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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A1r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

THE
CHRONICLE
HISTORY
OF
PERKIN WARBECK.

ln 0006

A Strange Truth.

ln 0007

Acted (sometimes) by the Queen's

ln 0008

MAJESTY'S Servants at the

ln 0009

Phoenix in *Drury* lane.

ln 0010

Fide Honor.

ln 0011

LONDON,

ln 0012

Printed by *T. P.* for *Hugh Beeston*, and are to

ln 0013

be sold at his Shop, near the *Castle* in

ln 0014

Cornhill. 1634.

img: 2-a

sig: A1v

ln 0001

The Scene,

ln 0002

The Continent of Great Britain.

ln 0001

The Persons presented.

ln 0002

Henry the seventh.

James the 4th King of *Scotland*

ln 0003

Daubeney.

Earl of *Huntly.*

ln 0004

Sir *William Stanley.*

Earl of *Crawford.*

ln 0005

Oxford.

Lord *Daliell.*

ln 0006

Surrey.

Marchmount a

ln 0007

Bishop of *Durham.*

Herald.

ln 0008

Urswick Chaplain to

ln 0009

King *Henry.*

Perkin Warbeck.

ln 0010

Sir *Robert Clifford.*

Frion his Secretary.

ln 0011

Lambert Simnel.

Mayor of *Cork.*

ln 0012

Hialas a *Spanish* Agent.

Heron a Mercer.

ln 0013

Constable, Officers, Serving-men, *Skelton* a Tailor.

ln 0014

and Soldiers.

Astly — a Scrivener.

ln 0015

Women.

ln 0016

Lady *Katherine Gordon*, — wife to *Perkin.*

ln 0017

Countess of *Crawford.*

ln 0018

Jane Douglas — Lady *Katherine's* maid.

img: 2-b
sig: A2r

ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003
ln 0004
ln 0005
ln 0006
ln 0007

TO
THE RIGHTLY
HONORABLE,
WILLIAM CAVENDISH,
Earl of *Newcastle*, Viscount
Mansfield, Lord
Bolsover and *Ogle*.

ln 0008

MY LORD:

ln 0009
ln 0010
ln 0011
ln 0012
ln 0013
ln 0014
ln 0015
ln 0016
ln 0017
ln 0018
ln 0019

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

img: 3-a
sig: A2v

ln 0020
ln 0021
ln 0022
ln 0023
ln 0024
ln 0025
ln 0026
ln 0027
ln 0028
ln 0029
ln 0030
ln 0031
ln 0032
ln 0033
ln 0034
ln 0035
ln 0036

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

img: 3-b
sig: A3r

ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003

JOHN FORD.

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

In 0004 They, who do know me, know, that I
In 0005 (Unskilled to flatter)
In 0006 Dare speak *This Piece*, in words, in matter,
In 0007 A WORK: without the danger of the *Lie*.
In 0008 Believe me (friend) the name of *This*, and *Thee*,
In 0009 Will live, *your Story*:
In 0010 Books may want Faith, or merit, glory;
In 0011 THIS, neither; without Judgement's Lethargy.
In 0012 When the Arts dote, then, some *sick Poet*, may
In 0013 Hope, that his pen
In 0014 In new-stained paper, can find men
In 0015 To roar, *HE is THE WIT'S*; His NOISE doth sway.
In 0016 But such an Age cannot be known: for All,
In 0017 Ere that Time be,
In 0018 Must prove such Truth, mortality:
In 0019 So (friend) thy honor stands too fixed, to fall.

George Donne.

In 0001 To his worthy friend, Master *John Ford*,
In 0002 upon his *Perkin Warbeck*.

In 0003 LEt men, who are writ Poets, lay a claim
In 0004 To the *Phoebean Hill*, I have no name,

img: 4-a
sig: A3v

In 0005 Nor art in Verse; True, I have heard some tell
In 0006 Of *Aganippe*, but ne'er knew the Well:
In 0007 Therefore have no ambition with the Times,
In 0008 To be in Print, for making of ill Rhymes;
In 0009 But love of *Thee*, and Justice to *thy Pen*
In 0010 Hath drawn me to this Bar, with other men
In 0011 To justify, though against double Laws,
In 0012 (Waving the subtle business of his cause)
In 0013 The GLORIOUS PERKIN, and thy Poet's Art
In 0014 Equal with *His*, in playing the KING'S PART.

Ralph Eure
Baronis Primogenitus

In 0001 To my faithful, no less deserving friend,
In 0002 *the Author*; *This indebted Oblation*.

In 0003 PERKIN is redivived by thy strong hand,
In 0004 And crowned a King of new; the vengeful wand
In 0005 Of *Greatness* is forgot: HIS Execution
In 0006 May rest unmentioned; and HIS birth's Collusion
In 0007 Lie buried in the Story: But HIS fame
In 0008 Thou hast eternized; made a Crown HIS Game.
In 0009 HIS lofty spirit soars *yet*. Had HE been

ln 0010
ln 0011
ln 0012

Base in his enterprise, as was his sin
Conceived, HIS TITLE, (doubtless) proved unjust,
Had, but for *Thee*, been silenced in his dust.

ln 0013

George Crymes, miles.

img: 4-b
sig: A4r

ln 0001
ln 0002

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

ln 0003
ln 0004
ln 0005
ln 0006
ln 0007
ln 0008
ln 0009
ln 0010
ln 0011
ln 0012
ln 0013
ln 0014
ln 0015

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

John Brograve: Armiger

ln 0001
ln 0002

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

ln 0003
ln 0004
ln 0005
ln 0006
ln 0007
ln 0008

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

John Ford: Graiensis.

img: 5-a
sig: A4v

wln 0001

PROLOGUE.

wln 0002
wln 0003
wln 0004
wln 0005
wln 0006
wln 0007
wln 0008
wln 0009
wln 0010
wln 0011

STudies have, of this Nature, been of late
So out of fashion, so unfollowed; that
It is become more Justice, to revive
The antic follies of the Times, then strive
To countenance wise Industry: no want
Of Art, doth render wit, or lame, or scant,
Or slothful, in the purchase of fresh bays;
But want of Truth in Them, who give the praise
To their self-love, presuming to outdo
The Writer, or (for need) the Actors too.

wln 0012
wln 0013
wln 0014
wln 0015
wln 0016
wln 0017
wln 0018
wln 0019
wln 0020
wln 0021
wln 0022
wln 0023
wln 0024
wln 0025
wln 0026
wln 0027

*But such THIS AUTHOR'S silence best befits,
Who bids Them, be in love, with their own wits:
From Him, to clearer Judgements, we can say,
He shows a History, couched in a Play:
A History of noble mention, known,
Famous, and true: most noble, 'cause our own:
Not forged from Italy, from France, from Spain,
But Chronicled at Home; as rich in strain
Of brave Attempts, as ever, fertile Rage
In Action, could beget to grace the Stage.
We cannot limit Scenes, for the whole Land
Itself, appeared too narrow to withstand
Competitors for Kingdoms: nor is here
Unnecessary mirth forced, to endear
A multitude; on these two, rests the Fate
Of worthy expectation; **TRUTH** and STATE.*

img: 5-b
sig: B1r

wln 0028
wln 0029
wln 0030
wln 0031

THE
CHRONICLE
HISTORY OF
PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 0032

Actus primus, Scaena prima.

wln 0033
wln 0034
wln 0035
wln 0036

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

wln 0037
wln 0038
wln 0039
wln 0040
wln 0041
wln 0042
wln 0043
wln 0044
wln 0045
wln 0046
wln 0047
wln 0048
wln 0049
wln 0050

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

img: 6-a
sig: B1v

wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053

Durham The rage of malice
Conjures fresh spirits with the spells of *York*;
For ninety years ten English Kings and Princes,

wln 0054
wln 0055
wln 0056
wln 0057
wln 0058
wln 0059
wln 0060
wln 0061
wln 0062
wln 0063
wln 0064
wln 0065
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wln 0081
wln 0082
wln 0083
wln 0084
wln 0085
wln 0086
wln 0087

Threescore great Dukes and Earls, a thousand Lords
And valiant Knights, two hundred fifty thousand
Of English Subjects have in Civil Wars,
Been sacrificed to an uncivil thirst
Of *discord* and *ambition*: this hot vengeance
Of the just powers above, to utter ruin
And Desolation had reigned on, but that
Mercy did gently sheathe the sword of *Justice*,
In lending to this blood-shrunk Commonwealth
A new soul, new birth in your *Sacred person*.
Daubeney *Edward* the fourth after a doubtful fortune
Yielded to nature; leaving to his sons
Edward and *Richard*, the inheritance
Of a most bloody purchase; these young Princes
Richard the Tyrant their unnatural Uncle
Forced to a violent grave, so just is Heaven.
Him hath your Majesty by your own arm
Divinely strengthened, pulled from his *Boar's sty*
And struck the black Usurper to a Carcase:
Nor doth the House of *York* decay in Honors,
Though *Lancaster* doth repossess his right.
For *Edward's* daughter is King *Henry's* Queen.
A blessed Union, and a lasting blessing
For this poor panting Island, if some shreds
Some useless remnant of the House of *York*
Grudge not at this Content. *Oxford* *Margaret* of *Burgundy*
Blows fresh Coals of Division. *Surrey* Painted fires
Without to heat or scorch or light to cherish.
Daubeney *York's* headless trunk her Father, *Edward's* fate
Her brother King, the smothering of her Nephews
By Tyrant *Gloucester*, brother to her nature;
Nor *Gloucester's* own confusion, (all decrees
Sacred in Heaven) Can move *this Woman-Monster*,
But that she still from the unbottomed mine

img: 6-b
sig: B2r

wln 0088
wln 0089
wln 0090
wln 0091
wln 0092
wln 0093
wln 0094
wln 0095
wln 0096
wln 0097
wln 0098
wln 0099
wln 0100
wln 0101

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

wln 0102
wln 0103
wln 0104
wln 0105
wln 0106
wln 0107
wln 0108
wln 0109
wln 0110
wln 0111
wln 0112
wln 0113
wln 0114
wln 0115
wln 0116
wln 0117
wln 0118
wln 0119
wln 0120
wln 0121
wln 0122
wln 0123
wln 0124

img: 7-a
sig: B2v

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

wln 0125
wln 0126
wln 0127
wln 0128
wln 0129
wln 0130
wln 0131
wln 0132
wln 0133
wln 0134
wln 0135
wln 0136
wln 0137
wln 0138
wln 0139
wln 0140
wln 0141
wln 0142
wln 0143
wln 0144
wln 0145
wln 0146
wln 0147
wln 0148
wln 0149

So lately passed by *men of blood* and *fortunes*
In *Lambert Simnel's* party, must Command
More than a fear, a terror to Conspiracy,
The high-born *Lincoln*, son to *De la Pole*,
The Earl of *Kildare*, Lord *Geraldine*,
Francis Lord *Lovell*, and the German Baron,
Bold *Martin Swart*, with *Broughton* and the rest,
(Most spectacles of ruin, some of mercy;)
Are precedents sufficient to forewarn
The present times, or any that live in them,
What folly, nay, what madness 'twere to lift
A finger up in all defense but yours,
Which can be but impostorous in a title.
King Stanley we know thou lov'st Us, and thy heart
Is figured on thy tongue; nor think we less
Of any's here, how closely we have hunted
This Cub (since he unlodged) from hole to hole,
Your knowledge is our Chronicle: first *Ireland*
The common stage of Novelty, presented
This *gewgaw* to oppose us, there the *Geraldines*
And *Butlers* once again stood in support
Of this *Colossic* statue: *Charles of France*
Thence called him into his protection;
Dissembled him the lawful heir of *England*;
Yet this was all but *French dissimulation*,

wln 0150
wln 0151
wln 0152
wln 0153
wln 0154
wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161

img: 7-b
sig: B3r

Aiming at peace *with us*, which being granted
On honorable terms on our part, suddenly
This *smoke of straw* was packed from *France* again,
T' infect some grosser air; and now we learn
(Maugre the malice of the *bastard Neville*,
Sir *Taylor*, and a hundred *English* Rebels)
They're all retired to *Flanders*, to the *Dam*
That nursed this *eager Whelp*, *Margaret* of *Burgundy*.
But we will hunt him there too, we will hunt him,
Hunt him to death even in the *Beldame's* Closet,
Though the *Archduke* were his Buckler.
Surrey She has styled him — The fair *white rose* of *England*.

wln 0162
wln 0163

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

wln 0164
wln 0165
wln 0166
wln 0167
wln 0168
wln 0169
wln 0170
wln 0171
wln 0172
wln 0173
wln 0174
wln 0175
wln 0176
wln 0177
wln 0178
wln 0179
wln 0180

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

wln 0181

Flourish.

wln 0182

Enter Huntly and Daliell.

wln 0183
wln 0184
wln 0185
wln 0186
wln 0187
wln 0188
wln 0189
wln 0190
wln 0191
wln 0192
wln 0193

Huntly You trifle time Sir. *Daliell* Oh my noble Lord,
You conster my griefs to so hard a sense,
That where the text is argument of pity
Matter of earnest love, your gloss corrupts it
With too much ill placed mirth.
Huntly Much mirth Lord *Daliell*?
Not so I vow: observe me sprightly gallant:
I know thou art a noble lad, a handsome,
Descended from an honorable Ancestry,
Forward and active, dost resolve to wrestle,
And ruffle in the world by noble actions

wln 0194

wln 0195

img: 8-a
sig: B3v

wln 0196

wln 0197

wln 0198

wln 0199

wln 0200

wln 0201

wln 0202

wln 0203

wln 0204

wln 0205

wln 0206

wln 0207

wln 0208

wln 0209

wln 0210

wln 0211

wln 0212

wln 0213

wln 0214

wln 0215

wln 0216

wln 0217

wln 0218

wln 0219

wln 0220

wln 0221

wln 0222

wln 0223

wln 0224

wln 0225

wln 0226

wln 0227

wln 0228

wln 0229

wln 0230

wln 0231

wln 0232

img: 8-b
sig: B4r

wln 0233

wln 0234

wln 0235

wln 0236

wln 0237

wln 0238

For a brave mention to posterity:
I scorn not thy affection to my Daughter,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Huntly You are angry — would 'a would beat me, I deserve it.

wln 0239
wln 0240
wln 0241
wln 0242
wln 0243
wln 0244
wln 0245
wln 0246
wln 0247
wln 0248
wln 0249

Daliell thy hand, w' are friends; follow thy Courtship
Take thine own time and speak, if thou prevailest
With passion more than I can with my Counsel,
She's thine, nay, she is thine, 'tis a fair match
Free and allowed, I'll only use my tongue
Without a Father's power, use thou thine:
Self do self have, no more words, win and wear her.

Daliell You bless me, I am now too poor in thanks
To pay the debt I owe you.

Huntly Nay, th' art poor enough — I love his spirit infinitely.
Look ye, she comes, to her now, to her, to her.

wln 0250

Enter Katherine and Jane.

wln 0251
wln 0252
wln 0253
wln 0254
wln 0255
wln 0256
wln 0257
wln 0258
wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268

Katherine The King commands your presence Sir.

Huntly The gallant — this this this Lord, this
Servant (*Kate*) of yours, desires to be your Master.

Katherine I acknowledge him, a worthy friend of mine.

Daliell Your humblest Creature.

Huntly So, so, the game's a foot, I'm in cold hunting,
The hare and hounds are parties.

Daliell Princely Lady, — how most unworthy I am to employ
My services, in honor of your virtues,
How hopeless my desires are to enjoy
Your fair opinion, and much more your love;
Are only matter of despair, unless
Your goodness give large warrant to my boldness,
My feeble-winged ambition. *Huntly* This is scurvy.

Katherine My Lord I interrupt you not. *Huntly* Indeed?
Now on my life she'll Court him — nay, nay, on Sir.

Daliell Oft have I tuned the lesson of my sorrows
To sweeten discord, and enrich your pity;

img: 9-a
sig: B4v

wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
wln 0274
wln 0275
wln 0276
wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283
wln 0284

But all in vain: here had my Comforts sunk
And never risen again, to tell a story
Of the *despairing Lover*, had not now
Even now the Earl your Father.

Huntly 'A means me sure.

Daliell After some fit disputes of your Condition,
Your highness and my lowness, given a license
Which did not more embolden, then encourage
My faulting tongue. *Huntly* How how? how's that?
Embolden? Encourage? I encourage ye? d' ye hear sir?
A subtle trick, a quaint one, — will you hear (man)
What did I say to you, come come to th' point.

Kate: It shall not need my Lord.

Huntly Then hear me *Kate*:
Keep you on that hand of her; I on this —
Thou standst between a *Father* and a *Suitor*,

wln 0285
wln 0286
wln 0287
wln 0288
wln 0289
wln 0290
wln 0291
wln 0292
wln 0293
wln 0294
wln 0295
wln 0296
wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304
wln 0305

img: 9-b
sig: C1r

Both striving for an interest in thy heart:
He Courts thee for affection, *I* for duty;
He as a servant pleads, but by the privilege
Of nature, though I might Command, my care
Shall only Counsel what it shall not force.
Thou canst but make one choice, the ties of marriage
Are tenures not at will, but during life.
Consider whose thou art, and who; *a Princess*,
A Princess of the royal blood of *Scotland*.
In the full spring of youth, and fresh in beauty.
The King that sits upon the throne is young
And yet unmarried, forward in attempts
On any least occasion, to endanger
His person; Wherefore *Kate* as I am confident
Thou dar'st not wrong thy birth and education
By yielding to a common servile rage
Of female wantonness, so I am confident
Thou wilt proportion all thy thoughts to side
Thy *equals*, if not equal thy *superiors*.
My Lord of *Daliell* young in years, is old
In honors, but nor eminent in titles

wln 0306
wln 0307
wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312
wln 0313
wln 0314
wln 0315
wln 0316
wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321
wln 0322
wln 0323
wln 0324
wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332

Or in estate, that may support or add to
The expectation of thy fortunes, settle
Thy will and reason by a strength of Judgement;
For in a word, I give thee freedom, take it.
If equal fates have not ordained to pitch
Thy hopes above my height, let not thy passion
Lead thee to shrink mine honor in oblivion:
Thou art thine own, I have done.
Daliell Oh! y' are all Oracle,
The living stock and root of truth and wisdom.
Katherine My worthiest *Lord and Father*, the indulgence
Of your sweet composition, thus commands
The lowest of obedience, you have granted
A liberty so large, that I want skill
To choose without direction of EXAMPLE:
From *which* I daily learn, by how much more
You take off from the roughness of a *Father*,
By so much more I am engaged to tender
The duty of a *Daughter*. For respects
Of birth, degrees of title, and advancement,
I nor admire, nor slight them; all my studies
Shall ever aim at *this perfection* only,
To live and die so, that you may not blush
In any course of *mine* to own me yours.
Huntly *Kate, Kate*, thou growest upon my heart, like peace,
Creating every other hour a *Jubilee*.
Katherine: To you *my Lord of Daliell*, I address

wln 0333
wln 0334
wln 0335
wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342

img: 10-a
sig: C1v

Some few remaining words, the general fame
That speaks your merit even in vulgar tongues,
Proclaims it clear; but in the best a *Precedent*.
Huntly Good wench, good girl i' faith.
Katherine For my part (trust me)
I value mine own worth at higher rate,
Cause you are pleased to prize it; if the stream
Of your protested service (as you term it)
Run in a constancy, more than a Compliment;
It shall be my delight, that worthy love

wln 0343
wln 0344
wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347
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wln 0374
wln 0375
wln 0376
wln 0377
wln 0378
wln 0379

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

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

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

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

Enter Crawford.

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

Huntly Some weighty business!

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

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

Crawford My service noble Lady. *Katherine* Please ye walk sir?

img: 10-b

wln 0380 *Daliell* Times have their changes, sorrow makes men wise,
wln 0381 The Sun itself must *set* as well as *rise*;
wln 0382 Then why not I — *fair Madam* I wait on ye. *Exeunt omnes.*

wln 0383 *Enter* Durham, *Sir Robert Clifford*, and *Urswick*: *Lights.*

wln 0384 *Durham* You find (*Sir Robert Clifford*) how securely
wln 0385 *King Henry* our great Master, doth commit
wln 0386 His person to your loyalty; you taste
wln 0387 His bounty and his mercy even in this;
wln 0388 That at a time of night so late, a place
wln 0389 So private as his Closet, he is pleased
wln 0390 To admit you to his favor; do not falter
wln 0391 In your Discovery, but as you covet
wln 0392 A liberal grace, and pardon for your follies.
wln 0393 So labor to deserve it, by laying open
wln 0394 All plots, all persons, that contrive against it.

wln 0395 *Urswick* Remember not the witchcraft, or the Magic,
wln 0396 The charms, and incantations, which the *Sorceress*
wln 0397 *Of Burgundy* hath cast upon your reason!
wln 0398 *Sir Robert* be your own friend now, discharge
wln 0399 Your conscience freely, all of such as love you,
wln 0400 Stand sureties for your honesty and truth.
wln 0401 Take heed you do not dally with the King,
wln 0402 He is wise as he is gentle. *Clifford* I am miserable,
wln 0403 If *Henry* be not merciful. *Urswick* The King comes.

Enter King Henry.

wln 0405 *King Henry Clifford! Clifford* Let my weak knees rot on the earth,
wln 0406 If I appear as leprous in my treacheries,
wln 0407 Before your royal eyes; as to mine own
wln 0408 I seem a Monster, by my breach of truth.

wln 0409 *King Henry Clifford* stand up, for instance of thy safety
wln 0410 I offer thee my hand. *Clifford* A sovereign Balm
wln 0411 For my bruised Soul, I kiss it with a greediness.
wln 0412 Sir you are a just Master, but I —

wln 0413 *King Henry* Tell me, is every circumstance, thou hast set down
wln 0414 With thine own hand, within this paper true?
wln 0415 Is it a sure intelligence of all

wln 0416 The progress of our enemies' intents
wln 0417 Without corruption? *Clifford* True, as I wish heaven;
wln 0418 Or my infected honor white again.

wln 0419 *King Henry* We know all (*Clifford*) fully, since this meteor
wln 0420 This airy apparition first discreded
wln 0421 From *Tournay* into *Portugal*; and thence
wln 0422 Advanced his fiery blaze for adoration
wln 0423 To th' superstitious *Irish*; since the beard

wln 0424
wln 0425
wln 0426
wln 0427
wln 0428
wln 0429
wln 0430
wln 0431
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wln 0433
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wln 0450
wln 0451
wln 0452

Of this wild *Comet*, Conjured into *France*,
Sparkled in antic flames in *Charles* his Court:
But shrunk again from thence, and hid in darkness,
Stole into *Flanders*, flourishing the rags
Of painted power on the shore of *Kent*,
Whence *he* was beaten back with shame and scorn,
Contempt, and slaughter of some naked outlaws:
But tell me, what new course now shapes Duke *Perkin*?
 Clifford For *Ireland* (mighty *Henry*:) so instructed
By *Stephen Frion*, sometimes Secretary
In the *French* tongue unto your sacred Excellence,
But *Perkin*'s tutor now. *King Henry* A subtle villain!
That *Frion*, *Frion*, — you my Lord of *Durham*
Knew well the man. *Durham French* both in heart and actions!
 King Henry Some *Irish* heads work in this mine of treason;
Speak 'em! *Clifford* Not any of the best; your fortune
Hath dulled their spleens; never had *Counterfeit*
Such a confused rabble of lost Bankrupts
For Counselors: first *Heron* a broken Mercer,
Than *John a Water*, sometimes Mayor of *Cork*,
Skelton a tailor and a Scrivener
Called *Astley*: and whate'er these list to treat of,
Perkin must harken to; but *Frion*, cunning
Above these dull capacities, still prompts him,
To fly to *Scotland* to young *James* the fourth;
And sue for aid to him; this is the latest
Of all their resolutions. *King Henry* Still more *Frion*.
Pestilent Adder, he will hiss out poison
As dang'rous as infections — we must match 'em.

img: 11-b
sig: C3r

wln 0453
wln 0454
wln 0455
wln 0456
wln 0457
wln 0458
wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467
wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471

Clifford thou hast spoke home, we give thee life:
But *Clifford*, there are people of our own
Remain behind untold, who are they *Clifford*?
Name those and we are friends, and will to rest,
'Tis thy last task. *Clifford* Oh Sir, here I must break
A most unlawful Oath to keep a just one.
 King Henry Well, well, be brief, be brief. *Clifford* The first in rank
Shall be *John Ratcliffe*, Lord *Fitzwater*, then
Sir *Simon Mountford*, and Sir *Thomas Thwaites*,
With *William Daubeney*, *Cressoner*, *Astwood*,
Worsley the Dean of *Paul*'s, two other Friars,
And *Robert Ratcliffe*. *King Henry* Churchmen are turned Devils.
These are the principal. *Clifford* One more remains
Unnamed, whom I could willingly forget.
 King Henry Ha *Clifford*, one more? *Clifford* Great Sir, do not hear him:
For when Sir *William Stanley* your Lord *Chamberlain*
Shall come into the list, as he is chief
I shall lose credit with ye, yet this Lord,
Last named, is first against you.

wln 0472
wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479
wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489

img: 12-a
sig: C3v

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

wln 0490
wln 0491
wln 0492
wln 0493
wln 0494
wln 0495
wln 0496
wln 0497
wln 0498
wln 0499
wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502
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wln 0515
wln 0516
wln 0517
wln 0518
wln 0519

My Chamberlain, my Counselor, the love,
The pleasure of my Court, my bosom friend,
The Charge, and the Controlment of my person
The keys and secrets of my treasury;
The *all of all* I am: I am unhappy:
Misery of confidence, — let me turn traitor
To mine own person, yield my Sceptre up
To *Edward's Sister*, and her *bastard Duke*!
Durham You lose your constant temper.
King Henry Sir *William Stanley*!
Oh do not blame me; *he*, 'twas only *he*
Who having rescued me in *Bosworth field*
From *Richard's* bloody sword, snatched from his head
The Kingly Crown, and placed it first on mine.
He never failed me; what have I deserved
To lose this good man's heart, or he, his own?
Urswick The night doth waste, this passion ill becomes ye;
Provide against your danger. *King Henry* Let it be so.
Urswick command straight *Stanley* to his chamber.
'Tis well we are i' th' *Tower*; set a guard on him;
Clifford to bed; you must lodge here tonight,
We'll talk with you tomorrow: my sad soul
Divines strange troubles. *Daubeney* Ho, the King, the King,
I must have entrance. *King Henry* *Daubeney's* voice; admit him.
What new combustions huddle next to keepe
Our eyes from rest? — the news?
Enter Daubeney.
Daubeney Ten thousand *Cornish* grudging to pay your
Subsidies, have gathered a head, led by a
Blacksmith, and a Lawyer, they make for *London*,

wln 0520
wln 0521
wln 0522
wln 0523
wln 0524
wln 0525
wln 0526

img: 12-b
sig: C4r

And to them is joined Lord *Audley*, as they march,
Their number daily increases, they are —
King Henry Rascals — talk no more;
Such are not worthy of my thoughts tonight:
And if I cannot sleep, I'll wake: — to bed.
When Counsels fail, and there's in *man* no trust,
Even then, an arm from *heaven*, fights for the just.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.

wln 0528

Actus Secundus: Scaena prima.

wln 0529
wln 0530

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

wln 0531
wln 0532

Countess COME *Ladies*, here's a solemn preparation
For entertainment of this *English Prince*;

wln 0533
wln 0534

The King intends grace more than ordinary,
'twere pity now, if a' should prove a *Counterfeit*.

wln 0535
wln 0536

Katherine Bless the young man, our Nation would be laughed at
For honest souls through Christendom: my father

wln 0537
wln 0538

Hath a weak stomach to the business (Madam)

wln 0539
wln 0540

But that the King must not be crossed. *Countess* 'A brings

wln 0541
wln 0542

A goodly troop (they say) of gallants with him;

wln 0543
wln 0544

But very modest people, for they strive not

wln 0545
wln 0546

To fame their names too much; their godfathers

wln 0547
wln 0548

May be beholding to them, but their fathers

wln 0549
wln 0550

Scarce owe them thanks: they are disguised Princes,

wln 0551
wln 0552

Brought up it seems to honest trades; no matter;

wln 0553
wln 0554

They will break forth in season. *Jane*. Or break out.

wln 0555
wln 0556

For most of 'em are broken by report; — The King,

wln 0557
wln 0558

Katherine Let us observe 'em and be silent.

wln 0559
wln 0560

Flourish.

wln 0561
wln 0562

Enter King James, Huntly, Crawford, and Daliell.

King James The right of Kings (my Lords) extends not only
To the safe Conservation of their own;

wln 0563
wln 0564

But also to the aid of such Allies

wln 0565
wln 0566

As change of time, and state, hath often times

wln 0567
wln 0568

Hurled down from careful Crowns, to undergo

wln 0569
wln 0570

An exercise of sufferance in both fortunes:

wln 0571
wln 0572

So English *Richard* surnamed *Coeur-de-lion*,

wln 0573
wln 0574

So *Robert Bruce* our royal Ancestor,

wln 0575
wln 0576

Forced by the trial of the wrongs they felt,

wln 0577
wln 0578

Both sought, and found supplies, from foreign Kings

wln 0579
wln 0580

To repossess their own: then grudge not (Lords)

A much distressed Prince, King *Charles of France*,

And *Maximilian of Bohemia* both,

Have ratified his Credit by their Letters.

wln 0564
wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570
wln 0571

Shall we then be distrustful? No, Compassion
Is one rich Jewel that shines in our Crown,
And we will have it shine there. *Huntly* Do your will Sir.
King James The *young Duke* is at hand, *Daliell* from us
First greet him, and conduct him on; then *Crawford*
Shall meet him next, and *Huntly* last of all
Present him to our arms; sound sprightly Music,
Whilst Majesty encounters Majesty. *Hautboys.*

wln 0572
wln 0573
wln 0574
wln 0575
wln 0576
wln 0577
wln 0578

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

wln 0579
wln 0580
wln 0581
wln 0582
wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592
wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596
wln 0597
wln 0598

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

img: 13-b
sig: D1r

wln 0599
wln 0600
wln 0601
wln 0602
wln 0603
wln 0604
wln 0605
wln 0606
wln 0607
wln 0608
wln 0609

Quenched their hot thirst of blood, whose hire to murder
Paid them their wages, of despair and horror;
The softness of *my childhood* smiled upon
The roughness of their task, and robbed them farther
Of hearts to dare, or hands to execute.
Great King *they* spared my life, *the butchers* spared it;
Returned the tyrant, my unnatural Uncle,
A truth of my dispatch; I was conveyed
With secrecy and speed to *Tournay*; fostered
By obscure means, taught to unlearn myself:
But as I grew in years, I grew in sense

wln 0610
wln 0611
wln 0612
wln 0613
wln 0614
wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618
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wln 0629
wln 0630
wln 0631
wln 0632
wln 0633
wln 0634
wln 0635

img: 14-a
sig: D1v

Of fear, and of disdain; fear, of the tyrant
Whose power swayed the throne then, when disdain
Of living so unknown, in such a servile
And abject lowness, prompted me to thoughts
Of recollecting who I was; I shook off
My bondage, and made haste to let my *Aunt*
Of Burgundy acknowledge me her kinsman;
Heir to the Crown of *England*, snatched by *Henry*
From *Richard's* head; a thing scarce known i' th' world.
King James My Lord, it stands not with your Counsel now
To fly upon invectives, if you can
Make this apparent what you have discoursed
In every Circumstance, we will not study
An answer, but are ready in your Cause.
Warbeck You are a wise, and just King, by the powers
Above, reserved beyond all other aids
To plant me in *mine own inheritance*:
To marry these two Kingdoms in a love
Never to be divorced, while time is time.
As for the manner first of my escape,
Of my Conveyance, next, of my life since,
The means, and persons, who were instruments;
Great Sir, 'tis fit I overpass in silence:
Reserving the relation, to the secrecy
Of your own Princely ear, since it concerns
Some *great Ones* living yet, and others dead,

wln 0636
wln 0637
wln 0638
wln 0639
wln 0640
wln 0641
wln 0642
wln 0643
wln 0644
wln 0645
wln 0646
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wln 0649
wln 0650
wln 0651
wln 0652
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wln 0655
wln 0656
wln 0657

Whose issue might be questioned. For your bounty,
Royal magnificence to him that seeks it,
WE vow hereafter, to demean ourself,
As if we were your own, and natural brother:
Omitting no occasion in *our person*,
To express a gratitude, beyond example.
King James He must be more than subject, who can utter
The language of a King, and such is thine.
Take this for answer, be whate'er thou art,
Thou never shalt repent that thou hast put
Thy cause, and person, into my protection.
Cousin of York, thus once more We embrace thee;
Welcome to *James of Scotland*, for thy safety,
Know such as love thee not, shall never wrong thee.
Come, we will taste a while our Court delights,
Dream hence afflictions past, and then proceed
To high attempts of honor, on, lead on;
Both thou and thine are ours, and we will guard ye.
Lead on. — *Exeunt, Manent Ladies above*.
Countess I have not seen a Gentleman
Of a more brave aspect, or goodlier carriage;
His fortunes move not him — Madam, y' are passionate.

wln 0658
wln 0659
wln 0660

Katherine Beshrew me, but his words have touched me home,
As if his cause concerned me; I should pity him
If 'a should prove another than he seems.

wln 0661

Enter Crawford.

wln 0662
wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665

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

wln 0666

Flourish.

wln 0667

Enter King Henry: Oxford; Durham; Surrey.

wln 0668
wln 0669

King Henry: Have ye condemned my Chamberlain?
Durham His treasons condemned him (Sir,) which were as

img: 14-b
sig: D2r

wln 0670
wln 0671
wln 0672
wln 0673
wln 0674
wln 0675
wln 0676
wln 0677
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wln 0699
wln 0700

Clear and manifest, as foul and dangerous:
Besides the guilt of his conspiracy pressed him
So nearly, that it drew from him free
Confession without an importunity.
King Henry: Oh Lord Bishop,
This argued shame, and sorrow for his folly;
And must not stand in evidence against
Our mercy, and the softness of our nature
The rigor and extremity of Law
Is sometimes too too bitter, but we carry
A Chancery of pity in our bosom.
I hope we may relieve him from the sentence
Of death; I hope, we may. *Durham* You may, you may;
And so persuade your Subjects, that the title
Of *York* is better, nay, more just, and lawful,
Than yours of *Lancaster*; so *Stanley* holds:
Which if it be not treason in the highest,
Then we are traitors all; perjured and false,
Who have took oath to *Henry*, and the justice
Of *Henry's* title; *Oxford, Surrey, Daubeney*,
With all your other Peers of State, and Church,
Forsworn, and *Stanley* true alone to Heaven,
And *England's* lawful heir. *Oxford* By *Vere's* old honors,
I'll cut his throat dares speak it. *Surrey* 'Tis a quarrel
To engage a soul in. *King Henry:* What a coil is here,
To keep my gratitude sincere and perfect?
Stanley was once my friend, and came in time
To save my life; yet to say truth (my Lords,)
The man stayed long enough t' endanger it:
But I could see no more into his heart,
Then what his outward actions did present;

wln 0701
wln 0702
wln 0703
wln 0704
wln 0705
wln 0706

img: 15-a
sig: D2v

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

wln 0707
wln 0708
wln 0709
wln 0710
wln 0711
wln 0712
wln 0713
wln 0714
wln 0715
wln 0716
wln 0717
wln 0718
wln 0719
wln 0720
wln 0721

But I am Charitable (Lords) let Justice
Proceed in execution, whiles I mourn
The loss of one, whom I esteemed a friend.
Durham Sir, he is coming this way. *King Henry:* If 'a speak to me,
I could deny him nothing; to prevent it,
I must withdraw, pray (Lords) commend my favors
To his last peace, which I with him, will pray for:
That done, it doth concern us, to consult
Of other following troubles. *Exeunt.*
Oxford I am glad he's gone, upon my life he would
Have pardoned the Traitor, had 'a seen him.
Surrey 'Tis a King composed of gentleness.
Durham Rare, and unheard of;
But every man is nearest to himself,
And that the King observes, 'tis fit 'a should.

wln 0722

Enter Stanley; Executioner: Urswick and Daubeney.

wln 0723
wln 0724
wln 0725
wln 0726
wln 0727
wln 0728
wln 0729
wln 0730
wln 0731
wln 0732
wln 0733
wln 0734
wln 0735
wln 0736
wln 0737
wln 0738
wln 0739
wln 0740
wln 0741

Stanley May I not speak with *Clifford* ere I shake
This piece of Frailty off? *Daubeney* You shall, he's sent for.
Stanley I must not see the King? *Durham* From him Sir *William*
These Lords and I am sent, he bade us say
That he commends his mercy to your thoughts;
Wishing the Laws of *England* could remit
The forfeit of your life, as willingly
As he would in the sweetness of his nature,
Forget your trespass; but howe'er your body
Fall into dust, He vows, *the King himself*
Doth vow, to keep *a requiem* for your soul,
As for a friend, close treasured in his bosom.
Oxford Without remembrance of your errors past,
I come to take my leave, and wish you Heaven.
Surrey And I, good Angels guard ye. *Stanley* Oh the King
Next to my soul, shall be the nearest subject
Of my last prayers; my grave *Lord of Durham*,
My Lords of *Oxford, Surrey, Daubeney*, all,
Accept from a poor dying man, a farewell.

img: 15-b
sig: D3r

wln 0742
wln 0743

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

wln 0744
wln 0745
wln 0746
wln 0747
wln 0748
wln 0749
wln 0750
wln 0751
wln 0752
wln 0753
wln 0754
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wln 0768
wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771
wln 0772
wln 0773
wln 0774
wln 0775
wln 0776
wln 0777
wln 0778

img: 16-a
sig: D3v

wln 0779
wln 0780
wln 0781
wln 0782
wln 0783

wln 0784

wln 0785
wln 0786
wln 0787
wln 0788
wln 0789

Have wheeled about, to turn me into nothing.

Enter Clifford.

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

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

Stanley Mercy, how dear is life to such as hug it?
Come hither — *by this token* think on me —

Clifford This token? What? I am abused?

Stanley You are not.

*Makes a Cross
on Clifford's face
with his finger.*

I wet upon your cheeks *a holy Sign,*

The Cross, the Christians' badge, the Traitor's infamy:

Wear *Clifford* to thy grave this painted *Emblem*:

Water shall never wash it off, all eyes

That gaze upon thy face, shall read there written,

A State-Informer's Character, more ugly

Stamped on a noble name, then on a base.

The Heavens forgive thee; pray (my Lords) no change

Of words: this man and I have used too many.

Clifford Shall I be disgraced without reply? *Durham* Give losers

Leave to talk; his loss is irrecoverable. *Stanley* Once more

To *all* a long farewell; the best of greatness

Preserve the King; my next suit is (my Lords)

To be remembered to my noble Brother,

Derby my much grieved brother; Oh! persuade him,

That I shall stand no blemish to his house,

In Chronicles writ in another age.

My heart doth bleed for him; and for his sighs,

Tell him, he must not think, the style of *Derby*,

Nor being husband to King *Henry's* Mother,

The league with Peers, the smiles of Fortune, can

Secure his peace, above the state of man:

I take my leave, to travail to my dust,

Subjects deserve their deaths whose Kings are just.

Come Confessor, on with thy Axe (friend) on.

Exeunt.

Clifford Was I called hither by a Traitor's breath

To be upbraided? Lords, the King shall know it.

Enter King Henry with a white staff.

King Henry: The King doth know it Sir; the King hath heard

What he or you could say; We have given credit

To every point of *Clifford's* information,

The only evidence 'gainst *Stanley's* head.

'A dies for 't, are you pleased? *Clifford* I pleased my Lord!

wln 0790
wln 0791
wln 0792
wln 0793
wln 0794
wln 0795
wln 0796
wln 0797
wln 0798
wln 0799
wln 0800
wln 0801
wln 0802
wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805
wln 0806
wln 0807
wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812
wln 0813
wln 0814

King Henry: No echoes: for your service, we dismiss
Your more attendance on the Court; take ease
And live at home; but as you love your life,
Stir not from *London* without leave from us.
We'll think on your reward, away.

Clifford I go Sir. *Exit Clifford.*

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

Daubeney I am your humblest servant.

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

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

img: 16-b
sig: D4r

wln 0815
wln 0816
wln 0817
wln 0818
wln 0819
wln 0820
wln 0821
wln 0822
wln 0823
wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826
wln 0827
wln 0828
wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832
wln 0833
wln 0834
wln 0835
wln 0836
wln 0837

Oxford I humbly thank your Majesty.

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

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

wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840

War must breed peace, such is the fate of Kings.

Exeunt.

Enter Crawford and Daliell.

wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850

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

img: 17-a
sig: D4v

wln 0851
wln 0852
wln 0853
wln 0854
wln 0855
wln 0856
wln 0857
wln 0858
wln 0859
wln 0860
wln 0861

Must of necessity ensue upon
A match betwixt some noble of our Nation,
And this brave Prince forsooth. *Daliell* 'Twill prove too fatal,
Wise *Huntly* fears the threatning. Bless the Lady
From such a ruin *Crawford* How the Counsel privy
Of this young *Phaeton*, do screw their faces
Into a gravity, their trades (good people)
Were never guilty of? the meanest of 'em
Dreams of at least an office in the State.
Daliell Sure not the Hangman's, 'tis bespoke already
For service to their rogueships — silence.

wln 0862

Enter King James and Huntly.

wln 0863
wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882

King James, Do not —
Argue against our will; we have descended
Somewhat (as we may term it) too familiarly
From Justice of our birthright, to examine
The force of your allegiance: — Sir, we have;
But find it short of duty!
Huntly Break my heart,
Do, do, King; have my services, my loyalty,
(Heaven knows untainted ever) drawn upon me
Contempt now in mine age? when I but wanted
A minute of a peace not to be troubled?
My last, my long one? Let me be a Dotard,
A Bedlam, a poor sot, or what you please
To have me, so you will not stain your blood,
Your own blood (royal Sir) though mixed with mine,
By marriage of this girl to a straggler!
Take, take my head Sir, whilst my tongue can wag
It cannot name him other. *King James* Kings are counterfeits
In your repute (grave Oracle) not presently
Set on their thrones, with Sceptres in their fists:

wln 0883
wln 0884
wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887

img: 17-b
sig: E1r

But use your own detraction: 'tis our pleasure
To give our *Cousin York* for wife our kinswoman
The *Lady Katherine*: Instinct of sovereignty
Designs the honor, though her peevish Father
Usurps our Resolution. *Huntly* O 'tis well,

wln 0888
wln 0889
wln 0890
wln 0891
wln 0892
wln 0893
wln 0894
wln 0895
wln 0896
wln 0897
wln 0898
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wln 0910
wln 0911
wln 0912
wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
wln 0916

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

wln 0917
wln 0918
wln 0919

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

wln 0920
wln 0921
wln 0922
wln 0923

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

img: 18-a
sig: E1v

wln 0924
wln 0925

But no *Plantagenet* by 'r Lady yet
By red Rose or *by white*. *Warbeck* An Union this way,

wln 0926
wln 0927
wln 0928
wln 0929
wln 0930
wln 0931
wln 0932
wln 0933
wln 0934
wln 0935
wln 0936
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wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958
wln 0959
wln 0960

Settles possession in a Monarchy
Established rightly, as is my inheritance:
Acknowledge me but Sovereign of this Kingdom,
Your heart (fair Princess) and the hand of providence,
Shall crown you Queen of me, and my best fortunes.
Katherine Where my obedience is (my Lord) a duty,
Love owes true service. *Warbeck* Shall I? — *King James* Cousin yes,
Enjoy her; from my hand accept your bride;
And may they live at enmity with comfort,
Who grieve at such an equal pledge of troths.
Y' are the Prince's wife now. *Katherine* By your gift Sir;
Warbeck Thus I take seizure of mine own. *Katherine* I miss yet
A father's blessing: Let me find it; — humbly
Upon my knees I seek it. *Huntly* I am *Huntly*
Old *Alexander Gordon*, a plain subject,
Nor more, nor less; and Lady, if you wish for
A blessing, you must bend your knees to Heaven;
For Heaven did give me you; alas, alas,
What would you have me say? may all the happiness
My prayers ever sued to fall upon you,
Preserve you in your virtues; — prithee *Daliell*
Come with me; for, I feel thy griefs as full
As mine, let's steal away, and cry together. *Exeunt Huntly*
Daliell My hopes are in their ruins. *and Daliell.*
King James Good kind *Huntly*
Is overjoyed, a fit solemnity,
Shall perfect these delights: *Crawford* attend
Our order for the preparation. *Exeunt, manent, Frion, Major,*
Astley, Heron, and Skelton.
Frion Now worthy Gentlemen, have I not followed
My undertakings with success? Here's entrance
Into a certainty above a hope.
Heron. Hopes are but hopes, I was ever confident, when I traded
but in remnants, that my stars had reserved me to the title of
a Viscount at least, honor is honor though cut out of any stuffs.

img: 18-b
sig: E2r

wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966
wln 0967
wln 0968
wln 0969
wln 0970
wln 0971
wln 0972
wln 0973

Skelton My brother *Heron*, hath right wisely delivered his opinion:
for he that threads his needle with the sharp eyes of industry,
shall in time go throughstitch, with the new suit of
preferment.
Astley. Spoken to the purpose my fine witted brother *Skelton*,
for as no Indenture, but has its counterpane; no *Noverint* but
his Condition, or Defeasance; so no right, but may have claim,
no claim but may have possession, any act of *Parliament* to the
Contrary notwithstanding.
Frion. You are all read in mysteries of State,
And quick of apprehension, deep in judgement,
Active in resolution; and 'tis pity
Such counsel should lie buried in obscurity.

wln 0974
wln 0975
wln 0976
wln 0977
wln 0978
wln 0979
wln 0980
wln 0981
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wln 0994
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wln 0996
wln 0997

img: 19-a
sig: E2v

wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
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wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
wln 1021

But why in such a time and cause of triumph,
Stands the judicious *Mayor of Cork* so silent?
Believe it Sir, as ENGLISH RICHARD prospers,
You must not miss employment of high nature.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

wln 1022
wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026
wln 1027
wln 1028
wln 1029
wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032
wln 1033
wln 1034

img: 19-b
sig: E3r

persons in the quality of carriage, which is, as it is construed,
either *so*, or *so*.

Frion. Still you come home to me; upon occasion
I find you relish Courtship with discretion:
And such are fit for Statesmen of your merits.
Pray 'e wait *the Prince*, and in his ear acquaint him
With this Design, I'll follow and direct 'ee. *Exeunt, manet Frion.*
O the toil
Of humoring this abject scum of mankind?
Muddy-brained peasants? Princes feel a misery
Beyond impartial sufferance, whose extremes
Must yield to such abettors; yet our tide
Runs smoothly without adverse winds; run on

wln 1035
wln 1036

Flow to a full sea! time alone debates,
Quarrels forewritten in the Book of fates. *Exit.*

wln 1037

Actus Tertius: Scaena prima.

wln 1038
wln 1039

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

wln 1040
wln 1041
wln 1042
wln 1043
wln 1044
wln 1045
wln 1046
wln 1047
wln 1048
wln 1049
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wln 1060
wln 1061
wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064
wln 1065

King Henry: HOW runs the time of day?
Urswick Past ten my Lord.
King Henry: A bloody hour will it prove to some,
Whose disobedience, like the sons o' th' earth,
Throw a defiance 'gainst the face of Heaven.
Oxford, with *Essex*, and stout *De la Pole*,
Have quieted the *Londoners* (I hope)
And set them safe from fear! *Urswick* They are all silent.
King Henry From their own battlements, they may behold,
Saint George's fields o'erspread with armed men;
Amongst whom, our own royal Standard threatens
Confusion to opposers; we must learn
To practice war again in time of peace,
Or lay our Crown before our Subjects' feet,
Ha, *Urswick*, must we not? *Urswick* The powers, who seated
King Henry on his lawful throne, will ever
Rise up in his defense. *King Henry* Rage shall not fright
The bosom of our confidence; in *Kent*
Our *Cornish Rebels* cozened of their hopes,
Met brave resistance by that *Country's Earl*,
George Aberg'enny, *Cobham*, *Poynings*, *Guilford*,
And other loyal hearts; now if *Blackheath*
Must be reserved the fatal tomb to swallow
Such stiff-necked Abjects, as with weary Marches,
Have travailed from their homes, their wives, and children,
To pay instead of *Subsidies* their lives,

wln 1066

img: 20-a
sig: E3v

We may continue Sovereign? yet *Urswick*

wln 1067

We'll not abate one penny, what in *Parliament*

wln 1068

Hath freely been contributed; we must not;

wln 1069

Money gives soul to action; Our Competitor,

wln 1070

The *Flemish Counterfeit*, with *James of Scotland*,

wln 1071

Will prove, what courage *need, and want*, can nourish

wln 1072

Without the food of fit supplies; but *Urswick*

wln 1073

I have a charm in secret, that shall loose

wln 1074

The Witchcraft, wherewith young *King James* is bound,

wln 1075

And free it at my pleasure without bloodshed.

wln 1076

Urswick Your Majesty's a wise King, sent from Heaven

wln 1077

Protector of the just.

wln 1078

King Henry Let dinner cheerfully

wln 1079

Be served in; this day of the week is ours,

wln 1080

Our day of providence, for *Saturday*

wln 1081

Yet never failed in all my undertakings,

wln 1082

To yield me rest at night; what means this warning?

wln 1083

Good *Fate*, speak peace to *Henry*.

A Flourish.

wln 1084

Enter Daubeney, Oxford, and attendants.

wln 1085

Daubeney Live the King,

wln 1086

Triumphant in the ruin of his enemies.

wln 1087

Oxford The head of strong rebellion is cut off,

wln 1088

The body hewed in pieces: *King Henry Daubeney, Oxford*,

wln 1089

Minions to noblest fortunes, how yet stands

wln 1090

The comfort of your wishes? *Daubeney* Briefly thus:

wln 1091

The *Cornish* under *Awdley* disappointed

wln 1092

Of flattered expectation, from the *Kentish*

wln 1093

(Your Majesty's right trusty Liegemen) flew,

wln 1094

Feathered by rage, and heartened by presumption,

wln 1095

To take the field, even at your Palace gates,

wln 1096

And face you in your *chamber Royal*; Arrogance,

wln 1097

Improved their ignorance; for they supposing,

wln 1098

(Misled by rumor) that the day of battle

wln 1099

Should fall on Monday, rather braved your forces

wln 1100

Then doubted any onset; yet this Morning,

wln 1101

When in the dawning I by your direction

img: 20-b
sig: E4r

wln 1102

Strove to get *Dertford Strand bridge*, there I found

wln 1103

Such a resistance, as might show what strength

wln 1104

Could make; here Arrows hailed in showers upon us

wln 1105

A full yard long at least; but we prevailed.

wln 1106

My *Lord of Oxford* with his fellow Peers,

wln 1107

Environing the hill, fell fiercely on them

wln 1108

On the one side, I on the other, till (great Sir)

wln 1109 (Pardon the oversight) eager of doing
wln 1110 Some memorable act, I was engaged
wln 1111 Almost a prisoner, but was freed as soon
wln 1112 As sensible of danger: now the fight
wln 1113 Began in heat, which quenched in the blood of
wln 1114 Two thousand Rebels, and as many more
wln 1115 Reserved to try your mercy, have returned
wln 1116 A victory with safety. *King Henry* Have we lost
wln 1117 An equal number with them? *Oxford* In the total
wln 1118 Scarcely four hundred: *Awdley, Flammock, Joseph,*
wln 1119 The Ringleaders of this Commotion,
wln 1120 Railed in ropes, fit *Ornaments* for traitors,
wln 1121 Wait your determinations. *King Henry* We must pay
wln 1122 Our thanks where they are only due: Oh, Lords,
wln 1123 Here is no victory, nor shall our people
wln 1124 Conceive that we can triumph in their falls.
wln 1125 Alas, poor souls! Let such as are escaped
wln 1126 Steal to the Country back without pursuit:
wln 1127 There's not a drop of blood spilt, but hath drawn
wln 1128 As much of mine, their swords could have wrought wonders
wln 1129 On their King's part, who faintly were unsheathed
wln 1130 Against their Prince, but wounded their own breasts.
wln 1131 Lords we are debtors to your care, our payment
wln 1132 Shall be both sure, and fitting your Deserts.
wln 1133 *Daubeney* Sir, will you please to see those Rebels, heads
wln 1134 Of this wild Monster multitude? *King Henry* Dear friend,
wln 1135 My faithful *Daubeney*, no; on them our Justice
wln 1136 Must frown in terror, I will not vouchsafe
wln 1137 An eye of pity to them, let false *Awdley*
wln 1138 Be drawn upon an hurdle from the *Newgate*

img: 21-a
sig: E4v

wln 1139 To *Tower Hill* in his own coat of Arms
wln 1140 Painted on paper, with the Arms reversed,
wln 1141 Defaced, and torn, there let him lose his head.
wln 1142 The *Lawyer* and the *Blacksmith* shall be hanged,
wln 1143 Quartered, their quarters into *Cornwall* sent,
wln 1144 Examples to the rest, whom we are pleased
wln 1145 To pardon, and dismiss from further quest.
wln 1146 My Lord of *Oxford* see it done.
wln 1147 *Oxford* I shall Sir. *King Henry* *Urswick.* *Urswick* My Lord.
wln 1148 *King Henry* To *Dinham* our high treasurer,
wln 1149 Say we command Commissions be new granted,
wln 1150 For the Collection of our Subsidies
wln 1151 Through all the West, and that speedily.
wln 1152 Lords we acknowledge our engagements due
wln 1153 For your most constant services.
wln 1154 *Daubeney* Your Soldiers
wln 1155 Have manfully and faithfully acquitted
wln 1156 Their several duties.

wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166

King Henry For it, we will throw
A Largesse free amongst them, which shall hearten
And cherish up their Loyalties, more yet
Remains of like employment, not a man
Can be dismissed, till enemies abroad
More dangerous than these at home, have felt
The puissance of our Arms, oh happy Kings
Whose thrones are raised in their Subjects' hearts.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Huntly and Daliell.

wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174

Huntly Now, Sir a modest word with you (sad Gentleman)
Is not this fine, I trow, to see the gambols,
To hear the Jigs, observe the frisks, b' enchanted
With the rare discord of bells, pipes and tabors,
Hotchpotch of *Scotch* and *Irish* twingle twangles,
Like to so many Quiristers of *Bedlam*,
Trolling a catch? the feasts, the manly stomachs,
The healths in *Usquabaugh*, and bony clabber,

img: 21-b
sig: F1r

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

The Ale in dishes never fetched from *China*,
The hundred thousand knacks not to be spoken of,
And all this for King *Oberon*, and Queen *Mab*,
Should put a soul in t'ee: look 'ee (good man)
How youthful I am grown, but by your leave,
This new Queen Bride, must henceforth be no more
My Daughter, no by 'r lady, 'tis unfit.
And yet you see how I do bear this change,
Methinks courageously, then shake off care
In such a time of jollity. *Daliell* Alas Sir,
How can you cast a mist upon your griefs?
Which howsoe'er you shadow, but present
To any judging eye, the perfect substance
Of which mine are but counterfeits. *Huntly* Foh *Daliell*
Thou interrupts the part I bear in Music
To this rare bridal feast, let us be merry;
Whilst flattering calms secure us against storms,
Tempests when they begin to roar, put out
The light of peace and cloud the Sun's bright eye
In darkness of despair, yet we are safe.
Daliell I wish you could as easily forget
The Justice of your sorrows, as my hopes
Can yield to destiny.

Huntly Pish then I see
Thou dost not know the flexible condition
Of my apt nature, I can laugh, laugh heartily
When the Gout cramps my joints, let but the stone
Stop in my bladder, I am straight a singing,
The Quartane fever shrinking every limb,

wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211

img: 22-a
sig: F1v

Sets me a cap'ring straight, do but betray me
And bind me a friend ever. what I trust
The losing of a Daughter, (though I doted
On every hair that grew to trim her head)
Admits not any pain like one of these.
Come th' art deceived in me, give me a blow,
A sound blow on the face, I'll thank thee for 't,
I love my wrongs, still th' art deceived in me.

wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215
wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219
wln 1220
wln 1221
wln 1222
wln 1223
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wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248

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

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

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

img: 22-b
sig: F2r

wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255

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

wln 1256
wln 1257

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

wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284

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

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

Crawford All are ent'ring.

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

img: 23-a
sig: F2v

wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288

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

wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292

King James To all a general thanks!
Warbeck In the next Room
Take your own shapes again, you shall receive
Particular acknowledgement. *King James* Enough

wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313
wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320

img: 23-b
sig: F3r

Of merriments; *Crawford*, how far's our Army
Upon the March? *Crawford* At *Hedenhall* (great King)
Twelve thousand well prepared. *King James* *Crawford*, tonight
Post thither *We* in person with *the Prince*
By four o'clock tomorrow after dinner,
Will be wi' ye; speed away! *Crawford* I fly my Lord.
King James Our business grows to head now, where's your
Secretary that he attends 'ee not to serve?
Warbeck With *Marchmount* your Herald.
King James Good: the Proclamations ready;
By that it will appear, how the *English* stand
Affected to your title; *Huntly* comfort
Your Daughter in *her Husband's* absence; fight
With prayers at home for us, who for your honors,
Must toil in fight abroad.
Huntly Prayers are the weapons,
Which men, so near their graves as I, do use.
I've little else to do.
King James To rest young beauties!
We must be early stirring, quickly part,
A Kingdom's rescue craves both speed and art.
Cousins good night. *Flourish.*
Warbeck Rest to our Cousin King. *Katherine* Your blessing Sir;
Huntly Fair blessings on your Highness, sure you need 'em.
Exeunt omnes, Manent, Warbeck and Katherine.
Warbeck *Jane* set the lights down, and from us return
To those in the next room, this little purse
Say we'll deserve their loves. *Jane.* It shall be done Sir.

wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340

Warbeck Now dearest; ere sweet sleep shall seal those eyes,
(Love's precious tapers,) give me leave to use
A parting Ceremony; for tomorrow ,
It would be sacrilege to intrude upon
The temple of thy peace: swift as the morning,
Must I break from the down of thy embraces,
To put on steel, and trace the paths which lead
Through various hazards to a careful throne.
Katherine My Lord, I would fain go wi' ye, there's small fortune
In staying here behind. *Warbeck* The churlish brow
Of war (fair dearest) is a sight of horror
For Lady's entertainment; if thou hear'st
A truth of my sad ending by the hand
Of some *unnatural subject*, thou withal
Shalt hear, how I died worthy of my right,
By falling like a KING; and in the close
Which my last breath shall sound, thy name, thou fairest
Shall sing a *requiem* to my soul, unwilling
Only of greater glory, 'cause divided
From such a heaven on earth, as life with thee.

wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357

img: 24-a
sig: F3v

But these are chimes for funerals, my business
Attends on fortune of a sprightlier triumph;
for love and Majesty are reconciled,
And vow to crown thee *Empress of the West*.
Katherine You have a noble language (Sir,) your right
In me is without question, and however
Events of time may shorten my deserts,
In others' pity; yet it shall not stagger,
Or constancy, or duty in a wife.
You must be *King of me*, and my poor heart
Is all I can call mine. *Warbeck* But we will live;
Live (beauteous virtue) by the lively test
Of our own blood, to let the *Counterfeit*
Be known the world's contempt.
Katherine Pray do not use
That word, it carries fate in 't; the first suit
I ever made, I trust your love will grant!

wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371

Warbeck Without denial (dearest.) *Katherine* That hereafter,
If you return with safety, no adventure
May sever us in tasting any fortune:
I ne'er can stay behind again. *Warbeck* Y' are Lady
Of your desires, and shall command your will:
Yet 'tis too hard a promise.
Katherine What our Destinies
Have ruled out in their Books, we must not search
But kneel to.
Warbeck Then to fear when hope is fruitless,
Were to be desperately miserable;
Which poverty, our greatness dares not dream of,
And much more scorns to stoop to; some few minutes
Remain yet, let's be thrifty in our hopes. *Exeunt.*

wln 1372

Enter King Henry, Hialas, and Urswick.

wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386

King Henry Your name is *Pedro Hialas*: a *Spaniard*?
Hialas. Sir a *Castillian* born. *King Henry* *King Ferdinand*
With wise *Queen Isabell* his royal consort,
Write 'ee a man of worthy trust and candor.
Princes are dear to heaven, who meet with Subjects
Sincere in their employments; such I find
Your commendation (Sir,) let me deliver
How joyful I repute the amity,
With your most fortunate Master, who almost
Comes near a miracle, in his success
Against the *Moors*, who had devoured his Country,
Entire now to his Sceptre; *We*, for our part
Will imitate his providence, in hope
Of partage in the use on 't; *We* repute

wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393

img: 24-b
sig: F4r

The privacy of his advisement to us
By you, intended an Ambassador
To *Scotland* for a peace between our Kingdoms;
A policy of love, which well becomes
His wisdom, and our care. *Hialas*. Your Majesty
Doth understand him rightly.
King Henry Else, your knowledge can instruct me, wherein (Sir)

wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
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wln 1428
wln 1429
wln 1430

img: 25-a
sig: F4v

To fall on Ceremony, would seem useless,
Which shall not need; for I will be as studious
Of your concealment in our Conference,
As any Counsel shall advise. *Hialas*. Then (Sir)
My chief request is, that on notice given
At my dispatch in *Scotland*, you will send
Some learned man of power and experience
To join in treaty with me. *King Henry* I shall do it,
Being that way well provided by a servant
Which may attend 'ee ever. *Hialas*. If *King James*
By any indirection should perceive
My coming near your Court, I doubt the issue
Of my employment.
King Henry Be not your own Herald,
I learn sometimes without a teacher.
Hialas. Good days guard all your Princely thoughts.
King Henry *Urswick* no further
Than the next open Gallery attend him.
A hearty love go with you.
Hialas. Your vowed Beadsman. *Exeunt: Urswick and Hialas*.
King Henry *King Ferdinand* is not so much a Fox,
But that a cunning Huntsman may in time
Fall on the sent; in honorable actions
Safe imitation best deserves a praise.
Enter Urswick.
What the *Castillian's* passed away? *Urswick* He is,
And undiscovered; the two hundred marks
Your Majesty conveyed, 'a gently pursed,
With a right modest gravity. *King Henry* What was't
'A muttered in the earnest of his wisdom,
'A spoke not to be heard? 'Twas about — *Urswick* *Warbeck*;
How if *King Henry* were but sure of Subjects,
Such a wild runagate might soon be caged,
No great ado withstanding. *King Henry* Nay, nay, something
About my son Prince *Arthur's* match!
Urswick Right, right, Sir.
'A hummed it out, how that *King Ferdinand*

wln 1431

Swore, that the marriage 'twixt the Lady *Katherine*

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

His Daughter, and the Prince of *Wales* your Son,
Should never be consummated, as long
As any *Earl of Warwick* lived in *England*,
Except by new Creation. *King Henry* I remember,
'Twas so indeed, the King his Master swore it?
Urswick Directly, as he said. *King Henry* An *Earl of Warwick*!
Provide a Messenger for Letters instantly
To *Bishop Fox*. Our news from *Scotland* creeps,
It comes so slow; we must have airy spirits:
Our time requires dispatch, — the *Earl of Warwick*!
Let him be son to *Clarence*, younger brother
To *Edward*! *Edward's* Daughter is I think
Mother to our *Prince Arthur*; get a Messenger. *Exeunt.*

wln 1445
wln 1446

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

wln 1447
wln 1448
wln 1449

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

wln 1450
wln 1451

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

wln 1452
wln 1453
wln 1454
wln 1455
wln 1456
wln 1457
wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460
wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464
wln 1465

Warbeck See, the jolly Clerk
Appears trimmed like a ruffian.
King James Bishop, yet
Set ope the ports, and to your lawful Sovereign
Richard of York surrender up this Castle,
And he will take thee to his Grace; else *Tweed*
Shall overflow his banks with *English* blood,
And wash the sand that cements those hard stones,
From their foundation.
Durham Warlike King of *Scotland*,
Vouchsafe a few words from a man enforced
To lay his Book aside, and clap on Arms,
Unsuitable to my age, or my profession.
Courageous Prince, consider on what grounds,

img: 25-b
sig: G1r

wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468
wln 1469
wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475

You rend the face of peace, and break a League
With a confederate King that courts your amity;
For whom too? for a vagabond, a straggler,
Not noted in the world by birth of name,
An obscure peasant, by the rage of Hell
Loosed from his chains, to set great Kings at strife.
What Nobleman? what common man of note?
What ordinary subject hath come in,
Since first you footed on our Territories,
To only feign a welcome? children laugh at

wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479
wln 1480
wln 1481
wln 1482
wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486
wln 1487
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wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502

img: 26-a
sig: G1v

wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505
wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
wln 1509
wln 1510
wln 1511
wln 1512
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wln 1518
wln 1519
wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523

Your Proclamations, and the wiser pity,
So great a Potentate's abuse, by one
Who juggles merely with the fawns and youth
Of an instructed compliment; such spoils,
Such slaughters as the rapine of your Soldiers
Already have committed, is enough
To show your zeal in a *conceited Justice*.
Yet (great King) wake not yet my Master's vengeance:
But shake that Viper off which gnaws your entrails
I, and my fellow Subjects, are resolved
If you persist, to stand your utmost fury,
Till our last blood drop from us.
Warbeck O Sir, lend
Me ear to *this seducer* of my honor!
What shall I call thee, (thou gray bearded Scandal)
That kickest against the Sovereignty to which
Thou owest allegiance? Treason is boldfaced,
And eloquent in mischief; sacred King
Be deafed to his known malice! *Durham* Rather yield
Unto those holy motions, which inspire
The sacred heart of an anointed body!
It is the surest policy in Princes,
To govern well their own, then seek encroachment
Upon another's right. *Crawford* The King is serious,
Deepe in his meditation. *Daliell* Lift them up
To heaven his better genius!
Warbeck Can you study, while such a Devil raves? O Sir.

King James Well, — Bishop,
You'll not be drawn to mercy? *Durham* Conster me
In like case by a Subject of your own!
My resolutions fixed, *King James* be counselled.
A greater fate waits on thee. *Exit Durham cum suis.*
King James Forage through
The Country, spare no prey of life, or goods,
Warbeck O Sir, then give me leave to yield to nature,
I am most miserable; had I been
Born what this *Clergyman* would by defame
Baffle belief with, I had never sought
The truth of mine inheritance with rapes
Of women, or of infants murdered; Virgins
Deflowered; old men butchered; dwellings fired;
My Land depopulated; and my people
Afflicted with a Kingdom's devastation.
Show more remorse great King, or I shall never
Endure to see such havoc with dry eyes:
Spare, spare, my dear dear *England*.
King James You fool your piety
Ridiculously, careful of an interest

wln 1524
wln 1525
wln 1526
wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530
wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533
wln 1534
wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538
wln 1539

img: 26-b
sig: G2r

Another man possesseth! Where's your faction?
Shrewdly the Bishop guessed of your adherents,
When not a petty Burgess of some Town,
No, not a Villager hath yet appeared
In your assistance, that should make 'ee whine,
And not your Country's sufferance as you term it.

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

Enter Frion.

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

wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552
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wln 1558
wln 1559
wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566

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

King James His Subsidies you mean: more if you have it?

Frion. *Howard Earl of Surrey*,

Backed by twelve Earls and Barons of the North,
An hundred Knights and Gentlemen of Name,
And twenty thousand Soldiers, is at hand
To raise your siege. *Brooke* with a goodly Navy
Is Admiral at Sea: and *Daubeney* follows
With an unbroken Army for a second.

Warbeck 'Tis false! they come to side with us. *King James* Retreat:
We shall not find them stones and walls to cope with.

Yet *Duke of York*, (for such thou sayest thou art,)

I'll try thy fortune to the height; to *Surrey*

By *Marchmount*, I will send a brave Defiance

For single Combat; once a King will venture

His person to an Earl; with Condition

Of spilling lesser blood, *Surrey* is bold

And *James* resolved. *Warbeck* O rather (gracious Sir,)

Create me to this glory; since my cause

Doth interest this fair quarrel; valued least

I am his equal. *King James* I will be the man;

March softly off, where Victory can reap

A harvest crowned with triumph, toil is cheap.

Exeunt omnes.

wln 1567
wln 1568

Actus Quartus: Scaena prima.

wln 1569

*Enter Surrey, Durham, Soldiers,
with Drums and Colors.*

wln 1570

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

wln 1571

img: 27-a
sig: G2v

wln 1572

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

Trumpet.

wln 1576

wln 1577

wln 1578

wln 1579

wln 1580

wln 1581

wln 1582

wln 1583

wln 1584

wln 1585

wln 1586

wln 1587

wln 1588

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

wln 1589

*Enter Marchmount, and another Herald
in their Coats.*

wln 1590

wln 1591

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

wln 1592

Surrey. To me? Say on.

wln 1593

Marchmount Thus then; the waste and prodigal

wln 1594

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

wln 1595

wln 1596

wln 1597

wln 1598

wln 1599

wln 1600

wln 1601

wln 1602

wln 1603

wln 1604

wln 1605

wln 1606

wln 1607

img: 27-b
sig: G3r

wln 1608

Surrey So speaks King *James*; so like a King 'a speaks.
Heralds, the *English General* returns,

wln 1609

wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
wln 1613
wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618
wln 1619
wln 1620
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wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643
wln 1644

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

img: 28-a
sig: G3v

wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
wln 1652
wln 1653
wln 1654
wln 1655
wln 1656
wln 1657

(Doubt not) will thank the service.
Surrey To your wisdom Lord Bishop I refer it.
Durham Be it so then.
Surrey Heralds, accept this chain, and these few Crowns
Marchmount Our Duty *Noble General*. *Durham* In part
Of retribution for such Princely love,
My Lord the *General* is pleased to show
The King your Master, his sincerest zeal
By further treaty, by no common man;
I will myself return with you. *Surrey* Y' oblige
My faithfulest affections t'ee (Lord Bishop.)
Marchmount All happiness attend your Lordship.
Surrey Come friends,

wln 1658
wln 1659
wln 1660
wln 1661

And fellow-Soldiers, we I doubt shall meet
No enemies, but woods and hills to fight with:
Then 'twere as good to feed, and sleep at home,
We may be free from danger, not secure.

Exeunt omnes.

wln 1662

Enter Warbeck and Frion.

wln 1663
wln 1664
wln 1665
wln 1666
wln 1667
wln 1668
wln 1669
wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680

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

img: 28-b
sig: G4r

wln 1681
wln 1682
wln 1683
wln 1684
wln 1685
wln 1686
wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
wln 1693
wln 1694
wln 1695
wln 1696
wln 1697
wln 1698
wln 1699
wln 1700
wln 1701
wln 1702
wln 1703

My fall in the attempt, deserved *our Ancestors*?

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

Frion. Nay, if you have no ears to hear, I have
No breath to spend in vain. *Warbeck* Sir, sir, take heed
Gold, and the promise of promotion, rarely
Fail in temptation. *Frion*. Why to me this?

Warbeck Nothing
Speak what you will; we are not sunk so low
But your advice, may piece again the heart
Which many cares have broken: you were wont
In all extremities to talk of comfort:
Have ye none left now? I'll not interrupt ye.
Good, bear with my distractions! if King *James*

wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709
wln 1710
wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713

Deny us dwelling here, next whither must I?
I prithee be not angry. *Frion.* Sir, I told ye
Of Letters come from *Ireland*, how the *Cornish*
Stomach their last defeat, and humbly sue
That with such forces, as you could partake,
You would *in person* land in *Cornwall*, where
Thousands will entertain *your title* gladly.
Warbeck Let me embrace thee, hug thee! th'ast revived
My comforts, if my cousin King will fail,
Our cause will never, welcome my tried friends.

wln 1714

Enter Mayor, Heron, Astley, Skelton.

wln 1715
wln 1716

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

img: 29-a
sig: G4v

wln 1717
wln 1718
wln 1719
wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723
wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
wln 1727
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wln 1744
wln 1745
wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748
wln 1749

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

wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753

img: 29-b
sig: H1r

wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756

wln 1757

wln 1758
wln 1759

wln 1760
wln 1761

wln 1762
wln 1763

wln 1764
wln 1765

wln 1766
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wln 1768
wln 1769

wln 1770
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wln 1772
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wln 1774
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wln 1776
wln 1777

wln 1778
wln 1779

wln 1780
wln 1781

wln 1782
wln 1783

wln 1784
wln 1785

wln 1786
wln 1787

wln 1788

img: 30-a
sig: H1v

wln 1789
wln 1790
wln 1791
wln 1792

service in these last wars, and therefore conclude peremptorily on the Design in *England*; If *things* and *things* may fall out; as who can tell *what* or *how*; but the end will show it.

Frion. Resolved like men of judgement, here to linger

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

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

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

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

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

Durham *France* courts this holy contract.

Hialas What can hinder a quietness in *England*?

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

King James Dar'st thou Lord Bishop?

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

Shall suit my mediation. *King James* Well; what Heaven
Hath pointed out to be, must be; you two
Are Ministers (I hope) of blessed fate.
But herein only I will stand acquitted,

wln 1793
wln 1794
wln 1795
wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
wln 1801
wln 1802
wln 1803
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wln 1822
wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825

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

img: 30-b
sig: H2r

wln 1826
wln 1827
wln 1828

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

wln 1829
wln 1830

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

wln 1831
wln 1832
wln 1833
wln 1834
wln 1835
wln 1836
wln 1837
wln 1838

King James Cousin, our bounty, favors, gentleness,
Our benefits, the hazard of our person,
Our people's lives, our Land hath evidenced,
How much we have engaged on your behalf:
How trivial, and how dangerous our hopes
Appear, how fruitless our attempts in war,
How windy rather smoky your assurance
Of party shows, we might in vain repeat!

wln 1839
wln 1840
wln 1841
wln 1842
wln 1843
wln 1844
wln 1845
wln 1846
wln 1847
wln 1848
wln 1849
wln 1850
wln 1851
wln 1852
wln 1853
wln 1854
wln 1855
wln 1856
wln 1857
wln 1858
wln 1859
wln 1860
wln 1861

img: 31-a
sig: H2v

But now obedience to the Mother Church,
A Father's care upon his Country's weal,
The dignity of State directs our wisdom,
To seal an oath of peace through Christendom:
To which we are sworn already; 'tis *you*
Must only seek new fortunes in the world,
And find an harbor elsewhere: as I promised
On your arrival, you have met no usage
Deserves repentance in your being here:
But yet I must live Master of mine own.
However, what is necessary for you
At your departure, I am well content
You be accommodated with; provided
Delay prove not my enemy.
Warbeck It shall not
(Most glorious Prince.) the fame of my Designs,
Soars higher, than report of ease and sloth
Can aim at; I acknowledge all your favors
Boundless, and singular, am only wretched
In words as well as means, to thank the grace
That flowed so liberally. *Two Empires* firmly
You're Lord of, *Scotland*, and *Duke Richard's* heart.
My claim to *mine inheritance* shall sooner

wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865
wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
wln 1872
wln 1873
wln 1874
wln 1875
wln 1876
wln 1877
wln 1878
wln 1879
wln 1880
wln 1881
wln 1882
wln 1883
wln 1884
wln 1885
wln 1886

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

Exit King and Daliell.

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

Omnes. *Cornwall, Cornwall.*

Frion. The Inhabitants expect you daily.

Warbeck Cheerfully

wln 1887
wln 1888
wln 1889
wln 1890
wln 1891
wln 1892
wln 1893
wln 1894
wln 1895
wln 1896
wln 1897
wln 1898

img: 31-b
sig: H3r

wln 1899
wln 1900
wln 1901
wln 1902
wln 1903
wln 1904
wln 1905
wln 1906
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wln 1908
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wln 1925
wln 1926
wln 1927
wln 1928
wln 1929
wln 1930
wln 1931
wln 1932

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

Omnes.

A Prince, a Prince, a Prince.

Exeunt Counselors.

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

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

Thou stay behind, for whither wilt thou wander?

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

Katherine Alas good soul.

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

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

Exit Frion.

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

Enter Huntly and Daliell.

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

Katherine This is the cruelest farewell!

Huntly Love (young Gentleman)
This model of my griefs; she calls you husband;
Then be not jealous of a parting kiss,

wln 1933
wln 1934

img: 32-a
sig: H3v

It is a Father's not a Lover's offering;
Take it, may last, — I am too much a child.

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

Exchange of passion is to little use,
So I should grow too foolish, — goodness guide thee. *Exit Huntly*
Katherine Most miserable Daughter! — have you ought
To add (Sir) to our sorrows? *Daliell*. I resolve
(*Fair Lady*) with your leave, to wait on all
Your fortunes in my person, if your Lord
Vouchsafe me entertainment.
Warbeck We will be bosom friends, (most noble *Daliell*)
For I accept this tender of your love
Beyond ability of thanks to speak it.
Clear thy drowned eyes (my fairest) time and industry
Will show us better days, or end the worst. *Exeunt omnes.*

wln 1947

Enter Oxford and Daubeney.

wln 1948
wln 1949
wln 1950
wln 1951
wln 1952
wln 1953
wln 1954
wln 1955
wln 1956
wln 1957
wln 1958
wln 1959
wln 1960
wln 1961
wln 1962
wln 1963
wln 1964
wln 1965
wln 1966
wln 1967
wln 1968
wln 1969
wln 1970
wln 1971

Oxford No news from *Scotland* yet (my Lord!) *Daubeney* Not any
But what King *Henry* knows himself; I thought
Our Armies should have marched that way, his mind
It seems, is altered. *Oxford* Victory attends
His Standard everywhere. *Daubeney* Wise Princes (*Oxford*)
Fight not alone with forces. Providence
Directs and tutors strength; else Elephants,
And barbed Horses might as well prevail,
As the most subtle stratagems of war.
Oxford The *Scottish King* showed more than common bravery,
In proffer of a Combat hand to hand
With *Surrey*! *Daubeney* And but showed it; Northern bloods
Are gallant being fired, but the cold climate
Without good store of fuel, quickly freezeth
The glowing flames. *Oxford* *Surrey* upon my life
Would not have shrunk an hair's breadth.
Daubeney May 'a forfeit
The honor of an *English name, and nature*,
Who would not have embraced it with a greediness,
As violent as hunger runs to food.
'Twas an addition, any worthy Spirit
Would covet next to immortality,
Above all joys of life: we all missed shares
In that great opportunity.

img: 32-b
sig: H4r

wln 1972
wln 1973
wln 1974
wln 1975

Enter King Henry, and Urswick whispering.
Oxford The King: see 'a comes smiling!
Daubeney O the game runs smooth
On his side then believe it, Cards well shuffled

wln 1976
wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979
wln 1980
wln 1981
wln 1982
wln 1983
wln 1984
wln 1985
wln 1986
wln 1987
wln 1988
wln 1989
wln 1990
wln 1991
wln 1992
wln 1993
wln 1994
wln 1995
wln 1996
wln 1997
wln 1998
wln 1999
wln 2000
wln 2001
wln 2002
wln 2003
wln 2004
wln 2005
wln 2006
wln 2007
wln 2008

img: 33-a
sig: H4v

And dealt with cunning, bring some gamester thrift,
But others must rise losers'. *King Henry* The train takes?
Urswick Most prosperously. *King Henry* I knew it should not miss.
He fondly angles who will hurl his bait
Into the water, 'cause the Fish at first
Plays round about the line, and dares not bite.
Lords, we may reign your King yet, *Daubeney, Oxford,*
Urswick, must *Perkin* wear the Crown?
Daubeney A Slave. *Oxford* A Vagabond.
Urswick A Glow-worm. *King Henry* Now if *Frion*,
His practiced politician wear a brain
Of proof, King *Perkin* will in progress ride
Through all his large Dominions; let us meet him,
And tender homage; Ha Sirs? Liegemen ought
To pay their fealty. *Daubeney* Would the Rascal were
With all his rabble, within twenty miles
Of *London*. *King Henry* Farther off is near enough
To lodge him in his home; he wager odds
Surrey and all his men are either idle,
Or hasting back, they have not work (I doubt)
To keep them busy. *Daubeney* 'Tis a strange conceit Sir.
King Henry Such voluntary favors as our people
In duty aid us with, we never scattered
On *Cobweb Parasites*, or lavished out
In riot, or a needless hospitality:
No *undeserving favorite* doth boast
His issues from our treasury; our charge
Flows through all *Europe*, proving us but steward
Of every contribution, which provides
Against the creeping Canker of Disturbance.
Is it not rare then, in this toil of State
Wherein we are embarked, with breach of sleep,
Cares, and the noise of trouble, that our mercy

wln 2009
wln 2010
wln 2011
wln 2012
wln 2013
wln 2014
wln 2015
wln 2016
wln 2017
wln 2018
wln 2019
wln 2020
wln 2021
wln 2022
wln 2023

Returns nor thanks, nor comfort? Still the *West*
Murmur and threaten innovation,
Whisper our government tyrannical,
Deny us what is ours, nay, spurn their lives
Of which they are but owners by our gift.
It must not be. *Oxford* It must not, should not.
King Henry So then. To whom? *Enter a Post.*
Post. This packet to your sacred Majesty.
King Henry Sirrah attend without.
Oxford News from the *North*, upon my life. *Daubeney* *Wise Henry*
Divines aforehand of events: with him
Attempts and execution are one act.
King Henry *Urswick* thine ear; *Frion* is caught, the man
Of cunning is outreached: we must be safe:
Should reverend *Morton* our Archbishop move

wln 2024
wln 2025
wln 2026
wln 2027
wln 2028
wln 2029
wln 2030
wln 2031
wln 2032
wln 2033
wln 2034
wln 2035
wln 2036
wln 2037
wln 2038
wln 2039
wln 2040
wln 2041
wln 2042
wln 2043
wln 2044
wln 2045

img: 33-b
sig: 11r

To a translation higher yet, I tell thee,
My Durham owns a brain deserves that See.
He's nimble in his industry, and mounting:
Thou hear'st me? *Urswick* And conceive your Highness fitly:
King Henry Daubeney, and *Oxford*; since our Army stands
Entire, it were a weakness to admit
The rust of laziness to eat amongst them:
Set forward toward *Salisbury*; the plains
Are most commodious for their exercise.
Ourself will take a Muster of them there:
And or disband them with reward, or else
Dispose as best concerns us. *Daubeney Salisbury?*
Sir, all is peace at *Salisbury*. *King Henry* Dear friend —
The charge must be our own; we would a little
Partake the pleasure with our Subjects' ease.
Shall I entreat your Loves? *Oxford* command our Lives.
King Henry Y' are men know how to do, not to forethink:
My Bishop is a jewel tried, and perfect;
A jewel (Lords) the Post who brought these Letters,
Must speed another to the *Mayor of Exeter*
Urswick dismiss him not. *Urswick* He waits your pleasure.
King Henry Perkin a King? a King? *Urswick* My gracious Lord.

wln 2046
wln 2047
wln 2048
wln 2049
wln 2050
wln 2051

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

wln 2052

Enter Warbeck, Daliell, Katherine, and Jane.

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

Warbeck After so many storms as wind and Seas,
Have threatened to our weather-beaten Ships,
At last (sweet fairest) we are safe arrived
On our dear *mother earth*, ingrateful only
To heaven and us, in yielding sustenance
To sly *Usurpers of our throne and right*.
These general acclamations, are an OMEN
Of happy process to their welcome Lord:
They flock in troops, and from all parts with wings
Of duty fly, to lay their hearts before us,
Unequaled pattern of a matchless wife,
How fares my dearest yet? *Katherine* Confirmed in health:
By which I may the better undergo
The roughest face of change; but I shall learn
Patience to hope, since silence courts affliction
For comforts, to this truly *noble Gentleman*;
Rare unexampled pattern of a friend?

wln 2070
wln 2071
wln 2072
wln 2073
wln 2074
wln 2075
wln 2076
wln 2077
wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080
wln 2081

img: 34-a
sig: 11v

wln 2082
wln 2083
wln 2084
wln 2085
wln 2086
wln 2087
wln 2088
wln 2089
wln 2090
wln 2091
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wln 2110
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wln 2112
wln 2113
wln 2114
wln 2115
wln 2116
wln 2117

And my beloved *Jane*, the willing follower
Of all misfortunes. *Daliell* Lady, I return
But barren crops, of early protestations,
Frost-bitten in the spring of fruitless hopes.
Jane, I wait but as the shadow to the body,
For Madam without you let me be nothing.
Warbeck None talk of sadness, we are on the way
Which leads to Victory: keep cowards thoughts
With desperate sullenness! the Lion faints not
Locked in a grate, but loose, disdains all force
Which bars his prey; and we are Lion-hearted,
Or else no King of beasts. Hark how they shout. *Another shout.*

Triumphant in our cause? **bold confidence**
Marches on bravely, cannot quake at **danger**.
Enter Skelton.
Skelton Save *King Richard the fourth*, saue thee *King of hearts*?
the *Cornish* blades are men of mettle, **have** proclaimed through
Bodmin and the whole County, my sweet Prince, *Monarch of*
England, four thousand tall yeomen, with bow and sword already
vow to live and die at the foot of KING RICHARD.
Enter Astley.
Astley. *The Mayor* our fellow Counselor, is servant for an
Emperor. *Exeter* is appointed for the *Rend a vous* and nothing
wants to victory but courage, and resolution. *vigillatum*
et datum decimo Septembris, Anno Regni Regis primo and cetera;
confirmatum est. All's cock-sure.
Warbeck To *Exeter*, to *Exeter*, march on.
Commend us to our people; we in person
Will lend them double spirits, tell them so.
Skelton and Astley King *Richard*, King *Richard*.
Warbeck A thousand blessings guard our lawful Arms!
A thousand horrors pierce our enemies' souls!
Pale fear unedge their weapons' sharpest points,
And when they draw their arrows to the head,
Numbness shall strike their sinews; such advantage
Hath *Majesty* in its pursuit of Justice,
That on the proppers-up, of truth's old throne,
It both enlightens counsel, and gives heart
To execution: whiles the throats of traitors
Lie bare before our mercy. O Divinity
Of *royal birth*? how it strikes dumb the tongues
Whose prodigality of breath is bribed
By trains to greatness? Princes are but men,
Distinguished in the fineness of their frailty.
Yet not so gross in beauty of the mind,
For there's a fire more sacred, purifies
The dross of mixture. Herein stands the odds
Subjects are men, on earth Kings men and gods.

img: 34-b
sig: I2r

wln 2119

Actus Quintus: Scaena prima.

wln 2120

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

wln 2121

Katherine IT is decreed; and we must yield to fate,
 wln 2122 Whose angry Justice though it threaten ruin,
 wln 2123 Contempt, and poverty, is all but trial
 wln 2124 Of a weak woman's constancy in suffering.
 wln 2125 Here in a stranger's, and an enemy's Land
 wln 2126 Forsaken, and unfurnished of all hopes,
 wln 2127 (But such as wait on misery,) I range
 wln 2128 To meet affliction wheresoe'er I tread.
 wln 2129 My train, and pomp of servants, is reduced
 wln 2130 To one kind Gentlewoman, and this groom.
 wln 2131 Sweet *Jane*, now whither must we? *Jane*. To your Ships
 wln 2132 Dear Lady: and turn home. *Katherine* Home! I have none.
 wln 2133 Fly thou to *Scotland*, thou hast friends will weep
 wln 2134 For joy to bid thee welcome; but ô *Jane*
 wln 2135 My *Jane*, my friends are desperate of comfort
 wln 2136 As I must be of them; the common charity,
 wln 2137 Good people's alms, and prayers of the gentle
 wln 2138 Is the revenue must support my state.
 wln 2139 As for my native Country, since it once
 wln 2140 Saw me a Princess in the height of greatness
 wln 2141 My birth allowed me; here I make a vow,
 wln 2142 *Scotland* shall never see me, being fallen
 wln 2143 Or lessened in my fortunes. Never *Jane*;
 wln 2144 Never to *Scotland* more will I return.
 wln 2145 Could I be *England's Queen* (a glory *Jane*
 wln 2146 I never fawned on) yet the King who gave me,
 wln 2147 Hath sent me with *my husband* from his presence:
 wln 2148 Delivered us suspected to his Nation:
 wln 2149 Rendered us spectacles to time, and pity.
 wln 2150 And is it fit I should return to such
 wln 2151 As only listen after our descent
 wln 2152 From happiness enjoyed, to misery

img: 35-a
sig: I2v

wln 2153

Expected, though uncertain? Never, never;
 wln 2154 Alas, why dost thou weep? and that poor creature,
 wln 2155 Wipe his wet cheeks too? let me feel alone
 wln 2156 Extremities, who know to give them harbor:
 wln 2157 Nor thou, nor he, has cause. You may live safely.
 wln 2158 *Jane*. There is no safety whiles your dangers (Madam)
 wln 2159 Are every way apparent. *Servant*. Pardon Lady;

wln 2160
wln 2161
wln 2162
wln 2163
wln 2164
wln 2165
wln 2166
wln 2167
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wln 2182
wln 2183
wln 2184
wln 2185
wln 2186
wln 2187
wln 2188
wln 2189

img: 35-b
sig: I3r

wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193
wln 2194
wln 2195
wln 2196
wln 2197
wln 2198
wln 2199
wln 2200
wln 2201
wln 2202
wln 2203
wln 2204
wln 2205
wln 2206
wln 2207

I cannot choose but show my honest heart;
You were ever my good Lady. *Katherine* O dear souls!
Your shares in grief are too too much.

Enter Daliell.

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

Katherine Not more (my Lord) than I can welcome; speak it;
The worst, the worst, I look for. *Daliell* All the *Cornish*,
At *Exeter*, were by the Citizens

Repulsed, encountered by the *Earl of Devonshire*
And other worthy Gentlemen of the Country.

Your husband marched to *Taunton*, and was there
Affronted by King *Henry's* Chamberlain.

The King himself in person, with his Army
Advancing nearer, to renew the fight

On all occasions. But the night before
The battles were to join, *your husband* privately

Accompanied with some few horse, departed
From out the camp, and posted none knows whither.

Katherine Fled without battle given? *Daliell* Fled, but followed
By *Daubeney*, all his parties left to taste

King *Henry's* mercy, for to that they yielded;
Victorious without bloodshed. *Katherine* O my sorrows!

If *both* our lives had proved the sacrifice
To *Henry's* tyranny, we had fallen like Princes,

And robbed him, of the glory of his pride.

Daliell Impute it not to faintness, or to weakness
Of noble courage Lady, but foresight:

For by some secret friend he had intelligence

Of being bought and sold, by his base followers.

Worse yet remains untold. *Katherine* No, no, it cannot.

Daliell. I fear y' are betrayed. The *Earl of Oxford*
Runs hot in your pursuit. *Katherine* 'A shall not need,

We'll run as hot in resolution, gladly
To make the Earl our Jailor.

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

Enter Oxford, with followers.

Daliell. Keep back, or he who dares
Rudely to violate the Law of honor,

Runs on my sword. *Katherine* Most noble Sir, forbear!
What reason draws you hither (Gentlemen!)

Whom seek 'ee? *Oxford* All stand off; with favor Lady
From *Henry, England's* King, I would present,

Unto the beauteous *Princess, Katherine Gordon*,
The tender of a gracious entertainment.

Katherine We are that *Princess*, whom your master King
Pursues with reaching arms, to draw into

wln 2208
wln 2209
wln 2210
wln 2211
wln 2212
wln 2213
wln 2214
wln 2215
wln 2216
wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219
wln 2220
wln 2221
wln 2222
wln 2223
wln 2224
wln 2225
wln 2226

img: 36-a
sig: I3v

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

wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232
wln 2233
wln 2234
wln 2235
wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238

A Nobleman, whom fame hath bravely spoken.
To him the King my Master bade me say
How willingly he courts his friendship. Far
From an enforcement, more than what in terms
Of courtesy, so great a Prince may hope for.
Daliell. My name is *Daliell*. *Oxford* 'Tis a name, hath won
Both thanks, and wonder, from report; (my Lord)
The Court of *England* emulates your merit,
And covets to embrace 'ee. *Daliell*. I must wait on
The *Princess* in her fortunes. *Oxford* Will you please,
(Great Lady) to set forward? *Katherine* Being driven
By fate, it were in vain to strive with Heaven. *Exeunt omnes*.

wln 2239

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

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

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

wln 2254
wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262

img: 36-b
sig: 14r

In modest merriment, but smiling earnest,
How that our Master *Henry* was much abler
To bear the detriments, than he repay them.
King Henry The young man I believe spake honest truth,
'A studies to be wise betimes. Has *Urswick*,
Sir *Rice ap Thomas*, and Lord *Brook* our Steward,
Returned the western Gentlemen full thanks,
From *Us*, for their tried Loyalties? *Surrey* They have:
Which as if health and life had reigned amongst 'em,

wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269

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

wln 2270
wln 2271

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

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

Daubeney Life to the King, and safety fix his throne:
I here present you (royal Sir) a shadow
Of *Majesty*, but in effect a substance
Of pity; a young man, in nothing grown
To ripeness, but th' ambition of your mercy:
Perkin the Christian world's strange wonder.
King Henry *Daubeney*, We observe no wonder; I behold ('tis true)
An ornament of nature, fine, and polished,
A handsome youth indeed, but not admire him.
How came he to thy hands? *Daubeney* From Sanctuary
At *Beaulieu*, near *Southampton*, registered
With these few followers, for persons privileged.
King Henry I must not thank you Sir! you were to blame
To infringe the Liberty of houses sacred:
Dare we be irreligious? *Daubeney* Gracious Lord,
They voluntarily resigned themselves,
Without compulsion. *King Henry* So? 'twas very well,
'Twas very very well — turn now thine eyes
(Young man) upon thyself, and thy past actions!
What revels in combustion through our Kingdom,
A frenzy of aspiring youth hath danced,
Till wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipped
To break thy neck. *Warbeck* But not my heart; my heart
Will mount, till every drop of blood be frozen
By deaths perpetual Winter: If the *Sun*
Of Majesty be darkened, let the *Sun*
Of Life be hid from me, in an eclipse

img: 37-a

wln 2299 Lasting, and universal. Sir, remember
 wln 2300 There was a shooting in of light, when *Richmond*
 wln 2301 (Not aiming at a crown) retired, and gladly,
 wln 2302 For comfort, to the *Duke of Britain's* Court.
 wln 2303 *Richard* who swayed the Sceptre, was reputed
 wln 2304 A tyrant then; yet then, a dawning glimmered
 wln 2305 To some few wand'ring remnants, promising day
 wln 2306 When first they ventured, on a frightful shore,
 wln 2307 At *Milford* Haven. *Daubeney* Whither speeds his boldness?
 wln 2308 Check his rude tongue (great Sir!) *King Henry* O let him range:
 wln 2309 The player's on the stage still, 'tis his part;
 wln 2310 'A does but act: what followed? *Warbeck* *Bosworth field*:
 wln 2311 Where at an instant, to the world's amazement,
 wln 2312 A morn to *Richmond*, and a night to *Richard*
 wln 2313 Appeared at once: the tale is soon applied:
 wln 2314 Fate which crowned these attempts when least assured,
 wln 2315 Might have befriended *others*, like resolved.
 wln 2316 *King Henry* A pretty gallant! thus, *your Aunt of Burgundy*,
 wln 2317 Your *Duchess Aunt* informed her Nephew; so
 wln 2318 The lesson prompted, and well conned, was molded
 wln 2319 Into familiar Dialogue, oft rehearsed,
 wln 2320 Till learnt by heart, 'tis now, received for truth.
 wln 2321 *Warbeck* *Truth* in her pure simplicity wants art
 wln 2322 To put a feigned blush on: *scorn* wears only
 wln 2323 Such fashion, as commends to gazers' eyes
 wln 2324 Sad ulcerated *Novelty*; far beneath
 wln 2325 The sphere of *Majesty*: in such a *Court*,
 wln 2326 *Wisdom*, and *gravity*, are proper robes,
 wln 2327 By which the Sovereign is best distinguished,
 wln 2328 From *Zanies* to his Greatness. *King Henry* Sirrah, shift
 wln 2329 Your antic Pageantry, and now appear
 wln 2330 In your own nature, or you'll taste the danger
 wln 2331 Of fooling out of season. *Warbeck* I expect
 wln 2332 No less, then what *severity* calls *Justice*,
 wln 2333 And *Politicians*, *safety*; let such beg,
 wln 2334 As feed on alms: but if there can be mercy
 wln 2335 In a protested enemy, then may it

wln 2336 Descend to these poor creatures, whose engagements
 wln 2337 To th' bettering of their fortunes, have incurred
 wln 2338 A loss of all; to them, if any charity
 wln 2339 Flow from some noble Orator, in death
 wln 2340 I owe the fee of thankfulness. *King Henry* So brave!
 wln 2341 What a bold knave is this? which of these Rebels
 wln 2342 Has been the *Mayor of Cork*? *Daubeney* This wise formality:
 wln 2343 Kneel to the King 'ee Rascals!
 wln 2344 *King Henry* Canst thou hope,

wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
wln 2356
wln 2357
wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370
wln 2371
wln 2372

img: 38-a
sig: K1v

wln 2373
wln 2374
wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380

wln 2381
wln 2382

wln 2383
wln 2384
wln 2385
wln 2386
wln 2387
wln 2388
wln 2389
wln 2390

A *Pardon*, where thy guilt is so apparent?

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

Daubeney O blockhead! thou a privy Counselor?
Beg life, and cry aloud, Heaven save *King Henry*.

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

King Henry We trifle time with follies.

Omnes. Mercy, mercy.

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

With safety let them be conveyed to *London*.

It is our pleasure, no uncivil outrage,

Taunts, or abuse be suffered to their persons;

They shall meet fairer Law than they deserve.

Time may restore their wits, whom vain ambition

Hath many years distracted. *Warbeck* Noble thoughts

Meet freedom in captivity; the Tower?

Our Childhood's dreadful nursery. *King Henry* No more.

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

Exit Urswick with Perkin and his.

King Henry Was ever so much impudence in forgery?

The custom sure of being styled *a King*,

Hath fastened in his thought that HE IS SUCH.

But we shall teach the lad, another language;

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

Will purge this saucy humor. *King Henry* Very likely:

Yet, we could, temper mercy, with extremity,

Being not too far provoked.

*Enter Oxford, Katherine in her richest attire,
Jane, and attendants.*

Oxford Great Sir, be pleased

With your accustomed grace, to entertain

The Princess Katherine Gordon. *King Henry* *Oxford*, herein

We must beshrew thy knowledge of our nature.

A Lady of her birth and virtues, could not

Have found Us so unfurnished of good manners,

As not on notice given, to have met her

Half way in point of Love. Excuse (*fair Cousin*)

wln 2391
wln 2392
wln 2393
wln 2394
wln 2395
wln 2396
wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402
wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407
wln 2408

img: 38-b
sig: K2r

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

wln 2409
wln 2410
wln 2411
wln 2412
wln 2413
wln 2414
wln 2415
wln 2416
wln 2417
wln 2418
wln 2419
wln 2420

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

wln 2421
wln 2422

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

wln 2423

A pair of Stocks.

wln 2424
wln 2425
wln 2426
wln 2427
wln 2428
wln 2429
wln 2430
wln 2431
wln 2432
wln 2433
wln 2434
wln 2435

Constable Make room there, keep off I require 'ee, and none come
within twelve foot of his Majesty's new Stocks, upon pain of
displeasure. Bring forward the Malefactors. Friend, you must to
this gear, — no remedy, — open the hole, and in with his legs,
just in the middle hole, there, that hole; keep off, or I'll commit
you all. Shall not a man in authority be obeyed? So, so, there,
'tis as it should be: put on the padlock, and give me the key;
off I say, keep off.
Urswick Yet *Warbeck* clear thy Conscience, thou hast tasted
King Henry's mercy liberally; the Law
Has forfeited thy life, an equal Jury
Have doomed thee to the Gallows; twice, most wickedly,

wln 2436
wln 2437
wln 2438
wln 2439
wln 2440
wln 2441
wln 2442
wln 2443

img: 39-a
sig: K2v

Most desperately hast thou escaped the Tower:
Inveigling to thy party with thy witchcraft,
Young *Edward, Earl of Warwick*, son to *Clarence*;
Whose head must pay the price of that attempt;
Poor Gentleman — unhappy in his fate —
And ruined by thy cunning! so a Mongrel
May pluck the true Stag down: yet, yet, confess
Thy parentage; for yet the King has mercy.

wln 2444
wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447
wln 2448
wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
wln 2452
wln 2453
wln 2454
wln 2455
wln 2456
wln 2457
wln 2458
wln 2459
wln 2460
wln 2461
wln 2462
wln 2463
wln 2464
wln 2465
wln 2466
wln 2467
wln 2468
wln 2469
wln 2470
wln 2471
wln 2472
wln 2473
wln 2474
wln 2475
wln 2476
wln 2477
wln 2478
wln 2479
wln 2480

Lambert You would be *Dick the fourth*, very likely
Your pedigree is published, you are known
For *Osbeck's* son of *Tourney*, a loose runagate,
A Landloper: your Father was a *Jew*,
Turned Christian merely to repair his miseries.
Where's now your Kingship? *Warbeck* Baited to my death?
Intolerable cruelty! I laugh at
The *Duke of Richmond's* practice on my fortunes.
Possession of a Crown, ne'er wanted Heralds.

Lambert You will not know who I am!

Urswick Lambert Simnel;

Your predecessor in a dangerous uproar;
But on submission, not alone received
To grace, but by the King, vouchsafed his service.

Lambert I would be **Earl** of *Warwick*, toiled and ruffled
Against my Master, leapt to catch the Moon,
Vaunted my name, *Plantagenet*, as you do:
An Earl forsooth! Whenas in truth I was,
As you are, a mere Rascal: yet, his Majesty,
(A Prince composed of sweetness! Heaven protect him)
Forgave me all my villainies, reprieved
The sentence of a shameful end, admitted
My surety of obedience to his service;
And I am now his Falconer, live plenteously;
Eat from the King's purse, and enjoy the sweetness
Of liberty, and favor, sleep securely:
And is not this now better, than to buffet
The Hangman's clutches? or to brave the Cordage
Of a tough halter, which will break your neck?
So then the Gallant totters; prithee (*Perkin*)
Let my example lead thee, be no longer
A *Counterfeit*, confess, and hope for pardon!

Warbeck For pardon? hold my heartstrings, whiles contempt
Of injuries, in scorn, may bid defiance
To this base man's foul language: thou poor vermin!
How dar'st thou creep so near me? thou an Earl?
Why thou enjoyest as much of happiness,

img: 39-b
sig: K3r

wln 2481
wln 2482
wln 2483
wln 2484
wln 2485
wln 2486
wln 2487
wln 2488
wln 2489
wln 2490
wln 2491
wln 2492
wln 2493
wln 2494
wln 2495
wln 2496
wln 2497
wln 2498
wln 2499
wln 2500
wln 2501
wln 2502
wln 2503

As all the swinge of sleight ambition flew at.
A dunghill was thy Cradle. So a puddle
By virtue of the Sunbeams, breathes a vapor
To infect the purer air, which drops again
Into the muddy womb that first exhaled it.
Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance
From the base Beadle's whip, crowned all thy hopes.
But (Sirrah) ran there in thy veins, one drop
Of such a royal blood, as flows in mine;
Thou wouldst not change condition, to be *second*
In *England's* State without the Crown itself!
Course creatures are incapable of excellence.
But let the world, as all, to whom I am
This day a spectacle, to time, deliver,
And by tradition fix posterity,
Without another Chronicle than *truth*,
How constantly, my resolution suffered
A martyrdom of Majesty! *Lambert* He's past
Recovery, a *Bedlam* cannot cure him.
Urswick Away, inform the King of his behavior.
Lambert *Perkin*, beware the rope, the Hangman's coming.
Urswick If yet thou hast no pity of thy body,
Pity thy soul! *Exit Simnel.*

wln 2504

Enter Katherine, Jane, Daliell, and Oxford.

wln 2505
wln 2506
wln 2507
wln 2508
wln 2509
wln 2510
wln 2511
wln 2512
wln 2513
wln 2514
wln 2515

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

img: 40-a
sig: K3v

wln 2516
wln 2517
wln 2518
wln 2519
wln 2520
wln 2521
wln 2522
wln 2523
wln 2524
wln 2525
wln 2526

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

wln 2527
wln 2528
wln 2529
wln 2530
wln 2531
wln 2532
wln 2533
wln 2534
wln 2535
wln 2536
wln 2537
wln 2538
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wln 2544
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wln 2546
wln 2547
wln 2548
wln 2549
wln 2550
wln 2551
wln 2552

img: 40-b
sig: K4r

wln 2553
wln 2554
wln 2555
wln 2556
wln 2557
wln 2558
wln 2559
wln 2560
wln 2561
wln 2562
wln 2563
wln 2564
wln 2565
wln 2566
wln 2567
wln 2568
wln 2569
wln 2570
wln 2571
wln 2572
wln 2573
wln 2574

A woman's faith, hath robbed thy fame of triumph.
Oxford Sirrah, leave off your juggling, and tie up
The Devil, that ranges in your tongue. *Urswick* Thus Witches,
Possessed, even their deaths' deluded, say,
They have been wolves, and dogs, and sailed in Eggshells
Over the Sea, and rid on fiery Dragons;
Passed in the air more than a thousand miles,
All in a night; the enemy of mankind
Is powerful, but false; and falsehood confident.
Oxford Remember (Lady) who you are; come from
That impudent Imposter! *Katherine* You abuse us:
For when the holy *Churchman* joined our hands,
Our Vows were real then; the Ceremony
Was not in apparition, but in act.
Be what these people term *Thee*, I am certain
Thou art *my husband*, no Divorce in Heaven
Has been sued out between us; 'tis injustice
For any earthly power to divide us.
Or we will live, or let us die together.
There is a cruel mercy.
Warbeck Spite of tyranny
We reign in our affections, (*blessed Woman*)
Read in my destiny, the wrack of honor;
Point out in my contempt of death, to memory
Some miserable happiness: since, herein,
Even when I fell, I stood, enthroned a Monarch

Of one chaste wife's troth, pure, and uncorrupted.
Fair Angel of perfection; immortality
Shall raise thy name up to an adoration;
Court every rich opinion of true merit;
And Saint it in the *Calendar of virtue*,
When I am turned into the self-same dust
Of which I was first formed. *Oxford* The Lord Ambassador,
Huntly, your Father (Madam) should 'a look on
Your strange subjection, in a gaze so public,
Would blush on your behalf, and wish his Country
Unleft, for entertainment to such sorrow.
Katherine Why art thou angry *Oxford*? I must be
More peremptory in my duty; — (Sir)
Impute it not unto immodesty,
That I presume to press you to a Legacy,
Before we part forever! *Warbeck* Let it be then
My heart, the rich remains, of all my fortunes.
Katherine Confirm it with a kiss pray! *Warbeck* Oh, with that
I wish to breathe my last upon thy lips,
Those equal twins of comeliness, I seal
The testament of honorable Vows:
Whoever be that man, that shall unkind

wln 2575
wln 2576
wln 2577
wln 2578
wln 2579

This sacred print next, may he prove more thrifty
In this world's just applause, not more desertful.
Katherine By this sweet pledge of both our souls, I swear
To die a faithful widow to thy bed:
Not to be **forced**, or won. ô, never, never.

wln 2580

Enter Surrey, Daubeney, Huntly, and Crawford.

wln 2581
wln 2582
wln 2583
wln 2584
wln 2585
wln 2586
wln 2587

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

img: 41-a
sig: K4v

wln 2588
wln 2589
wln 2590
wln 2591
wln 2592
wln 2593
wln 2594
wln 2595
wln 2596
wln 2597
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wln 2605
wln 2606
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wln 2609
wln 2610
wln 2611
wln 2612
wln 2613
wln 2614

Thy marriage (girl) but yet being married,
Enjoy thy duty to a husband, freely:
The griefs are mine. I glory in thy constancy;
And must not say, I wish, that I had missed
Some partage in these trials of a patience.
Katherine You will forgive me noble Sir? *Huntly* Yes, yes;
In every duty of a wife, and daughter,
I dare not disavow thee, — to your husband
(For such you are Sir) I impart a farewell
Of manly pity; what your life has passed through,
The dangers of your end will make apparent?
And I can add, for comfort to your sufferance,
No Cordial, but the wonder of your frailty,
Which keeps so firm a station. — We are parted.

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

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

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

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

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

Exeunt Daliell, Katherine, Jane.

wln 2615
wln 2616

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

wln 2617
wln 2618

Oxford Look 'ee, behold your followers, appointed
To wait on 'ee in death. *Warbeck* Why Peers of *England*,

wln 2619
wln 2620
wln 2621
wln 2622

img: 41-b
sig: L1r

We'll lead 'em on courageously. I read
A triumph over tyranny upon
Their several foreheads. Faint not in the moment
Of Victory! our ends, and *Warwick's* head,

wln 2623
wln 2624
wln 2625
wln 2626
wln 2627
wln 2628
wln 2629
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

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

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

Huntly I have
Not thoughts left, 'tis sufficient in such cases
Just Laws ought to proceed.

wln 2645

Enter King Henry, Durham, and Hialas.

wln 2646
wln 2647
wln 2648
wln 2649
wln 2650
wln 2651
wln 2652
wln 2653
wln 2654
wln 2655

King Henry We are resolved:
Your business (noble Lords) shall find success,
Such as your King importunes. *Huntly* You are gracious.
King Henry *Perkin*, we are informed, is armed to die:
In that we'll honor him. Our Lords shall follow
To see the execution; and from hence
We gather this fit use: that public States,
As our particular bodies, taste most good
In health, when purged of corrupted blood.

Exeunt omnes.

img: 42-a
sig: L1v

wln 2657

FINIS.

Epilogue.

wln 2658
wln 2659
wln 2660

*HERE has appeared, though in a several fashion,
The Threats of Majesty; the strength of passion;
Hopes of an Empire; change of fortunes; All*

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

*What can to Theaters or Greatness fall;
Proving their weak foundations: who will please
Amongst such several Sights, to censure These
No birth's abortive nor a bastard-brood
(Shame to a parentage, or fosterhood)
May warrant by their loves, all just excuses,
And often find a welcome to the Muses.*

FINIS.

img: 42-b
sig: [N/A]

Textual Notes

1. **14 (4-b)**: The regularized reading *eclipse* is amended from the original *ecclipfe*.
2. **27 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *TRUTH* is amended from the original *TTVTH*.
3. **856 (17-a)**: The regularized reading *Phaeton* is amended from the original *Phueton*.
4. **1102 (20-b)**: The regularized reading *Dertford* comes from the original *Dertford*, though possible variants include *Deptford*.
5. **1764 (29-b)**: The regularized reading *Combination* is supplied for the original *Combinati[*]n*.
6. **2082 (34-a)**: Both Huntington (base copy) and Folger shelfmark STC 11157 have faint printing on this page. Regularizations in this section are taken from the Folger copy.
7. **2082 (34-a)**: The regularized reading *confidence* is supplied for the original *c[◇]*.
8. **2083 (34-a)**: The regularized reading *danger* is supplied for the original *[◇]*.
9. **2086 (34-a)**: The regularized reading *have* is supplied for the original *ha[*]e*.
10. **2265 (36-b)**: The regularized reading *Lovely* is supplied for the original *L[*]uely*.
11. **2458 (39-a)**: The regularized reading *Earl* is amended from the original *Eare*.
12. **2579 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *forced* is amended from the original *fore't*.