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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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



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**img: 1-a**  
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img: 1-b  
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ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

The first part  
Of the true and hono-  
rable historie, of the life of Sir  
*John Old-castle, the good*  
Lord Cobham.

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

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

ln 0010

ln 0011

ln 0012

ln 0013

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

img: 2-a  
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wln 0001

The Prologue.

wln 0002

*THE doubtful Title (Gentlemen) prefixt*

wln 0003

*Vpon the Argument we haue in hand,*

wln 0004

*May breede suspence, and wrongfully disturbe*

wln 0005

*The peacefull quiet of your setled thoughts:*

wln 0006

*To stop which scruple, let this briefe suffise.*

wln 0007

*It is no pamperd glutton we present,*

wln 0008

*Nor aged Councillor to youthfull sinne,*

wln 0009

*But one, whose vertue shone aboue the rest,*

wln 0010

*A valiant Martyr, and a vertuous peere,*

wln 0011

*In whose true faith and loyaltie exprest*

wln 0012

*Vnto his soueraigne, and his countries weale:*

wln 0013

*We striue to pay that tribute of our Loue,*

wln 0014

*Your fauours merite, let faire Truth be grac'te,*

wln 0015

*Since forg'de inuention former time defac'te.*

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The true and honorable Historie, of  
*the life of Sir Iohn Oldcastle, the*  
good Lord Cobham.

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

*Sheriffe.*

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

*Herb.* Good M. Sheriffe, look vnto your self.

*Pow.* Do so, for we haue other businesse.

*Proffer to fight againe*

*Sher.* Will ye disturbe the Iudges, and the Assise?  
Heare the Kings proclamation ye were best.

*Pow.* Hold then, lets heare it.

*Herb.* But be briefe, ye were best.

*Bayl.* O yes.

*Dauy* Cossone, make shorter O, or shall marre your Yes.

*Bay.* O yes.

*Owen* What, has her nothing to say but O yes?

*Bay.* O yes.

*Da.* O nay, pye Cosse plut downe with her, downe with her,  
A Pawesse a Pawesse.

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

*Helter skelter againe.*

*Sher.* Hold, in the Kings name, hold.

*Owen* Downe e tha kanaues name, downe.

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*The first part of*

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wln 0075  
wln 0076

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

*Herb.* Powesse, I thinke thy Welsh and thou do smart.

*Pow.* Herbert, I thinke my sword came neere thy heart.

*Herb.* Thy hearts best bloud shall pay the losse of mine.

*Gough* A Herbert a Herbert.

*Dauy* A Pawesse a Pawesse.

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

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

*Herb.* Good M. Maior of Hereford be briefe.

*Mai.* Serieant, without the ceremonie of O yes.

Pronounce alowd the proclamation.

*Ser.* The Kings Iustices, perceiuing what publique mis-  
chiefe may ensue this priuate quarrel: in his maiesties name do  
straightly charge and commaund all persons, of what degree  
soeuer, to depart this cittie of Hereford, except such as are  
bound to giue attendance at this Assise, and that no man pre-  
sume to weare any weapon, especially welsh-hookes, forrest  
billes.

*Owen* Haw, no pill nor wells hoog? ha?

*Ma.* Peace, and heare the proclamation.

*Ser.* And that the Lord Powesse do presently disperse and  
discharge his retinue, and depart the cittie in the Kings peace,  
he and his followers, on paine of imprisonment.

*Dauy* Haw? pud her Lord Pawesse in prison, A Pawes  
A Pawesse, cossone liue and tie with her Lord.

*Gough* A Herbert a Herbert.

*In this fight the Lord Herbert is wounded, and fals to the ground,  
the Maior and his company goe away crying clubbes, Powesse  
runnes away, Gough and other of Herberts faction busie them-  
selues about Herbert: enters the two Iudges in their roabes,*

the

img: 4-b  
sig: A4r

*sir Iohn Old-castle.*

*the Sheriffe and his Baileffes afore them, &c.*

*1. Iud.* Where's the Lord Herbert? is he hurt or slaine?

*Sher.* Hee's here my Lord.

*2. Iud.* How fares his Lordshippe, friends?

*Gough* Mortally wounded, speechlesse, he cannot liue.

*1. Iud* Conuay him hence, let not his wounds take ayre,  
And get him dress'd with expedition,

*Ex. Herb. & Gough*

M. Maior of Hereford M Shriue o'th shire,

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wln 0112

Commit Lord Powesse to safe custodie,  
To answer the disturbance of the peace,  
Lord Herberts perill, and his high contempt  
Of vs, and you the Kings commissioners,  
See it be done with care and diligence.

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

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

*Sher.* There are some of them, sirs, lay hold on them,

*Owen* Of vs, and why? what has her done I pray you?

*Sher.* Disarme them Bailiffes.

*Ma.* Officers assist.

*Dauy* Heare you Lor shudge, what resson is for this?

*Owen* Cosson pe puse for fighting for our Lord?

*1. Iudge* Away with them.

*Dauy* Harg you my Lord. (shitten knaue, } *Both at*

*Owen* Gough my Lorde Herberts man's a } *once at this*

*Dauy* Ise liue and tie in good quarrell.

*Owen* Pray you do shustice, let awl be preson.

*Dauy* Prison no,

Lord shudge I wooll giue you pale, good suerty.

*2. Iudge* What Bale? what suerties?

*Dauy* Her coozin ap Ries, ap Euan, ap Morrice, ap Mor-  
gan, ap Lluellyn, ap Madoc, ap Meredith,  
ap Griffen, ap Dauy, ap Owen ap Shinken Shones.

*2 Iudge.* Two of the most, sufficient are ynow,

*Sher.* And't please your Lordship these are al but one.

*1. Iudge.*

*The first part of*

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*1. Iudge* To Iayle with them, and the Lord Herberts men,  
Weele talke with them, when the Assise is done, *Exeunt.*

Riotous, audacious, and vnruely Groomes,  
Must we be forced to come from the Bench,  
To quiet brawles, which euey Constable  
In other ciuill places can suppressse?

*2. Iudge* What was the quarrel that causde all this stirre?

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

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

Innocent

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Innocent of it, onely his name was vsde.  
We therefore from his Highnesse giue this charge.  
You maister Maior, looke to your citizens,  
You maister Sherife vnto your shire, and you  
As Iustices in euery ones precinct  
There be no meetings. When the vulgar sort  
Sit on their Ale-bench, with their cups and kannes,  
Matters of state be not their common talke,  
Nor pure religion by their lips prophande.  
Let vs returne vnto the Bench againe,  
And there examine further of this fray. *Enter a Bailly and  
a Serieant*  
*Sher.* Sirs, haue ye taken the lord Powesse yet?  
*Ba.* No, nor heard of him.  
*Ser.* No, hee's gone farre enough.  
*2. Iu.* They that are left behind, shall answer all. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Suffolke, Bishop of Rochester, Butler, parson of Wrotham.*  
*Suffolke* Now my lord Bishop, take free liberty  
To speake your minde: what is your sute to vs?  
*Bishop* My noble Lord, no more than what you know,  
And haue bin oftentimes inuested with:  
Grieuous complaints haue past betweene the lippes  
Of enuious persons to vpbraide the Cleargy,  
Some carping at the liuings which we haue,  
And others spurning at the ceremonies  
That are of auncient custome in the church.  
Amongst the which, Lord Cobham is a chiefe:  
What inconuenience may proceede hereof,  
Both to the King and to the common wealth,  
May easily be discerned, when like a frensie  
This innouation shall possesse their mindes.  
These vpstarts will haue followers to vphold  
Their damnd opinion, more than Harry shall  
To vndergoe his quarrell gainst the French.  
*Suffolke* What prooue is there against them to be had,  
That what you say the law may iustifie?  
*Bishop* They giue themselues the name of Protestants,

*The first part of*

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And meete in fields and solitary groues.  
*sir Ihon* Was euer heard (my Lord) the like til now?  
That theeues and rebels, sbloud heretikes,  
Playne heretikes, Ile stand toote to their teeth,  
Should haue to colour, their vile practises,  
A title of such worth, as Protestant? *enter one wyth a letter.*  
*Suf.* O but you must not sweare, it ill becomes  
One of your coate, to rappe out bloody oathes.  
*Bish.* Pardon him good my Lord, it is his zeale,  
An honest country prelate, who laments  
To see such foule disorder in the church.  
*Sir Iohn* Theres one they call him Sir Iohn Old-castle,  
He has not his name for naught: for like a castle  
Doth he encompasse them within his walls,  
But till that castle be subuerted quite,  
We ne're shall be at quiet in the realme.  
*Bish.* That is our sute, my Lord, that he be tane,  
And brought in question for his heresie,  
Beside, two letters brought me out of Wales,  
Wherin my Lord Herford writes to me,  
What tumult and sedition was begun,  
About the Lord Cobham, at the Sises there,  
For they had much ado to calme the rage,  
And that the valiant Herbert is there slaine.  
*Suf.* A fire that must be quencht; wel, say no more,  
The King anon goes to the counsell chamber,  
There to debate of matters touching France:  
As he doth passe by, Ile informe his grace  
Concerning your petition: Master Butler,  
If I forget, do you remember me,  
*But.* I will my Lord. *Offer him a purse.*  
*Bish.* Not for a recompence,  
But as a token of our loue to you,  
By me my Lords of the cleargie do present  
This purse, and in it full a thousand Angells,  
Praying your Lordship to accept their gift.

*Suf.*

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

*Bish.* Sir, then we craue your furtherance herein.

*But.* The best I can my Lord of Rochester.

*Bish.* Nay, pray ye take it, trust me but you shal,

*sir Iohn* Were ye all three vpon New Market heath,  
You should not neede straine curtsie who should ha'te,  
Sir Iohn would quickly rid ye of that care.

*Suf* The King is comming, feare ye not my Lord,  
The very first thing I will breake with him,  
Shal be about your matter.

*Enter K. Harry and Hunting-  
ton in talke.*

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

*Suf.* It was my Lord, but very wrongfully.

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

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

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

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

*The first part of*

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*Har.* We do find it here,  
There was in Wales a certaine fray of late,  
Betweene two noblemen, but what of this?  
Followes it straight Lord Cobham must be he  
Did cause the same? I dare be sworne (good knight)  
He neuer dreampt of any such contention.  
*Bish.* But in his name the quarrell did begin,  
About the opinion which he held (my liege.)  
*Har.* How if it did? was either he in place,  
To take part with them, or abette them in it?  
If brabling fellowes, whose inkindled bloud,  
Seethes in their fiery vaines, will needes go fight,  
Making their quarrells of some words that passt,  
Either of you, or you, amongst their cuppes,  
Is the fault yours, or are they guiltie of it?  
*Suffolke* With pardon of your Highnesse (my dread lord)  
Such little sparkes neglected, may in time  
Grow to a mighty flame: but thats not all,  
He doth beside maintaine a strange religion,  
And will not be compelld to come to masse.  
*Bish.* We do beseech you therefore gracious prince,  
Without offence vnto your maiesty  
We may be bold to vse authoritie.  
*Harry* As how?  
*Bishop* To summon him vnto the Arches,  
Where such offences haue their punishment.  
*Harry* To answeere personally, is that your meaning?  
*Bishop* It is, my lord.  
*Harry* How if he appeale?  
*Bishop* He cannot (my Lord) in such a case as this.  
*Suffolke* Not where Religion is the plea, my lord.  
*Harry* I tooke it alwayes, that our selfe stode ont,  
As a sufficient refuge, vnto whome  
Not any but might lawfully appeale.  
But weele not argue now vpon that poynt:  
For sir Iohn Old-castle whom you accuse,

Let

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wln 0328

Let me intreate you to dispence awhile  
With your high title of preheminance. *in scorne.*  
Report did neuer yet condemne him so,  
But he hath alwayes beene reputed loyall:  
And in my knowledge I can say thus much,  
That he is vertuous, wise, and honourable:  
If any way his conscience be seduc'de,  
To wauer in his faith: Ile send for him,  
And schoole him priuately, if that serue not,  
Then afterward you may proceede against him.  
Butler, be you the messenger for vs,  
And will him presently repaire to court. *exeunt.*  
*sir Iohn* How now my lord, why stand you discontent?  
In sooth, me thinkes the King hath well decreed.  
*Bishop* Yea, yea, sir Iohn, if he would keepe his word,  
But I perceiue he fauours him so much,  
As this will be to small effect, I feare.  
*sir Iohn* Why then Ile tell you what y'are best to do:  
If you suspect the King will be but cold  
In reprehending him, send you a processe too  
To serue vpon him: so you may be sure  
To make him answer't, howsoere it fall.  
*Bishop* And well remembred, I will haue it so,  
A Sumner shall be sent about it strait *Exit.*  
*sir Iohn* Yea, doe so, in the meane space this remaines  
For kinde sir Iohn of *Wrotham* honest lacke.  
Me thinkes the purse of gold the Bishop gaue,  
Made a good shew, it had a tempting looke,  
Beshrew me, but my fingers ends do itch  
To be vpon those rudduks: well, tis thus:  
I am not as the worlde does take me for:  
If euer wolfe were cloathed in sheepes coate,  
Then I am he, olde huddle and twang, yfaith,  
A priest in shew, but in plaine termes, a **th[\*]efe**,  
Yet let me tell you too, an honest theefe.  
One that will take it where it may be **sp[\*\*\*\*]**.

*The first part of*

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wln 0363  
wln 0364

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

*Exit.*

*Enter three or foure poore people, some souldiers, some old men.*

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

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

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

1 It is a hard world the while.

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

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

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

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



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wln 0398  
wln 0399  
wln 0400

is in all Kent.

4 God blesse him, there be but few such.

*Enter Lord Cobham with Harpoole.*

*Cob.* Thou peeuish froward man, what wouldst thou haue?

*Harp.* This pride, this pride, brings all to beggarie,  
I seru'de your father, and your grandfather,  
Shew me such two men now: no, no,  
Your backes, your backes, the diuell and pride,  
Has cut the throate of all good housekeeping,  
They were the best Yeomens masters, that  
Euer were in England.

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

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

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

*pointing  
to the  
beggars*

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

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

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

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

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

*Cob.*

*The first part of*

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wln 0402  
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wln 0405  
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wln 0436

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Souldier* God blesse your honor.

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

*Exit.*

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

*Enter the Lord Powes disguised, and shrowde himselfe.*

*Cobham* What fellow's yonder comes along the groue? Few passengers there be that know this way:  
Me thinkes he stops as though he stayd for me,  
And meant to shrowd himselfe amongst the bushes.  
I know the Cleargie hate me to the death,  
And my religion gets me many foes:

And

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wln 0469  
wln 0470  
wln 0471  
wln 0472

And this may be some desperate rogue,  
Subornd to worke me mischief: As it  
Pleaseth God, if he come toward me, sure  
Ile stay his comming, be he but one man,  
What soere he be: *The Lord Powis comes on.*  
I haue beene well acquainted with that face.  
*Powis* Well met my honorable lord and friend.  
*Cobham* You are welcome sir, what ere you be,  
But of this sodaine sir, I do not know you.  
*Powis* I am one that wisheth well vnto your honor,  
My name is Powes, an olde friend of yours.  
*Cobham* My honorable lord, and worthy friend,  
What makes your lordship thus alone in Kent,  
And thus disguised in this strange attire?  
*Powis* My Lord, an vnexpected accident,  
Hath at this time inforc'de me to these parts:  
And thus it hapt, not yet ful fiue dayes since,  
Now at the last Assise at Hereford,  
It chanst that the lord Herbert and my selfe,  
Mongst other things, discoursing at the table,  
To fall in speech about some certaine points  
Of *Wickcliffes* doctrine, gainst the papacie,  
And the religion catholique, maintaind  
Through the most part of Europe at this day.  
This wilfull teasty lord stucke not to say,  
That *Wickcliffe* was a knaue, a schismatike,  
His doctrine diuelish and hereticall,  
And what soere he was maintaind the same,  
was traitor both to God and to his country.  
Being moued at his peremptory speech,  
I told him, some maintained those opinions,  
Men, and truer subiects then lord Herbert was:  
And he replying in comparisons:  
Your name was vrgde, my lord, gainst his chalenge,  
To be a perfect fauourer of the trueth.  
And to be short, from words we fell to blowes,

*The first part of*

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wln 0474  
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wln 0476  
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wln 0508

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

*Cobham* I hope no man was violently slaine.

*Powis* Faith none I trust, but the lord Herberts selfe,  
Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,  
As it is doubted he can hardly scape.

*Cobham* I am sorry, my good lord, of these ill newes.

*Powis* This is the cause that driues me into Kent,  
To shrowd my selfe with you so good a friend,  
Vntill I heare how things do speed at home.

*Cobham* Your lordship is most welcome vnto Cobham,  
But I am very sorry, my good lord,  
My name was brought in question in this matter,  
Considering I haue many enemies,  
That threaten malice, and do lie in waite  
To take aduantage of the smallest thing.  
But you are welcome, and repose your lordship,  
And keepe your selfe here secret in my house,  
Vntill we heare how the lord Herbert speedes:  
Here comes my man.

*Enter Harpoole.*

Sirra, what newes?

*Harpoole* Yonders one maister Butler of the priuie cham-  
ber, is sent vnto you from the King.

*Powis* I pray God the lord Herbert be not dead, and the  
King hearing whither I am gone, hath sent for me.

*Cob.* Comfort your selfe my lord, I warrant you.

*Harpoole* Fellow, what ailes thee? dost thou quake? dost  
thou shake? dost thou tremble? ha?

*Cob.* Peace you old foole, sirra, conuey this gentleman  
in the backe way, and bring the other into the walke.

*Harpoole* Come sir. you are welcome, if you loue my lorde.

*Powis* God haue mercy gentle friend. *exeunt.*

*Cob.* I thought as much, that it would not be long before I

heard

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wln 0544

heard of something from the King, about this matter.

*Enter Harpoole with Maister Butler.*

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

*Cobh.* welcome good maister Butler.

*Butler* Thankes, my good lord: his Maiestie dooth com-  
mend his loue vnto your lordship, and wils you to repaire vn-  
to the court.

*Cobh.* God blesse his Highnesse, and confound his enne-  
mies, I hope his Maiestie is well.

*Butler* In health, my lord.

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

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

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

*Butler* I humbly thank your lordship, I will attend you.

*Enter the Sumner.*

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

*Enter Harpoole.*

*Harp.* Welcome good fellow, welcome, who wouldst thou

*The first part of*

wln 0545

speake with?

wln 0546

*Sum.* With my lord Cobham, I would speake, if thou be one of his men.

wln 0547

wln 0548

*Harp.* Yes I am one of his men, but thou canst not speake with my lord.

wln 0549

*Sum.* May I send to him then?

wln 0550

*Harp.* Ile tel thee that, when I know thy errand.

wln 0551

*Sum.* I will not tel my errand to thee.

wln 0552

wln 0553

*Harp.* Then keepe it to thy selfe, and walke like a knaue as thou camest.

wln 0554

*Sum.* I tell thee my lord keepes no knaues, sirra.

wln 0555

*Harp.* Then thou seruest him not, I beleue, what lord is thy master?

wln 0556

*Sum.* My lord of Rochester.

wln 0557

*Harp.* In good time, and what wouldst thou haue with my lord Cobham?

wln 0558

*Sum.* I come by vertue of a processe, to ascite him to appeare before my lord, in the court at Rochester.

wln 0559

*Harp aside.* Wel, God grant me patience, I could eate this conger. My lord is not at home, therefore it were good Sumner you caried your processe backe.

wln 0560

*Sum.* Why, if he will not be spoken withall, then will I leaue it here, and see you that he take knowledge of it.

wln 0561

*Harp.* Swounds you slaue, do you set vp your bills here, go to, take it downe againe, doest thou know what thou dost, dost thee know on whom thou seruest processe?

wln 0562

*Sum.* Yes marry doe I, Sir Iohn Old-castle Lord Cobham.

wln 0563

*Harp.* I am glad thou knowest him yet, and sirra dost not thou know, that the lord Cobham is a braue lord, that keepes good beefe and beere in his house, and euery day feedes a hundred poore people at's gate, and keepes a hundred tall fellows?

wln 0564

*Sum.* Whats that to my processe?

wln 0565

*Harp.* Mary this sir, is this processe parchement?

wln 0566

*Sum.* Yes mary.

wln 0567

wln 0568

wln 0569

wln 0570

wln 0571

wln 0572

wln 0573

wln 0574

wln 0575

wln 0576

wln 0577

wln 0578

wln 0579

wln 0580

*harp.*

wln 0581

*Harp.* And this seale waxe?

wln 0582

*Sum.* It is so.

wln 0583

*Harp.* If this be parchment, & this wax, eate you this parchment, and this waxe, or I will make parchment of your skinne, and beate your braines into waxe: Sirra Sumner dispatch, deuoure, sirra deuoure.

wln 0585

wln 0586

*Sum.* I am my lord of Rochesters Sumner, I came to do my office, and thou shalt answere it.

wln 0587

wln 0588

*Harp.* Sirra, no railing, but betake you to your teeth, thou shalt eate no worse then thou bringst with thee, thou bringst it for my lord, and wilt thou bring my lord worse then thou wilt eate thy selfe?

wln 0589

wln 0590

wln 0591

wln 0592

*Sum.* Sir, I brought it not my lord to eate.

wln 0593

wln 0594

*Harp.* O do you sir me now, all's one for that, but ile make you eate it, for bringing it.

wln 0595

wln 0596

*Sum.* I cannot eate it.

wln 0597

wln 0598

*Harp.* Can you not? sbloud ile beate you vntil you haue a stomacke. *he beates him.*

wln 0599

*Sum.* O hold, hold, good master seruing-man, I will eate it.

wln 0600

*Harp.* Be champping, be chawing sir, or Ile chaw you, you rogue, the purest of the hony.

wln 0601

wln 0602

*Sum.* Tough waxe, is the purest of the hony.

wln 0603

*Harp.* O Lord sir, oh oh, *he eates.*

wln 0604

Feed, feed, wholsome rogue, wholsome.

wln 0605

Cannot you like an honest Sumner walke with the diuell your brother, to fetch in your Bailiffes rents, but you must come to a noble mans house with processe? Sbloud if thy seale were as broad as the lead that couers Rochester church, thou shouldst eate it.

wln 0606

wln 0607

*Sum.* O I am almost choaked, I am almost choaked.

wln 0608

wln 0609

*Harp.* Who's within there? wil you shame my Lord, is there no beere in the house? Butler I say.

wln 0610

wln 0611

*But.* Heere, here. *Enter Butler.*

wln 0612

*Harp.* Giue him Beere. *he drinkes.*

wln 0613

There, tough old sheepskins, bare drie meate.

wln 0614

wln 0615

*Sum.* O sir, let me go no further, Ile eate my word.

wln 0616

*The first part of*

wln 0617  
wln 0618  
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wln 0652

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

*But.* Here sir here.

*Harp.* Here slaue I drinke to thee.

*Sum.* I thanke you sir.

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

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

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

*Sum.* God be with you M. seruingmaan.

*Harp.* Farewell Sumner.

*Enter Constable.*

*Con.* God saue you M. Harpoole.

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

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

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

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

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

*Con.* Ho, who's within there?

*Ale man* Who calls there, come neere a Gods name, oh is't

you



*sir John Old-castle.*

wln 0653  
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wln 0688

you M. Constable and M. Harpoole, you are welcome with all my heart, what make you here so earely this morning?

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

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

*Harp.* What, is he here in thy house now?

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

*Harp.* Bring her forth Constable, bring her forth, let's see her, let's see her.

*Con.* Dorothy, you must come downe to M. Constable.

*Dol.* Anon forsooth. *she enters.*

*Harp.* Welcome sweete lasse, welcome.

*Dol.* I thank you good M. seruing-man, and master Constable also.

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

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

*Harp.* Ye old mad mery Constable, art thou aduis'de of that ha, well said Dol, fill some ale here.

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

*Harp.* Oh you o[\*]d mad colt, yfaith Ile feak you: fil all the pots in the house there.

*Con.* Oh wel said M. Harpoole, you are heart of oake when all's done.

*Harp.* Ha Dol, thou hast a sweete paire of lippes by the masse.

*Dol.*

*The first part of*

wln 0689  
wln 0690  
wln 0691  
wln 0692  
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wln 0723  
wln 0724

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

*Harp.* Fill sweete Doll, Ile drinke to thee.

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

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

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

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

*Harp.* No licking for you Constable, hand off, hand off.

*Constable* Bur lady I loue kissing as wel as you.

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

*Wroth.* Doll, come hither.

*Harp.* Priest, she shal not.

*Doll* Ile come anone, sweete loue.

*Wroth.* Hand off, old fornicator.

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

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

*Harp.* You whooreson ston'd Vicar.

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

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

*Constable* Keepe the Kings peace.

*Doll* Murder, murder, murder.

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

*Harp.* You whooreson bawdy priest.

*Wroth.*

*sir John Old-castle.*

wln 0725

*Wroth.* You old mutton monger.

wln 0726

*Constable* Hold sir Iohn, hold.

wln 0727

*Doll to the Priest* I pray thee sweet heart be quiet, I was but sitting to drinke a pot of ale with him, euen as kinde a man as euer I met with.

wln 0728

wln 0729

*Harp.* Thou art a theefe I warrant thee.

wln 0730

wln 0731

*Wroth.* Then I am but as thou hast beene in thy dayes, lets not be ashamed of our trade, the King has beene a theefe himselfe.

wln 0732

wln 0733

*Doll* Come, be quiet, hast thou sped?

wln 0734

wln 0735

*Wroth.* I haue wench, here be crownes ifaith.

wln 0736

*Doll* Come, lets be all friends then.

wln 0737

*Constable* Well said mistris Dorothy ifaith.

wln 0738

*Harp.* Thou art the madst priest that euer I met with.

wln 0739

wln 0740

*Wroth.* Giue me thy hand, thou art as good a fellow, I am a singer, a drinker, a bencher, a wencher, I can say a masse, and kisse a lasse: faith I haue a parsonage, and bicause I would not be at too much charges, this wench serues me for a sexton.

wln 0741

wln 0742

*Harp.* Well said mad priest, weele in and be friends, *exeunt.*

wln 0743

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

wln 0744

wln 0745

*Acton* Now maister Murley, I am well assurde

wln 0746

You know our arrant, and do like the cause,  
Being a man affected as we are?

wln 0747

wln 0748

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

wln 0749

wln 0750

wln 0751

wln 0752

wln 0753

wln 0754

*Beuerley* Professed friends to Wickliffe, foes to Rome.

wln 0755

wln 0756

*Murl.* Hold by me lad, leane vpon that staffe good maister Beuerley, all of a house, say your mind, say your mind.

wln 0757

wln 0758

*Acton* You know our faction now is growne so great, Throughout the realme; that it beginnes to smoake Into the Cleargies eies, and the Kings eares,

wln 0759

wln 0760

*The first part of*

wln 0761  
wln 0762  
wln 0763  
wln 0764  
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wln 0766  
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wln 0791  
wln 0792  
wln 0793  
wln 0794  
wln 0795  
wln 0796

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

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

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

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

*Acton* Why who but he shall be our Generall?

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

*Acton* My word for that, sir William Murley knight.

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

*Acton* There are of vs, our friends, and followers,  
Three thousand and three hundred at the least,  
Of northerne lads foure thousand, beside horse,

From

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wln 0798  
wln 0799  
wln 0800  
wln 0801  
wln 0802  
wln 0803  
wln 0804  
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wln 0831  
wln 0832

From Kent there comes with sir Iohn Old-castle  
Seauen thousand, then from London issue out,  
Of maisters, seruants, strangers, prentices  
Fortie odde thousands into Ficket field,  
Where we appoynt our speciall randeuous.  
[\*\*\*\*\*] [\*\*\*] [\*]altry paltry, in and out, to and fro, Lord haue  
**mer**[\*\*\*] [\*\*\*\*] [\*\*], [\*\*\*\*] a world is this, wheres that Ficket fielde,  
sir Roger?

*Acton* Behinde saint Giles in the field neere Holborne.

*Murley* Newgate, vp Holborne, S. Giles in the field, and to  
Tiborne, an old saw: for the day, for the day?

*Acton* On friday next the foureteenth day of Ianuary.

*Murley* Tyllie vallie, trust me neuer if I haue any liking of  
that day: fue paltry paltry, friday quoth a, dismall day, Chil-  
dermasse day this yeare was friday.

*Beuerley* Nay maister Murley, if you obserue such daies,  
We make some question of your constancie,  
All daies are like to men resolu'de in right.

*Murley* Say Amen, and say no more, but say, and hold ma-  
ster Beuerley, friday next, and Ficket field, and William Mur-  
ley, and his merry men shalbe al one, I haue halfe a score iades  
that draw my beere cartes, and euery iade shall beare a knaue,  
and euery knaue shall weare a iacke, and euery iacke shal haue  
a scull, and euery scull shal shew a speare, and euery speare shal  
kill a foe at Ficket field, at Ficket field, Iohn and Tom, and  
Dicke and Hodge, and Rafe and Robin, William & George,  
and all my knaues shall fight like men, at Ficket field on friday  
next.

*Bourne* What summe of money meane you to disburse?

*Murley* It may be modestly, decently, soberly, and hand-  
somerly I may bring fiue hundreth pound.

*Acton* Fiue hundreth man? fiue thousand's not enough,  
A hundreth thousand will not pay our men  
Two months together, either come preparte  
Like a braue Knight, and martiall Colonell,  
In glittering golde, and gallant furniture,

*The first part of*

wln 0833  
wln 0834  
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wln 0836  
wln 0837  
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wln 0864  
wln 0865  
wln 0866  
wln 0867  
wln 0868

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

*Beurerley* Perchance you may be chosen Treasurer,  
Tenne thousand pound's the least that you can bring.

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

*Exit.*

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

*Bourne* I neuer thought a Brewer halfe so rich.

*Beurerley* Was neuer bankerout Brewer yet but one,  
With vsing too much mault, too little water.

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

*exeunt.*

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

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

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

If

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wln 0870  
wln 0871  
wln 0872  
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wln 0903  
wln 0904

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Cob.* Not yet my Liege. *one ready with pen*

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

*Cob.* Vpon mine honor so, no otherwise.

*Har.* There is his pardon, bid him make amends, *writes.*

And cleanse his soule to God for his offence,

What we remit, is but the bodies scourge, *Enter Bishop.*

How now Lord Bishop?

*Bishop* Iustice dread Soueraigne.

As thou art King, so graunt I may haue iustice.

*Har.* What meanes this exclamation, let vs know?

*The first part of*

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wln 0939  
wln 0940

*Bish.* Ah my good Lord, the state's abusde,  
And our decrees most shamefully prophande.

*Har.* How, or by whom?

*Bish.* Euen by this heretike,  
This Iew, this Traitor to your maiestie.

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

*Har.* Forbear I say, and Bishop, shew the cause  
From whence this late abuse hath bin deriu'de,

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

*Har.* When was this done?

*Bish.* At sixe a clocke this morning.

*Har.* And when came you to court?

*Cob.* Last night my Lord.

*Har.* By this it seemes, he is not guilty of it,  
And you haue done him wrong t'accuse him so.

*Bish.* But it was done my lord by his appointment,  
Or else his man durst ne're haue bin so bold.

*Har.* Or else you durst be bold, to interrupt,  
And fill our eares with friuolous complaints,  
Is this the duetie you do beare to vs?  
Was't not sufficient we did passe our word  
To send for him, but you misdoubting it,  
Or which is worse, intending to forestall  
Our regall power, must likewise summon him?

This



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wln 0942  
wln 0943  
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wln 0975  
wln 0976

This sauours of Ambition, not of zeale,  
And rather proues, you malice his estate,  
Than any way that he offends the law.

Go to, we like it not, and he your officer,  
That was imployde so much amisse herein,  
Had his desert for being insolent:

*Enter Huntington*

So Cobham when you please you may depart.

*Cob.* I humbly bid farewell vnto my liege.

*Exit*

*Har.* Farewell, what's the newes by Huntington?

*Hunt.* Sir Roger Acton, and a crue, my Lord,  
Of bold seditious rebels, are in Armes,  
Intending reformation of Religion.

And with their Army they intend to pitch,  
In Ficket field, vnlesse they be repulst.

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

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

*Har.* How, the Lord Cobham?

*Hunt.* Yes my gracious Lord.

*Bish.* I could haue told your maiestie as much  
Before he went, but that I saw your Grace  
Was too much blinded by his flaterie.

*Suf.* Send poast my Lord to fetch him backe againe.

*But.* Traitor vnto his country, how he smooth'de,  
And seemde as innocent as Truth it selfe?

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

*Bishop*

*The first part of*

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wln 1011  
wln 1012

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

*Exeunt*

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

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

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

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

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

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In him the title of prince Edward dide,  
That was the eldest of king Edwards sonnes:  
William of Hatfield, and their second brother,  
Death in his nonage had before bereft:  
So that my wife deriu'd from Lionell,  
Third sonne vnto king Edward, ought procede,  
And take possession of the Diademe  
Before this Harry, or his father king,  
Who fetcht their title but from Lancaster,  
Forth of that royall line. And being thus,  
What reason ist but she should haue her right?  
*Scroope* I am resolu'de our enterprise is iust.  
*Gray* Harry shall die, or else resigne his crowne.  
*Chart.* Performe but that, and Charles the king of France  
Shall ayde you lordes, not onely with his men,  
But send you money to maintaine your warres,  
Fiue hundred thousand crownes he bade me proffer,  
If you can stop but Harries voyage for France.  
*Scroope* We neuer had a fitter time than now  
The realme in such diuision as it is.  
*Camb.* Besides, you must perswade ye there is due,  
Vengeance for Richards murder, which although  
It be deferrde, yet will it fall at last,  
And now as likely as another time.  
Sinne hath had many yeeres to ripen in,  
And now the haruest cannot be farre off,  
Wherein the weedes of vsurpation,  
Are to be cropt, and cast into the fire.  
*Scroope* No more earle Cambridge, here I plight my faith,  
To set vp thee, and thy renowned wife.  
*Gray* Gray will performe the same, as he is knight.  
*Chart.* And to assist ye, as I said before,  
Charters doth gage the honor of his king.  
*Scroope* We lacke but now Lord Cobhams fellowship,  
And then our plot were absolute indeede.  
*Camb.* Doubt not of him, my lord, his life's pursu'de

*The first part of*

wln 1049  
wln 1050  
wln 1051  
wln 1052  
wln 1053  
wln 1054  
wln 1055  
wln 1056  
wln 1057  
wln 1058  
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wln 1075  
wln 1076  
wln 1077  
wln 1078  
wln 1079  
wln 1080  
wln 1081  
wln 1082  
wln 1083  
wln 1084

By th'incensed Cleargy, and of late,  
Brought in displeasure with the king, assures  
He may be quickly wonne vnto our faction.  
Who hath the articles were drawne at large  
Of our whole purpose?

*Gray* That haue I my Lord.

*Camb.* We should not now be farre off from his house,  
Our serious conference hath beguild the way,  
See where his castle stands, giue me the writing.

When we are come vnto the speech of him,  
Because we will not stand to make recount,  
Of that which hath beene saide, here he shall reade  
Our mindes at large, and what we craue of him.

*enter Cob.*

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

*Camb.* VVell met lord Cobham.

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

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

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

*Scroope* That is indeede the thing we all desire.

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

*Camb.* Nay but the stagge which we desire to strike,  
Liues not in Cowling: if you will consent,  
And goe with vs, weele bring you to a forrest,

where

*sir John Old-castle.*

wln 1085  
wln 1086  
wln 1087  
wln 1088  
wln 1089  
wln 1090  
wln 1091  
wln 1092  
wln 1093  
wln 1094  
wln 1095  
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wln 1099  
wln 1100  
wln 1101  
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wln 1106  
wln 1107  
wln 1108  
wln 1109  
wln 1110  
wln 1111  
wln 1112  
wln 1113  
wln 1114  
wln 1115  
wln 1116  
wln 1117  
wln 1118  
wln 1119  
wln 1120

Where runnes a lusty hierd: amongst the which  
There is a stagge superior to the rest,  
A stately beast, that when his fellows runne,  
He leades the race, and beates the sullen earth,  
As though he scornd it with his trampling hoofes,  
Aloft he beares his head, and with his breast,  
Like a huge bulwarke counter-checkes the wind:  
And when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth  
His proud ambitious necke, as if he meant  
To wound the firmament with forked hornes.

*Cobh.* Tis pittie such a goodly beast should die.

*Camb.* Not so, sir Iohn, for he is tyrannous,  
And gores the other deere, and will not keep  
Within the limites are appointed him.  
Of late hees broke into a seuerall,  
Which doth belong to me, and there he spoiles  
Both corne and pasture, two of his wilde race  
Alike for stealth, and couetous incroatching,  
Already are remou'd, if he were dead,  
I should not onely be secure from hurt,  
But with his body make a royall feast.

*Scroope* How say you then, will you first hunt with vs?

*Cobh.* Faith Lords, I like the pastime, wheres the place?

*Camb.* Peruse this writing, it will shew you all,  
And what occasion we haue for the sport. *he reades*

*Cobh.* Call ye this hunting, my lords? Is this the stag  
You faine would chase, Harry our dread king?  
So we may make a banquet for the diuell,  
And in the steede of wholesome meate, prepare  
A dish of poison to confound our selues.

*Camb.* Why so lord Cobham? see you not our claime?  
And how imperiously he holdes the crowne?

*Scroope* Besides, you know your selfe is in disgrace,  
Held as a recreant, and pursude to death.  
This will defend you from your enemies,  
And stablish your religion through the land.

*The first part of*

wln 1121  
wln 1122  
wln 1123  
wln 1124  
wln 1125  
wln 1126  
wln 1127  
wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130  
wln 1131  
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wln 1147  
wln 1148  
wln 1149  
wln 1150  
wln 1151  
wln 1152  
wln 1153  
wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156

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

*aside*

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

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

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

*Scroope* VVeele sweare to you.

*Gray* Or take the sacrament.

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

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

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

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

*Scroope* And there is my name.

*Gray*



*The first part of*

wln 1193  
wln 1194  
wln 1195  
wln 1196  
wln 1197  
wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
wln 1202  
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wln 1226  
wln 1227  
wln 1228

With all the speede I can: Harpoole, my horse.  
*Lady Cob.* So soone my Lord? what will you ride all night?  
*Cobham* All night or day, it must be so, sweete wife,  
Vrge me not why, or what my businesse is,  
But get you in: Lord Powesse, beare with me,  
And madam, thinke your welcome nere the worse:  
My house is at your vse. Harpoole, away.  
*Harp.* Shall I attend your lordship to the court?  
*Cobh.* Yea sir, your gelding, mount you presently *exe.*  
*Lady Cobh.* I prythee Harpoole, looke vnto thy Lord,  
I do not like this sodaine posting backe.  
*Powes* Some earnest businesse is a foote belike,  
What e're it be, pray God be his good guide.  
*Lady Po.* Amen that hath so highly vs bested.  
*Lady Co.* Come madam, and my lord, wee le hope the best,  
You shall not into Wales till he returne.  
*Powesse* Though great occasion be we should departe, yet  
madam will we stay to be resolude, of this vnlookt for doubtful  
accident. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Murley and his men, prepared in some filthy order for warre.*  
*Murly.* Come my hearts of flint, modestly, decently, so-  
berly, and handsomly, no man afore his Leader, follow your  
master, your Captaine, your Knight that shal be, for the  
honor of Meale-men, Millers, and Mault-men dunne is the  
mowse, Dicke and Tom for the credite of Dunstable, ding  
downe the enemie to morrow, ye shall not come into the field  
like beggars, where be Leonard and Laurence my two loa-  
ders, Lord haue mercie vpon vs, what a world is this? I would  
giue a couple of shillings for a dozen of good fethers for ye,  
and forty pence for as many skarffes to set ye out withall,  
frost and snow, a man has no heart to fight till he be braue.  
*Dicke* Master I hope we be no babes, for our manhood,  
our bucklers, and our towne foote-balls can beare witness:  
and this lite parrell we haue shall off, and wee'l fight naked a-  
fore we runne away.  
*Tom.* Nay, I am of Laurence mind for that, for he meanes



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wln 1263  
wln 1264

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Tom.* What if ye should kill the King?

*Mur.* Then weele make another.

*Dicke* Is that all, do ye not speake treason?

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

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

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

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

*Dicke*

*The first part of*

wln 1265  
wln 1266  
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wln 1298  
wln 1299  
wln 1300

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

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

*Enter Acton, Bourne, and Beuerley.*

*Tom.* Stand, who comes there?

*Act.* Al friends, good fellow.

*Murl.* Friends and fellowes indeede sir Roger.

*Act.* Why thus you shew your selfe a Gentleman,  
To keepe your day, and come so well preparte,  
Your cart stands yonder, guarded by your men,  
Who tell me it is loaden well with coine,  
What summe is there?

*Mur.* Ten thousand pound sir Roger, and modestly, de-  
cently, soberly, and handsomely, see what I haue here against  
I be knighted.

*Act.* Gilt spurs? tis well.

*Mur.* But where's our armie sir?

*Act.* Disperst in sundry villages about,  
Some here with vs in Hygate, some at Finchley,  
Totnam, Enfield, Edmunton, Newington,  
Islington, Hogsdon, Pancredge, Kenzington,  
Some neerer Thames, Ratcliffe, Blackwall and Bow,  
But our chiefe strength must be the Londoners,  
Which ere the Sunne to morrow shine,  
Will be nere fiftie thousand in the field.

*Mur.* Mary God dild ye daintie my deere, but vpon oc-  
casion sir Roger Acton, doth not the King know of it, and ga-  
ther his power against vs.

*Act.* No, hee's secure at Eltham.

*Mur.* What do the Cleargie?

*Act.* Feare extreamly, yet prepare no force.

*Mur.* In and out, to and fro, Bullie my **boikin**, we shall

carry

*sir John Old-castle.*

wln 1301  
wln 1302  
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wln 1333  
wln 1334  
wln 1335  
wln 1336

carry the world afore vs, I vow by my worshippe, when I am knighted, weele take the King napping, if he stand on their part.

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

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

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

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

*Beuer.* He that hath power to be our Generall.

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

*exeunt.*

*Enter sir Iohn of Wrootham and Doll.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*The first part of*

wln 1337  
wln 1338  
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wln 1372

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

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

*Doll* Ah thou art a mad priest yfaith.

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

*exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Suffolke and Butler.*

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

*Suf.* I go my Soueraigne with all happie speede.

*exit*

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

*But.* I goe my Soueraigne.

*King* Butler.

*But.*

wln 1373

*But.* My Lord.

wln 1374

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

wln 1375

*But.* I will my Lord.

*exit*

wln 1376

wln 1377

*King* It's time I thinke to looke vnto rebellion,  
When Acton doth expect vnto his ayd,

wln 1378

wln 1379

No lesse then fiftie thousand Londoners,  
Well, Ile to Westminster in this disguise,

wln 1380

wln 1381

To heare what newes is stirring in these brawles.

wln 1382

*Enter sir Iohn.*

wln 1383

*Sir Iohn* Stand true-man saies a thiefe?

wln 1384

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

wln 1385

*Sir Iohn* Stand thiefe too.

wln 1386

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

wln 1387

wln 1388

*sir Iohn* A good fellow.

wln 1389

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

wln 1390

wln 1391

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

wln 1392

*King* I haue no mony.

wln 1393

wln 1394

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

wln 1395

wln 1396

*King* Is that the plaine truth?

wln 1397

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

wln 1398

wln 1399

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

wln 1400

wln 1401

wln 1402

wln 1403

wln 1404

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

wln 1405

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

wln 1406

wln 1407

wln 1408

*The first part of*

wln 1409

*sir. Iohn* Sirra, what art thou, thou seem'st a gentleman?

wln 1410

*King* I am no lesse, yet a poore one now, for thou hast all my mony.

wln 1411

*sir Iohn* From whence cam'st thou?

wln 1412

*King* From the court at Eltham.

wln 1413

*sir Iohn* Art thou one of the Kings seruants?

wln 1414

*King* Yes that I am, and one of his chamber.

wln 1415

*sir Iohn* I am glad thou art no worse, thou maist the better spare thy mony, & thinkst thou thou mightst get a poor thiefe his pardon if he should haue neede.

wln 1416

*King.* Yes that I can.

wln 1417

*sir Iohn* Wilt thou do so much for me, when I shall haue occasion?

wln 1418

*King* Yes faith will I, so it be for no murther.

wln 1419

*sir Iohn* Nay, I am a pittifull thiefe, all the hurt I do a man, I take but his purse, Ile kill no man.

wln 1420

*King* Then of my word Ile do it.

wln 1421

*sir Iohn* Giue me thy hand of the same.

wln 1422

*King* There tis.

wln 1423

*sir Iohn* Me thinks the King should be good to theeues because he has bin a thiefe himselfe, though I thinke now he be turned true-man.

wln 1424

*King* Faith I haue heard indeed he has had an il name that way in his youth, but how canst thou tell he has beene a thiefe?

wln 1425

*sir Iohn* How? because he once robde me before I fell to the trade my selfe, when that foule villainous guts, that led him to all that rogerie, was in's company there, that Falstaffe.

wln 1426

*King aside.* Well if he did rob thee then, thou art but euen with him now Ile be sworne: thou knowest not the king now, I thinke, if thou sawest him?

wln 1427

*sir Iohn* Not I yfaith.

wln 1428

*King aside.* So it should seeme.

wln 1429

*sir Iohn* Well, if old King Henry had liu'de, this King that is now, had made theeuing the best trade in England.

wln 1430

wln 1431

wln 1432

wln 1433

wln 1434

wln 1435

wln 1436

wln 1437

wln 1438

wln 1439

wln 1440

wln 1441

wln 1442

wln 1443

wln 1444

*King*

wln 1445

*King* Why so?

wln 1446

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

wln 1447

wln 1448

wln 1449

*King* Yes faith will I.

wln 1450

wln 1451

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

wln 1452

wln 1453

wln 1454

wln 1455

*King* Is that the word? well then let me alone.

wln 1456

wln 1457

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

wln 1458

wln 1459

wln 1460

wln 1461

*King.* God haue mercy, farewell.

*exit*

wln 1462

wln 1463

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

*exit.*

wln 1464

wln 1465

wln 1466

wln 1467

wln 1468

wln 1469

wln 1470

wln 1471

*Enter King Henry, Suffolke, Huntington, and two  
with lights.*

wln 1472

wln 1473

*K. Hen.* My Lords of Suffolke and of Huntington,  
Who skouts it now? or who stands Sentinells?  
What men of worth? what Lords do walke the round?

wln 1474

wln 1475

wln 1476

*Suff.* May it please your Highnesse.

wln 1477

wln 1478

*K. Hen.* Peace, no more of that,  
The King's asleepe, wake not his maiestie,

wln 1479

*The first part of*

wln 1480  
wln 1481  
wln 1482  
wln 1483  
wln 1484  
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wln 1512  
wln 1513  
wln 1514  
wln 1515

With termes nor titles, hee's at rest in bed,  
Kings do not vse to watch themselues, they sleepe,  
And let rebellion and conspiracie,  
Reuel and hauocke in the common wealth,  
Is London lookt vnto?  
*Hunt.* It is my Lord,  
Your noble Vncle Exceter is there,  
Your brother Gloucester and my Lord of Warwicke,  
Who with the maior and the Aldermen,  
Do guard the gates, and keepe good rule within,  
The Earle of Cambridge, and sir Thomas Gray,  
Do walke the Round, Lord Scroope and Butler skout,  
So though it please your maiestie to iest,  
Were you in bed, well might you take your rest,  
*K. Hen.* I thank ye Lords, but you do know of old,  
That I haue bin a perfect night-walker,  
London you say is safely lookt vnto,  
Alas poore rebels, there your ayd must faile,  
And the Lord Cobham sir Iohn Old-castle,  
Hee's quiet in Kent, Acton ye are deceiu'd,  
Reckon againe, you count without your host,  
To morrow you shall giue account to vs,  
Til when my friends, this long cold winters night,  
How can we spend? King Harry is a sleepe,  
And al his Lords, these garments tel vs so,  
Al friends at footebal, fellowes all in field,  
Harry, and Dicke, and George, bring vs a drumme,  
Giue vs square dice, weele keepe this court of guard,  
For al good fellowes companies that come.  
Wheres that mad priest ye told me was in Armes,  
To fight, as wel as pray, if neede required?  
*Suff.* Hees in the Camp, and if he knew of this,  
I vndertake he would not be long hence.  
*Har.* Trippe Dicke, Trippe George.  
*Hunt.* I must haue the dice,  
What do we play at?

*they trippe.*

*the play at dice.*

*Suff.*



wln 1516                   *Suff.* Passage if ye please.  
wln 1517                   *Hunt.* Set round then, so, at all.  
wln 1518                   *Har.* George, you are out.  
wln 1519                   Giue me the dice, I passe for twentie pound,  
wln 1520                   Heres to our luckie passage into France.  
wln 1521                   *Hunt.* Harry you passe indeede for you sweepe all.  
wln 1522                   *Suff.* A signe king Harry shal sweep al in France. *ent. sir Iohn*  
wln 1523                   *sir Iohn* Edge ye good fellowes, take a fresh gamster in.  
wln 1524                   *Har.* Master Parson? we play nothing but gold?  
wln 1525                   *sir Iohn.* And fellow, I tel thee that the priest hath gold, gold?  
wln 1526                   sbloud ye are but beggerly souldiers to me, I thinke I haue  
wln 1527                   more gold than all you three.  
wln 1528                   *Hunt.* It may be so, but we beleue it not.  
wln 1529                   *Har.* Set priest set, I passe for all that gold.  
wln 1530                   *sir Iohn* Ye passe indeede.  
wln 1531                   *Harry* Priest, hast thou any more?  
wln 1532                   *sir Iohn* Zounds what a question's that?  
wln 1533                   I tell thee I haue more then all you three,  
wln 1534                   At these ten Angells.  
wln 1535                   *Harry.* I wonder how thou comst by all this gold,  
wln 1536                   How many benefices hast thou priest?  
wln 1537                   *sir Iohn* Yfaith but one, dost wonder how I come by gold?  
wln 1538                   I wonder rather how poore souldiers should haue gold, for  
wln 1539                   Ile tell thee good fellow, we haue euery day tythes, offerings,  
wln 1540                   christnings, weddings, burialls: and you poore snakes come  
wln 1541                   seldome to a bootie. Ile speake a prouwd word, I haue but one  
wln 1542                   parsonage, Wrootham, tis better than the Bishopprick of Ro-  
wln 1543                   chester, theres nere a hill, heath, nor downe in all Kent, but tis  
wln 1544                   in my parish, Barrham downe, Chobham downe, Gads hill,  
wln 1545                   Wrootham hill, Blacke heath, Cockes heath, Birchen wood,  
wln 1546                   all pay me tythe, gold quoth a? ye passe not for that.  
wln 1547                   *Suff.* Harry ye are out, now parson shake the dice.  
wln 1548                   *sir Iohn.* Set, set Ile couer ye at al: A plague on't I am out,  
wln 1549                   the diuell, and dice, and a wench, who will trust them?  
wln 1550                   *Suff.* Saist thou so priest? set faire, at all for once.  
wln 1551                   *Har.* Out sir, pay all.

*sir Iohn*

*The first part of*

wln 1552  
wln 1553  
wln 1554  
wln 1555  
wln 1556  
wln 1557  
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wln 1585  
wln 1586  
wln 1587

*sir Iohn* Sbloud pay me angel gold,  
Ile none of your crackt French crownes nor pistolets,  
Pay me faire angel gold, as I pay you.  
*Har.* No crackt french crownes? I hope to see more crackt  
french crownes ere long.  
*sir Iohn* Thou meanest of French mens crownes, when the  
King is in France.  
*Hunt.* Set round, at all.  
*sir Ihon* Pay all: this is some lucke.  
*Har.* Giue me the dice, tis I must shread the priest:  
At all sir Iohn.  
*sir Iohn* The diuell and all is yours: at that: sdeath, what  
**[.]lasting** is this?  
*Suff.* Well throwne Harry yfaith.  
*Har.* Ile cast better yet.  
*sir Iohn* Then Ile be hangd. Sirra, hast thou not giuen thy  
soule to the diuell for casting?  
*Har.* I passe for all.  
*sir Iohn* Thou passest all that ere I playde withall:  
Sirra, dost thou not cogge, nor foist, nor slurre?  
*Har.* Set parson, set, the dice die in my hand:  
When parson, when? what can ye finde no more?  
Alreadie drie? wast you bragd of your store?  
*sir Iohn* Alls gone but that.  
*Hunt.* What, halfe a broken angell?  
*sir Iohn* Why sir, tis gold.  
*Har.* Yea, and Ile couer it.  
*sir Iohn* The diuell do ye good on't, I am blinde, yee haue  
blowne me vp.  
*Har.* Nay tarry priest, ye shall not leaue vs yet,  
Do not these peeces fit each other well?  
*sir Ihon* What if they do?  
*Har.* Thereby beginnes a tale:  
There was a thiefe, in face much like sir Iohn,  
But t'was not hee, that thiefe was all in greene,  
Met me last day on Blacke Heath, neere the parke,

with

wln 1588  
wln 1589  
wln 1590  
wln 1591  
wln 1592  
wln 1593  
wln 1594  
wln 1595  
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wln 1617  
wln 1618  
wln 1619  
wln 1620  
wln 1621  
wln 1622  
wln 1623

With him a woman, I was al alone,  
And weaponlesse, my boy had al my tooles,  
And was before prouiding me a boate:  
Short tale to make, sir Iohn, the thiefe I meane,  
Tooke a iust hundreth pound in gold from me.  
I storm'd at it, and [.....] [..] be reueng'de  
If ere we met, he like a [.....] [..]efe,  
Brake with his teeth this **Angl[..]** [**Just**] in two,  
To be a token at our meeting next,  
Prouided, I should charge no Officer  
To apprehend him, but at weapons point  
Recouer that, and what he had beside.  
Well met sir Iohn, betake ye to your tooles  
By torch light, for master parson you are he  
That had my gold.

*sir Iohn* Zounds I won't in play, in faire square play of the  
keeper of Eltham parke, and that I will maintaine with this  
poore whinyard, be you two honest men to stand and looke  
vpon's, and let's alone, and take neither part.

*Har.* Agreede, I charge ye do not boudge a foot,  
Sir Iohn haue at ye.

*sir Iohn* Souldier ware your skonce.

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

*But.* Hold villaines hold, my Lords, what do ye meane,  
To see a traitor draw against the King?

*sir Iohn* The King! Gods wil, I am in a proper pickle.

*Har.* Butler what newes? why dost thou trouble vs?

*But.* Please it your Highnesse, it is breake of day,  
And as I skouted neere to Islington,  
The gray eyed morning gaue me glimmering,  
Of armed men comming downe Hygate hill,  
Who by their course are coasting hitherward.

*Har.* Let vs withdraw, my Lords, prepare our troopes,  
To charge the rebels, if there be such cause,  
For this lewd priest this diuellish hypocrite,

*The first part of*

wln 1624  
wln 1625  
wln 1626  
wln 1627  
wln 1628  
wln 1629  
wln 1630  
wln 1631  
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wln 1657  
wln 1658  
wln 1659

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

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

*Har.* Wil a true subiect robbe his King?

*sir Iohn* Alas twas ignorance and want, my gracious liege.

*Har.* Twas want of grace: why, you should be as salt  
To season others with good document,  
Your liues as lampes to giue the people light,  
As shepheards, not as wolues to spoile the flock,  
Go hang **hm** Butler.

*But.* Didst thou not rob me?

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

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

*sir Iohn* So will I do if you will giue me time.

*Har.* Wilt thou? my lords, will you be his suerties?

*Hunt.* That when he robs againe, he shall be hang'd.

*sir Iohn* I aske no more.

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

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

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

*Har*

wln 1660  
wln 1661  
wln 1662  
wln 1663  
wln 1664  
wln 1665  
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wln 1693  
wln 1694  
wln 1695

*Har.* Bring in those traitors, whose aspiring minds,  
Thought to haue triumpht in our ouerthrow,  
But now ye see, base villaines, what successe  
Attends ill actions wrongfully attempted.  
Sir Roger Acton, thou retainst the name  
Of knight, and shouldst be more discreetly temperd,  
Than ioyne with peasants, gentry is diuine,  
But thou hast made it more then popular.

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

*Har.* Thy conscience? then thy conscience is corrupt,  
For in thy conscience thou art bound to vs,  
And in thy conscience thou shouldst loue thy country,  
Else whats the difference twixt a Christian,  
And the vnciuil manners of the Turke?

*Beuer.* We meant no hurt vnto your maiesty,  
But reformation of Religion.

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

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

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

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

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

*The first part of*

wln 1696

*Mur.* In and out vpon occasion I did.

wln 1697

*Har.* In and out vpon occasion, therefore you shall be hang'd, and in the sted of wearing these spurres vpon your heeles, about your necke they shall bewray your folly to the world.

wln 1698

wln 1699

wln 1700

*sir Iohn* In and out vpon ocasion, that goes hard.

wln 1701

wln 1702

*Mur* Fie paltry paltry, to and fro, good my liege a pardon, I am sorry for my fault.

wln 1703

wln 1704

*Har.* That comes too late: but tell me, went there none Beside sir Roger Acton, vpon whom You did depend to be your gouernour?

wln 1705

wln 1706

*Mar.* None none my Lord, but sir Iohn Old-castle.

wln 1707

wln 1708

*Har.* Beares he part in this conspiracie. *enter Bishop*

wln 1709

*Act.* We lookt my Lord that he would meet vs here.

wln 1710

*Har.* But did he promise you that he would come.

wln 1711

*Act.* Such letters we receiued forth of Kent.

wln 1712

*Bish.* Where is my Lord the King? health to your grace, Examining my Lord some of these caitiue rebels, It is a generall voyce amongst them all, That they had neuer come vnto this place, But to haue met their valiant general, The good Lord Cobham as they title him, Whereby, my Lord, your grace may now perceiue, His treason is apparant, which before He sought to colour by his flattery.

wln 1713

wln 1714

wln 1715

wln 1716

wln 1717

wln 1718

wln 1719

wln 1720

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

wln 1721

wln 1722

wln 1723

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

wln 1724

wln 1725

wln 1726

wln 1727

wln 1728

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

wln 1729

wln 1730

wln 1731

*Bish.*

wln 1732  
wln 1733  
wln 1734  
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wln 1767

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

*Har.* I thinke the yron age begins but now,  
(Which learned poets haue so often taught)  
Wherein there is no credit to be giuen,  
To either wordes, or lookes, or solemne oathes,  
For if there were, how often hath he sworne,  
How gently tun'de the musicke of his tongue,  
And with what amiable face beheld he me,  
When all, God knowes, was but hypocrisie.

*enter Cobham.*

*Cob.* Long life and prosperous raigne vnto my Lord.

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

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

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

*Cob.* Rebellion good my Lord, I know of none.

*Har.* If you deny it, here is euidence,  
See you these men, you neuer counselled,  
Nor offerd them assistance in their warres

*Cob.* Speake sirs, not one but all, I craue no fauour,  
Haue euer I beene conuersant with you,  
Or written letters to encourage you,  
Or kindled but the least or smallest part,  
Of this your late vnnaturall rebellion?  
Speake for I dare the vttermost you can.

*Mur;* In and out vpon occasion I know you not.

*The first part of*

wln 1768  
wln 1769  
wln 1770  
wln 1771  
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wln 1803

*Har.* No, didst not say that sir Iohn Old-castle,  
Was one with whom you purposde to haue met?

*Mur.* True, I did say so, but in what respect?  
Because I heard it was reported so.

*Har.* Was there no other argument but that?

*Act.* To cleere my conscience ere I die my lord,  
I must confesse, we haue no other ground  
But only Rumor, to accuse this lord,  
Which now I see was merely fabulous.

*Har.* The more pernitious you to taint him then,  
Whome you knew not was faulty yea or no.

*Cobh.* Let this my Lord, which I present your grace  
Speake for my loyalty, reade these articles,  
And then giue sentence of my life or death.

*Har.* Earle Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray corrupted  
With bribes from Charles of France, either to winne  
My Crowne from me, or secretly contriue  
My death by treason? Is this possible?

*Cobh.* There is the platforme, and their hands, my lord,  
Each seuerally subscribed to the same.

*Har.* Oh neuer heard of base ingratitude!  
Euen those I hugge within my bosome most,  
Are readiest euermore to sting my heart.  
Pardon me Cobham, I haue done thee wrong,  
Heereafter I will liue to make amends.

Is then their time of meeting so neere hand?  
Weele meete with them, but little for their ease,  
If God permit: goe take these rebells hence,  
Let them haue martiall law: but as for thee,  
Friend to thy king and country, still be free.

*Exeunt.*

*Murl.* Be it more or lesse, what a world is this?  
Would I had continued still of the order of knaues,  
And neuer sought knighthood, since it costes  
So deere: sir Roger, I may thanke you for all.

*Acton* Now tis too late to haue it remedied,  
I prithee Murley doe not vrge me with it.

*Hunt.*



*sir Iohn Old-castle*

wln 1804

*Hunt.* Will you away, and make no more to do?

wln 1805

*Murl.* Fy paltry paltry, to and fro, as occasion serues,  
If you be so hasty take my place.

wln 1807

*Hunt.* No good sir knight, you shall begin in your hand.

wln 1808

*Murl.* I could be glad to giue my betters place. *Exeunt.*

wln 1809

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

wln 1810

wln 1811

*Bishop* I tell ye Lady, its not possible

wln 1812

But you should know where he conueies himselfe,

wln 1813

And you haue hid him in some secret place.

wln 1814

*Lady* My Lord, belecue me, as I haue a soule,

wln 1815

I know not where my lord my husband is.

wln 1816

*Bishop* Go to, go to ye are an heretike,

wln 1817

And will be forc'de by torture to confesse,

wln 1818

If faire meanes will not serue to make ye tell.

wln 1819

*Lady* My husband is a noble gentleman,

wln 1820

And neede not hide himselfe for anie fact

wln 1821

That ere I heard of, therefore wrong him not.

wln 1822

*Bishop* Your husband is a dangerous schismaticke,

wln 1823

Traitor to God, the King, and common wealth,

wln 1824

And therefore master Croamer shrieue of Kent,

wln 1825

I charge you take her to your custodie,

wln 1826

And ceaze the goods of Sir John Old-castle

wln 1827

To the Kings vse, let her go in no more,

wln 1828

To fetch so much as her apparell out,

wln 1829

There is your warrant from his maiestie.

wln 1830

*L. War.* Good my Lord Bishop pacifie your wrath

wln 1831

Against the Lady.

wln 1832

*Bish.* Then let her confesse

wln 1833

Where Old-castle her husband is conceald.

wln 1834

*L. War.* I dare engage mine honor and my life,

wln 1835

Poore gentlewoman, she is ignorant,

wln 1836

And innocent of all his practises,

wln 1837

If any euill by him be practised.

wln 1838

*Bish.* If my Lord Warden? nay then I charge you,

That

*The first part of*

wln 1839  
wln 1840  
wln 1841  
wln 1842  
wln 1843  
wln 1844  
wln 1845  
wln 1846  
wln 1847  
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wln 1863  
wln 1864  
wln 1865  
wln 1866  
wln 1867  
wln 1868  
wln 1869  
wln 1870  
wln 1871  
wln 1872  
wln 1873  
wln 1874

That all the cinque Ports whereof you are chiefe,  
Be laid forthwith, that he escape vs not,  
Shew him his highnesse warrant M. Shrieue.

*L. War.* I am sorie for the noble gentleman, *Enter Old-ca-*

*Bish.* Peace, he comes here, now do your office. *stle & Harp.*

*Old-castle* Harpoole what businesse haue we here in hand?

VVhat makes the Bishop and the Shiriffe here,  
I feare my comming home is dangerous,  
I would I had not made such haste to Cobham.

*Harp.* Be of good cheere my Lord, if they be foes weele  
scramble shrewdly with them, if they be friends they are wel-  
come: one of them (my Lord Warden) is your friend, but me  
thinkes my ladie weepes, I like not that.

*Croo.* Sir Iohn Old-castle Lord Cobham, in the Kings  
maiesties name, I arrest ye of high treason.

*Oldca.* Treason M. Croomes?

*Harp.* Treason M. Shrieue, sbloud what treason?

*Oldca.* Harpoole I charge thee stirre not, but be quiet still,

Do ye arrest me M. Shrieue for treason?

*Bish.* Yea of high treason, traitor, heretike.

*Oldca.* Defiance in his face that calls me so,

I am as true a loyall gentleman

Vnto his highnesse, as my prowdest enemye,  
The King shall witnessse my late faithfull seruice,  
For safety of his sacred maiestie.

*Bish.* VVhat thou art, the kings hand shall testifie,  
Shewt him Lord Warden.

*Old.* Iesu defend me,

Is't possible your cunning could so temper

The princely disposition of his mind,

To signe the damage of a royall subiect?

Well, the best is, it beares an antedate,

Procured by my absence, and your malice,

But I, since that, haue shewd my selfe as true,

As any churchman that dare challenge me,

Let me be brought before his maiestie,

wln 1875  
wln 1876  
wln 1877  
wln 1878  
wln 1879  
wln 1880  
wln 1881  
wln 1882  
wln 1883  
wln 1884  
wln 1885  
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wln 1903  
wln 1904  
wln 1905  
wln 1906  
wln 1907  
wln 1908  
wln 1909  
wln 1910

If he acquite me not, then do your worst.

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

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

*aside.*

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

*Bish.* What, to Southhampton?

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

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

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

*The first part of*

wln 1911  
wln 1912  
wln 1913  
wln 1914  
wln 1915  
wln 1916  
wln 1917  
wln 1918  
wln 1919  
wln 1920  
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wln 1936  
wln 1937  
wln 1938  
wln 1939  
wln 1940  
wln 1941  
wln 1942  
wln 1943  
wln 1944  
wln 1945  
wln 1946

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Lady* O God requite thee thou bloud-thirsty man.  
*Oldca.* May it not be my Lord of Rochester?  
Wherein haue I incurd your hate so farre,  
That my appeale vnto the King's denide?

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

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

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

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

*Bish.* This old iniquitie, this heretike?  
That in contempt of our church discipline,  
Compeld my Sumner to deuoure his processe?  
Old Ruffian past-grace, vpstart schismatike,  
Had not the King prayd vs to pardon ye,  
Ye had fryed for it, ye grizild heretike.

*Harp.* Sbloud my lord Bishop, ye do me wrong, I am nei-

ther

wln 1947  
wln 1948  
wln 1949  
wln 1950  
wln 1951  
wln 1952  
wln 1953  
wln 1954  
wln 1955  
wln 1956  
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wln 1973  
wln 1974  
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wln 1978  
wln 1979  
wln 1980  
wln 1981  
wln 1982

ther heretike nor puritane, but of the old church, ile sweare,  
drinke ale, kisse a wench, go to masse, eate fish all Lent, and fast  
fridaies with cakes and wine, fruite and spicerie, shriue me of  
my old sinnes afore Easter, and beginne new afore whitson-  
tide.

*Crom.* A merie mad conceited knaue my lord.

*Harp.* That knaue was simply put vpon the Bishop.

*Bish.* VVel, God forgiue him and I pardon him.

Let him attend his master in the Tower,

For I in charity wish his soule no hurt.

*Oldca* God blesse my soule from such cold charitie,

*Bish.* Too th Tower with him, and when my leisure serues,

I will examine him of Articles,

Looke my lord Warden as you haue in charge,

The Shriue performe his office.

*L. Ward.* Yes my lord.

*Enter the Sumner with  
bookes.*

*Bish.* VVhat bringst thou there? what? bookes of heresie.

*Som.* Yea my lord, heres not a latine booke,

No not so much as our ladies Psalter,

Heres the Bible, the testament, the Psalmes in meter,

The sickemans salue, the treasure of gladnesse,

And al in English, not so much but the Almanack's English.

*Bish.* Away with them, to'th fire with them Clun,

Now fie vpon these vpstart heretikes,

Al English, burne them, burne them quickly Clun.

*Harp.* But doe not Sumner as youle answere it, for I haue  
there English bookes my lord, that ile not part with for your  
Bishoppricke, Beuis of Hampton, Owleglasse, the Frier and  
the Boy, Ellen of Rumming, Robin hood, and other such  
godly stories which if ye burne, by this flesh ile make ye drink  
their ashes in S. Margets ale.

*exeunt.*

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

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

*The first part of*

wln 1983  
wln 1984  
wln 1985  
wln 1986  
wln 1987  
wln 1988  
wln 1989  
wln 1990  
wln 1991  
wln 1992  
wln 1993  
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wln 2008  
wln 2009  
wln 2010  
wln 2011  
wln 2012  
wln 2013  
wln 2014  
wln 2015  
wln 2016  
wln 2017  
wln 2018

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

2 We will attend your worship here without.

*Bish.* Do so, I pray you.

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

1 We must hie vs then.

3 Let's away.

*exeunt.*

*Bish.* Ho, M. Lieftenant.

*Lieften.* Who calls there?

*Bish.* A friend of yours.

*Lieften.* My lord of Rochester, your honor's welcome.

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

*Lieften.* Ho, sir Iohn.

*Harp.* Who calls there?

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

*Harp.* I will sir.

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

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

*Enter sir Iohn Old-castle.*

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

*Lief.* With all my heart my lord.

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

*Old-ca.*

wln 2019

*Old-ca.* No more I say, peace lest he should suspect it.

wln 2020

*Bish.* Sir Iohn I am come vnto you from the lords of his highnesse most honorable counsell, to know if yet you do recant your errors, conforming you vnto the holy church.

wln 2021

wln 2022

wln 2023

*Old-ca.* My lord of Rochester on good aduise,

wln 2024

I see my error, but yet vnderstand me,

wln 2025

I meane not error in the faith I hold,

wln 2026

But error in submitting to your pleasure,

wln 2027

Therefore your lordship without more to do.

wln 2028

Must be a meanes to help me to escape.

wln 2029

*Bish.* What meanes? thou heretike?

wln 2030

Darst thou but lift thy hand against my calling?

wln 2031

*sir Iohn* No not to hurt you for a thousand pound,

wln 2032

*Harp.* Nothing but to borrow your vpper garments a litle; not a word more, for if you do, you die: peace, for waking the children, there, put them on, dispatch, my lord, the window that goes out into the leads, is sure enough, I told you that before, there, make you ready, ile conuay him after, and bind him surely in the inner roome.

wln 2033

wln 2034

wln 2035

wln 2036

wln 2037

*Old-ca.* This is wel begun, God send vs happie speed,

wln 2038

Hard shift you see men make in time of need: Harpoole.

wln 2039

*Harp.* Heere my Lord, come come away.

wln 2040

wln 2041

*Enter seruing men againe.*

wln 2042

1 I maruell that my lord should stay so long.

wln 2043

2 He hath sent to seeke vs, I dare lay my life.

wln 2044

3 We come in good time, see where he is comming.

wln 2045

*Harp.* I beseech you good my lord of Rochester, be fauorable to my lord and maister.

wln 2046

wln 2047

*Old-ca.* The inner roomes be very hot and close,

wln 2048

I do not like this ayre here in the Tower.

wln 2049

*Harp* His case is hard my lord, you shall safely get out of the Tower, but I will downe vpon them, in which time get you away.

wln 2050

wln 2051

*Old-ca.* Fellow thou troublest me.

wln 2052

*Harp.* Heare me my Lord, hard vnder Islington wait you my comming, I will bring my Lady ready, with horses

wln 2053

wln 2054

*The first part of*

wln 2055

to conuay you hence.

wln 2056

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

wln 2057

wln 2058

*Harp.* Nay my good lord of Rochester, ile bring you to S.

wln 2059

Albons through the woods, I warrant you.

wln 2060

*Old-ca.* Villaine away.

wln 2061

*Harp.* Nay since I am past the Towers libertie, thou part'st  
not so. *he drawes.*

wln 2062

*Bish.* Clubbes clubs, clubs.

wln 2063

*I* Murther, murther murther.

wln 2064

*2* Downe with him. *they fight.*

wln 2065

*3* A villaine traitor.

wln 2066

*Harp.* You cowardly rogues. *sir Iohn escapes.*

wln 2067

*Enter Lieftenant and his men.*

wln 2068

*Lieft.* Who is so bold as dare to draw a sword,

wln 2069

So neare vnto the entrance of the Tower?

wln 2070

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

wln 2071

*Lieft.* Lay hold on him.

wln 2072

*Harp.* Stand off if you loue your puddings.

wln 2073

*Rochester calls within.*

wln 2074

*Roch within.* Help help, help, M. Lieftenant help.

wln 2075

*Lief.* Who's that within? some treason in the Tower vpon  
my life, looke in, who's that which calls? *enter Roch. bound.*

wln 2076

*Lief.* Without your cloke my lord of Rochester?

wln 2077

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

wln 2078

*Lief.* Why do you looke so ghastly and affrighted?

wln 2079

*Roch.* Old-castle that traitor and his man,

wln 2080

When you had left me to conferre with him,

wln 2081

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

wln 2082

And left me lying in his inner chamber,

wln 2083

And so departed, and I

wln 2084

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

wln 2085

Did here set vpon you like to murther you.

wln 2086

*I* And so he did.

wln 2087

wln 2088

*Roch.*

wln 2089

wln 2090



wln 2091  
wln 2092  
wln 2093  
wln 2094  
wln 2095  
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wln 2119  
wln 2120  
wln 2121  
wln 2122  
wln 2123  
wln 2124  
wln 2125  
wln 2126

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

*Lief.* Where is this Harpoole?

2 Here he was euen now.

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

*Roch.* Come, search shall be made for him with expedition,  
the hauens laid that he shall not escape, and hue and crie conti-  
nue thorough England, to find this damned dangerous here-  
tike. *exeunt.*

*Enter Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, as in a chamber, and set  
downe at a table, consulting about their treason: King Harry  
and Suffolke listning at the doore.*

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

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

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

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

*Gray* VVhy any of these, or if you will,  
Ile cause a present sitting of the Councill,  
VVherein I will pretend some matter of such weight,

*The first part of*

wln 2127  
wln 2128  
wln 2129  
wln 2130  
wln 2131  
wln 2132  
wln 2133  
wln 2134  
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wln 2157  
wln 2158  
wln 2159  
wln 2160  
wln 2161  
wln 2162

As needes must haue his royall company,  
And to dispatch him in the Councell chamber.

*Camb.* Tush, yet I heare not any thing to purpose,  
I wonder that lord Cobham staies so long,  
His counsell in this case would much auaile vs.

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

*Scroop* What shal we rise thus, and determine nothing?

*Har.* That were a shame indeede, no, sit againe,  
And you shall haue my counsell in this case,  
If you can find no way to kill this King,  
Then you shall see how I can further ye,  
Scroopes way by poison was indifferent,  
But yet being bed-fellow vnto the King,  
And vnsuspected sleeping in his bosome,  
In mine opinion, that's the likelier way,  
For such false friends are able to do much,  
And silent night is Treason's fittest friend,  
Now, Cambridge in his setting hence for France,  
Or by the way, or as he goes aboard,  
To do the deed, that was indifferent too,  
Yet somewhat doubtful; might I speake my mind,  
For many reasons needelesse now to vrge.  
Mary Lord Gray came something neare the point,  
To haue the King at councell, and there murder him,  
As Cæsar was amongst his dearest friends:  
None like to that, if all were of his mind.  
Tell me oh tel me you bright honors staines,  
For which of all my kindnesses to you,  
Are ye become thus traitors to your king?  
And France must haue the spoile of Harries life?

*All.* Oh pardon vs dread lord.

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

*all kneeling.*

*they leade  
them away.*

God

wln 2163  
wln 2164  
wln 2165

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

*exeunt.*

wln 2166  
wln 2167  
wln 2168  
wln 2169  
wln 2170  
wln 2171

*Enter the hoste, sir Iohn Old-castle, and Harpoole.*

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

wln 2172  
wln 2173  
wln 2174  
wln 2175

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

wln 2176  
wln 2177  
wln 2178

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

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

wln 2179  
wln 2180  
wln 2181

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

wln 2182  
wln 2183  
wln 2184

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

wln 2185  
wln 2186

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

*exeunt.*

wln 2187  
wln 2188  
wln 2189

*Enter Constable, Maior, and Watch.*

*Maior* What haue you searcht the towne?

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

wln 2190  
wln 2191  
wln 2192

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

wln 2193  
wln 2194  
wln 2195

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

wln 2196  
wln 2197

*The first part of*

wln 2198  
wln 2199  
wln 2200  
wln 2201  
wln 2202  
wln 2203  
wln 2204  
wln 2205  
wln 2206  
wln 2207  
wln 2208  
wln 2209  
wln 2210  
wln 2211  
wln 2212  
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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

That says she is his wife, yonder at the sheeres:

But we haue chargde the hoste with his forth comming  
To morow morning.

*Maior* What thinke you best to do?

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

*Maior* Come I pray you, and be circumspect.

*exeunt*

*Const.* First beset the house, before you begin the search.

*Officer* Content, euery man take a seuerall place.

*heere is heard a great noyse within.*

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

*Enter Constable with the Irish man in Harpooles apparell.*

*Con.* Come you villainous heretique, confesse where your maister is.

*Irish man* Vat mester?

*Maior* Vat mester, you counterfeit rebell, this shall not serue your turne.

*Irish man* Be sent Patrike I ha no mester.

*Con.* VVheres the lord Cobham sir Iohn Old-castle that lately is escaped out of the Tower.

*Irish man* Vat lort Cobham?

*Maior* You counterfeit, this shal not serue you, weele torture you, weele make you to confesse where that arch-heretique Lord Cobham is: come binde him fast.

*Irish man* Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree.

*Con.* Ahone, you crafty rascall?

*exeunt.*

*Lord Cobham comes out in his gowne stealing.*

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

*Harp. within.* VVho calles there?

*Cobh.* Tis I, dost thou not heare a noyse about the house?

Harp.

wln 2234  
wln 2235  
wln 2236  
wln 2237  
wln 2238  
wln 2239  
wln 2240  
wln 2241  
wln 2242  
wln 2243  
wln 2244  
wln 2245  
wln 2246  
wln 2247  
wln 2248  
wln 2249  
wln 2250  
wln 2251  
wln 2252  
wln 2253  
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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

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

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

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

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

*Harp.* What art thou that bidst me stand?

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

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

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

*Con.* Make him fast: O thou bloody rogue!

*Enter Lord Cobham and his lady in the carrier and wenches apparrell.*

*Cobham* What will these Ostlers sleepe all day?  
Good morow, good morow, Come wench, come,  
Saddle, saddle, now afore God too foord-dayes, ha?

*Con.* Who comes there?

*Maior* Oh tis Lankashire carier, let him passe.

*Cobham* What, will no body open the gates here?  
Come, lets int stable to looke to our capons.

*The carrier calling.*

*Club calling* Hoste, why ostler, zwookes, heres such abomination company of boies: a pox of this pigstie at the house end, it filles all the house full of fleas, ostler, ostler.

*Ostler* Who calles there, what would you haue?

*The first part of*

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  
wln 2283  
wln 2284  
wln 2285  
wln 2286  
wln 2287  
wln 2288  
wln 2289  
wln 2290  
wln 2291  
wln 2292  
wln 2293  
wln 2294  
wln 2295  
wln 2296  
wln 2297  
wln 2298  
wln 2299  
wln 2300  
wln 2301  
wln 2302  
wln 2303  
wln 2304  
wln 2305

*Club* Zwookes, do you robbe your ghests? doe you lodge rogues and slaues, and scoundrels, ha? they ha stolne our cloths here: why ostler?

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

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

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

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

*Const.* VVhat mine hoste, vp so early?

*Hoste* VVhat, maister Maior, and maister Constable!

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

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

*Con.* VVho comes heere?

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

*Maior* Mine hoste, know you this man?

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

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

*Const.* How came this man and woman thus attired?

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

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

*Carier* Come Kate Owdham, thou and Ise trimly **dizard**.

*Kate* I faith neame Club, Ise wot nere what to do, Ise be so

flowted

*sir John Old-castle.*

wln 2306  
wln 2307  
wln 2308  
wln 2309  
wln 2310  
wln 2311  
wln 2312  
wln 2313  
wln 2314  
wln 2315  
wln 2316  
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wln 2318  
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wln 2332  
wln 2333  
wln 2334  
wln 2335  
wln 2336  
wln 2337  
wln 2338  
wln 2339  
wln 2340  
wln 2341

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

*Enter Priest and Doll.*

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

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

*sir Iohn* Gone Doll, gone, flowne, spent, vanished, the diuel,  
drinke and the dice, has deuoured all.

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

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

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

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

*enter the Irish man with his master slaine.*

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

*The Irish man falls to rifle his master.*

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

*sir Iohn.* Stand sirra, what art thou?

*Irishman.* Be saint Patricke mester is pore Irisman, is a leuffer.

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

*The first part of*

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  
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wln 2363  
wln 2364  
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wln 2367  
wln 2368  
wln 2369  
wln 2370  
wln 2371  
wln 2372  
wln 2373  
wln 2374  
wln 2375  
wln 2376  
wln 2377

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

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

*Priest robs him.*

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

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

*Enter the hoste of the Bell with the Irish man.*

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

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

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

*Host* Ho Robin?

*Robin* Who calls?

*Host* Shew this poore Irishman into the barne, go sirra.

*exeunt.*

*Enter carrier and Kate.*

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

*Kate* Mas goffe Club, Ise very cawd.

*Club.* Get in Kate, get in to fier and warme thee.

*Club* Ho Iohn Hostler.

*Hostler* What gaffer Club, welcome to saint Albons,  
How does all our friends in Lancashire?

*Club.*



*sir Iohn Old-castle*

wln 2378  
wln 2379  
wln 2380  
wln 2381  
wln 2382  
wln 2383  
wln 2384  
wln 2385  
wln 2386  
wln 2387  
wln 2388  
wln 2389  
wln 2390  
wln 2391  
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wln 2411  
wln 2412  
wln 2413

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

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

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

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

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

*Hostler* Come Gaffer Club, vnlobe, vnlobe, and get to supper, and Ile rub dunne the while. Come. *exeunt.*

*Enter sir Iohn Old-castle, and his Lady disguise.*

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

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

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

*Lady* How can it seeme a trouble, hauing you A partner with me, in the worst I feele?

*The first part of*

wln 2414  
wln 2415  
wln 2416  
wln 2417  
wln 2418  
wln 2419  
wln 2420  
wln 2421  
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wln 2444  
wln 2445  
wln 2446  
wln 2447  
wln 2448  
wln 2449

No gentle Lord, your presence would giue ease  
To death it selfe, should he now seaze vpon me,  
Behold what my foresight hath vndertane  
For feare we faint, they are but homely cates,  
Yet saucde with hunger, they may seeme as sweete,  
As greater dainties we were wont to taste.

*heres bread and  
cheese & a bottle.*

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

*drinkes.*

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

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

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

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

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

And

*sir Iohn Old-castle*

wln 2450

And boldly take your rest.

wln 2451

*Oldca.* I shal deare wife,

wln 2452

Be too much trouble to thee.

wln 2453

*Lady* Vrge not that,

wln 2454

My duty binds me, and your loue commands.

wln 2455

I would I had the skil with tuned voyce,

wln 2456

To draw on sleep with some sweet melodie,

wln 2457

But imperfectoin and vnaptnesse too,

wln 2458

Are both repugnant, feare inserts the one,

wln 2459

The other nature hath denied me vse.

wln 2460

But what talke I of meanes to purchase that,

wln 2461

Is freely hapned? sleepe with gentle hand,

wln 2462

Hath shut his eie-liddes, oh victorious labour,

wln 2463

How soone thy power can charme the bodies sense?

wln 2464

And now thou likewise climbst vnto my braine,

wln 2465

Making my heauy temples stoupe to thee,

wln 2466

Great God of heauen from danger keepe vs free.

*both sleepes.*

wln 2467

*Enter sir Richard Lee, and his men*

wln 2468

*Lee.* A murder closely done and in my ground?

wln 2469

Search carefully, if any where it were,

wln 2470

This obscure thicket is the likeliest place.

wln 2471

*seruant.* Sir I haue found the body stiffe with cold,

wln 2472

And mangled cruelly with many wounds.

wln 2473

*Lee* Looke if thou knowest him, turne his body vp,

wln 2474

Alacke it is my son, my sonne and heire,

wln 2475

Whom two yeares since, I sent to Ireland,

wln 2476

To practise there the discipline of warre,

wln 2477

And comming home (for so he wrote to me)

wln 2478

Some sauage hart, some bloody diuellish hand,

wln 2479

Either in hate, or thirsting for his coyne,

wln 2480

Hath here slucde out his bloud, vnhappy houre,

wln 2481

Accursed place, but most inconstant fate,

wln 2482

That hadst reserude him from the bullets fire,

wln 2483

And suffered him to scape the wood-karnes fury,

wln 2484

Didst here ordaine the treasure of his life,

wln 2485

(Euen here within the armes of tender peace,

*The first part of*

wln 2486 And where security gate greatest hope)  
wln 2487 To be consumde by treasons wastefull hand?  
wln 2488 And what is most afflicting to my soule,  
wln 2489 That this his death and murther should be wrought,  
wln 2490 Without the knowledge by whose meanes twas done,  
wln 2491 *2 seru.* Not so sir, I haue found the authors of it,  
wln 2492 See where they sit, and in their bloody fistes,  
wln 2493 The fatall instruments of death and sinne.  
wln 2494 *Lee* Iust iudgement of that power, whose gracious eie,  
wln 2495 Loathing the sight of such a hainous fact,  
wln 2496 Dazeled their senses with benumbing sleepe,  
wln 2497 Till their vnhalloved treachery were knowne:  
wln 2498 Awake ye monsters, murderers awake,  
wln 2499 Tremble for horror, blush you cannot chuse,  
wln 2500 Beholding this inhumane deed of yours.  
wln 2501 *Old.* What meane you sir to trouble weary soules,  
wln 2502 And interrupt vs of our quiet sleepe?  
wln 2503 *Lee* Oh diuellish! can you boast vnto your selues  
wln 2504 Of quiet sleepe, hauing within your hearts  
wln 2505 The guilt of murder waking, that with cries  
wln 2506 Deafes the lowd thunder, and sollicites heauen,  
wln 2507 With more than Mandrakes shreekes for your offence?  
wln 2508 *Lady Old.* What murder? you vpbraid vs wrongfully.  
wln 2509 *Lee* Can you deny the fact? see you not heere,  
wln 2510 The body of my sonne by you mis-done?  
wln 2511 Looke on his wounds, looke on his purple hew:  
wln 2512 Do we not finde you where the deede was done?  
wln 2513 Were not your kniues fast closed in your hands?  
wln 2514 Is not this cloth an argument beside,  
wln 2515 Thus staind and spotted with his innocent blood?  
wln 2516 These speaking characters, were nothing else  
wln 2517 To pleade against ye, would conuict you both.  
wln 2518 Bring them away, bereauers of my ioy,  
wln 2519 At Hartford where the Sises now are kept,  
wln 2520 Their liues shall answere for my sonnes lost life.  
wln 2521 *Old-castle* As we are innocent, so may we speede.

*Lee*

*sir John Old-castle.*

wln 2522                    *Lee*    As I am wrongd, so may the law proceede.                    *exeunt.*  
wln 2523                    *Enter bishop of Rochester, constable of S. Albons, with sir Iohn*  
wln 2524                                       *of Wrotham, Doll his wench, and the Irishman in Har-*  
wln 2525                                       *pooles apparell.*  
wln 2526                                       *Bishop*    What intricate confusion haue we heere?  
wln 2527                    Not two houres since we apprehended one,  
wln 2528                    In habite Irish, but in speech, not so:  
wln 2529                    And now you bring another, that in speech  
wln 2530                    Is altogether Irish, but in habite  
wln 2531                    Seemes to be English: yea and more than so,  
wln 2532                    The seruant of that heretike Lord Cobham.  
wln 2533                                       *Irishman*    Fait me be no seruant of the lord Cobhams,  
wln 2534                    Me be Mack Chane of Vlster.  
wln 2535                                       *Bishop*    Otherwise calld Harpoole of Kent, go to sir,  
wln 2536                    You cannot blinde vs with your broken Irish.  
wln 2537                                       *sir Iohn*    Trust me, my Lord Bishop, whether Irish,  
wln 2538                    Or English, Harpoole or not Harpoole, that  
wln 2539                    I leaue to be decided by the triall:  
wln 2540                    But sure I am this man by face and speech  
wln 2541                    Is he that murdred yong sir Richard Lee:  
wln 2542                    I met him presently vpon the fact,  
wln 2543                    And that he slew his maister for that gold,  
wln 2544                    Those iewells, and that chaine I tooke from him.  
wln 2545                                       *Bishop*    Well, our affaires doe call vs backe to London,  
wln 2546                    So that we cannot prosecute the cause  
wln 2547                    As we desire to do, therefore we leaue  
wln 2548                    The charge with you, to see they be conuaide  
wln 2549                    To Hartford Sise: both this counterfaite  
wln 2550                    And you sir Iohn of Wrotham, and your wench,  
wln 2551                    For you are culpable as well as they,  
wln 2552                    Though not for murder, yet for felony.  
wln 2553                    But since you are the meanes to bring to light  
wln 2554                    This gracelesse murder, you shall beare with you,  
wln 2555                    Our letters to the Iudges of the bench,  
wln 2556                    To be your friendes in what they lawfull may.  
wln 2557                                       *sir Iohn*    I thanke your Lordship.

*The first part of*

wln 2558                    *Bish.*    So, away with them.                    *exeunt.*  
wln 2559                               *Enter Gaoler and his man, bringing forth Old castle.*  
wln 2560                    *Gaoler*    Bring forth the prisoners, see the court preparede,  
wln 2561                    The Iustices are comming to the bench.  
wln 2562                    So, let him stand, away, and fetch the rest.                    *exeunt.*  
wln 2563                               *Old.*    Oh giue me patience to indure this scourge,  
wln 2564                    Thou that art fountaine of that vertuous streame,  
wln 2565                    And though contempt, false witnes, and reproch  
wln 2566                    Hang on these yron gyues, to presse my life  
wln 2567                    As low as earth, yet strengthen me with faith,  
wln 2568                    That I may mount in spirite aboue the cloudes.  
wln 2569                               *Enter Gaoler bringing in Lady Old-castle, and Harpoole.*  
wln 2570                    Here comes my lady, sorow tis for her,  
wln 2571                    Thy wound is greuous, else I scoffe at thee.  
wln 2572                    What and poore Harpoole! art thou ith bryars too?  
wln 2573                               *Harp.*    I faith my Lord, I am in, get out how I can.  
wln 2574                               *Lady*    Say (gentle Lord) for now we are alone,  
wln 2575                    And may conferre, shall we confesse in briefe,  
wln 2576                    Of whence, and what we are, and so preuent  
wln 2577                    The accusation is commencde against vs?  
wln 2578                               *Old.*    What will that helpe vs? being knowne, sweete loue,  
wln 2579                    VVe shall for heresie be put to death,  
wln 2580                    For so they tearme the religion we professe.  
wln 2581                    No, if it be ordained we must die,  
wln 2582                    And at this instant, this our comfort be,  
wln 2583                    That of the guilt imposde, our soules are free.  
wln 2584                               *Harp.*    Yea, yea my lord, Harpoole is so resolude,  
wln 2585                    I wreake of death the lesse, in that I die  
wln 2586                    Not by the sentence of that enuious priest  
wln 2587                    The Bishop of Rochester, oh were it he,  
wln 2588                    Or by his meanes that I should suffer here,  
wln 2589                    It would be double torment to my soule.  
wln 2590                               *Lady*    VVell, be it then according as heauen please.  
wln 2591                               *Enter lord Iudge, two Iustices, Maior of Saint Albons, lord*  
wln 2592                               *Powesse and his lady, and old sir Richard Lee: the Iudge*  
wln 2593                                          *and Iustices take their places.*

*Iudge*

wln 2594  
wln 2595  
wln 2596  
wln 2597  
wln 2598  
wln 2599  
wln 2600  
wln 2601  
wln 2602  
wln 2603  
wln 2604  
wln 2605  
wln 2606  
wln 2607  
wln 2608  
wln 2609  
wln 2610  
wln 2611  
wln 2612  
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wln 2614  
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wln 2619  
wln 2620  
wln 2621  
wln 2622  
wln 2623  
wln 2624  
wln 2625  
wln 2626  
wln 2627  
wln 2628  
wln 2629

*Judge* Now M. Maior, what gentleman is that,  
You bring with you, before vs and the bench?

*Maior* The Lord Powes if it like your honor,  
And this his Lady, traueiling toward Wales,  
Who for they lodgde last night within my house,  
And my Lord Bishop did lay search for such,  
Were very willing to come on with me,  
Lest for their sakes, suspition we might wrong.

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

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

*Judge* With all our hearts: attend the Lady there.

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

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

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

*Lady Po.* My Lord Cobham, madam? *as she passeth ouer the*

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

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

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

*Lady Po.* My heart I leaue, to beare part of your grieffe. *exit.*

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

*The first part of*

wln 2630  
wln 2631  
wln 2632  
wln 2633  
wln 2634  
wln 2635  
wln 2636  
wln 2637  
wln 2638  
wln 2639  
wln 2640  
wln 2641  
wln 2642  
wln 2643  
wln 2644  
wln 2645  
wln 2646  
wln 2647  
wln 2648  
wln 2649  
wln 2650  
wln 2651  
wln 2652  
wln 2653  
wln 2654  
wln 2655  
wln 2656  
wln 2657  
wln 2658  
wln 2659  
wln 2660  
wln 2661  
wln 2662  
wln 2663  
wln 2664  
wln 2665

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

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

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

*1 Iust.* How came this linnen cloth so **boudy** then?

*Lady Cob.* My husband hot with traueiling my lord,  
His nose gusht out a bleeding, that was it. (sheathde?)

*2 Iust.* But wherefore were your sharpe edgde kniues vn-

*Lady Cob.* To cut such simple victuall as we had.

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

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

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

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

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

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

But



wln 2666  
wln 2667  
wln 2668  
wln 2669  
wln 2670  
wln 2671  
wln 2672  
wln 2673  
wln 2674  
wln 2675  
wln 2676  
wln 2677  
wln 2678  
wln 2679  
wln 2680  
wln 2681  
wln 2682  
wln 2683  
wln 2684  
wln 2685  
wln 2686  
wln 2687  
wln 2688  
wln 2689  
wln 2690  
wln 2691  
wln 2692  
wln 2693  
wln 2694  
wln 2695  
wln 2696  
wln 2697  
wln 2698  
wln 2699  
wln 2700  
wln 2701

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

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

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

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

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

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

[.....]

*The first part of*

wln 2702

*Judge* In hope thereof, together with the fauour,  
My Lord of Winchester intreates for you,  
We are content you shall be proued.

wln 2703

wln 2704

wln 2705

*sir Iohn* I thanke your good Lordship.

wln 2706

*Judge* These other falsly here, accusde, and brought  
In perill wrongfully, we in like sort  
Do set at liberty, paying their fees.

wln 2707

wln 2708

wln 2709

*Lord Po.* That office if it please ye I will do,

wln 2710

For countries sake, because I know them well,

wln 2711

They are my neighbours, therefore of my cost,

wln 2712

Their charges shall be paide.

wln 2713

*Lee..* And for amends,

wln 2714

Touching the wrong vnwittingly I haue done,

wln 2715

There are a few crownes more for them to drinke.

*giues them*

wln 2716

*Judge.* Your kindnes merites praise sir Richard Lee,

*a purse.*

wln 2717

So let vs hence.

*exeunt all but Lord Powesse and Oldcastle.*

wln 2718

*Lord Po.* But Powesse still must stay,

wln 2719

There yet remaines a part of that true loue,

wln 2720

He owes his noble friend vnsatisfide,

wln 2721

And vnperformd, which first of all doth bind me,

wln 2722

To gratulate your lordships safe deliuery,

wln 2723

And then intreat, that since vnlookt for thus,

wln 2724

We here are met, your honor would vouchsafe,

wln 2725

To ride with me to Wales, where though my power,

wln 2726

(Though not to quittance those great benefites,

wln 2727

I haue receiud of you) yet both my house,

wln 2728

My purse, my seruants, and what else I haue,

wln 2729

Are all at your command, deny me not,

wln 2730

I know the Bishops hate pursues ye so,

wln 2731

As theres no safety in abiding here.

wln 2732

*Old.* Tis true my Lord, and God forgiue him for it.

wln 2733

*Lord Po.* Then let vs hence, you shall be straight prouided

wln 2734

Of lusty geldings, and once entred VVales,

wln 2735

VVell may the Bishop hunt, but spight his face,

wln 2736

He neuer more shall haue the game in chace.

*exeunt.*

wln 2737

FINIS.

**img: 41-b**  
**sig: [N/A]**

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## Textual Notes

1. **326 (7-b)**: The regularized reading *thief* is supplied for the original *th[\*]efe*.
2. **328 (7-b)**: The regularized reading *spared* is supplied for the original *sp[\*\*\*\*]*.
3. **636 (12-a)**: The regularized reading *servingman* is amended from the original *seruingmaan*.
4. **683 (12-b)**: The regularized reading *old* is supplied for the original *o[\*]d*.
5. **802 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *Murley* is supplied for the original *[\*\*\*\*\*]*.
6. **802 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *Phew* is supplied for the original *[\*\*\*]*.
7. **802 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *Paltry* is supplied for the original *[\*]altry*.
8. **803 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *mercy* is supplied for the original *mer[\*\*\*]*.
9. **803 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *upon* is supplied for the original *[\*\*\*\*]*.
10. **803 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *us* is supplied for the original *[\*\*]*.
11. **803 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *what* is supplied for the original *[\*\*\*\*\*]*.
12. **838 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *out* is supplied for the original *o[·]*.
13. **838 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *,* is supplied for the original *[·]*.
14. **838 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *occasion* is supplied for the original *[····]sion*.
15. **839 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *spend* is supplied for the original *s[····]*.
16. **839 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *ten* is supplied for the original *[····]*.
17. **839 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *too* is supplied for the original *[··]*.
18. **1010 (17-a)**: The regularized reading *first* comes from the original *first*, though possible variants include *fifth*.
19. **1300 (21-a)**: The regularized reading *boikin* comes from the original *boikin*, though possible variants include *bodkin*.
20. **1515 (24-a)**: The regularized reading *they* is amended from the original *the*.
21. **1564 (25-a)**: The regularized reading *casting* is supplied for the original *[·]asting*.
22. **1593 (25-b)**: The regularized reading *swore* is supplied for the original *[····]*.
23. **1593 (25-b)**: The regularized reading *to* is supplied for the original *[·]*.
24. **1594 (25-b)**: The regularized reading *lusty* is supplied for the original *[····]*.
25. **1594 (25-b)**: The regularized reading *thief* is supplied for the original *[···]efe*.
26. **1595 (25-b)**: The regularized reading *Angel* is supplied for the original *Ang[·]*.
27. **1595 (25-b)**: The regularized reading *just* is supplied for the original *[·]ust*.
28. **1629 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *John* is supplied for the original *I[\*\*\*]*.
29. **1636 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *him* is amended from the original *hm*.
30. **1707 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Murley* is amended from the original *Mar*.
31. **2290 (35-a)**: The regularized reading *dizeard* comes from the original *dizeard*, though possible variants include *dizened*.
32. **2304 (35-a)**: Club is the Lancashire carrier.
33. **2304 (35-a)**: The regularized reading *dizard* comes from the original *dizard*, though possible variants include *dizened*.
34. **2359 (36-a)**: The regularized reading *guests* is amended from the original *guesse*.

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