any pity
Upon the worthless state of old *Leir*?

Perillus One, who doth bear as great a share of grief,
As if it were my dearest father's case.

wln 0874
wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883
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wln 0885
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wln 0900
wln 0901
wln 0902
wln 0903
wln 0904
wln 0905
wln 0906
wln 0907
wln 0908
wln 0909

img: 14-b
sig: D2r

wln 0910
wln 0911
wln 0912
wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
wln 0916
wln 0917
wln 0918
wln 0919
wln 0920
wln 0921

Leir. Ah, good my friend, how ill art thou advised,
For to consort with miserable men:
Go learn to flatter, where thou mayst in time
Get favor 'mongst the mighty, and so climb:
For now I am so poor and full of want.
As that I ne'er can recompense thy love.

Perillus What's got by flattery, doth not long endure;
And men in favor live not most secure.
My conscience tells me, if I should forsake you,
I were the hateful'st excrement on the earth:
Which well do know, in course of former time,
How good my Lord hath been to me and mine.

Leir. Did I e'er raise thee higher than the rest
Of all thy ancestors which were before?

Perillus I ne'er did seek it; but by your good Grace,
I still enjoyed my own with quietness.

Leir. Did I ere give thee living, to increase
The due revenues which thy father left?

Perillus I had enough, my Lord, and having that,
What should you need to give me any more?

Leir. Oh, did I ever dispossess myself,
And give thee half my Kingdom in good will?

Perillus Alas, my Lord, there were no reason, why
You should have such a thought, to give it me.

Leir. Nay, if thou talk of reason, then be mute;
For with good reason I can thee confute.
If they, which first by nature's sacred law,
Do owe to me the tribute of their lives;
If they to whom I always have been kind,
And bountiful beyond comparison;
If they, for whom I have undone myself,
And brought my age unto this extreme want,
Do now reject, contemn, despise, abhor me,
What reason moveth thee to sorrow for me?

Perillus Where reason fails, let tears confirm my love,
And speak how much your passions do me move.

Ah, good my Lord, condemn not all for one:
You have two daughters left, to whom I know
You shall be welcome, if you please to go.

Leir. Oh, how thy words add sorrow to my soul,
To think of my unkindness to *Cordella*!
Whom causeless I did dispossess of all,
Upon th' unkind suggestions of her sisters:
And for her sake, I think this heavy doom
Is fall'n on me, and not without desert:
Yet unto *Ragan* was I always kind,
And gave to her the half of all I had:
It may be, if I should to her repair,

wln 0922
wln 0923
wln 0924
wln 0925
wln 0926
wln 0927
wln 0928
wln 0929
wln 0930
wln 0931
wln 0932
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wln 0934
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wln 0939
wln 0940
wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946
wln 0947

img: 15-a
sig: D2v

wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958
wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966
wln 0967
wln 0968
wln 0969

She would be kinder, and entreat me fair.

Perillus No doubt she would, and practice ere 't be long,
By force of Arms for to redress your wrong.

Leir. Well, since thou dost advise me for to go,
I am resolved to try the worst of woe.

Exeunt.

Enter Ragan solus.

Ragan How may *I* bless the hour of my nativity,
Which bodeth unto me such happy Stars!
How may *I* thank kind fortune, that vouchsafes
To all my actions, such desired event!
I rule the King of Cambria as *I* please:
The States are all obedient to my will;
And look whate'er *I* say, it shall be so;
Not any one, that dareth answer no.
My eldest sister lives in royal state,
And wanteth nothing fitting her degree:
Yet hath she such a cooling card withal,
As that her honey savoreth much of gall.
My father with her is quartermaster still,
And many times restrains her of her will:
But if he were with me, and served me so,
I'd send him packing somewhere else to go.

I'd entertain him **with** such slender cost,
That he should quickly wish to change his host.

Exit.

Enter Cornwall, Gonoril, and attendants.

Cornwall Ah, *Gonoril*, what dire unhappy chance

Hath sequestered thy father from our presence,
That no report can yet be heard of him?
Some great unkindness hath been offered him,
Exceeding far the bounds of patience:
Else all the world shall never me persuade,
He would forsake us without notice made.

Gonoril Alas, my Lord, whom doth it touch so near,
Or who hath interest in this grief, but *I*,
Whom sorrow had brought to her longest home,
But that *I* know his qualities so well?
I know, he is but stol'n upon my sister
At unawares, to see her how she fares,
And spend a little time with her, to note
How all things go, and how she likes her choice:
And when occasion serves, he'll steal from her,
And unawares return to us again.
Therefore, my Lord, be frolic, and resolve
To see my father here again ere long.

Cornwall *I* hope so too; but yet to be more sure,
I'll send a Post immediately to know
Whether he be arrived there or no.

Exit.

Gonoril But *I* will intercept the Messenger,

wln 0970
wln 0971
wln 0972
wln 0973
wln 0974
wln 0975
wln 0976
wln 0977
wln 0978
wln 0979
wln 0980
wln 0981
wln 0982
wln 0983
wln 0984
wln 0985

img: 15-b
sig: D3r

wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
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wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017

And temper him before he doth depart,
With sweet persuasions, and with sound rewards,
That his report shall ratify my speech,
And make my Lord cease further to inquire.
If he be not gone to my sister's Court,
As sure my mind presageth that he is,
He happily may, by traveling unknown ways,
Fall sick, and as a common passenger,
Be dead and buried: would God it were so well;
For then there were no more to do, but this,
He went away, and none knows where he is,
But say he be in Cambria with the King,
And there exclaim against me, as he will:
I know he is as welcome to my sister,
As water is into a broken ship.
Well, after him I'll send such thunderclaps

Of slander, scandal, and invented tales,
That all the blame shall be removed from me,
And unperceived rebound upon himself.
Thus with one nail another I'll expel,
And make the world judge, that I used him well.

*Enter the Messenger that should go to Cambria,
with a letter in his hand.*

Gonoril My honest friend, whither away so fast?

Messenger To Cambria, Madam, with letters from the king.

Gonoril To whom?

Messenger Unto your father, if he be there.

Gonoril Let me see them. *She opens them.*

Messenger Madam, I hope your Grace will stand

Between me and my neck-verse, if I be
Called in question, for opening the King's letters.

Gonoril 'Twas was I that opened them, it was not thou.

Messenger Ay, but you need not care: and so must I,
A handsome man, be quickly trussed up,

And when a man's hanged, all the world cannot save him,

Gonoril He that hangs thee, were better hang his father,
Or that but hurts thee in the least degree.

I tell thee, we make great account of thee.

Messenger I am o'erjoyed, I surfeit of sweet words:
Kind Queen, had I a hundred lives, I would
Spend ninety-nine of them for you, for that word.

Gonoril Ay, but thou wouldst keep one life still,
And that's as many as thou art like to have.

Messenger That one life is not too dear for my good Queen; this
sword, this buckler, this head, this heart, these hands, arms,
legs, tripes, bowels, and all the members else whatsoever, are at
your dispose; use me, trust me, command me: if I fail in any
thing, tie me to a dung cart, and make a Scavenger's horse of

wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
wln 1021
wln 1022
wln 1023

img: 16-a
sig: D3v

me, and whip me, so long as I have any skin on my back.

Gonoril In token of further employment, take that.

Flings him a purse.

Messenger A strong Bond, a firm Obligation, good in law, good in law: if I keep not the condition, let my neck be the forfeiture of my negligence.

wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026
wln 1027
wln 1028
wln 1029
wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032
wln 1033
wln 1034
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wln 1053
wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
wln 1057
wln 1058
wln 1059
wln 1060

Gonoril I like thee well, thou hast a good tongue.

Messenger And as bad a tongue if it be set on it, as any Oyster-wife at Billingsgate hath: why, I have made many of my neighbors forsake their houses with railing upon them, and go dwell elsewhere; and so by my means houses have been good cheap in our parish: My tongue being well whetted with choler, is more sharp than a Razor of **Palermo**.

Gonoril O, thou art a fit man for my purpose.

Messenger Commend me not, sweet Queen, before you try me. As my deserts are, so do think of me.

Gonoril Well said, then this is thy trial: Instead of carrying the King's letters to my father, carry thou these letters to my sister, which contain matter quite contrary to the other: there shall she be given to understand, that my father hath detracted her, given out sland'rous speeches against her; and that he hath most intolerably abused me, set my Lord and me at variance, and made mutinies amongst the commons.

These things (although it be not so)
Yet thou must affirm them to be true,
With oaths and protestations as will serve,
To drive my sister out of love with him,
And cause my will accomplished to be.
This do, thou winn'st my favor for ever,
And makest a highway of preferment to thee
And all thy friends.

Messenger It sufficeth, conceit it is already done:
I will so tongue-whip him, that *I* will
Leave him as bare of credit, as a Poulter
Leaves a Coney, when she pulls off his skin.

Gonoril Yet there is a further matter.

Messenger I thirst to hear it.

Gonoril If my sister thinketh convenient, as my letters importeth, to make him away, hast thou the heart to effect it?

Messenger Few words are best in so small a matter: These are but trifles. By this book *I* will.

kiss the paper.

img: 16-b
sig: D4r

wln 1061

Gonoril About it presently, I long till it be done,

wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064
wln 1065
wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073
wln 1074
wln 1075
wln 1076
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wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
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wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098

img: 17-a
sig: D4v

wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109

Messenger I fly, I fly.

Exeunt.

Enter Cordella solus.

I have been over-negligent today,
In going to the Temple of my God,
To render thanks for all his benefits,
Which he miraculously hath bestowed on me,
In raising me out of my mean estate,
Whenas I was devoid of worldly friends,
And placing me in such a sweet content,
As far exceeds the reach of my deserts.
My kingly husband, mirror of his time,
For zeal, for justice, kindness, and for care
To God, his subjects, me, and Common weal,
By his appointment was ordained for me.
I cannot wish the thing that *I* do want;
I cannot want the thing but *I* may have,
Save only this which *I* shall ne'er obtain,
My father's love, oh this *I* ne'er shall gain.
I would abstain from any nutriment,
And pine my body to the very bones:
Barefoot *I* would on pilgrimage set forth
Unto the furthest quarters of the earth,
And all my lifetime would *I* sackcloth wear,
And mourning-wise pour dust upon my head:
So he but to forgive me once would please,
That his gray hairs might go to heaven in peace.
And yet *I* know not how *I* him offended,
Or wherein justly *I* have deserved blame.
Oh sisters! you are much to blame in this,
It was not he, but you that did me wrong.
Yet God forgive both him, and you and me,
Even as *I* do in perfect charity.
I will to Church, and pray unto my Savior,
That ere *I* die, *I* may obtain his favor.

Exit.

Enter Leir and Perillus faintly.

Perillus Rest on me, my Lord, and stay yourself,
The way seems tedious to your aged limbs.

Leir. Nay, rest on me, kind friend, and stay thyself,
Thou art as old as I, but more kind.

Perillus Ah, good my Lord, it ill befits, that I
Should lean upon the person of a King.

Leir. But it fits worse, that I should bring thee forth,
That had no cause to come along with me,
Through these uncouth paths, and tireful ways,
And never ease thy fainting limbs a whit.
Thou hast left all, Ay, all to come with me,
And I, for all, have naught to guerdon thee.

Perillus Cease, good my Lord, to aggravate my woes,

wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136

img: 17-b
sig: E1r

wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157

With these kind words, which cuts my heart in two,
To think your will should want the power to do.

Leir. Cease, good *Perillus*, for to call me Lord,
And think me but the shadow of myself.

Perillus That honorable title will I give,
Unto my Lord, so long as I do live.

Oh, be of comfort; for I see the place
Whereas your daughter keeps her residence.

And lo, in happy time the Cambrian Prince
Is here arrived, to gratify our coming.

*Enter the Prince of Cambria, Ragan and Nobles: look
upon them, and whisper together.*

Leir. Were I best speak, or sit me down and die?
I am ashamed to tell this heavy tale.

Perillus Then let me tell it, if you please, my Lord:
'Tis shame for them that were the cause thereof.

Cambria What two old men are those that seem so sad?
Methinks, I should remember well their looks.

Ragan No, I mistake not, sure it is my father:
I must dissemble kindness now of force.

She runneth to him, and kneels down, saying:

Father, I bid you welcome, full of grief,
To see your Grace used thus unworthily,
And ill befitting for your reverend age,
To come on foot a journey so indurable.
Oh, what disaster chance hath been the cause,
To make your cheeks so hollow, spare and lean?

He cannot speak for weeping: for God's love, come,
Let us refresh him with some needful things,
And at more leisure we may better know,
Whence springs the ground of this unlooked-for woe.

Cambria Come, father, ere we any further talk,
You shall refresh you after this weary walk.

Ragan Comes he to me with finger in the eye,
To tell a tale against my sister here?

Whom I do know, he greatly hath abused:
And now like a contentious crafty wretch,
He first begins for to complain himself,
Whenas himself is in the greatest fault.
I'll not be partial in my sister's cause,
Nor yet believe his doting vain reports:
Who for a trifle (safely) I dare say,
Upon a spleen is stolen thence away:
And here (forsooth) he hopeth to have harbor,
And to be moaned and made on like a child:
But ere 't be long, his coming he shall curse,
And truly say, he came from bad to worse:
Yet will I make fair weather, to procure

*Exeunt, manet
Ragan.*

wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174

img: 18-a
sig: E1v

wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205

Convenient means, and then i'll strike it sure.

Exit.

Enter Messenger solus.

Messenger Now happily I am arrived here,
Before the stately Palace of the Cambrian King:

If *Leir* be here safe-seated, and in rest,
To rouse him from it I will do my best.

Enter Ragan.

Now bags of gold, your virtue is (no doubt)
To make me in my message bold and stout.
The King of heaven preserve your Majesty.
And send your Highness everlasting reign.

Ragan Thanks, good my friend; but what imports thy message?

Messenger Kind greetings from the Cornwall Queen:
The residue these letters will declare.

She opens the letters.

Ragan How fares our royal sister?

Messenger I did leave her at my parting, in good health.

She reads the letter, frowns and stamps.

See how her color comes and goes again,
Now red as scarlet, now as pale as ash:
She how she knits her brow, and bites her lips,
And stamps, and makes a dumb show of disdain,
Mixed with revenge, and violent extremes.
Here will be more work and more crowns for me.

Ragan Alas, poor soul, and hath he used her thus?

And is he now come hither, with intent
To set divorce betwixt my Lord and me?
Doth he give out, that he doth hear report,
That I do rule my husband as I list,
And therefore means to alter so the case,
That I shall know my Lord to be my head?
Well, it were best for him to take good heed,
Or I will make him hop without a head,
For his presumption, dotard that he is.
In Cornwall he hath made such mutinies,
First, setting of the King against the Queen;
Then stirring up the Commons 'gainst the King;
That had he there continued any longer,
He had been called in question for his fact.
So upon that occasion thence he fled,
And comes thus slyly stealing unto us:
And now already since his coming hither,
My Lord and he are grown in such a league,
That I can have no conference with his Grace:
I fear, he doth already intimate
Some forged cavillations 'gainst my state:
'Tis therefore best to cut him off in time,
Lest slanderous rumors once abroad dispersed,
It is too late for them to be reversed.

wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211
wln 1212

img: 18-b
sig: E2r

Friend, as the tenor of these letters shows,
My sister puts great confidence in thee.
Messenger She never yet committed trust to me,
But that (I hope) she found me always faithful:
So will I be to any friend of hers,
That hath occasion to employ my help.
Ragan Hast thou the heart to act a stratagem,

wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215
wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219
wln 1220
wln 1221

And give a stab or two, if need require?
Messenger I have a heart compact of Adamant,
Which never knew what melting pity meant.
I weigh no more the murd'ring of a man,
Than I respect the cracking of a Flea,
When I do catch her biting on my skin.
If you will have your husband or your father,
Or both of them sent to another world,
Do but command me do 't, it shall be done.

wln 1222
wln 1223
wln 1224

Ragan It is enough, we make no doubt of thee:
Meet us tomorrow here, at nine o'clock:
Meanwhile, farewell, and drink that for my sake.

Exit.

wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228
wln 1229
wln 1230

Messenger Ay, this is it will make me do the deed:
Oh, had I every day such customers,
This were the gainful'st trade in Christendom!
A purse of gold given for a paltry stab!
Why, here's a wench that longs to have a stab.
Well, I could give it her, and ne'er hurt her neither.

wln 1231

Enter the Gallian King, and Cordella.

wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239

King of Gallia. When will these clouds of sorrow once disperse,
And smiling joy triumph upon thy brow?
When will this Scene of sadness have an end,
And pleasant acts ensue, to move delight?
When will my lovely Queen cease to lament,
And take some comfort to her grieved thoughts?
If of thyself thou deign'st to have no care,
Yet pity me, whom thy grief makes despair.

wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245

Cordella O, grieve not you, my Lord, you have no cause.
Let not my passions move your mind a whit:
For I am bound by nature, to lament
For his ill will, that life to me first lent.
If so the stock be dried with disdain,
Withered and sere the branch must needs remain.

wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250

King of Gallia. But thou art now graft in another stock;
I am the stock, and thou the lovely branch:
And from my root continual sap shall flow,
To make thee flourish with perpetual spring.
Forget thy father and thy kindred now,

img: 19-a
sig: E2v

wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
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wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288

img: 19-b
sig: E3r

wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298

Since they forsake thee like inhuman beasts,
Think they are dead, since all their kindness dies,
And bury them, where black oblivion **lies**.
Think not thou art the daughter of old *Leir*,
Who did unkindly disinherit thee:
But think thou art the noble Gallian Queen,
And wife to him that dearly loveth thee:
Embrace the joys that present with thee dwell,
Let sorrow pack and hide herself in hell.

Cordella Not that I miss my country or my kin,
My old acquaintance or my ancient friends,
Doth any whit distemperate my mind,
Knowing you, which are more dear to me,
Than Country, kin, and all things else can be.
Yet pardon me, my gracious Lord, in this:
For what can stop the course of nature's power?
As easy is it for fourfooted beasts,
To stay themselves upon the liquid air,
And mount aloft into the element,
And overstrip the feathered Fowls in flight:
As easy is it for the slimy Fish,
To live and thrive without the help of water:
As easy is it for the Blackamoor,
To wash the tawny color from his skin,
Which all oppose against the course of nature,
As I am able to forget my father.

King of Gallia. Mirror of virtue, Phoenix of our age!
Too kind a daughter for an unkind father,
Be of good comfort; for I will dispatch
Ambassadors immediately for Britain,
Unto the King of Cornwall's Court, whereas
Your father keepeth now his residence,
And in the kindest manner him entreat,
That setting former grievances apart,
He will be pleased to come and visit us.
If no entreaty will suffice the turn,
I'll offer him the half **of** all my Crown:
If that moves not, we'll furnish out a Fleet,

And sail to Cornwall for to visit him;
And there you shall be firmly reconciled
In perfect love, as erst you were **before**.

Cordella Where tongue cannot **sufficient** thanks afford,
The King of heaven remunerate my Lord.

King of Gallia. Only be blithe, and frolic (sweet) with me:
This and much more i'll do to comfort thee.

Enter Messenger solus.

Messenger It is a world to see now I am flush,
How many friends I purchase everywhere!

wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
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wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326

img: 20-a
sig: E3v

wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346

How many seeks to creep into my favor,
And kiss their hands, and bend their knees to me!
No more, here comes the Queen, now shall I know her mind,
And hope for to derive more crowns from her. *Enter Ragan.*

Ragan My friend, I see thou mind'st thy promise well,
And art before me here, methinks, today.

Messenger I am a poor man, and it like your Grace;
But yet I always love to keep my word.

Ragan Well, keep thy word with me, and thou shalt see,
That of a poor man I will make thee rich.

Messenger I long to hear it, it might have been dispatched,
If you had told me of it yesternight.

Ragan It is a thing of right strange consequence,
And well I cannot utter it in words.

Messenger It is more strange, that I am not by this
Beside myself, with longing for to hear it.

Were it to meet the Devil in his den,
And try a bout with him for a scratched face,
I'd undertake it, if you would but bid me.

Ragan Ah, good my friend, that I should have thee do,
Is such a thing, as I do shame to speak;
Yet it must needs be done.

Messenger I'll speak it for thee, Queen: shall I kill thy father?
I know 'tis that, and if it be so, say. *Ragan* Ay.

Messenger Why, that's enough.

Ragan And yet that is not all.

Messenger What else?

Ragan Thou must kill that old man that came with him.

Messenger Here are two hands, for each of them is one.

Ragan And for each hand here is a recompense
Give him two purses.

Messenger Oh, that I had ten hands by miracle,
I could tear ten in pieces with my teeth,
So in my mouth you'd put a purse of gold.
But in what manner must it be effected?

Ragan Tomorrow morning ere the break of day,
I by a wile will send them to the thicket,
That is about some two miles from the Court,
And promise them to meet them there myself,
Because I must have private conference,
About some news I have received from Cornwall.
This is enough, I know, they will not fail,
And then be ready for to play thy part:
Which done, thou mayst right easily escape,
And no man once mistrust thee for the fact:
But yet, before thou prosecute the act,
Show him the letter, which my sister sent,
There let him read his own indictment first,

wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364

img: 20-b
sig: E4r

wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394

And then proceed to execution:

But see thou faint not; for they will speak fair.

Messenger Could he speak words as pleasing as the pipe
Of *Mercury*, which charmed the hundred eyes
Of watchful *Argos*, and enforced him sleep:

Yet here are words so pleasing to my thoughts, *To the purse.*
As quite shall take away the sound of his. *Exit.*

Ragan About it then, and when thou hast dispatched,
I'll find a means to send thee after him. *Exit.*

Enter Cornwall and Gonoril.

Cornwall I wonder that the Messenger doth stay,
Whom we dispatched for Cambria so long since:
If that his answer do not please us well,
And he do show good reason for delay,
I'll teach him how to dally with his King,
And to detain us in such long suspense.

Gonoril My Lord, I think the reason may be this:
My father means to come along with him,

And therefore 'tis his pleasure he shall stay,
For to attend upon him on the way.

Cornwall It may be so, and therefore till I know
The truth thereof, I will suspend my judgement.

Enter Servant.

Servant An 't like your Grace, there is an Ambassador
Arrived from Gallia, and craves admittance to your Majesty.

Cornwall From Gallia? what should his message
Hither import? is not your father haply
Gone thither? well, whatsoe'er it be,
Bid him come in, he shall have audience.

Enter Ambassador.

What news from Gallia? speak Ambassador.

Ambassador The noble King and Queen of Gallia first salutes,
By me, their honorable father, my Lord *Leir*:
Next, they commend them kindly to your Graces,
As those whose welfare they entirely wish,
Letters I have to deliver to my Lord *Leir*,
And presents too, if I might speak with him.

Gonoril If you might speak with him? why, do you think,
We are afraid that you should speak with him?

Ambassador Pardon me, Madam; for I think not so,
But say so only, 'cause he is not here.

Cornwall Indeed, my friend, upon some urgent cause,
He is at this time absent from the Court:
But if a day or two you here repose.
'Tis very likely you shall have him here,
Or else have certain notice where he is.

Gonoril Are not we worthy to receive your message?

Ambassador I had in charge to do it to himself.

wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402

img: 21-a
sig: E4v

wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407
wln 1408
wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411
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wln 1431
wln 1432
wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435
wln 1436
wln 1437
wln 1438
wln 1439
wln 1440

img: 21-b
sig: F1r

Gonoril It may be then 'twill not be done in haste. *to herself.*
How doth my sister brook the air of France?
Ambassador Exceeding well, and never sick one hour,
Since first she set her foot upon the shore.
Gonoril I am the more sorry.
Ambassador I hope, not so, Madam.
Gonoril Didst thou not say, that she was ever sick,
Since the first hour that she arrived there?

Ambassador No, Madam, I said quite contrary.
Gonoril Then I mistook thee.
Cornwall Then she is merry, if she have her health.
Ambassador Oh no, her grief exceeds, until the time,
That she be reconciled unto her father.
Gonoril God continue it.
Ambassador What, Madam?
Gonoril Why, her health.
Ambassador Amen to that: but God release her grief,
And send her father in a better mind,
Than to continue always so unkind.
Cornwall I'll be a mediator in her cause,
And seek all means to expiate his wrath.
Ambassador Madam, I hope your Grace will do the like.
Gonoril Should I be a mean to exasperate his wrath
Against my sister, whom I love so dear? no, no.
Ambassador To expiate or mitigate his wrath:
For he hath misconceived without a cause.
Gonoril O, Ay, what else?
Ambassador 'Tis pity it should be so, would it were otherwise.
Gonoril It were great pity it should be otherwise.
Ambassador Then how, Madam?
Gonoril Then that they should be reconciled again.
Ambassador It shows you bear an honorable mind.
Gonoril It shows thy understanding to be blind, *Speaks to herself.*
And that thou hadst need of an Interpreter:
Well, *I* will know thy message ere 't be long,
And find a mean to cross it, if *I* can.
Cornwall Come in, my friend, and frolic in our Court,
Till certain notice of my father come. *Exeunt.*
Enter Leir and Perillus.
Perillus My Lord, you are up today before your hour,
'Tis news to you to be abroad so rathe.
Leir. 'Tis news indeed, *I* am so extreme heavy,
That *I* can scarcely keep my eyelids open.
Perillus And so am *I*, but *I* impute the cause
To rising sooner than we use to do.
Leir. Hither my daughter means to come disguised:

wln 1441
wln 1442
wln 1443
wln 1444
wln 1445
wln 1446
wln 1447
wln 1448
wln 1449
wln 1450
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wln 1452
wln 1453
wln 1454
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wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478

I'll sit me down, and read until she come.

Pull out a book and sit down.

Perillus She'll not be long, I warrant you, my Lord:
But say, a couple of these they call good fellows,
Should step out of a hedge, and set upon us,
We were in good case for to answer them.

Leir. 'Twere not for us to stand upon our hands.

Perillus I fear, we scant should stand upon our legs.
But how should we do to defend ourselves?

Leir. Even pray to God, to bless us from their hands:
For fervent prayer much ill hap withstands.

Perillus I'll sit and pray with you for company;
Yet was I ne'er so heavy in my life.

They fall both asleep.

*Enter the Messenger or murderer with two
daggers in his hands.*

Messenger Were it not a mad jest, if two or three of my profession
should meet me, and lay me down in a ditch, and play rob
thief with me, and perforce take my gold away from me, whilst
I act this stratagem, and by this means the gray beards should
escape? Faith, when *I* were at liberty again, I would make no
more to do, but go to the next tree, and there hang myself.

See them and start.

But stay, methinks, my youths are here already,
And with pure zeal have prayed themselves asleep.
I think, they know to what intent they came,
And are provided for another world.

He takes their books away.

Now could I stab them bravely, while they sleep,
And in a manner put them to no pain;
And doing so, I showed them mighty friendship:
For fear of death is worse than death itself.
But that my sweet Queen willed me for to show
This letter to them, ere *I* did the deed.
Mass, they begin to stir: i'll stand aside;
So shall I come upon them unawares.

They wake and rise.

Leir. I marvel, that my daughter stays so long.

img: 22-a
sig: F1v

wln 1479
wln 1480
wln 1481
wln 1482
wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486

Perillus I fear, we did mistake the place, my Lord.

Leir. God grant we do not miscarry in the place:
I had a short nap, but so full of dread,
As much amazeth me to think thereof.

Perillus Fear not, my Lord, dreams are but fantasies,
And slight imaginations of the brain.

Messenger Persuade him so; but i'll make him and you
Confess, that dreams do often prove too true.

wln 1487
wln 1488
wln 1489
wln 1490
wln 1491
wln 1492
wln 1493
wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502
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wln 1510
wln 1511
wln 1512
wln 1513
wln 1514
wln 1515
wln 1516

img: 22-b
sig: F2r

wln 1517
wln 1518
wln 1519
wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
wln 1524
wln 1525
wln 1526
wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530
wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533
wln 1534

Perillus I pray, my Lord, what was the effect of it?
I may go near to guess what it pretends.

Messenger Leave that to me, I will expound the dream.

Leir. Methought, my daughters, *Gonoril* and *Ragan*,
Stood both before me with such grim aspects,
Each brandishing a Falchion in their hand,
Ready to lop a limb off where it fell,
And in their other hands a naked poniard,
Wherewith they stabbed me in a hundred places,
And to their thinking left me there for dead:
But then my youngest daughter, fair *Cordella*,
Came with a box of Balsam in her hand,
And poured it into my bleeding wounds,
By whose good means I was recovered well,
In perfect health, as erst I was before:
And with the fear of this I did awake,
And yet for fear my feeble joints do quake.

Messenger I'll make you quake for something presently.
Stand, Stand. *They reel.*

Leir. We do, my friend, although with much ado.

Messenger Deliver, deliver.

Perillus Deliver us, good Lord, from such as he.

Messenger You should have prayed before, while it was time,
And then perhaps, you might have scaped my hands:
But you, like faithful watchmen, fell asleep,
The whilst I came and took your Halberds from you.

Show their Books.

And now you want your weapons of defense,
How have you any hope to be delivered?
This comes, because you have no better stay,

But fall asleep, when you should watch and pray.

Leir. My friend, thou seem'st to be a proper man.

Messenger 'Sblood, how the old slave claws me by the elbow?
He thinks, belike, to scape by scraping thus.

Perillus And it may be, are in some need of money.

Messenger That to be false, behold my evidence.

Shows his purses.

Leir. If that I have will do thee any good,
I give it thee, even with a right good will. *Take it.*

Perillus Here, take mine too, and wish with all my heart,
To do thee pleasure, it were twice as much.

Take his, and weigh them both in his hands.

Messenger I'll none of them, they are too light for me.

Puts them in his pocket.

Leir. Why then farewell: and if thou have occasion
In any thing, to use me to the Queen,
'Tis like enough that I can pleasure thee.

They proffer to go.

wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538
wln 1539
wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
wln 1554

img: 23-a
sig: F2v

wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557
wln 1558
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wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582

Messenger Do you hear, do you hear, sir?
If I had occasion to use you to the Queen,
Would you do one thing for me I should ask?
Leir. Ay, any thing that lies within my power.
Here is my hand upon it, so farewell. *Proffer to go.*
Messenger Hear you sir, hear you? pray, a word with you.
Methinks, a comely honest ancient man
Should not dissemble with one for a vantage.
I know, when I shall come to try this gear,
You will recant from all that you have said.
Perillus Mistrust not him, but try him when thou wilt:
He is her father, therefore may do much.
Messenger I know he is, and therefore mean to try him:
You are his friend too, I must try you both.
Ambo. Prithee do, prithee do. *Proffer to go out.*
Messenger Stay gray-beards then, and prove men of your words:
The Queen hath tied me by a solemn oath,
Here in this place to see you both dispatched:
Now for the safeguard of my conscience,
Do me the pleasure for to kill yourselves:

So shall you save me labor for to do it,
And prove yourselves true old men of your words.
And here I vow in sight of all the world,
I ne'er will trouble you whilst I live again.
Leir. Affright us not with terror, good my friend,
Nor strike such fear into our aged hearts.
Play not the Cat, which dallieth with the mouse;
And on a sudden maketh her a prey:
But if thou art marked for the man of death
To me and to my *Damon*, tell me plain,
That we may be prepared for the stroke,
And make ourselves fit for the world to come.
Messenger I am the last of any mortal race,
That e'er your eyes are likely to behold,
And hither sent of purpose to this place,
To give a final period to your days,
Which are so wicked, and have lived so long,
That your own children seek to short your life.
Leir. Cam'st thou from France, of purpose to do this?
Messenger From France? 'zoons, do I look like a Frenchman?
Sure I have not mine own face on; somebody hath changed
faces with me, and I know not of it: But I am sure, my apparel
is all English. Sirrah, what meanest thou to ask that question?
I could spoil the fashion of this face for anger. A French face!
Leir. Because my daughter, whom I have offended,
And at whose hands I have deserved as ill,
As ever any father did of child,
Is Queen of France, no thanks at all to me,

wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592

img: 23-b
sig: F3r

wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
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wln 1630

But unto God, who my injustice see.
If it be so, that she doth seek revenge,
As with good reason she may justly do,
I will most willingly resign my life,
A sacrifice to mitigate her ire:
I never will entreat thee to forgive,
Because I am unworthy for to live.
Therefore speak soon, and I will soon make speed:
Whether *Cordella* willed thee do this deed?
Messenger As I am a perfect gentleman, thou speak'st French to me:

I never heard *Cordella's* name before,
Nor never was in France in all my life:
I never knew thou hadst a daughter there,
To whom thou didst prove so unkind a churl:
But thy own tongue declares that thou hast been
A vile old wretch, and full of heinous sin.

Leir. Ah no, my friend, thou art deceived much:
For her except, whom I confess I wronged,
Through doting frenzy, and o'er-jealous love.
There lives not any under heaven's bright eye,
That can convict me of impiety.
And therefore sure thou dost mistake the mark:
For I am in true peace with all the world.

Messenger You are the fitter for the King of heaven:
And therefore, for to rid thee of suspense,
Know thou, the Queens of Cambria and Cornwall,
Thy own two daughters, *Gonoril* and *Ragan*,
Appointed me to massacre thee here.
Why wouldst thou then persuade me, that thou art
In charity with all the world? but now
When thy own issue hold thee in such hate,
That they have hired me t' abridge thy fate,
Oh, fie upon such vile dissembling breath,
That would deceive, even at the point of death.

Perillus Am I awake, or is it but a dream?

Messenger Fear nothing, man, thou art but in a dream,
And thou shalt never wake until doomsday,
By then, I hope, thou wilt have slept enough.

Leir. Yet, gentle friend, grant one thing ere I die.

Messenger I'll grant you any thing, except your lives.

Leir. Oh, but assure me by some certain token,
That my two daughters hired thee to this deed:
If I were once resolved of that, then I
Would wish no longer life, but crave to die.

Messenger That to be true, in sight of heaven I swear.

Leir. Swear not by heaven, for fear of punishment:
The heavens are guiltless of such heinous acts.

Messenger I swear by earth, the mother of us all.

img: 24-a
sig: F3v

wln 1631
wln 1632
wln 1633
wln 1634
wln 1635
wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643
wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
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wln 1654
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wln 1660
wln 1661
wln 1662
wln 1663
wln 1664
wln 1665
wln 1666
wln 1667
wln 1668

Leir. Swear not by earth; for she abhors to bear
Such bastards, as are murderers of her sons.
Messenger Why then, by hell, and all the devils I swear.
Leir. Swear not by hell; for that stands gaping wide,
To swallow thee, and if thou do this deed.
Thunder and lightning.
Messenger I would that word were in his belly again,
It hath frightened me even to the very heart:
This old man is some strong Magician:
His words have turned my mind from this exploit.
Then neither heaven, earth, nor hell be witness;
But let this paper witness for them all.
Shows Gonoril's letter.
Shall I relent, or shall I prosecute?
Shall I resolve, or were I best recant?
I will not crack my credit with two Queens,
To whom I have already passed my word.
Oh, but my conscience for this act doth tell,
I get heaven's hate, earth's scorn, and pains of hell.
They bless themselves.
Perillus Oh just *Jehovah*, whose almighty power
Doth govern all things in this spacious world,
How canst thou suffer such outrageous acts
To be committed without just revenge?
O viperous generation and accursed,
To seek his blood, whose blood did make them first!
Leir. Ah, my true friend in all extremity,
Let us submit us to the will of God:
Things past all sense, let us not seek to know;
It is God's will, and therefore must be so.
My friend, I am prepared for the stroke:
Strike when thou wilt, and I forgive thee here,
Even from the very bottom of my heart.
Messenger But I am not prepared for to strike.
Leir. Farewell, *Perillus*, even the truest friend,
That ever lived in adversity:
The latest kindness i'll request of thee,
Is that thou go unto my daughter *Cordella*,

img: 24-b
sig: F4r

wln 1669
wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675

And carry her her father's latest blessing:
Withal desire her, that she will forgive me;
For I have wronged her without any cause.
Now, Lord, receive me, for I come to thee,
And die, I hope, in perfect charity.
Dispatch, I pray thee, I have lived too long.
Messenger Ay, but you are unwise, to send an errand

wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680
wln 1681
wln 1682
wln 1683
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wln 1703
wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706

img: 25-a
sig: F4v

wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709
wln 1710
wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714
wln 1715
wln 1716
wln 1717
wln 1718
wln 1719
wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723

By him that never meaneth to deliver it:
Why, he must go along with you to heaven:
It were not good you should go all alone.
Leir. No doubt, he shall, when by the course of nature,
He must surrender up his due to death:
But that time shall not come, till God permit.
Messenger Nay, presently, to bear you company.
I have a Passport for him in my pocket,
Already sealed, and he must needs ride Post.
Show a bag of money.
Leir. The letter which I read, imports not so,
It only toucheth me, no word of him.
Messenger Ay, but the Queen commands it must be so,
And I am paid for him, as well as you.
Perillus I, who have borne you company in life,
Most willingly will bear a share in death.
It skilleth not for me, my friend, a whit,
Nor for a hundred such as thou and I.
Messenger Marry, but it doth, sir, by your leave; your good days
are past: though it be no matter for you, 'tis a matter for me,
proper men are not so rife.
Perillus Oh, but beware, how thou dost lay thy hand
Upon the high anointed of the Lord:
O, be advised ere thou dost begin:
Dispatch me straight, but meddle not with him.
Leir. Friend, thy commission is to deal with me,
And I am he that hath deserved all:
The plot was laid to take away my life:
And here it is, I do entreat thee take it:
Yet for my sake, and as thou art a man,
Spare this my friend, that hither with me came:

*I brought him forth, whereas he had not been,
But for good will to bear me company.
He left his friends, his country and his goods,
And came with me in most extremity.
Oh, if he should miscarry here and die,
Who is the cause of it, but only I?*
Messenger Why that am *I*, let that ne'er trouble thee.
Leir. O no, 'tis *I*. O, had *I* now to give thee
The monarchy of all the spacious world
To save his life, *I* would bestow it on thee:
But *I* have nothing but these tears and prayer,
And the submission of a bended knee. *kneels.*
O, if all this to mercy move they mind,
Spare him, in heaven thou shalt like mercy find.
Messenger I am as hard to be moved as another, and yet
methinks the strength of their persuasions stirs me
a little.

wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
wln 1727
wln 1728
wln 1729
wln 1730
wln 1731
wln 1732
wln 1733
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wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742
wln 1743
wln 1744

img: 25-b
sig: G1r

wln 1745
wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748
wln 1749
wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753
wln 1754
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wln 1763
wln 1764
wln 1765
wln 1766
wln 1767
wln 1768
wln 1769
wln 1770
wln 1771

Perillus My friend, if fear of the almighty power
Have power to move thee, we have said enough:
But if thy mind be movable with gold,
We have not presently to give it thee:
Yet to thyself thou mayst do greater good,
To keep thy hands still undefiled from blood:
For do but well consider with thyself,
When thou hast finished this outrageous act,
What horror still will haunt thee for the deed:
Think this again, that they which would incense
Thee for to be the Butcher of their father,
When it is done, for fear it should be known,
Would make a means to rid thee from the world:
Oh, then art thou for ever tied in chains
Of everlasting torments to endure,
Even in the hottest hole of grisly hell,
Such pains, as never mortal tongue can tell.

*It thunders. He quakes, and lets fall the Dagger
next to Perillus.*

Leir. O, heavens be thanked, he will spare my friend,
Now when thou wilt come make an end of me.

He lets fall the other dagger.

Perillus Oh, happy sight! He means to save my Lord.
The King of heaven continue this good mind.

Leir. Why stay'st thou to do execution?

Messenger I am as wilful as you for your life:
I will not do it, now you do entreat me.

Perillus Ah, now I see thou hast some spark of grace.

Messenger Beshrew you for it, you have put it in me:
The parlousest old men, that e'er I heard.

Well, to be flat, i'll not meddle with you:

Here I found you, and here i'll leave you:

If any ask you why the case so stands?

Say that your tongues were better than your hands.

Exit.

Perillus Farewell. If ever we together meet,

Messenger

It shall go hard, but I will thee re-greet.

Courage, my Lord, the worst is overpast;

Let us give thanks to God, and hie us hence.

Leir. Thou art deceived; for I am past the best,

And know not whither for to go from hence:

Death had been better welcome unto me,

Than longer life to add more misery.

Perillus It were not good to return from whence we came,
Unto your daughter *Ragan* back again.

Now let us go to France, unto *Cordella*,

Your youngest daughter, doubtless she will succor you.

Leir. Oh, how can I persuade myself of that,
Since the other two are quite devoid of love;

wln 1772
wln 1773
wln 1774
wln 1775
wln 1776
wln 1777
wln 1778
wln 1779
wln 1780
wln 1781
wln 1782

img: 26-a
sig: G1v

wln 1783
wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787
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wln 1791
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wln 1816
wln 1817
wln 1818
wln 1819

To whom I was so kind, as that my gifts,
Might make them love me, if 'twere nothing else?
Perillus No worldly gifts, but grace from God on high,
Doth nourish virtue and true charity.
Remember well what words *Cordella* spoke,
What time you asked her, how she loved your Grace.
She said, her love unto you was as much,
As ought a child to bear unto her father.
Leir. But she did find, my love was not to her,
As should a father bear unto a child.
Perillus That makes not her love to be any less,

If she do love you as a child should do:
You have tried two, try one more for my sake,
I'll ne'er entreat you further trial make.
Remember well the dream you had of late,
And think what comfort it foretells to us.
Leir. Come, truest friend, that ever man possessed,
I know thou counsel'st all things for the best:
If this third daughter play a kinder part,
It comes of God, and not of my desert. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Gallian Ambassador solus.
Ambassador There is of late news come unto the Court,
That old Lord *Leir* remains in Cambria:
I'll hie me thither presently, to impart
My letters and my message unto him.
I never was less welcome to a place
In all my life time, than I have been hither,
Especially unto the stately Queen,
Who would not cast one gracious look on me,
But still with louting and suspicious eyes,
Would take exceptions at each word *I* spake,
And fain she would have undermined me,
To know what my Ambassage did import:
But she is like to hop without her hope,
And in this matter for to want her will,
Though (by report) she'll have 't in all things else.
Well, *I* will post away for Cambria:
Within these few days I hope to be there, *Exit.*

Enter the King and Queen of Gallia, and Mumford.
King of Gallia. By this, our father understands our mind,
And our kind greetings sent to him of late;
Therefore my mind presageth ere 't be long,
We shall receive from Britain happy news.
Cordella I fear, my sister will dissuade his mind;
For she to me hath always been unkind.
King of Gallia. Fear not, my love, since that we know the worst,
The last means helps, if that we miss the first:
If he'll not come to Gallia unto us,

wln 1820

img: 26-b
sig: G2r

Then we will sail to Britain unto him.

wln 1821

Mumford Well, if I once see Britain again,
I have sworn, i'll ne'er come home without my wench,
And i'll not be forsworn,
I'll rather never come home while I live.

wln 1822

Cordella Are you sure, *Mumford*, she is a maid still?

wln 1823

Mumford Nay, i'll not swear she is a maid, but she goes for one:
I'll take her at all adventures, if I can get her.

wln 1824

Cordella Ay, that's well put in.

wln 1825

Mumford Well put in? nay, it was ill put in; for had it
Been as well put in, as e're *I* put in, in my days,
I would have made her follow me to France.

wln 1826

Cordella Nay, you'd have been so kind, as take her with you,
Or else, were *I* as she,

wln 1827

I would have been so loving, as i'd stay behind you:

wln 1828

Yet I must confess, you are a very proper man,

wln 1829

And able to make a wench do more than she would do.

wln 1830

Mumford Well, I have a pair of slops for the nonce,

wln 1831

Will hold all your mocks.

wln 1832

King of Gallia. Nay, we see you have a handsome hose.

wln 1833

Cordella Ay, and of the newest fashion.

wln 1834

Mumford More bobs, more: put them in still,

wln 1835

They'll serve instead of bombast, yet put not in too many,
lest the seams crack, and they fly out amongst you again:

wln 1836

you must not think to outface me so easily in my mistress' quarrel,
who if I see once again, ten team of horses shall
not draw me away, till I have full and whole possession.

wln 1837

King of Gallia. Ay, but one team and a cart will serve the turn.

wln 1838

Cordella Not only for him, but also for his wench.

wln 1839

Mumford Well, you are two to one, i'll give you over:

wln 1840

And since I see you so pleasantly disposed,

wln 1841

Which indeed is but seldom seen, i'll claim

wln 1842

A promise of you, which you shall not deny me:

wln 1843

For promise is debt, and by this hand you promised it me.

wln 1844

Therefore you owe it me, and you shall pay it me,

wln 1845

Or i'll sue you upon an action of unkindness.

wln 1846

King of Gallia. Prithee, Lord *Mumford*, what promise did I make thee?

wln 1847

Mumford Faith, nothing but this,

wln 1848

That the next fair weather, which is very now,

wln 1849

wln 1850

wln 1851

wln 1852

wln 1853

wln 1854

wln 1855

wln 1856

wln 1857

wln 1858

wln 1859

wln 1860

wln 1861

wln 1862

wln 1863

wln 1864

img: 27-a
sig: G2v

You would go in progress down to the seaside,
Which is very near.

King of Gallia. Faith, in this motion I will join with thee,

And be a mediator to my Queen.

Prithee, my Love, let this **match** go forward,

My mind foretells, 'twill be a lucky voyage.

wln 1865
wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
wln 1872
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wln 1892
wln 1893
wln 1894
wln 1895
wln 1896

img: 27-b
sig: G3r

wln 1897
wln 1898
wln 1899
wln 1900
wln 1901
wln 1902
wln 1903
wln 1904
wln 1905
wln 1906
wln 1907
wln 1908
wln 1909
wln 1910
wln 1911
wln 1912

Cordella Entreaty needs not, where you may command,
So you be pleased, I am right well content:
Yet, as the Sea *I* much desire to see;
So am I most unwilling to be seen.

King of Gallia. We'll go disguised, all unknown to any.

Cordella Howsoever you make one, i'll make another.

Mumford and *I* the third: oh, I am overjoyed!

See what love is, which getteth with a word,
What all the world besides could ne'er obtain!
But what disguises shall we have, my Lord?

King of Gallia. Faith thus: my Queen and I will be disguised,
Like a plain country couple, and you shall be *Roger*
Our man, and wait upon us: or if you will,
You shall go first, and we will wait on you.

Mumford 'Twere more than time; this device is excellent.
Come le us about it.

Exeunt.

Enter Cambria and Ragan, with Nobles.

Cambria What strange mischance or unexpected hap
Hath thus deprived us of our father's presence?
Can no man tell us what's become of him,
With whom we did converse not two days since?
My Lords, let everywhere light horse be sent,
To scour about through all our Regiment.
Dispatch a Post immediately to Cornwall,
To see if any news be of him there;
Myself will make a strict inquiry here,
And all about our Cities near at hand,
Till certain news of his abode be brought.

Ragan All sorrow is but counterfeit to mine,
Whose lips are almost sealed up with grief:
Mine is the substance, whilst they do but seem
To weep the less, which tears cannot redeem.

O, ne'er was heard so strange a misadventure,
A thing so far beyond the reach of sense,
Since no man's reason in the cause can enter.
What hath removed my father thus from hence?
O, *I* do fear some charm or invocation
Of wicked spirits, or infernal fiends,
Stirred by *Cordella*, moves this innovation,
And brings my father timeless to his end.
But might I know, that the detested Witch
Were certain cause of this uncertain ill,
Myself to France would go in some disguise,
And with these nails scratch out her hateful eyes:
For since *I* am deprived of my father,
I loathe my life, and wish my death the rather.

Cambria The heavens are just, and hate impiety,
And will (no doubt) reveal such heinous crimes:

wln 1913
wln 1914
wln 1915
wln 1916
wln 1917
wln 1918
wln 1919
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wln 1925
wln 1926
wln 1927
wln 1928
wln 1929
wln 1930
wln 1931
wln 1932
wln 1933
wln 1934

img: 28-a
sig: G3v

wln 1935
wln 1936
wln 1937
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wln 1944
wln 1945
wln 1946
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wln 1956
wln 1957
wln 1958
wln 1959
wln 1960

Censure not any, till you know the right:
Let him be Judge, that bringeth truth to light.
Ragan O, but my grief, like to a swelling tide,
Exceeds the bounds of common patience:
Nor can I moderate my tongue so much,
To conceal them, whom I hold in suspect.
Cambria This matter shall be sifted: if it be she,
A thousand Frances shall not harbor her.
Enter the Gallian Ambassador.
Ambassador All happiness unto the Cambrian King.
Cambria Welcome, my friend, from whence is thy Ambassage?
Ambassador I came from Gallia, unto Cornwall sent,
With letters to your honorable father,
Whom there not finding, as *I* did expect,
I was directed hither to repair.
Ragan Frenchman, what is thy message to my father?
Ambassador My letters, Madam, will import the same,
Which my Commission is for to deliver.
Ragan In his absence you may trust us with your letters.
Ambassador I must perform my charge in such a manner,
As I have strict commandment from the King.
Ragan There is good packing twixt your King and you:

You need not hither come to ask for him,
You know where he is better than ourselves.
Ambassador Madam, I hope, not far off.
Ragan Hath the young murd'ress, your outrageous Queen,
No means to color her detested deeds,
In finishing my guiltless father's days,
(Because he gave her nothing to her dower)
But by the color of a feigned Ambassage,
To send him letters hither to our Court?
Go carry them to them that sent them hither,
And bid them keep their scrolls unto themselves,
They cannot blind us with such slight excuse,
To smother up so monstrous vild abuse.
And were it not, it is 'gainst law of Arms,
To offer violence to a Messenger,
We would inflict such torments on thyself,
As should enforce thee to reveal the truth.
Ambassador Madam, your threats no whit appall my mind,
I know my conscience guiltless of this act;
My King and Queen, I dare be sworn, are free
From any thought of such impiety:
And therefore, Madam, you have done them wrong,
And ill beseeming with a sister's love,
Who in mere duty tender him as much,
As ever you respected him for dower.
The King your husband will not say as much.

wln 1961
wln 1962
wln 1963
wln 1964
wln 1965
wln 1966
wln 1967
wln 1968
wln 1969
wln 1970
wln 1971
wln 1972

img: 28-b
sig: G4r

wln 1973
wln 1974
wln 1975
wln 1976
wln 1977
wln 1978
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wln 2006
wln 2007
wln 2008

Cambria I will suspend my judgement for a time,
Till more appearance give us further light:
Yet to be plain, your coming doth enforce
A great suspicion to our doubtful mind,
And that you do resemble, to be brief,
Him that first robs, and then cries, Stop the thief.

Ambassador Pray God some near you have not done the like.

Ragan Hence, saucy mate, reply no more to us; *She strikes*
For law of Arms shall not protect thy tongue. *him.*

Ambassador Ne'er was I offered such discourtesy;
God and my King, *I* trust, ere it be long,
Will find a mean to remedy this wrong, *Exit Ambassador*

Ragan How shall I live, to suffer this disgrace,
At every base and vulgar peasant's hands?
It ill befitteth my imperial state,
To be thus used, and no man take my part. *She weeps.*

Cambria What should I do? infringe the law of Arms,
Were to my everlasting obloquy:
But I will take revenge upon his master,
Which sent him hither, to delude us thus.

Ragan Nay, if you put up this, be sure, ere long,
Now that my father thus is made away.
She'll come and claim a third part of your Crown,
As due unto her by inheritance.

Cambria But *I* will prove her title to be naught
But shame, and the reward of Parricide,
And make her an example to the world,
For after-ages to admire her penance.
This will I do, as I am *Cambria's* King,
Or lose my life, to prosecute revenge.
Come, first let's learn what news is of our father,
And then proceed, as best occasion fits. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Leir, Perillus, and two Mariners, in sea-gowns
and sea-caps.*

Perillus My honest friends, we are ashamed to show
The great extremity of our present state,
In that at this time we are brought so low,
That we want money for to pay our passage.
The truth is so, we met with some good fellows,
A little before we came aboard your ship,
Which stripped us quite of all the coin we had,
And left us not a penny in our purses:
Yet wanting money, we will use the mean,
To see you satisfied to the uttermost. *Look on Leir.*

1. Mariner Here's a good gown, 'twould become me passing well,
I should be fine in it. *Look on Perillus.*

2. Mariner Here's a good cloak, I marvel how I should look in it.
Leir. Faith, had we others to supply their room,

wln 2009

wln 2010

img: 29-a
sig: G4v

wln 2011

wln 2012

wln 2013

wln 2014

wln 2015

wln 2016

wln 2017

wln 2018

wln 2019

wln 2020

wln 2021

wln 2022

wln 2023

wln 2024

wln 2025

wln 2026

wln 2027

wln 2028

wln 2029

wln 2030

wln 2031

wln 2032

wln 2033

wln 2034

wln 2035

wln 2036

wln 2037

wln 2038

wln 2039

wln 2040

wln 2041

wln 2042

wln 2043

wln 2044

wln 2045

wln 2046

wln 2047

wln 2048

img: 29-b
sig: H1r

wln 2049

wln 2050

wln 2051

wln 2052

wln 2053

Though ne'er so mean, you willingly should have them.

1. *Mariner* Do you hear, sir? you look like an honest man;

I'll not stand to do you a pleasure: here's a good strong motley gaberdine, cost me fourteen good shillings at Billingsgate, give me your gown for it, and your cap for mine, and i'll forgive your passage.

Leir. With all my heart, and twenty thanks. *Leir and he changeth.*

2. *Mariner* Do you hear, sir? you shall have a better match than he, because you are my friend: here is a good sheep's russet sea-gown, will bide more stress, I warrant you, than two of his, yet for you seem to be an honest gentleman, I am content to change it for your cloak, and ask you nothing for your passage more.

Pull off Perillus' cloak.

Perillus My own I willingly would change with thee, And think myself indebted to thy kindness:

But would my friend might keep his garment still.

My friend, i'll give thee this new doublet, if thou wilt

Restore his gown unto him back again.

1. *Mariner* Nay, if I do, would I might ne'er eat powdered beef and mustard more, nor drink Can of good liquor whilst I live.

My friend, you have small reason to seek to hinder me of my

bargain: but the best is, a bargain's a bargain.

Leir. Kind friend, it is much better as it is; *Leir to Perillus.*

For by this means we may escape unknown;

Till time and opportunity do fit.

2. *Mariner* Hark, hark, they are laying their heads together,

They'll repent them of their bargain anon,

'Twere best for us to go while we are well.

1. *Mariner* God be with you, sir, for your passage back again, I'll use you as unreasonable as another.

Leir. I know thou wilt; but we hope to bring ready money

With us, when we come back again.

Exeunt Mariners.

Were ever men in this extremity,

In a strange country, and devoid of friends,

And not a penny for to help ourselves?

Kind friend, what think'st thou will become of us?

Perillus Be of good cheer, my Lord, I have a doublet,

Will yield us money enough to serve our turns,

Until we come unto your daughter's Court:

And then, I hope, we shall find friends enough.

Leir. Ah, kind *Perillus*, that is it I fear,

And makes me faint, or ever I come there.

Can kindness spring out of ingratitude?

Or love be reaped, where hatred hath been sown?

Can Henbane join in league with Mithridate?

Or Sugar grow in Wormwood's bitter stalk?

wln 2054
wln 2055
wln 2056
wln 2057
wln 2058
wln 2059
wln 2060
wln 2061
wln 2062
wln 2063
wln 2064
wln 2065
wln 2066
wln 2067
wln 2068
wln 2069
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wln 2075
wln 2076
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wln 2079
wln 2080
wln 2081
wln 2082
wln 2083
wln 2084
wln 2085
wln 2086
wln 2087

It cannot be, they are too opposite:
And so am I to any kindness here.
I have thrown Wormwood on the sugared youth,
And like to Henbane poisoned the Fount,
Whence flowed the Mithridate of a child's goodwill:
I, like an envious thorn, have pricked the heart,
And turned sweet Grapes, to sour unrelished Sloes:
The causeless ire of my disrespectful breast,
Hath soured the sweet milk of dame Nature's paps:
My bitter words have galled her honey thoughts,
And weeds of rancor choked the flower of grace.
Then what remainder is of any hope,
But all our fortunes will go quite aslope?
Perillus Fear not, my Lord, the perfect good indeed,
Can never be corrupted by the bad:
A new fresh vessel still retains the taste
Of that which first is poured into the same:
And therefore, though you name yourself the thorn,
The weed, the gall, the henbane and the wormwood;
Yet she'll continue in her former state,
The honey, milk, Grape, Sugar, Mithridate.
Leir. Thou pleasing Orator unto me in woe,
Cease to beguile me with thy hopeful speeches:
O join with me, and think of naught but crosses,
And then we'll one lament another's losses.
Perillus Why, say the worst, the worst can be but death,
And death is better than for to despair:
Then hazard death, which may convert to life;
Banish despair, which brings a thousand deaths.
Leir. O'ercome with thy strong arguments, *I* yield,
To be directed by thee, as thou wilt:
As thou yield'st comfort to my crazed thoughts,
Would *I* could yield the like unto thy body,
Which is full weak, I know, and ill apaid,

img: 30-a
sig: H1v

wln 2088
wln 2089
wln 2090
wln 2091
wln 2092
wln 2093
wln 2094
wln 2095
wln 2096
wln 2097
wln 2098
wln 2099
wln 2100
wln 2101

For want of fresh meat and due sustenance.
Perillus Alack, my Lord, my heart doth bleed, to think
That you should be in such extremity.
Leir. Come, let us go, and see what God will send;
When all means fail, he is the surest friend. *Exeunt.*
*Enter the Gallian King and Queen, and Mumford, with a
basket, disguised like Country folk.*
King of Gallia. This tedious journey all on foot, sweet Love,
Cannot be pleasing to your tender joints,
Which ne'er were used to these toilsome walks.
Cordella I never in my life took more delight
In any journey, than I do in this:
It did me good, whenas we happed to light
Amongst the merry crew of country folk,

wln 2102
wln 2103
wln 2104
wln 2105
wln 2106
wln 2107
wln 2108
wln 2109
wln 2110
wln 2111
wln 2112
wln 2113
wln 2114
wln 2115
wln 2116
wln 2117
wln 2118
wln 2119
wln 2120
wln 2121
wln 2122
wln 2123
wln 2124
wln 2125
wln 2126

img: 30-b
sig: H2r

wln 2127
wln 2128
wln 2129
wln 2130
wln 2131
wln 2132
wln 2133
wln 2134
wln 2135
wln 2136
wln 2137
wln 2138
wln 2139
wln 2140
wln 2141
wln 2142
wln 2143
wln 2144
wln 2145
wln 2146
wln 2147
wln 2148
wln 2149

To see what industry and pains they took,
To win them commendations 'mongst their friends.
Lord, how they labor to bestir themselves,
And in their quirks to go beyond the Moon,
And so take on them with such antic fits,
That one would think they were beside their wits!
Come away, *Roger*, with your basket.

Mumford Soft, Dame, here comes a couple of old youths,
I must needs make myself fat with jesting at them.

Cordella Nay, prithee do not, they do seem to be
Men much o'ergone with grief and misery.
Let's stand aside, and harken what they say.

*Enter Leir
and Perillus
very faintly.*

Leir. Ah, my *Perillus*, now I see we both
Shall end our days in this untrustful soil.
Oh, I do faint for want of sustenance:
And thou, I know, in little better case.
No gentle tree affords one taste of fruit,
To comfort us, until we meet with men:
No lucky path conducts our luckless steps
Unto a place where any comfort dwells.
Sweet rest betide unto our happy souls;
For here I see our bodies must have end.

Perillus Ah, my dear Lord, how doth my heart lament,
To see you brought to this extremity!
O, if you love me, as you do profess,

Or ever thought well of me in my life,
Feed on this flesh, whose veins are not so dry,
But there is virtue left to comfort you.
O, feed on this, if this will do you good,
I'll smile for joy, to see you suck my blood.

He strips up his arm.

Leir. I am no Cannibal, that I should delight
To slake my hungry jaws with human flesh:
I am no devil, or ten times worse than so,
To suck the blood of such a peerless friend.
O, do not think that I respect my life
So dearly, as I do thy loyal love.
Ah, Britain, I shall never see thee more,
That hast unkindly banished thy King:
And yet not thou dost make me to complain,
But they which were more near to me than thou.

Cordella What do *I* hear: this lamentable voice,
Methinks, ere now I oftentimes have heard.

Leir. Ah, *Gonoril*, was half my Kingdom's gift
The cause that thou didst seek to have my life?
Ah, cruel *Ragan*, did I give thee all,
And all could not suffice without my blood?
Ah, poor *Cordella*, did *I* give thee naught,
Nor never shall be able for to give?

wln 2150
wln 2151
wln 2152
wln 2153
wln 2154
wln 2155
wln 2156
wln 2157
wln 2158
wln 2159
wln 2160
wln 2161
wln 2162
wln 2163
wln 2164
wln 2165

img: 31-a
sig: H2v

wln 2166
wln 2167
wln 2168
wln 2169
wln 2170
wln 2171
wln 2172
wln 2173
wln 2174
wln 2175
wln 2176
wln 2177
wln 2178
wln 2179
wln 2180
wln 2181
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wln 2185
wln 2186
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wln 2189
wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193
wln 2194
wln 2195
wln 2196
wln 2197

O, let me warn all ages that ensueth,
How they trust flattery, and reject the truth.
Well, unkind Girls, I here forgive you both,
Yet the just heavens will hardly do the like;
And only crave forgiveness at the end
Of good *Cordella*, and of thee, my friend;
Of God, whose Majesty I have offended,
By my transgression many thousand ways:
Of her, dear heart, whom I for no occasion
Turned out of all, through flatterers' persuasion:
Of thee, kind friend, who but for me, I know,
Hadst never come unto this place of woe.

Cordella Alack, that ever I should live to see
My noble father in this misery.

King of Gallia. Sweet Love, reveal not what thou art as yet,
Until we know the ground of all this ill.

Cordella O, but some meat, some meat: do you not see,
How near they are to death for want of food?

Perillus Lord, which didst help they servants at their need,
Or now or never send us help with speed.
Oh comfort, comfort! yonder is a banquet,
And men and women, my Lord: be of good cheer;
For I see comfort coming very near.

O my Lord, a banquet, and men and women!

Leir. O, let kind pity mollify their hearts,
That they may help us in our great extremes.

Perillus God save you, friends; and if this blessed banquet
Affordeth any food or sustenance,
Even for his sake that saved us all from death,
Vouchsafe to save us from the gripe of famine.

She bringeth him

Cordella Here father, sit and eat, here, sit and drink: *to the table*
And would it were far better for your sakes.

Perillus takes Leir by the hand to the table.

Perillus I'll give you thanks anon: my friend doth faint,
And needeth present comfort.

Leir drinks.

Mumford I warrant, he ne'er stays to say grace:
O, there's no sauce to a good stomach.

Perillus The blessed God of heaven hath thought upon us.

Leir. The thanks be his, and these kind courteous folk,
By whose humanity we are preserved.

They eat hungrily, Leir

Cordella And may that draught be unto him, as was *drinks.*

That which old *Aeson* drank, which did renew
His withered age, and made him young again.

And may that meat be unto him, as was
That which *Elias* ate, in strength whereof

He walked forty days, and never fainted.
Shall I conceal me longer from my father?

Or shall I manifest myself to him?

wln 2198
wln 2199
wln 2200
wln 2201
wln 2202
wln 2203
wln 2204

img: 31-b
sig: H3r

King of Gallia. Forbear a while, until his strength return,
Lest being overjoyed with seeing thee,
His poor weak senses should forsake their office,
And so our **cause** of joy be turned to sorrow.

Perillus What cheer, my Lord? how do you feel yourself?

Leir. Methinks, I never ate such savory meat:
It is as pleasant as the blessed Manna,

wln 2205
wln 2206
wln 2207
wln 2208
wln 2209
wln 2210
wln 2211
wln 2212
wln 2213
wln 2214
wln 2215
wln 2216
wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219
wln 2220
wln 2221
wln 2222
wln 2223
wln 2224
wln 2225
wln 2226
wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232
wln 2233
wln 2234
wln 2235
wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238
wln 2239
wln 2240
wln 2241
wln 2242
wln 2243

That rained from heaven amongst the Israelites:
It hath recalled my spirits home again,
And made me fresh, as erst I was before.

But how shall we congratulate their kindness?

Perillus In faith, I know not how sufficiently;

But the best mean that I can think on, is this:

I'll offer them my doublet in requital;

For we have nothing else to spare.

Leir. Nay, stay, *Perillus*, for they shall have mine.

Perillus Pardon, my Lord, I swear they shall have mine.

Perillus proffers his doublet: they will not take it.

Leir. Ah, who would think such kindness should remain
Among such strange and unacquainted men:

And that such hate should harbor in the breast

Of those, which have occasion to be best?

Cordella Ah, good old father, tell to me thy grief,

I'll sorrow with thee, if not add relief.

Leir. Ah, good young daughter, I may call thee so;

For thou art like a daughter I did owe.

Cordella Do you not owe her still? what, is she dead?

Leir. No, God forbid: but all my interest's gone,

By showing myself too much unnatural:

So have I lost the title of a father,

and may be called a stranger to her rather.

Cordella Your title's good still; for 'tis always known,

A man may do as him list with his own.

But have you but one daughter then in all?

Leir. Yes, I have more by two, than would *I* had.

Cordella O, say not so, but rather see the end:

They that are bad, may have the grace to mend:

But how have they offended you so much?

Leir. If from the first I should relate the cause,

'Twould make a heart of Adamant to weep;

And thou, poor soul, kind-hearted as thou art,

Dost weep already, ere *I* do begin.

Cordella For God's love tell it, and when you have done,

I'll tell the reason why *I* weep so soon.

Leir. Then know this first, I am a Briton born,

and had three daughters by one loving wife:

img: 32-a
sig: H3v

wln 2244
wln 2245
wln 2246
wln 2247
wln 2248
wln 2249
wln 2250
wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262
wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
wln 2273
wln 2274
wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277
wln 2278
wln 2279
wln 2280
wln 2281
wln 2282

And though *I* say it, of beauty they were sped;
Especially the youngest of the three,
For her perfections hardly matched could be:
On these *I* doted with a jealous love,
And thought to try which of them loved me best,
By asking them, which would do most for me?
The first and second flattered me with words,
And vowed they loved me better than their lives:
The youngest said, she loved me as a child
Might do: her answer *I* esteemed most vild,
And presently in an outrageous mood,
I turned her from me to go sink or swim:
And all *I* had, even to the very clothes,
I gave in dowry with the other two:
And she that best deserved the greatest share,
I gave her nothing, but disgrace and care.
Now mark the sequel: When *I* had done thus,
I sojourned in my eldest daughter's house,
Where for a time *I* was entreated well,
And lived in state sufficing my content:
But every day her kindness did grow cold,
Which *I* with patience put up well enough,
And seemed not to see the things *I* saw:
But at the last she grew so far incensed
With moody fury, and with causeless hate,
That in most vild and contumelious terms,
She bade me pack, and harbor somewhere else.
Then was *I* fain for refuge to repair
Unto my other daughter for relief,
Who gave me pleasing and most courteous words;
But in her actions showed herself so sore,
As never any daughter did before:
She prayed me in a morning out betime,
To go to a thicket two miles from the Court,
Pointing that there she would come talk with me:
There she had set a shag-haired murd'ring wretch,
To massacre my honest friend and me.
Then judge yourself, although my tale be brief,
If ever man had greater cause of grief.

img: 32-b
sig: H4r

wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290

King of Gallia. Nor never like impiety was done,
Since the creation of the world begun.
Leir. And now *I* am constrained to seek relief
Of her, to whom *I* have been so unkind;
Whose censure, if it do award me death,
I must confess she pays me but my due:
But if she show a loving daughter's part,
I comes of God and her, not my desert.

wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308
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wln 2313
wln 2314
wln 2315
wln 2316
wln 2317
wln 2318
wln 2319
wln 2320
wln 2321

img: 33-a
sig: H4v

wln 2322
wln 2323
wln 2324
wln 2325
wln 2326
wln 2327
wln 2328
wln 2329
wln 2330
wln 2331
wln 2332
wln 2333
wln 2334
wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337
wln 2338

Cordella No doubt she will, *I* dare be sworn she will.
Leir. How know you that, not knowing what she is?
Cordella Myself a father have a great way hence,
Used me as ill as ever you did her;
Yet, that his reverend age I once might see,
I'd creep along, to meet him on my knee.
Leir. O, no men's children are unkind but mine.
Cordella Condemn not all, because of others' crime:
But look, dear father, look, behold and see
Thy loving daughter speaketh unto thee. *She kneels.*
Leir. O, stand thou up, it is my part to kneel,
And ask forgiveness for my former faults. *he kneels.*
Cordella O, if you wish I should enjoy my breath,
Dear father rise, or I receive my death. *he riseth.*
Leir. Then I will rise, to satisfy your mind,
But kneel again, till pardon be resigned. *he kneels.*
Cordella I pardon you: the word beseems not me:
But I do say so, for to ease your knee.
You gave me life, you were the cause that I
Am what I am, who else had never been.
Leir. But you gave life to me and to my friend,
Whose days had else, had an untimely end.
Cordella You brought me up, whenas I was but young,
And far unable for to help myself.
Leir. I cast thee forth, whenas thou wast but young,
And far unable for to help thyself.
Cordella God, world and nature say I do you wrong,
That can endure to see you kneel so long.
King of Gallia Let me break off this loving controversy,
Which doth rejoice my very soul to see.
Good father, rise, she is your loving daughter, *He riseth*

And honors you with as respective duty,
As if you were the Monarch of the world.
Cordella But *I* will never rise from off my knee, *She kneels.*
Until I have your blessing, and your pardon
Of all my faults committed any way,
From my first birth unto this present day.
Leir. The blessing, which the God of *Abraham* gave
Unto the tribe of *Judah*, light on thee,
And multiply thy days, that thou mayst see
Thy children's children prosper after thee.
Thy faults, which are just none that *I* do know,
God pardon on high, and *I* forgive below. *she riseth.*
Cordella Now is my heart at quiet, and doth leap
Within my breast, for joy of this good hap:
And now (dear father) welcome to our Court,
And welcome (kind *Perillus*) unto me,
Mirror of virtue and true honesty.

wln 2339
wln 2340
wln 2341
wln 2342
wln 2343
wln 2344
wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
wln 2356
wln 2357
wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360

img: 33-b
sig: IIr

wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370
wln 2371
wln 2372
wln 2373
wln 2374
wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380
wln 2381
wln 2382
wln 2383
wln 2384
wln 2385
wln 2386

Leir. O, he hath been the kindest friend to me,
That ever man had in adversity.
Perillus My tongue doth fail, to say what heart doth think,
I am so ravished with exceeding joy.
King of Gallia. All you have spoke: now let me speak my mind,
And in few words much matter here conclude: *he kneels.*
If ere my heart do harbor any joy,
Or true content repose within my breast,
Till I have rooted out this viperous sect,
And repossessed my father of his Crown,
Let me be counted for the perjured'st man,
That ever spake word since the world began. *rise.*
Mumford Let me pray too, that never prayed before; *Mumford*
If ere I resalute the British earth, *kneels.*
(As ere 't be long) I do presume I shall
And do return from thence without my wench,
Let me be gelded for my recompense. *rise.*
King of Gallia. Come, let's to arms for to redress this wrong:
Till *I* am there, methinks, the time seems long. *Exeunt.*
Enter Ragan sola.
Ragan I feel a hell of conscience in my breast,
Tormenting me with horror for my fact,

And makes me in an agony of doubt,
For fear the world should find my dealing out.
The slave whom I appointed for the act,
I ne'er set eye upon the peasant since:
O, could I get him for to make him sure,
My doubts would cease, and I should rest secure.
But if the old men, with persuasive words,
Have saved their lives, and made him to relent;
Then are they fled unto the Court of France,
And like a Trumpet manifest my shame.
A shame on these white-livered slaves, say I,
That with fair words so soon are overcome.
O God, that I had been but made a man;
Or that my strength were equal with my will!
These foolish men are nothing but mere pity,
And melt as butter doth against the Sun.
Why should they have pre-eminence over us,
Since we are creatures of more brave resolve?
I swear, I am quite out of charity
With all the heartless men in Christendom.
A pox upon them, when they are afraid
To give a stab, or slit a paltry Windpipe,
Which are so easy matters to be done.
Well, had I thought the slave would serve me so,
Myself would have been executioner:
'Tis now undone, and if that it be known,

wln 2387
wln 2388
wln 2389
wln 2390
wln 2391
wln 2392
wln 2393
wln 2394
wln 2395
wln 2396
wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399

img: 34-a
sig: 11v

I'll make as good shift as I can for one.
He that repines at me, howe'er it stands,
'Twere best for him to keep him from my hands.

Exit.

*Sound Drums and Trumpets: Enter the Gallian King,
Leir, Mumford and the army.*

King of Gallia. Thus have we brought our army to the sea,
Whereas our ships are ready to receive us:
The wind stands fair, and we in four hours' sail,
May easily arrive on British shore,
Where unexpected we may them surprise,
And gain a glorious victory with ease.
Wherefore, my loving Countrymen, resolve,
Since truth and justice fighteth on our sides,

wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402
wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407
wln 2408
wln 2409
wln 2410
wln 2411
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wln 2432
wln 2433
wln 2434

That we shall march with conquest where we go.
Myself will be as forward as the first,
And step-by-step march with the hardiest wight:
And not the meanest soldier in our Camp
Shall be in danger, but i'll second him.
To you, my Lord, we give the whole command
Of all the army, next unto ourself,
Not doubting of you, but you will extend
Your wonted valor in this needful case,
Encouraging the rest to do the like,
By your approved magnanimity.

Mumford My Liege, 'tis needless to spur a willing horse,
That's apt enough to run himself to death:
For here I swear by that sweet Saint's bright eye,
Which are the stars, which guide me to good hap,
Either to see my old Lord crowned anew,
Or in his cause to bid the world adieu.

Leir. Thanks, good Lord *Mumford*, 'tis more of your good will,
Than any merit or desert in me.

Mumford And now to you, my worthy Countrymen,
Ye valiant race of **Genovestan** Gauls,
Surnamed Redshanks, for your chivalry,
Because you fight up to the shanks in blood;
Show yourselves now to be right Gauls indeed,
And be so bitter on your enemies,
That they may say, you are as bitter as Gall.
Gall them, brave Shot, with your Artillery:
Gall them, brave Halberds, with your sharp-point Bills,
Each in their pointed place, not one, but all,
Fight for the credit of yourselves and Gaul.

King of Gallia. Then what should more persuasion need to those,
That rather wish to deal, than hear of blows?
Let's to our ships, and if that God permit,
In four hours' sail, I hope we shall be there.

Mumford And in five hours more, I make no doubt,

wln 2435
wln 2436
wln 2437
wln 2438

img: 34-b
sig: I2r

wln 2439
wln 2440
wln 2441
wln 2442
wln 2443
wln 2444
wln 2445
wln 2446
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wln 2475
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wln 2477

img: 35-a
sig: I2v

wln 2478
wln 2479

But we shall bring our wished desires about. *Exeunt*
Enter a Captain of the watch, and two watchmen.
Captain My honest friends, it is your turn tonight,
To watch in this place, near about the Beacon.

And vigilantly have regard,
If any fleet of ships pass hitherward:
Which it you do, your office is to fire
The beacon presently, and raise the town. *Exit.*

1. Watchman Ay, Ay, Ay, fear nothing; we know our charge, I warrant:
I have been a watchman about this Beacon this thirty year, and
yet I ne'er see it stir, but stood as quietly as might be.

2. Watchman Faith neighbor, and you'll follow my 'vice, instead of
watching the Beacon, we'll go to goodman *Jennings*, and watch
a pot of Ale and a rasher of Bacon: and if we do not drink ourselves
drunk, then so; I warrant, the Beacon will see us when
we come out again.

1. Watchman Ay, but how if somebody excuse us to the Captain?

2. Watchman 'Tis no matter, i'll prove by good reason that we watch
the Beacon: as for example.

1. Watchman I hope you do not call me ass by craft, neighbor.

2. Watchman No, no, but for example: Say here stands the pot of ale,
that's the Beacon. *1. Watchman* Ay, Ay, 'tis a very good Beacon.

2. Watchman Well, say here stands your nose, that's the fire.

1. Watchman Indeed I must confess, 'tis somewhat red.

2. Watchman I see come marching in a dish, half a score pieces of salt
Bacon. *1. Watchman* I understand your meaning, that's as much to say,
half a score ships. *2. Watchman* True, you conster right; presently, like
a faithful watchman, I fire the Beacon, and call up the town.

1. Watchman Ay, that's as much as to say, you set your nose to the pot, and
drink up the drink. *2. Watchman* You are in the right; come, let's go
fire the Beacon.

Exeunt.

Enter the King of Gallia with a still march, Mumford and soldiers.

King of Gallia. Now march our ensigns on the British earth,
And we are near approaching to the town:
Then look about you, valiant Countrymen,
And we shall finish this exploit with ease.
Th' inhabitants of this mistrustful place,
Are dead asleep, as men that are secure:
Here shall we skirmish but with naked men,
Devoid of sense, new waked from a dream,
That know not what our coming doth pretend,
Till they do feel our meaning on their skins:
Therefore assail: God and our right for us. *Exeunt.*

*Alarum, with men and women half-naked: Enter two
Captains without doublets, with swords.*

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wln 2525
wln 2526
wln 2527

1. *Captain* Where are these villains that were set to watch,
And fire the Beacon, if occasion served,
That thus have suffered us to be surprised,
And never given notice to the town?
We are betrayed, and quite devoid of hope,
By any means to fortify ourselves.

2. *Captain* 'Tis ten to one the peasants are o'ercome with drink
and sleep, and so neglect their charge.

1. *Captain* A whirlwind carry them quick to a whirlpool,
That there the slaves may drink their bellies full.

2. *Captain* This 'tis, to have the Beacon so near the Alehouse.

Enter the watchmen drunk, with each a pot.

1. *Captain* Out on ye, villains, whither run you now?

1. *Watchman* To fire the town, and call up the Beacon.

2. *Watchman* No, no, sir, to fire the Beacon. *He drinks.*

2. *Captain* What, with a pot of ale, you drunken Rogues?

1. *Captain* You'll fire the Beacon, when the town is lost:
I'll teach you how to tend your office better. *draw to stab them.*

Enter Mumford, Captains run away.

Mumford Yield, yield, yield. *He kicks down their pots.*

1. *Watchman* Reel? no, we do not reel:
You may lack a pot of Ale ere you die.

Mumford But in mean space, I answer, you want none.
Well, there's no dealing with you, y' are tall men, and well weaponed,
I would there were no worse than you in the town. *Exit.*

2. *Watchman* 'A speaks like an honest man, my choler's passed already.
Come, neighbor, let's go.

1. *Watchman* Nay, first let's see **an** we can stand. *Exeunt.*
Alarum, excursions, Mumford after them, and some half-naked,
Enter the Gallian King, Leir, Mumford, Cordella, Perillus, and soldiers,
with the chief of the town bound.

King of Gallia. Fear not, my friends, you shall receive no hurt,
If you'll subscribe unto your lawful King,
And quite revoke your fealty from *Cambria*,
And from aspiring *Cornwall* too, whose wives
Have practiced treason 'gainst their father's life.
We come in justice of your wronged King,

And do intend no harm at all to you,
So you submit unto your lawful King.

Leir. Kind Countrymen, it grieves me, that perforce,
I am constrained to use extremities.

Noble. Long have you here been looked for, good my Lord,
And wished for by a general consent:
And had we known your Highness had arrived,
We had not made resistance to your Grace:
And now, my gracious Lord, you need not doubt,
But all the Country will yield presently,
Which since your absence have been greatly taxed,

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For to maintain their overswelling pride.
We'll presently send word to all our friends;
When they have notice, they will come apace.
Leir. Thanks, loving subjects; and thanks, worthy son,
Thanks, my kind daughter, thanks to you, my Lord,
Who willingly adventured have your blood,
(Without desert) to do me so much good.

Mumford O, say not so:
I have been much beholding to your Grace:
I must confess, I have been in some skirmishes,
But I was never in the like to this:
For where I was wont to meet with armed men,
I was now encountered with naked women,

Cordella We that are feeble, and want use of Arms,
Will pray to God, to shield you from all harms.

Leir. The while your hands do manage ceaseless toil,
Our hearts shall pray, the foes may have the foil.

Perillus We'll fast and pray, whilst you for us do fight,
That victory may prosecute the right.

King of Gallia. Methinks, your words do amplify (my friends)
And add fresh vigor to my willing limbs: *Drum.*
But hark, I hear the adverse Drum approach.

God and our right, Saint *Denis*, and Saint *George*,
Enter Cornwall, Cambria, Gonoril, Ragan, and the army.

Cornwall Presumptuous King of Gauls, how darest thou
Presume to enter on our British shore?
And more than that, to take our towns perforce,
And draw our subjects' hearts from their true King?

Be sure to buy it at as dear a price,
As e're you bought presumption in your lives.
King of Gallia. O'erordering *Cornwall*, know, we came in right,
And just revengement of the wronged King,
Whose daughters there, fell vipers as they are,
Have sought to murder and deprive of life:
But God protected him from all their spite,
And we are come in justice of his right.

Cambria Nor he nor thou have any interest here,
But what you win and purchase with the sword.
Thy slanders to our noble virtuous Queens,
We'll in the battle thrust them down thy throat,
Except for fear of our revenging hands,
Thou fly to sea, as not secure on lands.

Mumford Welshman, i'll so ferret you ere night for that word,
That you shall have no mind to crake so well this twelvemonth.

Gonoril They lie, that say, we sought our father's death.

Ragan 'Tis merely forged for a color's sake,
To set a gloss on your invasion.
Methinks, an old man ready for to die,

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img: 36-b
sig: 14r

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wln 2623

Should be ashamed to broach so foul a lie.

Cordella Fie, shameless sister, so devoid of grace,
To call our father liar to his face.

Gonoril Peace (Puritan) dissembling hypocrite,
Which art so good, that thou wilt prove stark naught:
Anon, whenas I have you in my fingers,
I'll make you wish yourself in Purgatory.

Perillus Nay, peace thou monster, shame unto thy sex:
Thou fiend in likeness of a human creature.

Ragan I never heard a fouler-spoken man.

Leir. Out on thee, viper, scum, filthy parricide,
More odious to my sight than is a Toad.
Knowest thou these letters? *She snatches them and tears them.*

Ragan Think you to outface me with your paltry scrolls?
You come to drive my husband from his right,
Under the color of a forged letter.

Leir. Whoever heard the like impiety?

Perillus You are our debtor of more patience:
We were more patient when we stayed for you,

Within the thicket two long hours and more.

Ragan What hours? what thicket?

Perillus There, where you sent your servant with your letters,
Sealed with your hand, to send us both to heaven,
Where, as I think, you never mean to come.

Ragan Alas, you are grown a child again with age,
Or else your senses dote for want of sleep.

Perillus Indeed you made us rise betimes, you know,
Yet had a care we should sleep where you bade us stay,
But never wake more till the latter day.

Gonoril Peace, peace, old fellow, thou art sleepy still.

Mumford Faith, and if you reason till tomorrow,
You get no other answer at their hands.

'Tis pity two such good faces
Should have so little grace between them.
Well, let us see if their husbands with their hands,
Can do as much, as they do with their tongues.

Cambria Ay, with their swords they'll make your tongue unsay
What they have said, or else they'll cut them out.

King of Gallia. To 't, gallants, to 't, let's not stand brawling thus.
Exeunt both armies.

*Sound alarum: excursions. Mumford must chase Cambria
away: then cease. Enter Cornwall.*

Cornwall The day is lost, our friends do all revolt,
And join against us with the adverse part:
There is no means of safety but by flight,
And therefore i'll to Cornwall with my Queen. *Exit.*

Enter Cambria.

Cambria I think, there is a devil in the Camp hath haunted

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wln 2665
wln 2666
wln 2667

me today: he hath so tired me, that in a manner I can fight no
more. *Enter Mumford.*

Zounds, here he comes, I'll take me to my horse. *Exit.*

Mumford follows him to the door, and returns.

Mumford Farewell (Welshman) give thee but thy due,
Thou hast a light and nimble pair of legs:
Thou are more in debt to them than to thy hands:
But if I meet thee once again today,
I'll cut them off, and set them to a better heart. *Exit.*

*Alarums and excursions, then sound victory. Enter Leir, Perillus,
King, Cordella, and Mumford.*

King of Gallia. Thanks be to God, your foes are overcome,
And you again possessed of your right.

Leir. First to the heavens, next, thanks to you, my son,
By whose good means I repossess the same:
Which if it please you to accept yourself,
With all my heart I will resign to you:
For it is yours by right, and none of mine.
First, have you raised, at your own charge, a power
Of valiant Soldiers; (this comes all from you)
Next have you ventured your own person's scathe.
And lastly, (worthy *Gallia* never stained)
My kingly title I by thee have gained.

King of Gallia. Thank heavens, not me, my zeal to you is such,
Command my utmost, I will never grutch.

Cordella He that with all kind love entreats his Queen,
Will not be to her father unkind seen.

Leir. Ah, my *Cordella*, now I call to mind,
The modest answer, which I took unkind:
But now I see, I am no whit beguiled,
Thou loved'st me dearly, and as ought a child.
And thou (*Perillus*) partner once in woe,
Thee to requite, the best I can, I'll do:
Yet all I can, Ay, were it ne'er so much,
Were not sufficient, thy true love is such.
Thanks (worthy *Mumford*) to thee last of all,
Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small;
No, thou hast Lion-like laid on today,
Chasing the Cornwall King and Cambria;
Who with my daughters, daughters did I say?
To save their lives, the fugitives did play.
Come, son and daughter, who did me advance,
Repose with me awhile, and then for France.

Sound Drums and Trumpets. Exeunt.

img: 37-b
sig: [N/A]

FINIS.

Textual Notes

1. **25 (2-b)**: The regularized reading *is* is supplied for the original *[·]*.
2. **47 (3-a)**: The regularized reading *sat* is amended from the original *set*.
3. **185 (4-b)**: The regularized reading *suffice* is supplied for the original *[**]ffice*.
4. **455 (8-b)**: The regularized reading *Then* is supplied for the original *[·]en*.
5. **456 (8-b)**: The regularized reading *Cambria* is supplied for the original *[·]m*.
6. **614 (10-b)**: The regularized reading *complain* is supplied for the original *complayn[·]*.
7. **944 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *with* is supplied for the original *wi[·]*.
8. **1030 (16-a)**: The regularized reading *Palermo* is amended from the original *Palerno*.
9. **1253 (19-a)**: The regularized reading *lies* is supplied for the original *lye[·]*.
10. **1287 (19-a)**: The regularized reading *of* is supplied for the original *o[·]*.
11. **1291 (19-b)**: The regularized reading *before* is supplied for the original *[·]fore*.
12. **1292 (19-b)**: The regularized reading *sufficient* is supplied for the original *suffic[·]*.
13. **1427 (21-a)**: The regularized reading *Goneril* is amended from the original *Con*.
14. **1778 (25-b)**: The regularized reading *She* is amended from the original *Se*.
15. **1863 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *match* is supplied for the original *m[·]ch*.
16. **1945 (28-a)**: The regularized reading *.* is supplied for the original *[·]*.
17. **2201 (31-a)**: The regularized reading *cause* is supplied for the original *c[·]se*.
18. **2420 (34-a)**: The regularized reading *Genovestan* comes from the original *Genouestan*, though possible variants include *Cenovestan*.
19. **2447 (34-b)**: The regularized reading *Jennings* is supplied for the original *Gen[·]jings*.
20. **2507 (35-a)**: The regularized reading *an* is amended from the original *and*.
21. **2556 (36-a)**: The regularized reading *sure* is amended from the original *sute*.