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1. adds.

e. 255/45

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THE SCOTTISH HISTORY
OF JAMES THE FOURTH
1598

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS

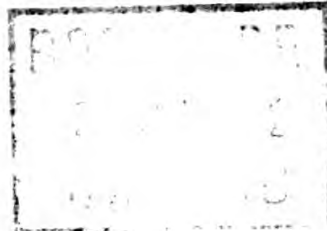
1921

This reprint of *James IV* has been prepared by A. E. H. Swaen with the assistance of the General Editor.

Nov. 1921.

W. W. Greg.

*



The following entries are found in the Register of the Stationers' Company for 1594:

xiiij^o maij /

Entred for his copie vnder thand of master Cawood warden / a booke Thomas
 intituled /. The famous victories of henrye the ffyft / conteynge the hon- Creede./
 orable battell of Agincourt / vj^d C
 Entred vnto him by the like warrant a booke intituled the Scottishe story Thomas
 of Iames the ffourthe slayne at Flodden intermixed with a plesant Comedie Creede/
 presented by Oboron kinge of ffayres vj^d C /

[Arber's Transcript, II. 648.]

No edition, however, is known before 1598, and it would be natural to suspect that the original impression had perished were it not for the fact that 1598 is also the date of the earliest known edition of the *Famous Victories*. In the circumstances we may suppose that publication was for some reason delayed. The impression of 1598 is a quarto printed by Creede in roman type of a size approximating to modern pica (20 ll. = 84 mm.). Of this four copies are known to survive. That in the British Museum wants the leaf A 4, which has been supplied in very inaccurate modern reprint. Fortunately the leaf is present in the Dyce copy at South Kensington, though in this H 1 is defective (a corner being supplied in not quite accurate facsimile) and sheet K is wrongly perfected. Another copy, formerly at Bridge-water House, is now in the possession of Mr. Henry E. Huntington; while a fourth is in a collected volume once in the possession of Charles II, which formed lot 8258 in the Huth Sale (25 June 1920). All four want the first leaf, which was presumably blank, except perhaps for a signature. It has not been possible to use more than the first two copies mentioned in preparing the present reprint.

The title-page bears the name of Robert Greene as author, together with a motto used by him in other works, which

suggests that the manuscript may have been in some manner prepared for press before his death in 1592. Three passages from the play are quoted, rather inaccurately, in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, above Greene's name. The title-page also states that the play had been 'sundrie times publikely plaide', without, however, mentioning any company.

The plot is entirely unhistorical, and P. A. Daniel and W. Creizenach independently traced its source to the first novel of the third day of the *Ecatommiti* of Giraldi Cintio, a story in which, however, the identity of the characters is quite different. Whether Greene was also acquainted with Cintio's play *Arrenopia*, based on the same story, is not known.

LIST OF DOUBTFUL AND IRREGULAR READINGS.

The play, evidently printed from a much altered and probably illegible manuscript, abounds in errors of every description. The following list is confined to such readings as are to some extent doubtful in the original and to a few literal misprints which might otherwise perhaps be thought due to the reprint. No irregularities recorded by previous editors are included. No variations of any importance have been found between the two copies collated.

<p>3 <i>placst</i> 36 <i>deele</i> 65 <i>because</i> 88 <i>Idy</i> 109 <i>mifed</i> 120 <i>Attus</i> 203 <i>choyleff</i> (<i>ff broken, read choyseft</i>) 316 <i>drie</i> (? <i>read dire</i>) 323 <i>c.w. X. of S.</i> 334 <i>Beheld</i> <i>Venns</i> 373 <i>moaths</i> 440 <i>autthoritie</i> 482 <i>bettet,</i> 493 <i>Steu.</i> 611 <i>Of</i> 618 <i>Ba.</i> 643 <i>part,</i> 646 <i>theworld,</i> 648 <i>weele</i> (<i>perhaps we ele</i>) 655 <i>Simi Ranus,</i> 661 <i>Simeranus,</i> 675 <i>king,</i> 691 <i>wrethedneffe:</i> 702 <i>eate.</i> 742 <i>loure,</i> 757 <i>louer</i> 765 <i>letter.</i> 784 <i>hath</i> 801 <i>what</i> 834 <i>doo shifting,</i></p>	<p>880 <i>Ateu.</i> (<i>perhaps Ate u.</i>) 918 <i>denouced, it</i> 983 <i>fame.)</i> 988 <i>to . . . too</i> 996 <i>nye.</i> (<i>perhaps ny e.</i>) 1019 <i>confider</i> 1026 <i>tryees</i> 1028 <i>step</i> (<i>perhaps ste p</i>) 1030 <i>becauso</i> 1045 <i>fings.</i> 1048 <i>loue</i> 1078 <i>can</i> (<i>e not absolutely certain, read can</i>) 1094 <i>Bur</i> 1159 <i>Thon</i> 1163 <i>Exennt.</i> 1175 <i>the</i> 1183 <i>thee</i> 1190 <i>Slip.</i> (<i>there is a faint trace of the i in the Dyce copy only</i>) 1192 <i>Sip.</i> 1205 <i>viutnerd</i> (<i>original viutnerd</i>) 1213 <i>Guatoes</i> 1268 <i>thon</i> (<i>original thon</i>) 1279 <i>(fe-)re ie.</i> (<i>space not certain</i>) 1292 <i>the</i> (<i>perhaps th e</i>) 1294 <i>your</i> (<i>perhaps y our</i>) 1324 <i>bettet</i> 1332 <i>yout</i> 1355 <i>esteemd,</i> (<i>original esteemd</i>) 1367 <i>ic pour.</i> <i>Yea</i></p>
--	--

- 1370 mee,
 1378 woman, (*comma not quite certain*)
 1398 Court,,
 1399 strickneffe
 1405 mftaled :
 1411 preuention you
 (*original preuent ion you*)
 1423 Nauo.
 1424 shildifh
 1433 appouued
 1449 difplac'ff, (*ff broken, read dif-*
 plac'ft,)
 1451 Auteukin,
 1464 bnt
 fpeakie
 1497 are
 1504 Miftrefle
 1511 you, drawe a
 1546 Exeunt.
 1607 Prepare (*cf. c.w.*)
 1621 Hart,
 1626 (*indentation doubtful*)
 1626, 1627 Deiu,
 1637 (*speaker's name omitted*)
 ditte
 1644 tout, vn
 1646 flattering
 1681 thee Shoo-maker.
 1702 progenators Cutler.
 1706 edge,
 1713 a (*failed to print in the B.M. copy*)
 1720 Ohn, o (*read Oh, no*)
 1763 thing :
 1777 falf
 1789 strumpet, ta Matreffa
 1790 foy
 1791 me
 1796 morglay,
 1799 foule, (*the comma failed to print*
 in the Dyce copy)
 1801 ftay.
 1803 Ie meu
 1845 alreadle
- 1848 For
 1863 aloffe,
 1897 on
 1908 miffed, (*ff broken, read miffed,*)
 1917 ouerhtow.
 1924 flrange (*read ftrange*)
 1990 wartes :
 1993 Dambac
 2000 flaine. (*ff not quite certain, pos-*
 sibly broken ff)
 2002 but
 2007 Doro,
 2019 effate : (*ff broken, read effate :*)
 2024 but on the (*perhaps buton th e*)
 2037 Nana,
 2060 fontre
 2092 purfchafe
 2101 place (*read plow*)
 2113 Lyon, (king
 2114 flaine? (*ff not certain, perhaps*
 broken ff)
 2142 Exeunt, (*original Exeunt, or*
 Exeunt, apparently the latter,
 but the letter may be a
 broken E)
 2144 ftate, (*so the Dyce copy, the*
 B.M. copy apparently has a
 full point, but this is probably
 a broken comma)
 2162 fect,
 2166 countriees (*first e not quite*
 certain, possibly c)
 2169 toexcept :
 2182 greatmens
 2189 guife, (*perhaps gu ife,*)
 2204 warre?
 2215 summonies
 2241 ofcontention :
 2254 true,
 .*Exeun..* (*what appears like a*
 full point after the n may
 be the remains of a very
 broken t)

2260 farre <i>Twearde.</i>	2424 (indentation doubtful)
2283 mistresse:	2426 for (<i>perhaps</i> fo r)
2294-5 he . . . she	2438 ttumpets
2300 Although	2443 <i>Cutber tohis</i>
2310 Qeene,	2463 Scortish
2331 change,	2509 missed: (<i>ff broken, read</i> missed :)
2355 these (<i>perhaps</i> th ese)	2522 Thou (<i>original</i> Thou)
2370 wasmissed, (<i>ff not quite certain,</i> <i>possibly broken ff</i>)	2540 our (<i>perhaps</i> ou r)
2383 <i>K. of S.</i> (apparently <i>S:</i> in the B.M. copy, but the upper dot is accidental)	2545 <i>ffaies</i> , (<i>ff broken, read</i> <i>ffaies</i> ,)
	2547 reeoncile
	2562 <i>Auteukin</i> ,
	2579 when,

In ll. 1062, 1090 the speaker's name is given as '8. *Atten.*' Whatever this may be meant for it is clear that the speeches belong to the Bishop of St. Andrews. In ll. 2015-6 a complicated error has occurred, the 'e' of 'her' in the lower line having worked its way up into an accidental space after the 'd' of 'and' in the upper.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

In the Induction and Chorus :

OBERON, king of fairies.		SLIPPER	}	his sons.
BOHAN, a Scot.		NANO		

an antic (dance), fairies, a dancer 'boy or wench'.

In the Dumb Shows :

SEMIRAMIS, queen of Assiria.		OLIVE PAT, (?)
STABROBATES, king of India.		ALEXANDER, king of Macedon.
CYRUS, king of Persia.		SESOSTRIS, king of Egypt.

In the Play :

The King of SCOTS.		Lord MORTON.
The King of ENGLAND.		a Purveyor.
DOROTHEA, his daughter, wife of the King of Scots.		JAQUES, a Frenchman.
The Countess of ARRAN.		Lord ROSS.
IDA, her daughter.		a Huntsman.
ATEUKIN (OR GNATO).		a Tailor.
ANDREW SNOORD, a servingman.		a Shoemaker.
SLIPPER, a clown.		a Cutler.
NANO, a dwarf.		Sir CUTBERT ANDERSON.
Sir BARTRAM, a Scottish gentleman.		Lady ANDERSON.
Sir EUSTACE (DICK), an English gentleman.		a Servant of the Countess of Arran.
(A Servant of Sir Bartram.)		a Lawyer.
The Bishop of SAINT ANDREWS.		a Merchant.
Earl DOUGLAS.		a Divine.
		a Scout.

Lady Douglas, Sir Egmond, Lord Percy, Samles, an English Herald, lords, ladies, huntsmen, soldiers, antics.

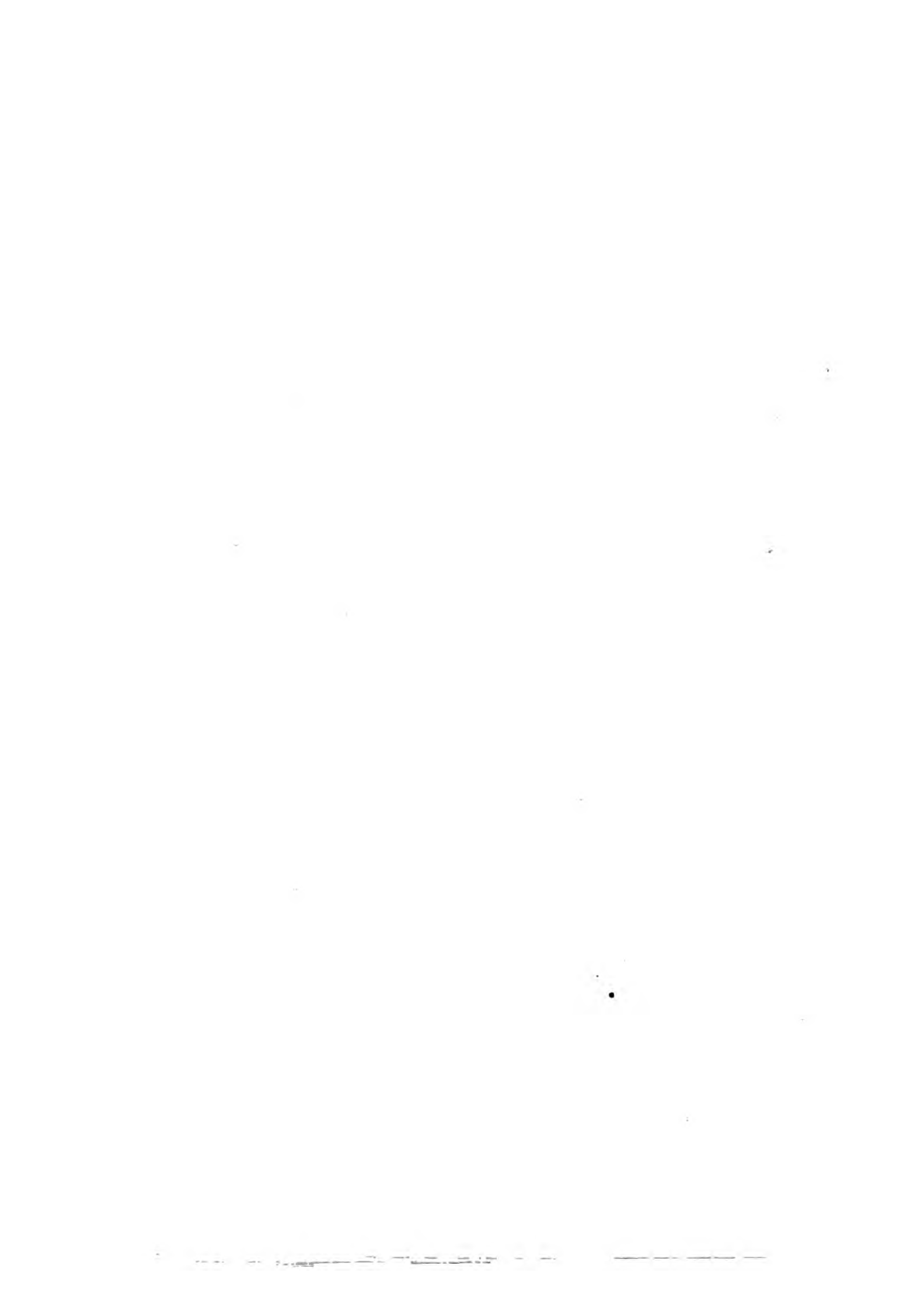
In V. iii the speeches of the King of England have the prefix 'Arius' (ll. 2095, 2105, 2126, 2129), a name which in a stage-direction in II. ii (l. 1050) is apparently applied to the King of Scots. Ateukin (twice misprinted 'Auteukin', ll. 1451, 2562) is repeatedly called Gnato, which would seem to have been the original name of the character, subsequently altered, for in I. i 'Ateukin' several times scans as a dissyllable (ll. 355, 362, 365). Twice Ateukin and Gnato are mentioned together in a stage-direction (ll. 1550, 2053), apparently through misunderstanding of an alteration. Sir Eustace, who is also addressed as Lord Eustace, is several times called Dick (ll. 565,

568, 571, 601, 608, 629). One speech (l. 629) assigned to him, clearly belongs to a servant, who has therefore been added to the characters. In II. ii Nano is throughout called 'Dwarfe' except in the exit at l. 1049. Andrew's surname appears from l. 551. The name of the King of Fairies is Oberon: 'Oboram' on the title and 'Obiran' in l. 1934 seem to be mere misprints, and 'Obiron' (ll. 1164, 1923, 1931) a sporadic variant. In l. 2 his name is given as 'After Oberō', but this is most likely a misprint for '*after* Oberō'. Dyce supposed that Oberon entered at l. 2398, and Grosart assumed that 'Adam' was the name of the actor who played the part, but it is more likely to be a compositor's misreading of 'A danc(e)'. At l. 1953 the direction 'Ladie Anderson ouerheares' is due to a misunderstanding; it should be 'Sir Cutbert'. Lady Douglas and Sir Egmond are mentioned in l. 1606 as present, but nothing further is known of them: Lord Percy and Samles enter in V. iii (l. 2094), and the former again in V. vi (l. 2407), also the English herald in V. vi (l. 2338), but none of them speak. Nano does not speak in the Induction.

In l. 656 (cf. 666) the form 'Staurobates', in place of Stabrobates, proves that Greene drew from Poggio's Latin translation of Diodorus Siculus and not from the original.

The text of the play contains nothing to identify either the English or the Scottish king, and the date 1520 given in the Induction is seven years after the death of James IV at Flodden.

The two collotype plates represent A₂ recto (title page) and A₃ recto in the Dyce copy of the original.



1

•THE
SCOTTISH
Historie of James the

fourth, slaine at *Flodden*.

Entermixed with a pleasant Comedie, presented by
Oboram King of Fayeries:

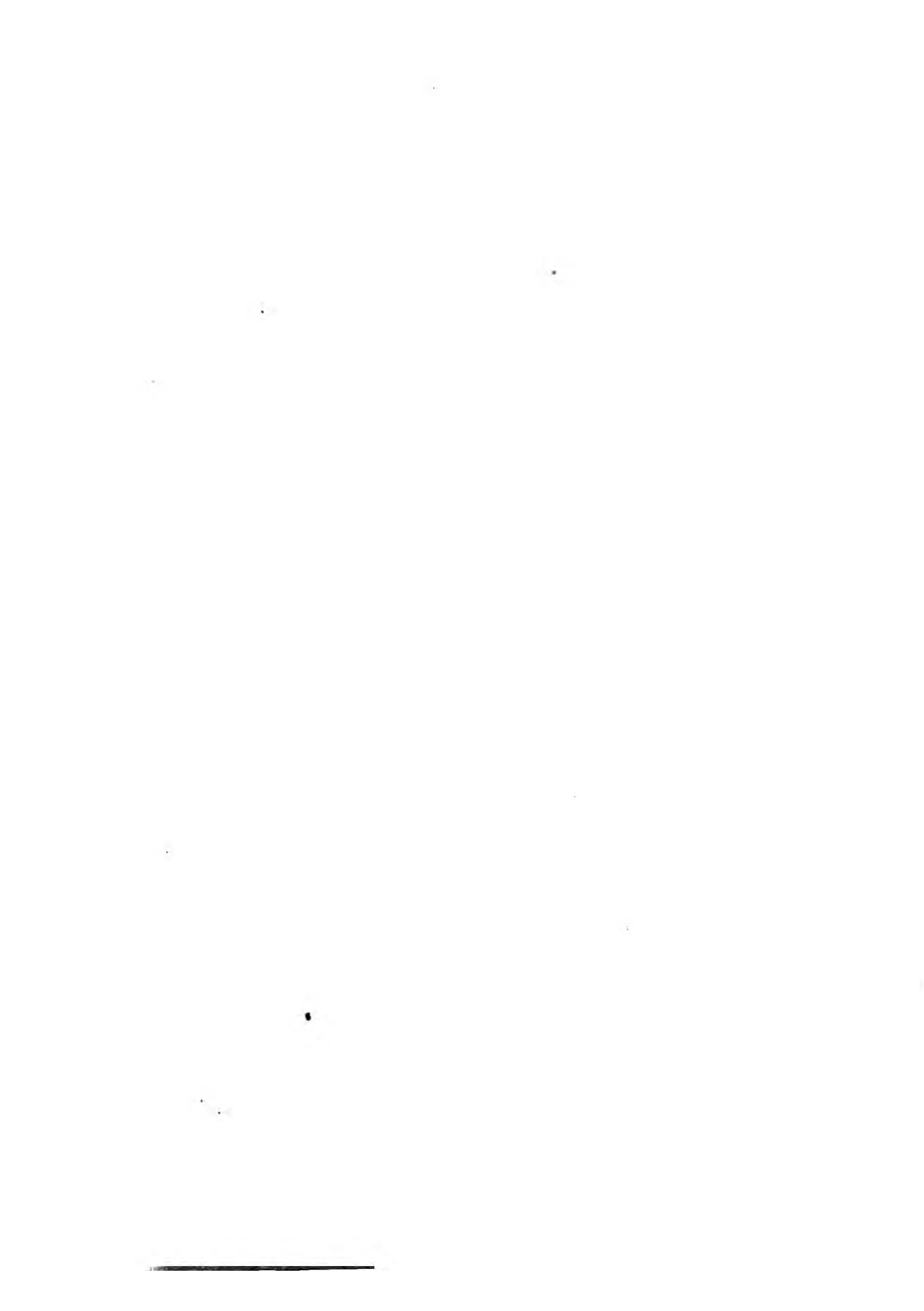
*As it hath bene sundrie times publikely
plaide.*

Written by *Robert Greene*, Maister of Arts.

Omne tulit punctum.



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede. 1592.





THE SCOTTISH Hystorie of Iames the fourth, slaine at Flodden.

Musicke playing within.

Enter After Oberon, King of Fayries, an Antique, who dance about a Tombe, plac't conueniently on the Stage, out of the which, suddenly starts up as they daunce, Bohan a Scot, attyred like a riddall man, from whom the Antique flies. Oberon Manet.

Bohan.



Y say, whats thou?

Oberon. Thy friend *Bohan.*

Bohan. What wot I, or reck I that, whay guid man, I reck no friend, nor ay reck no foe, als ene to me, git the ganging, and trouble not may whayet, or ays

gar the recon me nene of thay friend, by the mary masse fall I.

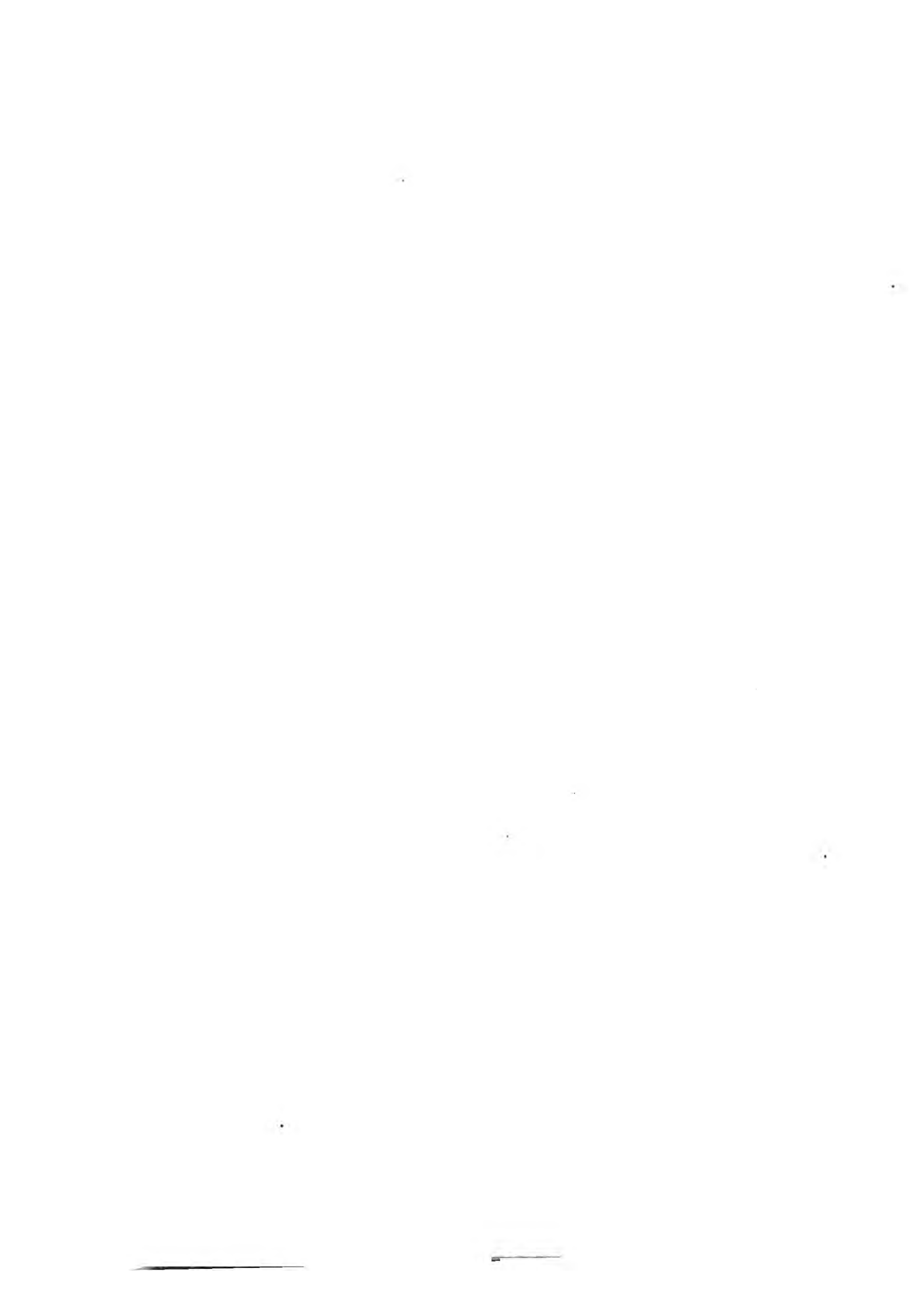
Ober. Why angrie Scot, I visit thee for loue: then what mooues thee to wroath?

Bohan. The deele aw hit reck I thy loue. For I knowe too well, that true loue tooke her flight twentie winter sence to heauen, whither till ay can, weele I wot, ay sal nere finde loue: an thou lou' st me, leaue me to my selfe. But what were those Puppits that hopt and skipt about me year whayle?

Oberon. My subiects.

A 3

Bohan.



THE
SCOTTISH
Historie of James the

fourth, slaine at *Flodden*.

Entermixed with a pleasant Comedie, presented by
Oboram King of *Fayeries*:

*As it hath bene sundrie times publikely
plaide.*

Written by *Robert Greene*, Maister of Arts.

Omne tulit punctum.



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede. 1598.



THE SCOTTISH Hystorie of Iames the

fourth, slaine at *Flodden*.

Muficke playing within.

I. Chor.

Enter After Oberö, King of Fayries, an Antique, who dance about a Tombe, plac' st conueniently on the Stage, out of the which, suddenly starts up as they daunce, Bohan a Scot, attyred like a rid-stall man, from whom the Antique flies. Oberon Manet.

Bohan.



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20

Oberon. My subiects.

A 3

Bohan.

The Scottish Historie

Bob. Thay fubiects, whay art thou a King?

Ober. I am.

Boban. The deele thou art, whay thou look'ft not fo big as the king of Clubs, nor fo sharpe as the king of Spades, nor fo faine as the king Adaymonds, be the maffe ay take thee to bee the king of falfe harts: therfore I rid thee away, or ayse fo curry your Kingdome, that yous be glad to runne to faue your life.

Ober. Why ftoycall Scot, do what thou dar'ft to me, heare is my brest ftrike.

Bob. Thou wilt not threap me, this whiniard has gard many better mē to lope thē thou: but how now? Gos sayds what wilt not out? whay thou wich, thou deele, gads fute may whiniard.

Ober. Why pull man: but what an twear out, how then?

Bob. This then, thou weart best begon first: for ayl fo lop thy lym, that thouse go with half a knaues carkaffe to the deele

Ober. Draw it out, now ftrike foole, canst thou not?

Bob. Bread ay gad, what deele is in me, whay tell mee thou skipiack what art thou?

Ober. Nay first tell me what thou wast from thy birth, what thou hast past hitherto, why thou dwellest in a Tombe, & leauest the world? and then I will release thee of these bonds, before not.

Bob. And not before, then needs must needs fal: I was borne a gentleman of the best bloud in all *Scotland*, except the king, when time brought me to age, and death tooke my parents, I became a Courtier, where though ay list not praise my selfe, ay engraue the memory of *Boughon* on the skin-coate of some of them, and reueld with the proudest.

Ober. But why living in such reputation, didst thou leaue to be a Courtier?

Bob. Because my pride was vanitie, my expence losse, my reward faire words and large promifes, & my hopes spilt, for that after many yeares seruice, one outran me, and what the deele should I then do there. No no, flattering knaues that can cog and prate fastest, speede best in the Court.

To

of Iames the fourth.

Ober. To what life didst thou then betake thee ?

Bob. I then chang'd the Court for the countrey, and the wars for a wife : but I found the craft of swaines more vile, then the knauery of courtiers: the charge of children more heauie then 60 seruants, and wiues tongues worse then the warres it selfe: and therefore I gaue ore that, & went to the Citie to dwell, & there I kept a great house with smal cheer, but all was nere the neere.

Ober. And why ?

Bob. because in seeking friends, I found table guests to eate me, & my meat, my wiues gossops to bewray the secrets of my heart, kindred to betray the effect of my life, which when I noted, the court ill, the country worse, and the citie worst of all, in good time my wife died: ay wood she had died twentie winter sooner by the masse, leauing my two sonnes to the world, and 70 shutting my selfe into this Tombe, where if I dye, I am sure I am safe from wilde beasts, but whilest I liue, cannot be free frō ill companie. Besides, now I am sure gif all my friends faile me, I fall haue a graue of mine owne prouiding: this is all. Now what art thou ?

Ober. *Oberon* King of Fayries, that loues thee because thou hatest the world, and to gratulate thee, I brought those Antiques to shew thee some sport in daunsing, which thou haste loued well.

Boban. Ha, ha, ha, thinkest thou those puppits can please 80 me? whay I haue two sonnes, that with one scottish gigge shall breake the necke of thy Antiques.

Ober. That would I faine see.

Boba. Why thou shalt, howe boyes.

Enter Slipper and Nano.

Haud your clacks lads, trattle not for thy life, but gather vppe your legges and daunce me forthwith a gigge worth the fight.

Slip. Why I must talk on Idy fort, wherefore was my tongue made.

Boba. Prattle an thou darst ene word more, and ais dab this 90 whiniard in thy wembe.

Be

The Scottish historie

Ober. Be quiet *Boban*, Ile strike him dumbè, and his brother too, their talk shal not hinder our gyg, fall to it, dance I say mã.

Bob. Dance Humer, dance, ay rid thee.

The two dance a gig deuised for the nonst.

Now get you to the wide world with more thē my father gaue me, thats learning enough, both kindes, knauerie & honestie: and that I gaue you, spend at pleasure.

Ober. Nay for their sport I will giue them this gift, to the Dwarfe I giue a quicke witte, prettie of body, and awarrant his 100 preferment to a Princes seruice, where by his wisdome he shall gaine more loue then cōmon. And to loggerhead your sonne, I giue a wandering life, and promise he shall neuer lacke: and auow that if in all distreffes he call vpon me to helpe him: now let them go

Exeunt with curtesies.

Bob. Now King, if thou bee a King, I will shew thee whay I hate the world by demonstration, in the year 1520. was in *Scotland*, a king ouerruled with parasites, misled by lust, & many circumstances, too long to trattle on now, much like our 110 court of *Scotland* this day, that story haue I set down, gang with me to the gallery, & Ile shew thee the same in Action, by guid fellowes of our country men, and then when thou seest that, iudge if any wise man would not leaue the world if he could.

Ober. That will I see, lead and ile follow thee. *Exeunt.*

of James the fourth.

Laus Deo detur in Eternum.

I. i.

Enter the King of England, the King of Scots, Dorithe his Queen, the Countesse, Lady Ida, with other Lords. And Ateukin with them aloofe.

Attus primus. Scena prima.

120

K. of Scots. **B**rother of England, since our neighboring
And neare alliance doth inuite our loues,
The more I think vpon our last accord,

(land,

The more I greeue your suddaine parting hence:
First lawes of friendship did confirme our peace,
Now both the seale of faith and marriage bed,
The name of father, and the style of friend,
These force in me affection full confirmd,
So that I greeue, and this my heartie grieffe
The heauens record, the world may witness well
To loofe your presence, who are now to me
A father, brother, and a vowed friend.

130

K. of Eng. Link all these louely stiles good king in
And since thy grieffe exceeds in my depart, (one,
I leaue my *Dorithea* to enioy, thy whole compact
Loues, and plighted vowes.

Brother of *Scotland*, this is my ioy, my life,
Her fathers honour, and her Countries hope,
Her mothers comfort, and her husbands blisse:

140

I tell thee king, in louing of my *Doll*,
Thou bindst her fathers heart and all his friends
In bands of loue that death cannot dissolue.

K. of Scots. Nor can her father loue her like to me,
My liues light, and the comfort of my soule:
Faire *Dorithea*, that wast Englands pride,
Welcome to *Scotland*, and in signe of loue,
Lo I inuest thee with the Scottish Crowne.

B

Nobles

The Scottish historie

Nobles and Ladies, stoupe vnto your Queene.
And Trumpets found, that Heralds may proclaime,
Faire *Dorithea* peerlesse Queene of Scots.

150

All. Long liue and prosper our faire Q. of Scots.
Enstall and Crowne her.

Dor. Thanks to the king of kings for my dignity,
Thanks to my father, that provides so carefully,
Thanks to my Lord and husband for this honor,
And thanks to all that loue their King and me.

All. Long liue faire *Dorithea* our true Queene.

K. of E. Long shine the sun of *Scotland* in her pride,
Her fathers comfort, and faire *Scotlands* Bride.

160

But *Dorithea*, since I must depart,
And leaue thee from thy tender mothers charge,
Let me aduise my louely daughter first,
What best befits her in a forraine land,
Liue *Doll*, for many eyes shall looke on thee,
Haue care of honor and the present state:
For she that steps to height of Maiestie,
Is euen the marke whereat the enemy aimes.

Thy vertues shall be construed to vice,
Thine affable discourse to abiect minde.

170

If coy, detracting tongues will call thee proud:
Be therefore warie in this slippery state,
Honour thy husband, loue him as thy life:
Make choyce of friends, as Eagles of their yoong,
Who sooth no vice, who flatter not for gaine:
But loue such friends as do the truth maintaine.
Thinke on these lessons when thou art alone,
And thou shalt liue in health when I am gone.

Dor. I will engraue these preceps in my heart,
And as the wind with calmnesse woes you hence,
Euen so I wish the heauens in all mishaps,
May blesse my father with continuall grace.

180

K. of E. Then son farwell, the fauouring windes inuites vs to
(depart.
Long

of Iames the fourth.

Long circumstance in taking princely leaues,
Is more officious then conuenient.

Brother of *Scotland*, loue me in my childe,
You greet me well, if so you will her good.

K. of Sc. Then louely *Doll*, and all that fauor me,
Attend to see our English friends at sea,
Let all their charge depend vpon my purse: 190
They are our neighbors, by whose kind accord,
We dare attempt the proudest Potentate.
Onely faire Countesse, and your daughter stay,
With you I haue some other thing to say.

*Exeunt all saue the King, the Countesse,
Ida, Ateukin, in all royaltie.*

K. of S. So let them tryumph that haue cause to ioy,
But wretched King, thy nuptiall knot is death:
Thy Bride the breeder of thy Countries ill,
For thy false heart dissenting from thy hand, 200
Mised by loue, hast made another choyce,
Another choyce, euen when thou vouldst thy foule
To *Dorithea*, Englands choyseff pride,
O then thy wandring eyes bewicht thy heart,
Euen in the Chappell did thy fancie change,
When periu'r'd man, though faire *Doll* had thy hand,
The Scottish *Idaes* bewtie stole thy heart:
Yet feare and loue hath tyde thy readie tongue
From blabbing forth the passions of thy minde,
Left fearefull silence haue in futtle lookes 210
Bewrayd the treason of my new vovd loue,
Be faire and louely *Doll*, but here's the prize
That lodgeth here, and entred through mine eyes,
Yet how so ere I loue, I must be wife.
Now louely Countesse, what reward or grace,
May I imploy on you for this your zeale,
And humble honors done vs in our Court,
In entertainment of the English King.

The Scottish Historie

Countesse. It was of dutie Prince that I haue done :
And what in fauour may content me most,
Is, that it please your grace to giue me leaue,
For to returne vnto my Countrey home.

K. of Scots. But louely *Ida* is your mind the fame?

Ida. I count of Court my Lord, as wise men do,
Tis fit for those that knowes what longs thereto :
Each person to his place, the wife to Art,
The Cobler to his clout, the Swaine to Cart.

K. of Sc. But *Ida* you are faire, and bewtie shines,
And seemeth best, where pomp her pride refines.

Ida. If bewtie (as I know there's none in me)
Were sworne my loue, and I his life should be :
The farther from the Court I were remoued,
The more I thinke of heauen I were beloued.

K. of Scots. And why ?

Ida. Because the Court is counted *Venus* net,
Where gifts and vowes for stales are often set,
None, be she chaste as *Vesta*, but shall meete
A curious toong to charme her eares with sweet.

K. of Scots. Why *Ida* then I see you set at naught,
The force of loue.

Ida. In sooth this is my thought most gracious king,
That they that little proue
Are mickle blest, from bitter sweets of loue :
And weele I wot, I heard a shepheard sing,
That like a Bee, Loue hath a little sting :
He lurkes in flowres, he pearcheth on the trees,
He on Kings pillowes, bends his prettie knees :
The Boy is blinde, but when he will not spie,
He hath a leaden foote, and wings to flie :
Bethrow me yet, for all these strange effects,
If I would like the Lad, that so infects. (desire?)

K. of Scots. Rare wit, fair face, what hart could more
But *Doll* is faire, and doth concerne thee neere.

Let

of Iames the fourth.

Let *Doll* be faire, she is wonne, but I must woe,
And win faire *Ida*, theres some choyce in two.
But *Ida* thou art coy.

Ida. And why dread King ?

K. of Scots. In that you will dispraise so sweet
A thing, as loue, had I my wish.

Ida. What then ?

K. of Scots. Then would I place his arrow here,
His bewtie in that face.

Ida. And were *Apollo* moued and rulde by me,
His wisdome should be yours, and mine his tree.

K. of Scots. But here returnes our traine.
Welcome faire *Doll*: how fares our father, is he shipt and gone.

Enters the traine backe.

Dor. My royall father is both shipt and gone,
God and faire winds direct him to his home.

K. of Sc. Amen say I, wold thou wert with him too :
Then might I haue a fitter time to woo.

But Countesse you would be gone, therefore farwell
Yet *Ida* if thou wilt, stay thou behind,
To accompany my Queene.

But if thou like the pleasures of the Court,
Or if she likte me tho she left the Court,
What should I say ? I know not what to say,
You may depart, and you my curteous Queene,
Leaue me a space, I haue a waightie cause to thinke vpon :

Ida, it nips me neere :

It came from thence, I feele it burning heere.

Exeunt all sauing the King and Ateukin.

K. of Scot. Now am I free from sight of commõ eie,
Where to my selfe I may disclose the grieffe
That hath too great a part in mine affects.

Ateu. And now is my time, by wiles & words to rise,
Greater then those, that thinks themselues more wise.

K. of Scots. And first fond King, thy honor doth engraue,

B

3

Vpon

260

270

280

The Scottish Historie

Vpon thy browes, the drift of thy disgrace :
Thy new vovd loue in sight of God and men,
Linke thee to *Dorithea*, during life.

290

For who more faire and vertuous then thy wife,
Deceitfull murderer of a quiet minde,
Fond loue, vile lust, that thus misleads vs men,
To vowe our faithes, and fall to sin againe.

But Kings stoupe not to euery common thought,
Ida is faire and wise, fit for a King:

And for faire *Ida* will I hazard life,
Venture my Kingdome, Country, and my Crowne :
Such fire hath loue, to burne a kingdome downe.

300

Say *Doll* dislikes, that I estrange my loue,
Am I obedient to a womans looke ?

Nay say her father frowne when he shall heare
That I do hold faire *Idaes* loue so deare :

Let father frowne and fret, and fret and die,
Nor earth, nor heauen shall part my loue and I.
Yea they shall part vs, but we first must meet,
And wo, and win, and yet the world not feet.

Yea ther's the wound, & wounded with that thoght
So let me die: for all my drift is naught.

310

Ateu. Most gracious and imperiall Maiestie,

K. of S. A little flattery more were but too much,
Villaine what art thou that thus darest interrupt a Princes fe-

Ateu. Dread King, thy vassall is a man of Art, (crets.
Who knowes by constellation of the stars,

By oppositions and by drie aspects,
The things are past, and those that are to come.

K. of S. But where's thy warrant to approach my presence ?

Ateu. My zeale and ruth to see your graces wrong,
Makes me lament, I did detract so long.

320

K. of S. If thou knowst thoughts, tell me what mean I now ?

Ateu. Ile calculate the cause of those your highnesse smiles,
And tell your thoughts.

X. of S.

of James the fourth.

K. of S. But least thou spend thy time in idlenesse,
And misse the matter that my mind aimes at,
Tell me what star was opposite when that was thought?

He strikes him on the eare.

Ateu. Tis inconuenient mightie Potentate,
Whose lookes resemble *Ioue* in Maiestie,
To scorne the footh of science with contempt,
I see in those imperiall lookes of yours,
The whole discourse of loue, *Saturn* combust,
With direfull lookes at your natiuitie :
Beheld faire *Venus* in her siluer orbe,
I know by certaine exiemies I haue read,
Your graces griefs, & further can expresse her name,
That holds you thus in fancies bands.

330

K. of S. Thou talkest wonders.

Ateu. Nought but truth O King,
Tis *Ida* is the mistresse of your heart,
Whose youth must take impression of affects,
For tender twigs will bowe, and milder mindes
Will yeeld to fancie be they followed well.

340

K. of S. What god art thou composde in humane shape,
Or bold *Trophonius* to decide our doubts,
How knowst thou this?

Ateu. Euen as I know the meanes,
To worke your graces freedome and your loue ;
Had I the mind as many Courtiers haue,
To creepe into your bosome for your coyne,
And beg rewards for euery cap and knee,
I then would say, if that your grace would giue
This lease, this manor, or this pattent feald,
For this or that I would effect your loue :
But *Ateukin* is no Parasite O Prince,
I know your grace knowes schollers are but poore,
And therefore as I blush to beg a fee,
Your mightinesse is so magnificent
You cannot chuse but cast some gift apart,

350

To

The Scottish Historie

To ease my bathfull need that cannot beg,
As for your loue, oh might I be imployd,
How faithfully would *Ateukin* compasse it:
But Princes rather trust a smoothing tongue,
Then men of Art that can accept the time.

K. of Scots. Ateu. If so thy name, for so thou faist,
Thine Art appeares in entrance of my loue:
And since I deeme thy wisdom matcht with truth,
I will exalt thee, and thy selfe alone
Shalt be the Agent to diffolue my grieffe.
Sooth is, I loue, and *Ida* is my loue,
But my new marriage nips me neare, *Ateukin*:
For *Dorithea* may not brooke th'abuse.

Ateu. These lets are but as moaths against the sun,
Yet not so great, like dust before the winde:
Yet not so light. Tut pacifie your grace,
You haue the sword and sceptor in your hand,
You are the King, the state depends on you:
Your will is law, say that the case were mine,
Were she my sister whom your highnesse loues,
She should consent, for that our liues, our goods,
Depend on you, and if your Queene repine,
Although my nature cannot brooke of blood,
And Schollers grieue to heare of murtherous deeds,
But if the Lambe should let the Lyons way,
By my aduise the Lambe should lose her life.
Thus am I bold to speake vnto your grace,
Who am too base to kisse your royall feete,
For I am poore, nor haue I land nor rent,
Nor countenance here in Court, but for my loue,
Your Grace shall find none such within the realme.

K. of S. Wilt thou effect my loue, shal she be mine?

Ateu. Ile gather Moly-rocus, and the earbes,
That heales the wounds of body and the minde,
Ile set out charmes and spels, nought else shalbe left,

To

of James the fourth.

To tame the wanton if she shall rebell,
Giue me but tokens of your highnesse trust.

K. of S. Thou shalt haue gold, honor and wealth inough,
Winne my Loue, and I will make thee great.

Ateu. These words do make me rich most noble Prince,
I am more proude of them then any wealth, 400
Did not your grace suppose I flatter you,
Beleeue me I would boldly publish this :
Was neuer eye that sawe a sweeter face,
Nor neuer eare that heard a deeper wit,
Oh God how I am rauisht in your woorth.

K. of S. Ateu. Follow me, loue must haue ease.

Ateu. Ile kisse your highnesse feet, march when you please.

Exeunt.

*Enter Slipper, Nano, and Andrew, with their billes readie
written in their hands.* 1. ii.
410

Andrew. Stand back fir, mine shall stand highest.

Slip. Come vnder mine arme fir, or get a footstoole,
Or else by the light of the Moone, I must come to it.

Nano. Agree my maisters, euery man to his height,
Though I stand lowest, I hope to get the best maister.

Andr. Ere I will stoupe to a thistle, I will change turnes,
As good lucke comes on the right hand, as the left :
Here's for me, and me, and mine.

Andr. But tell me fellowes till better occasion come,
Do you seeke maisters? 420

Ambo. We doo.

Andr. But what can you do worthie preferment?

Nano. Marry I can smell a knaue from a Rat.

Slip. And I can licke a dish before a Cat.

Andr. And I can finde two fooles vnfought,
How like you that? (two?)

But in earnest, now tell me of what trades are you

Slip. How meane you that fir, of what trade?

Marry Ile tell you, I haue many trades,

The Scottish Historie

The honest trade when I needs must,
The filching trade when time serues,
The Coufening trade as I finde occasion.
And I haue more qualities, I cannot abide a ful cup vnkift,
A fat Capon vnkaru'd,
A full purse vnpickt,
Nor a foole to prooue a Iustice as you do.

430

Andr. Why sot why calst thou me foole?

Nano. For examining wiser then thy selfe.

Andr. So doth many more then I in *Scotland*.

Nano. Yea those are such, as haue more authoritie then wit, 440
And more wealth then honestie.

Slip. This is my little brother with the great wit, ware him,
But what canst thou do, tel me, that art so inquisitiue of vs?

Andr. Any thing that concernes a gentleman to do, that can

Slip. So you are of the gentle trade? (I do.

Andr. True.

Slip. Then gentle fir, leaue vs to our felues,
For heare comes one as if he would lack a seruant ere he went.

Ent. Ateu. Why so *Ateukin*? this becomes thee best,
Wealth, honour, ease, and angelles in thy chest:

450

Now may I fay, as many often sing,

No fishing to the sea, nor seruice to a king.

Vnto this high promotions doth belong,

Meanes to be talkt of in the thickest throng:

And first to fit the humors of my Lord,

Sweete layes and lynes of loue I must record.

And such sweete lynes and louelayes ile endite:

As men may wish for, and my leech delight,

And next a traine of gallants at my heeles,

That men may fay, the world doth run on wheeles. 460

For men of art, that rise by indirection,

To honour and the fauour of their King,

Must vse all meanes to saue what they haue got,

And win their fauours whom he neuer knew.

If any frowne to see my fortunes such,

A man

of Iames the fourth.

A man must beare a little, not too much :
But in good time these billes partend, I thinke,
That some good fellowes do for seruice seeke.

*Read. If any gentleman, spirituall or temperall, will entertaine out of his seruice, a young stripling of the age of 30. yeares, that can 470
sleep with the soundest, eate with the hungriest, work with the sickest,
lye with the lowdest, face with the proudest, &c. that can wait in a
Gentlemans chamber, when his maister is a myle of, keepe his stable
when tis emptye, and his purse when tis full, and hath many qua-
lities woorse then all these, let him write his name and goe his way,
and attendance shall be giuen.*

Ateu. By my faith a good seruant, which is he?

Slip. Trulie fir that am I?

Ateu. And why doest thou write such a bill,
Are all these qualities in thee? 480

Slip. O Lord I fir, and a great many more,
Some better, some worse, some richer some porer,
Why fir do you looke so, do they not please you?

Ateu. Trulie no, for they are naught and so art thou,
If thou hast no better qualities, stand by.

Slip. O fir, I tell the worst first, but and you lack a man,
I am for you, ile tell you the best qualities I haue.

Ateu. Be breefe then.

Slip. If you need me in your chamber,
I can keepe the doore at a whistle, in your kitchin, 490
Turne the spit, and licke the pan, and make the fire burne.
But if in the stable.

Steu. Yea there would I vse thee.

Slip. Why there you kill me, there am I,
And turne me to a horse & a wench, and I haue no peere.

Ateu. Art thou so good in keeping a horse,
I pray thee tell me how many good qualities hath a horse?

Slip. Why so fir, a horse hath two properties of a man,
That is a proude heart, and a hardie stomacke,
Foure properties of a Lyon, a broad brest, a stiffe docket, 500

The Scottish Historie

Hold your nose maister. A wild countenance, and 4. good legs.
Nine properties of a Foxe, nine of a Hare, nine of an Affe,
And ten of a woman. (Horfe?)

Ateu. A woman, why what properties of a woman hath a

Slip. O maister, know you not that?

Draw your tables, and write what wife I speake.

Firft a merry countenance.

Second, a soft pace.

Third, a broad forehead.

Fourth, broad buttockes.

Fift, hard of warde.

Sixt, easie to leape vpon.

Seuenth, good at long iourney.

Eight, mouing vnder a man.

Ninth, alway busie with the mouth.

Tenth. Euer chewing on the bridle.

Ateu. Thou art a man for me, whats thy name?

Slip. An auncient name fir, belonging to the
Chamber and the night gowne. Gesse you that.

Ateu. Whats that, *Slipper?*

Slip. By my faith well gest, and so tis indeed :
Youle be my maister?

Ateu. I meane so.

Slip. Reade this first.

Ateu. Pleaseth it any Gentleman to entertaine

A seruant of more wit then stature,

Let them subscribe, and attendance shall be giuen.

What of this? (together,

Slip. He is my brother fir, and we two were borne

Must serue together, and will die together,

Though we be both hangd.

Ateu. Whats thy name?

Nano. *Nano.*

Ateu. The etimologie of which word, is a dwarfe :

Art not thou the old stoykes son that dwels in his Tombe?

Ambo.

of Iames the fourth.

Ambo. We are.

Ateu. Thou art welcome to me,
Wilt thou giue thy felfe wholly to be at my disposition?

Nano. In all humilitie I submit my felfe.

Ateu. Then will I deck thee Princely, instruct thee courtly, 540
And present thee to the Queene as my gift.
Art thou content?

Nano. Yes, and thanke your honor too.

Slip. Then welcome brother, and fellow now.

Andr. May it please your honor to abase your eye so lowe,
As to looke either on my bill or my felfe.

Ateu. What are you?

An. By birth a gentleman, in profession a scholler,
And one that knew your honor in *Edenborough*,
Before your worthinesse cald you to this reputation. 550

By me *Andrew Snoord*.

Ateu. *Andrew* I remember thee, follow me,
And we will confer further, for my waightie affaires
For the king, commands me to be briefe at this time.
Come on *Nano*, *Slipper* follow.

Exeunt.

Enter fir *Bartram* with *Eustas* and others, booted. 1. iii.

S. Bar. But tell me louely *Eustas* as thou lou'lt me,
Among the many pleasures we haue past,
Which is the rifest in thy memorie, 560
To draw thee ouer to thine auncient friend?

Eu. What makes Sir *Bartram* thus inquisitiue?
Tell me good knight, am I welcome or no?

Sir Bar. By sweet *S. Andrew* and may fale I sweare,
As welcom is my honest *Dick* to me,
As mornings sun, or as the watry moone,
In merkist night, when we the borders track.
I tell thee *Dick*, thy fight hath cleerd my thoughts,
Of many banefull troubles that there woond.
Welcome to fir *Bartram* as his life: 570

The Scottish Historie

Tell me bonny *Dicke*, hast got a wife?

Eust. A wife God shield sir *Bartram*, that were ill
To leaue my wife and wander thus astray:
But time and good aduise ere many yeares,
May chance to make my fancie bend that way,
What newes in *Scotland*? therefore came I hither:
To see your Country, and to chat together.

Sir Bar. Why man our Countries blyth, our king is well,
Our Queene so, so, the Nobles well, and worfe
And weele are they that were about the king, 580
But better are the Country Gentlemen.
And I may tell thee *Eustace*, in our liues,
We old men neuer saw so wondrous change:
But leaue this trattle, and tell me what newes,
In louely England with our honest friends?

Eust. The king, the Court, and all our noble frends
Are well, and God in mercy keepe them so.
The Northren Lords and Ladies here abouts,
That knowes I came to see your Queen and Court,
Commends them to my honest friend sir *Bartram*, 590
And many others that I haue not seene:
Among the rest, the Countesse *Elinor* from *Carlile*
Where we merry oft haue bene,
Greets well my Lord, and hath directed me,
By message this faire Ladies face to see.

Sir Bar. I tell thee *Eustace*, lest mine old eyes daze,
This is our Scottish moone and euenings pride:
This is the blemish of your English Bride:
Who failes by her, are sure of winde at will.
Her face is dangerous, her sight is ill: 600
And yet in sooth sweet *Dicke*, it may be said,
The king hath folly, their's vertue in the mayd.

Eust. But knows my friend this portrait, be aduisd?

Sir Bar. Is it not *Ida* the Countesse of *Arains* daughters?

Eust.

of James the fourth.

Eust. So was I told by *Elinor* of *Carlile*,
But tell me louely *Bartram*, is the maid euil inclin'd,
Mised, or Concubine vnto the King or any other

Ba. Shuld I be brief & true, thẽ thus my *Dicke*, (Lord ?
All Englands grounds yeelds not a blyther Lasse.

Nor *Europ* can art her for her gifts,

610

Of vertue, honour, beautie, and the rest :

But our fõd king not knowing sin in lust,

Makes loue by endleffe meanes and precious gifts,

And men that see it dare not sayt my friend,

But wee may wish that it were otherwise :

But I rid thee to view the picture still,

For by the persons fights there hangs som ill.

Eustace *Ba.* Oh good sir *Bartram*, you suspect I loue,

Then were I mad, hee whom I neuer sawe,

But how so ere, I feare not entifings,

620

Desire will giue no place vnto a king :

Ile see her whom the world admires so much,

That I may say with them, there liues none such.

Bar. Be Gad and sal, both see and talke with her,

And when th' haft done, what ere her beautie be,

Ile wartant thee her vertues may compare,

With the proudest she that waits vpon your Queen.

Eu. My Ladie intreats your Worship in to supper.

Ba. Guid bony *Dick*, my wife will tel thee more,

Was neuer no man in her booke before :

630

Be Gad shees blyth, faire lewely, bony, &c.

Exeunt.

*Enter Bohan and the fairy king after the first act, to
them a rownd of Fairies, or some prittie dance.*

11. Chor.

Bob. Be Gad gramerfis little king for this,

This sport is better in my exile life,

Then euer the deceitful world could yeeld.

Ober. I tell thee *Bohan*, *Oberon* is king,

Of

The Scottish Historie

Of quiet, pleasure, profit, and content,
Of wealth, of honor, and of all the world,
Tide to no place, yet all are tide to one,
Liue thou in this life, exile from world and men,
And I will shew thee wonters ere we part,

Bob. Then marke my stay, and the strange doubts,
That follow flatterers, lust and lawlesse will,
And then say I haue reason to forsake the world,
And all that are within the same.
Gow shrowd vs in our harbor where weelee see,
The pride of folly, as it ought to be.

Exeunt. 65

After the first act.

Ober. Here see I good fond actions in thy gyg,
And meanes to paint the worldes in constant waies
But turne thine ene, see which for I can commaund.

*Enter two battailes strongly fighting, the one Simi Ranus, the
other, Staurobates, she flies, and her Crowne is taken,
and she hurt.*

Bob. What gars this din of mirk and balefull harme,
Where euery weane is all betaint with bloud?

Ober. This shewes thee *Boban* what is worldly pompe.
Simeranus, the proud *Assirrian* Queene,
When *Ninus* died, did tene in her warres,
Three millions of footemen to the fight,
Fiue hundreth thousand horse, of armed chars,
A hundreth thousand more yet in her pride
Was hurt and conquered by *S. Taurobates*.
Then what is pompe?

Boban. I see thou art thine ene.
Thou bonny King, if Princes fall from high,
My fall is past, vntill I fall to die.
Now marke my talke, and profecute my gyg.

66

67

2.

Ober. How shuld these crafts withdraw thee from the world?
But

of Iames the fourth.

But looke my *Boban*, pompe allureth.

*Enter Cirus king, humbling themselues: himselfe crowned by
Oliue Pat, at last dying, layde in a marbell tombe with this
inscription*

Who so thou bee that passelt,
For I know one shall passe, knowe I
I am *Cirus* of *Persia*,

680

And I prithee leaue me not thus like a clod of clay
Wherewith my body is couered.

All exeunt.

*Enter the king in great pompe, who reads it, & issueth,
crieth vermeum.*

Bob. What meaneth this?

Ober. *Cirus* of *Persia*,

Mightie in life, within a marbell graue,
Was layde to rot, whom *Alexander* once
Beheld in tombde, and weeping did confesse
Nothing in life could scape from wretchednesse:
Why then boast men?

690

Bob. What recke I then of life,
Who makes the graue my tomb, the earth my wife:
But marke mee more.

3.

Bob. I can no more, my patience will not warpe.
To see these flatteries how they sorne and carpe.

Ober. Turne but thy head.

*Enter our kings carrying Crowns, Ladies presenting odors
to Potentates in thronde, who suddainly is slaine
by his seruants, and thrust out, and so they eate.*

700

Exeunt.

Sike is the werld, but whilke is he I sawe.

Ober. *Sesostris* who was conquerour of the werld,
Slaine at the last, and stampd on by his slaues.

Bob. How blest are peur men then that know their
Now marke the sequell of my Gig. (graue,

D

An

The Scottish Historie

Bob. An he weele meete ends: the mirk and fable night
Doth leaue the pering morne to prie abroade,
Thou nill me stay, haile then thou pride of kings,
I ken the world, and wot well worldly things,
Marke thou my gyg, in mirkest termes that telles
The loathe of finnes, and where corruption dwells
Haile me ne mere with showes of gudlie fights:
My graue is mine, that rids me from dispights.
Accept my gig guid King, and let me rest,
The graue with guid men, is a gay built nest.

Ober. The rising funne doth call me hence away,
Thankes for thy gyg, I may no longer stay:
But if my traine, did wake thee from thy rest,
So shall they sing, thy lullabie to nest.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Countesse of Arrain, with Ida her daughter in theyr porch, sitting at worke.

A song.

Count. Faire *Ida*, might you chuse the greatest good
Midst all the world, in blessings that abound:
Wherein my daughter shuld your liking be?

Ida. Not in delights, or pompe, or maiestie.

Count. And why?

Ida. Since these are meanes to draw the minde
From perfect good, and make true iudgement blind.

Count. Might you haue wealth, and fortunes ritcheft store?

Ida. Yet would I (might I chuse) be honest poore.
For she that sits at fortunes feete alowe
Is sure she shall not taste a further woe.

But those that prancke one top of fortunes ball,
Still feare a change: and fearing catch a fall. (need.

Count. Tut foolish maide, each one contemneth

Ida. Good reafõ why, they know not good indeed.

Count. Many marrie then, on whom distresse doth loure,
Ida. Yes

of Iames the fourth.

Ida. Yes they that vertue deeme an honest dowre.
Madame, by right this world I may compare,
Vnto my worke, wherein with heedfull care,
The heauenly workeman plants with curious hand,
As I with needle drawe each thing one land,
Euen as hee list, some men like to the Rose,
Are fashioned fresh, some in their stalkes do close,
And borne do suddaine die: some are but weeds, 750
And yet from them a secret good proceeds:
I with my needle if I please may blot,
The fairest rose within my cambricke plot,
God with a becke can change each worldly thing,
The poore to earth, the begger to the king.
What then hath man, wherein hee well may boast,
Since by a becke he liues, a louer is lost?

Enter Eustace with letters.

Count. Peace *Ida*, heere are straungers neare at hand.

Eust. Madame God speed. 760

Count. I thanke you gentle squire.

Eust. The countrie Countesse of *Northumberland*,
Doth greete you well, and hath requested mee,
To bring these letters to your Ladiship.

He carries the letter.

Count. I thanke her honour, and your selfe my friend.

Shee receiues and peruseth them.

I see she meanes you good braue Gentleman,
Daughter, the Ladie *Elinor* salutes
Your selfe as well as mee, then for her sake 770
T'were good you entertaind that Courtiour well.

Ida. As much salute as may become my sex,
And hee in vertue can vouchsafe to thinke,
I yeeld him for the courteous Countesse sake.
Good fir sit downe, my mother heere and I,
Count time mispent, an endlesse vanitie.

Eust. Beyond report, the wit, the faire, the shape,

D 2

What

The Scottish historie

What worke you heere, faire Mistresse may I see it?

Id. Good Sir looke on, how like you this compact?

Eust. Me thinks in this I see true loue in act:
The Woodbines with their leaues do sweetly spred,
The Rofes blushing prancke them in their red,
No flower but boasts the beauties of the spring,
This bird hath life indeed if it could sing:

780

What meanes faire Mistres had you in this worke?

Ida. My needle fir.

Eust. In needles then there lurkes,
Some hidden grace I deeme beyond my reach.

Id. Not grace in thē good fir, but those that teach.

Eust. Say that your needle now were *Cupids* sting,
But ah her eie must bee no leffe,
In which is heauen and heauenlineffe,
In which the foode of God is shut,
Whose powers the purest mindes do glut.

790

Ida. What if it were?

Eust. Then see a wondrous thing,
I feare mee you would paint in *Teneus* heart,
Affection in his power and chiefest parts.

Ida. Good Lord fir no, for hearts but pricked soft,
Are wounded fore, for so I heare it oft.

800

Eust. what reckes the second,
Where but your happy eye,
May make him liue, whom *Ioue* hath iudgd to die.

Ida. Should life & death within this needle lurke,
Ile pricke no hearts, Ile pricke vpon my worke.

Enter Ateuken, with Slipper the Clowne.

Coun. Peace *Ida*, I perceiue the fox at hand.

Eust. The fox? why fetch your hounds & chace him hence.

Count. Oh fir these great men barke at small offence.

Ateu. Come will it please you to enter gentle fir?

810

Offer to exeunt.

Stay courteous Ladies, fauour me so much,

As

of Iames the fourth.

As to discourse a word or two apart.

Count. Good fir, my daughter learns this rule of mee,
To shun resort, and straungers companie :
For some are shifting mates that carrie letters,
Some such as you too good, because our betters.

Slip. Now I pray you fir what a kin are you to a pickrell ?

Ateu. Why knaue ?

Slip. By my troth fir, because I neuer knew a proper scitua- 820
tion fellow of your pitch, fitter to swallow a gudgin.

Ateu. What meant thou by this ?

Slip. Shifting fellow fir, these be thy words, shifting fellow :
This Gentlewoman I feare me, knew your bringing vp.

Ateu. How so ?

Slip. Why fir your father was a Miller,
That could shift for a pecke of grist in a bushell,
And you a faire spoken Gentleman, that can get more land by
a lye, then an honest man by his readie mony.

Ateu. Catiue what sayest thou ?

830

Slip. I say fir, that if shee call you shifting knaue,
You shall not put her to the prooffe.

Ateu. And why ?

Slip. Because fir, liuing by your wit as you doo shifting, is
your letters pattents, it were a hard matter for mee to get my
dinner that day, wherein my Maister had not solde a dozen of
deuices, a case of cogges, and a shute of shifts in the morning :
I speak this in your commendation fir, & I pray you so take it.

Ateu. If I liue knaue I will bee reuenged, what Gentleman
would entertaine a rascall, thus to derogate from his honour ? 840

Ida. My Lord why are you thus impatient ?

Ateu. Not angrie *Ida*, but I teach this knaue,
How to behaue himselfe among his betters :
Behold faire Countesse to assure your stay,
I heere present the signet of the king,
Who now by mee faire *Ida* doth salute you :
And since in secret I haue certaine things,

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In his behalfe good Madame to impart,
I craue your daughter to discourse a part.

Count. Shee shall in humble dutie bee adrest,
To do his Highnesse will in what shee may.

Id. Now gentle sir what would his grace with me?

Ateu. Faire comely Nimph, the beautie of your face,
Sufficient to bewitch the heauenly powers,
Hath wrought so much in him, that now of late
Hee findes himselfe made captiue vnto loue,
And though his power and Maiestie requires,
A straight commaund before an humble sute,
Yet hee his mightinesse doth so abase,
As to intreat your fauour honest maid.

Ida. Is hee not married sir vnto our Queen?

Ateu. Hee is.

Ida. And are not they by God accurst,
That feuer them whom hee hath knit in one?

Ateu. They bee: what then? wee seeke not to displace
The Princesse from her feate, but since by loue
The king is made your owne, shee is resolute
In priuate to accept your dalliance,
In spight of warre, watch, or worldly eye.

Ida. Oh how hee talkes as if hee should not die,
As if that God in iustice once could winke,
Vpon that fault I am a sham'd to thinke.

Ateu. Tut Mistresse, man at first was born to erre,
Women are all not formed to bee Saints:
Tis impious for to kill our natiue king,
Whom by a little fauour wee may saue.

Ida. Better then liue vnchaste, to liue in graue.

Ateu. Hee shall erect your state & wed you well.

Ida. But can his warrant keep my soule from hell?

Ateu. He will inforce, if you resist his sute.

Id. What tho, the world may shame to him account
To bee a king of men and worldly pelfe.

Ateu. Yet

850

860

870

880

of James the fourth.

Ateu. Yet hath to power no rule and guide himfelfe,
I know you gentle Ladie and the care,
Both of your honour and his graces health,
Makes me confused in this daungerous ftate.

Ida. So counfell him, but footh thou not his finne,
Tis vaine alurement that doth make him loue,
I fhame to heare, bee you a fhamde to mooue.

Count. I fee my daughter growes impatient,
I feare me hee pretends fome bad intent.

890

Ateu. Will you difpife the king, & fcorne him fo?

Ida. In all alleageance I will ferue his grace,
But not in luft, oh how I blufh to name it?

Ateu. An endleffe worke is this, how fhould I frame it?

They difcourfe priuately.

Slip. Oh Miftrefle may I turne a word vpon you.

Countess. *Ateu.* Friend what wilt thou?

Slip. Oh what a happie Gentlewoman bee you trulie, the world reports this of you Miftrefle, that a man can no fooner 900 come to your houle, but the Butler comes with a blacke Jack and faves welcome friend, heeres a cup of the beft for you, verilie Miftrefle you are faid to haue the beft Ale in al *Scotland*.

Count. Sirrha go fetch him drinke, how likeft thou this?

Slip. Like it Miftrefle? why this is quincy quarie pepper de watchet, fingle goby, of all that euer I tasted: Ile prooue in this Ale and toft, the compaffe of the whole world. First this is the earth, it ties in the middle a faire browne toft, a goodly cuntry for hungrie teeth to dwell vpon: next this is the fea, a fair poole for a drie tōgue to fish in: now come I, & feing the 910 world is naught, I diuide it thus, & because the fea cānot ftand without the earth, as *Arist.* faith, I put thē both into their first

Chaos,

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Chaos which is my bellie, and so mistresse you may see your ale is become a myracle.

Eustace. A merrie mate Madame I promise you.

Count. Why figh you firrah?

Slip. Trulie Madam, to think vppon the world, which since I denoüced, it keeps such a rumbling in my stomack, that vnlesse your Cooke giue it a counterbuffe with some of your roasted Capons or beefe, I feare me I shal become a loose body, so 920 daintie I thinke, I shall neither hold fast before nor behinde.

Count. Go take him in and feast this merrie swaine, Syrrha, my cooke is your phisitian.

He hath a purge for to disiest the world.

Ateu. Will you not, *Ida*, grant his highnesse this?

Ida. As I haue said, in dutie I am his:
For other lawlesse lusts, that ill befeeme him,
I cannot like, and good I will not deeme him.

Count. *Ida* come in, and fir if so you please,
Come take a homelie widdowes intertaine.

Ida. If he haue no great haste, he may come nye.
If haste, tho he be gone, I will not crie.

Exeunt.

Ateu. I see this labour lost, my hope in vaine,
Yet will I trie an other drift againe.

*Enter the Bishop of S. Andrewes, Earle Douglas,
Morton, with others, one way, the Queene with
Dwarfes an other way.*

B. S. Andr. Oh wrack of Cōmon-weale! Oh wretched state!

Doug. Oh haplesse flocke whereas the guide is blinde? 940

They all are in a muse.

Mort. Oh heedlesse youth, where counsaile is dispis'd.

Doro. Come prettie knaue, and prank it by my side,
Lets see your best attendaunce out of hande.

Dwarfe. Madame altho my lims are very small,
My heart is good, ile serue you therewithall.

Doro. How if I were affaild, what couldst thou do?

Dwarffe.

of Iames the fourth.

Dwarf. Madame call helpe, and boldly fight it to,
Altho a Bee be but a litle thing:
You know faire Queen, it hath a bitter sting.

950

Dor. How couldst thou do me good were I in greefe?

Dwar. Counsell deare Princes, is a choyce releefe.
Tho *Nestor* wanted force, great was his wit,
And tho I am but weake, my words are fit.

S. And. Like to a ship vpon the Ocean seas,
Toft in the doubtfull streame without a helme,
Such is a Monarke without good aduice,
I am ore heard, cast raine vpon thy tongue,
Andrewes beware, reproofe will breed a scar.

Mor. Good day my Lord.

960

B. S. And. Lord *Morton* well ymet:
Whereon deemes Lord *Douglas* all this while?

Dou. Of that which yours and my poore heart doth breake:
Altho feare shuts our mouths we dare not speake.

Dor. What meane these Princes sadly to consult?
Somewhat I feare, betideth them amisse,
They are so pale in lookes, so vext in minde:
In happie houre the Noble Scottish Peeres
Haue I incountred you, what makes you mourne?

B. S. And. If we with patience may attentiu gaine,
Your Grace shall know the cause of all our grieffe.

970

Dor. Speake on good father, come and sit by me:
I know thy care is for the common good.

B. S. And. As fortune mightie Princes reareth some,
To high estate, and place in Common-weale,
So by diuine bequest to them is lent,
A riper iudgement and more searhing eye:
Whereby they may discerne the common harme,
For where importunes in the world are most,
Where all our profits rise and still increase,
There is our minde, thereon we meditate,
And what we do partake of good aduice,

980

E

'That

The Scottish Historie

That we imploy for to concerne the same.)
To this intent these nobles and my selfe,
That are (or should bee) eyes of Common-weale,
Seeing his highnesse reachlesse course of youth
His lawlesse and vnbridled vaine in loue,
His to intentiue trust too flatterers,
His abiect care of councell and his friendes,
Cannot but greeue, and since we cannot drawe
His eye or Iudgement to discern his faults
Since we haue spake and counsaile is not heard,
I for my part, (let others as they list)
Will leaue the Court, and leaue him to his will :
Least with a ruthfull eye I should behold,
His ouerthrow which fore I feare is nye.

Doro. Ah father are you so estranged from loue,
From due alleageance to your Prince and land,
To leaue your King when most he needs your help,
The thriftie husbandmen, are neuer woont
That see their lands vnfruitfull, to forsake them :
But when the mould is barraine and vnapt,
They toyle, they plow, and make the fallow fatte :
The pilot in the dangerous seas is knowne,
In calmer waues the sillie sailor striues,
Are you not members Lords of Common-weale,
And can your head, your deere annointed King,
Default ye Lords, except your selues do faile?
Oh stay your steps, returne and counsaile him.

Doug. Men seek not mosse vpon a rowling stone,
Or water from the siue, or fire from yce:
Or comfort from a rechlësse monarkes hands.
Madame he sets vs light that seru'd in Court,
In place of credit in his fathers dayes,
If we but enter presence of his grace,
Our payment is a frowne, a scoffe, a frumpe,
Whilst flattering *Guato* prancks it by his side,
Soothing

of James the fourth.

Soothing the carelesse King in his misdeeds,
And if your grace confider your estate,
His life should vrge you too if all be true.

1020

Doug. Why *Douglas* why?

Doug. As if you haue not heard
His lawlesse loue to *Ida* growne of late,
His carelesse estimate of your estate.

Doro. Ah *Douglas* thou misconstrest his intent,
He doth but tempt his wife, he tryees my loue:
This iniurie pertaines to me, not to you.
The King is young, and if he step awrie,
He may amend, and I will loue him still.

Should we disdaine our vines becausè they sprout
Before their time? or young men if they straine
Beyòd their reach? no vines that bloome and spread
Do promise fruites, and young men that are wilde,
In age growe wise, my freendes and Scottish Peeres,
If that an English Princeesse may preuaile,
Stay, stay with him, lo how my zealous prayer
Is plead with teares, fie Peeres will you hence?

1030

S. And. Madam tis vertue in your grace to plead,
But we that see his vaine vntoward course,
Cannot but flie the fire before it burne,
And shun the Court before we see his fall.

1040

Doro. Wil you not stay? then Lordings fare you well.
Tho you forsake your King, the heauens I hope
Will fauour him through mine incessant prayer.

Dwar. Content you Madam, thus old *Ouid* sings.
Tis foolish to bewaile recurelesse things.

Dorothea. Peace Dwarffe, these words my patience moue.

Dwar. All tho you charme my speech, charme not my loue

Exeunt Nano Dorothea.

*Enter the King of Scots, Arius, the nobles spying
him, returnes.*

1050

K. of S. Douglas how now? why changest thou thy cheere?

E 2

Douglas.

The Scottish Historie

Dougl. My priuate troubles are fo great my liege,
As I must craue your licence for a while:
For to intend mine owne affaires at home. *Exit.*

King. You may depart, but why is *Morton* sad?

Mor. The like occasion doth import me too,
So I desire your grace to giue me leaue.

K. of S. Well fir you may betake you to your ease,
When such grim fyrs are gone, I see no let
To worke my will.

Bp of S Andrew. 8. *Atten.* What like the Eagle then,
With often flight wilt thou thy feathers loose?
O King canst thou indure to see thy Court,
Of finest wits and Iudgements dispossess't,
Whilst cloking craft with soothing climbs so high,
As each bewailes ambition is so bad?
Thy father left thee with estate and Crowne,
A learned councell to direct thy Court,
These careleslie O King thou castest off,
To entertaine a traine of Sicophants:
Thou well mai'ft see, although thou wilt not see,
That euery eye and eare both sees and heares
The certaine signes of thine inconstinence:
Thou art alyed vnto the English King,
By marriage a happie friend indeed,
If vsed well, if not a mightie foe.
Thinketh your grace he can indure and brooke,
To haue a partner in his daughters loue?
Thinketh your grace the grudge of priuie wrongs
Will not procure him change his smiles to threats?
Oh be not blinde to good, call home your Lordes,
Displace these flattering Gnatoes, driue them hence:
Loue and with kindnesse take your wedlocke wife
Or else (which God forbid) I feare a plague,
Sinne cannot thriue in courts without a plague.

K. of S. Go pack thou too, vnles thou mēd thy talk:
On

of Iames the fourth.

On paine of death proud Bishop get you gone,
Vnlesse you headlesse mean to hoppe away.

8. *Atten.* Thou god of heauē preuent my countries

1090

Exeunt. (fall.

K. of S. These staies and lets to pleasure, plague
Forcing my greeuous wounds a new to bleed: (my thoughts,
Bur care that hath transported me so farre,
Faire *Ida* is disperst in thought of thee:
Whose answere yeeldes me life, or breeds my death:
Yond comes the messenger of weale or woe.

Enter Gnato.

Ateukin What newes?

Ateu. The adament o King will not be filde,
But by it selfe, and beautie that exceeds,
By some exceeding fauour must be wrought,
Ida is coy as yet, and doth repine,
Obiecting marriage, honour, feare, and death,
Shee's holy, wife, and too precise for me.

1100

K. of S. Are these thy fruites of wits, thy sight in
Thine eloquence? thy pollicie? thy drift? (Art?
To mocke thy Prince, thē catiue packe thee hence,
And let me die deuoured in my loue.

Ateu. Good Lord how rage gainfayeth reasons power,
My deare, my gracious, and beloued Prince,
The essence of my sute, my God on earth,
Sit downe and rest your selfe, appease your wrath,
Least with a frowne yee wound me to the death:
Oh that I were included in my graue,
That eyther now to saue my Princes life,
Must counsell crueltie, or loose my King.

1110

K. of S. Why firrha, is there meanes to mooue her minde?

Ateu. Oh should I not offend my royall liege.

K. of S. Tell all, spare nought, so I may gaine my loue.

1120

Ateu. Alasse my foule why art thou torne in twaine,
For feare thou talke a thing that should displease?

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K. of S. Tut, speake what so thou wilt I pardon thee.

Ateu. How kinde a word, how courteous is his
Who would not die to succour such a king? (grace :
My liege, this louely mayde of modest minde,
Could well incline to loue, but that shee feares,
Faire *Dorotheas* power, your grace doth know,
Your wedlocke is a mightie let to loue :
Were *Ida* sure to bee your wedded wife,
That then the twig would bowe, you might com-
Ladies loue, presents pompe and high estate. (mand.

K. of S. Ah *Ateukin*, how shuld we display this let?

Ateu. Tut mightie Prince, oh that I might bee

K. of S. Why dalliest thou? whist.

Ateu. I will not mooue my Prince,
I will preferre his safetie before my life :
Heare mee ô king, tis *Dorotheas* death,
Must do you good.

K. of S. What, murder of my Queene ?
Yet to enioy my loue, what is my Queene ?
Oh but my vowe and promise to my Queene :
I but my hope to gaine a fairer Queene,
With how contrarious thoughts am I with drawne ?
Why linger I twixt hope and doubtfull feare :
If *Dorothe* die, will *Ida* loue ?

Ateu. Shee will my Lord.

K. of S. Then let her die.

Deuise, aduise the meanes,
Al likes me wel that lends me hope in loue. (worke :

Ateu. What will your grace consent, then let mee
Theres heere in Court a Frenchman *Iaques* calde,
A fit performer of our enterprife,
Whom I by gifts and promise will corrupt,
To slaye the Queene, so that your grace will feale
A warrant for the man to faue his life. (figne

K. of S. Nought shall he want, write thou and I wil
And gentle *Gnato*, if my *Ida* yeelde,

Thou

of Iames the fourth.

Thou shalt haue what thou wilt, Ile giue the straight,
A Barrony, an Earledome for reward. 1160

Ateu. Frolicke young king, the Lasse shall bee your owne,
Ile make her blyth and wanton by my wit.

Exeunt.

Enter Bohan with Obiron.

III. Chor.

3. Act.

Bob. So Oberon, now it beginnes to worke in kinde,
The auncient Lords by leauing him aliuie,
Disliking of his humors and respight,
Lets him run headlong till his flatterers,
Sweeting his thoughts of lucklesse lust, 1170
With vile perfwations and alluring words,
Makes him make way by murther to his will,
Iudge fairie king, hast heard a greater ill?

Ober. Nor fend more vertue in a countrie mayd,
I tell the *Bohan* it doth make me merrie,
To thinke the deeds the king meanes to performe.

Boba. To change that humour stand and see the rest,
I trow my sonne *Slipper* will shewes a iest.

*Enter Slipper with a companion, bog, or wench, dauncing a
hornpipe, and daunce out againe.* 1180

Boba. Now after this beguiling of our thoughts,
And changing them from sad to better glee,
Lets to our fell, and sit and see thee rest,
For I beleue this Iig will prooue no iest.

Exeunt.

Chorus Actus 3. Schena Prima.

III. i.

Enter Slipper one way, and S. Bartram another way.

Bar. Ho fellow, stay and let me speake with thee.

Sli. Fellow, frend thou doest disbuse me, I am a Gentlemã.

Bar. A Gentleman, how so?

Sli. Why I rub horses fir. 1190

Bar. And what of that?

Sip. Oh simple witted, marke my reason, they that do good
seruice in the Common-weale are Gentlemen, but such as rub
horses

The Scottish historie

horfes do good feruice in the Common-weale, Ergo tarbox
Maifter Courtier, a Horfe-keeper is a Gentleman.

Bar. Heere is ouermuch wit in good earnest:
But firrha where is thy Maifter?

Slip. Neither aboue ground nor vnder ground,
Drawing out red into white,
Swallowing that downe without chawing,
That was neuer made without treading.

Bar. Why where is hee then?

Slip. Why in his feller, drinking a cup of neate and briske
claret, in a boule of filuer: Oh fir the wine runnes trillill down
his throat, which cost the poore viutnerd many a stampe be-
fore it was made: but I must hence fir, I haue haste.

Bar. Why whither now I prithee?

Slip. Faith fir, to Sir *Siluester* a Knight hard by, vppon my
Maisters arrand, whom I must certifie this, that the lease of
Est Spring shall bee confirmed, and therefore must I bid him
prouide trash, for my Maister is no friend without mony.

Bar. This is the thing for which I sued so long,
This is the lease which I by *Guatoes* meanes,
Sought to possesse by pattent from the King:
But hee iniurious man, who liues by crafts,
And felles kings fauours for who will giue most,
Hath taken bribes of mee, yet couertly
Will sell away the thing pertaines to mee:
But I haue found a present helpe I hope,
For to preuent his purpose and deceit:
Stay gentle friend.

Slip. A good word, thou haste won me,
This word is like a warme candle to a colde stomacke.

Bar. Sirra wilt thou for mony and reward,
Conuay me certaine letters out of hand,
From out thy maisters pocket.

Slip. Will I fir, why, were it to rob my father, hang
my mother, or any such like trifles, I am at your

of Iames the fourth.

commaundement fir, what will you giue me fir?

S. Bar. A hundreth pounds.

1230

Slip. I am your man, giue me earnest, I am dead at a pocket fir, why I am a lifter maister, by my occupation.

S. Bar. A lifter, what is that?

Slip. Why fir, I can lift a pot as well as any man, and picke a purse affoone as any theefe in my countrie.

S. Bar. Why fellow hold, heere is earnest,
Ten pound to assure thee, go dispatch,
And bring it me to yonder Tauerne thou seeft,
And assure thy selfe thou shalt both haue
Thy skin full of wine, and the rest of thy mony.

1240

Slip. I will fir. Now roome for a Gentleman, my maisters, who giues mee mony for a faire new Angell, a trimme new Angell?

Exeunt.

Enter Andrew and Purueyer.

III. ii.

Pur. Sirrha, I must needs haue your maisters horses,
The king cannot bee vnserued.

And. Sirrha you must needs go without them,
Because my Maister must be serued.

Pur. Why I am the kings Purueyer,
And I tell thee I will haue them.

1250

And. I am *Ateukins* seruant, Signior *Andrew*,
And I fay thou shalt not haue them.

Pur. Heeres my ticket, denie it if thou darst.

And. There is the stable, fetch them out if thou darst.

Pur. Sirrha, firrha, tame your tongue, least I make you.

And. Sirrha, firrha, hold your hand, least I bum you.

Pur. I tell thee, thy Maisters geldings are good,
And therefore fit for the king.

An. I tell thee, my Maisters horses haue gald backes,
And therefore cannot fit the King.

1260

Purueyr, Purueyer, puruey thee of more wit, darst thou presume to wrong my Lord *Ateukins*, being the chiefest man in Court.

F

Pur. The

The Scottish Historie

Pur. The more vnhappie Common-weale,
Where flatterers are chiefe in Court.

And. What sayest thou?

Pur. I say thou art too presumptuous,
And the officers shall schoole thee.

And. A figge for them and thee Purueyer,
They seeke a knot in a ring, that would wrong
My maister or his seruants in this Court.

Enter Iaques.

Pur. The world is at a wise passe,
When Nobilitie is a fraid of a flatterer.

Iaq. Sirrha, what be you that parley, contra Monsieur my
Lord *Ateukin, en bonne foy*, prate you against syr *Altesse*, mee
maka your test to leap from your shoulders, per ma foy cy fe-
re ie.

And. Oh signior Captaine, you shewe your selfe a forward
and friendly Gentleman in my Maisters behalfe, I will cause
him to thanke you.

Iaq. *Poultron* speake me one parola against my bon Gen-
tilhome, I shal estrampe your guttes, and thumpe your backa,
that you no poynt mannage this tenne ours.

Pur. Sirrha come open me the stable,
And let mee haue the horses:
And fellow, for all your French bragges I will doo my dutie.

And. Ile make garters of thy guttes,
Thou villaine if thou enter this office.

Iaq. Mort lieu, take me that cappa
Pour nostre labour, be gonne villein in the mort.

Pur. What will you resist mee then?
Well the Councill fellow, Shall know of your insolency.

Exit.

Andr. Tell them what thou wilt, and eate that I can best
spare

of Iames the fourth.

spare from my backe partes, and get you gone with a vengeance.

Enter Gnato.

Ateu. Andrew.

1300

Andr. Sir.

Ateu. Where be my writings I put in my pocket last night.

Andr. Which fir, your annoations vpon Matchauell?

Ateu. No fir, the letters pattents for east spring.

An. Why fir you talk wonders to me, if you ask that questiō.

Ateu. Yea fir, and wil work wonders too, which you vnlesse you finde them out, villaine searck me them out and bring thē me, or thou art but dead.

Andr. A terrible word in the latter end of a sessions. Master were you in your right wits yesternight?

1310

Ateu. Doest thou doubt it?

*Andr. I and why not fir, for the greatest Clarkes are not the wisest, and a foole may dance in a hood, as wel as a wise man in a bare frock: besides such as giue themselues to *Plulantia*, as you do maister, are so cholericke of complection, that that which they burne in fire ouer night, they seeke for with furie the next morning. Ah I take care of your worship, this commonweale should haue a great losse of so good a member as you are.*

Ateu. Thou flatterest me.

1320

Andr. Is it flatterie in me fir to speake you faire? What is it then in you to dallie with the King?

*Ateu. Are you prating knaue,
I will teach you better nurture?*

*Is this the care you haue of my wardrop?
Of my accounts, and matters of trust?*

Andr. Why alasse fir, in times past your garments haue beene so well inhabited, as your Tenants woulde giue no place to a Moathe to mangle them, but since you are growne greater and your Garments more fine and gaye,

1330

The Scottish Historie

if your garments are not fit for hospitallitie, blame your pride,
and commend my cleaneesse: as for your writings, I am not
for them, nor they for mee.

Ateu. Villaine go, flie, finde them out:
If thou loofest them, thou loofest my credit.

And. Alasse sir? can I loose that you neuer had.

Ateu. Say you so, then hold feel you that you neuer

Ia. Oh Monsieur, aies patient, pardon your poure (felt.
Me bee at your commaundement. (vallet,

Ateu. Signior *Iaques* wel met, you shall commaund me, 1340
Sirra go cause my writings be proclaimed in the Market place,
Promise a great reward to them that findes them,
Looke where I fupt and euery where.

And. I will sir, now are two knaues well met, and three well
parted, if you conceiue mine enigma, Gentlemen what shal I
bee then, faith a plaine harpe shilling. *Exeunt.*

Ateu. *Sieur Iaques*, this our happy meeting hides,
Your friends and me, of care and greuous toyle,
For I that looke into deserts of men,
And see among the fouldiers in this court, 1350
A noble forward minde, and iudge thereof,
Cannot but seeke the meanes to raise them vp:
Who merrit credite in the Common-weale.
To this intent friend *Iaque* I haue found
A meanes to make you great, and well esteemd,
Both with the king, and with the best in Court:
For I espie in you a valiant minde,
Which makes mee loue, admire, and honour you:
To this intent (if so your trust and faith,
Your secrecie be equall with your force) 1360
I will impart a seruice to thy selfe,
Which if thou doest effect, the King, my selfe,
And what or hee, and I with him can worke,

Shall

of James the fourth.

Shall be imployd in what thou wilt desire.

Iaq. Me sweara by my ten bones, my fingniar, to be loyal to your Lordships intents, affaires, ye my monsignieur, *qui non fera ic pour.* Yea pleasure?

By my sworda me be no babie Lords.

Ateu. Then hoping one thy truth, I prithe see,

How kinde *Ateukin* is to forward mee,

1370

Hold take this earnest pennie of my loue.

And marke my words, the King by me requires,

No slender seruice *Iaques* at thy hands.

Thou must by priuie practife make a way,

The Queene faire *Dorethea* as she sleepe:

Or how thou wilt, so she be done to death:

Thou shalt not want promotion heare in Court.

Iaq. Stabba the woman, per ma foy, monsignieur, me thrufta my weapon into her belle, so me may be gard per le roy.

Mee de your seruice.

1380

But me no be hanged pur my labor.

Ateu. Thou shalt haue warrant *Iaques* from the King,

None shall outface, gainfay and wrong my friend.

Do not I loue thee *Iaques*? feare not then,

I tell thee who so toucheth thee in ought,

Shall iniure me, I loue, I tender thee:

Thou art a subiect fit to serue his grace,

Iaques, I had a written warrant once,

But that by great misfortune late is lost,

Come wend we to S. *Andrewes*, where his grace

1390

Is now in progresse, where he shall assure

Thy safetie, and confirme thee to the act.

Iaques. We will attend your noblenesse.

Exeunt.

*Enter sir Bartram, Dorothea, the Queene,
Nano, Lord Ross. Ladies
attendants.*

III. iii.

The Scottish historie

Doro. Thy credite *Bartram* in the Scottish Court,,
Thy reuerend yeares, the stricknesse of thy vowes,
All these are meanes sufficient to perswade,
But loue the faithfull lincke of loyall hearts,
That hath possession of my constant minde,
Exiles all dread, subdueth vaine suspect,
Me thinks no craft should harbour in that brest,
Where Maiestie and vertue is mistaled:
Me thinke my beautie should not cause my death.

Bar. How gladly foueraigne Princeesse would I erre,
And binde my shame to faue your royall life:
Tis Princely in your selfe to thinke the best,
To hope his grace is guiltlesse of this crime,
But if in due preuention you default,
How blinde are you that were forwarnd before.

Doro. Suspition without cause deserueth blame.

Bar. Who sees, and shunne not harmes, deserue the same:
Beholde the tenor of this traiterous plot.

Doro. What should I reade? Perhappes he wrote it not.

Bar. Heere is his warrant vnder seale and signe,
To *Iaques* borne in *France* to murther you.

Doro. Ah carelesse King, would God this were not thine
What tho I reade? Ah should I thinke it true?

Rosse. The hand and seale confirms the deede is his.

Doro. What know I tho, if now he thinketh this?

Nauo. Madame *Lucretius* saith, that to repent,
Is shildish wisdome to preuent.

Doro. What tho?

Nano. Then cease your teares, that haue dismaid you,
And crosse the foe before hee haue betrayed you.

Bar. What needes this long suggestions in this cause?
When euery circumstance confirmeth trueth:
First let the hidden mercie from aboue,
Confirme your grace, since by a wondrous meanes,
The practise of your daungers came to light:

Next

'of James the fourth.

Next let the tokens of appooued trueth,
Gouerne and stay your thoughts, too much feduc't,
And marke the sooth, and listen the intent,
Your highnesse knowes, and these my noble Lords,
Can witnesse this, that whilest your husbands firre
In happie peace possesst the Scottish Crowne,
I was his fworne attendant heere in Court,
In daungerous fight I neuer fail'd my Lord.
And since his death, and this your husbands raigne,
No labour, dutie, haue I left vndone,
To testifie my zeale vnto the Crowne :
But now my limmes are weake, mine eyes are dim,
Mine age vnweldie and vnmeete for toyle :
I came to court in hope for seruice past,
To gaine some lease to keepe me beeing olde,
There found I all was vpsie turuy turnd,
My friends displac'ff, the Nobles loth to craue,
Then fought I to the minion of the King,
Auteukin, who allured by a bribe,
Assur'd me of the lease for which I fought :
But see the craft, when he had got the graunt,
He wrought to sell it to Sir *Siluester*,
In hope of greater earnings from his hands :
In briefe, I learnt his craft, and wrought the meanes,
By one his needie seruants for reward,
To steale from out his pocket all the briefes,
Which hee perform'd, and with reward resignd
Them when I read (now marke the power of God)
I found this warrant seald among the rest,
To kill your grace, whom God long keepe aliue.
Thus in effect, by wonder are you sau'd,
Trifle not then, bnt seeke a speakie flight,
God will conduct your steppes, and shield the right.

Dor. What should I do, ah poore vnhappy Queen ?
Borne to indure what fortune can containe,

1440

1450

1460

Ah

The Scottish Historie

Ah lasse the deed is too apparant now :
But oh mine eyes were you as bent to hide,
As my poore heart is forward to forgiue.
Ah cruell king, my loue would thee acquite,
Oh what auails to be allied and matcht
With high estates that marry but in shewe?
Were I baser borne, my meane estate
Could warrant me from this impendent harme,
But to be great and happie these are twaine.
Ah *Rosse* what shall I do, how shall I worke?

147

Rosse. With speedie letters to your father send,
Who will reuenge you, and defend your right.

Dor. As if they kill not me, who with him fight?
As if his brest be toucht, I am not wounded,
As if he waild, my ioyes were not confounded :
We are one heart, tho rent by hate in twaine :
One soule, one effence doth our weale containe :
What then can conquer him that kilis not me?

148

Rosse. If this aduice displease, then Madame flee.

Dor. Where may I wend or trauel without feare?

Na. Where not, in changing this attire you weare?

Dor. What shall I clad me like a Country maide?

Na. The pollicie is base I am affraide.

149

Dor. Why *Nano*?

Na. Aske you why? what may a Queene
March foorth in homely weede and be not seene?
The Rose although in thornie shrubs she spread :
Is still the Rose, her beauties waxe not dead.
And noble mindes altho the coate be bare,
Are by their semblance knowne, how great they are

Bar. The Dwarfe faith true.

Dor. What garments likste thou than?

Na. Such as may make you seeme a proper man.

150

Dor. He makes me blush and smile, tho I am sad.

Na. The meanest coat for safetie is not bad.

Dor. What

of Iames the fourth.

Dor. What shall I iet in breeches like a squire?
Alasse poore dwarfe, thy Mistresse is vnmeete.

Na. Tut, go me thus, your cloake before your face,
Your sword vpreard with queint & comely grace,
If any come and question what you bee,
Say you a man, and call for witnesse mee.

Dor. What should I weare a sword, to what intent?

Na. Madame for shewe, it is an ornament, 1510
If any wrong you, drawe a shining blade
Withdrawes a coward theefe that would inuade.

Dor. But if I strike, and hee should strike againe,
What should I do? I feare I should bee slaine.

Nano. No, take it single on your dagger fo,
Ile teach you Madame how to ward a blow.

Do. How litle shapes much substance may include?
Sir *Bartram, Roffe*, yee Ladies and my friends,
Since presence yeelds me death, and absence life,
Hence will I flie disguised like a squire, 1520
As one that seekes to liue in Itish warres,
You gentle *Roffe*, shal furnish my depart.

Roff. Yea Prince, & die with you with all my hart,
Vouchsafe me then in all extreamest states,
To waight on you and serue you with my best.

Dor. To me pertaines the woe, liue then in rest:
Friends fare you well, keepe secret my depart,
Nano alone shall my attendant bee.

Nan. Then Madame are you mand, I warrant ye,
Giue me a sword, and if there grow debate, 1530
Ile come behinde, and breake your enemies pate.

Roff. How fore wee greeue to part so foone away.

Dor. Greeue not for those that perish if they stay.

Nano. The time in words mispent, is litle woorth,
Madam walke on, and let them bring vs forth.

Exeunt.

G

Enter Bob. So

The Scottish historie

Chorus.

Ent. Boba. So these sad motions makes the faire
And sleep hee shall in quiet and content, (fleepe,
For it would make a marbell melt and weepe
To see these treafons gainst the innocent:
But since shee scapes by flight to saue her life,
The king may chance repent she was his wife:
The rest is ruthfull, yet to beguilde the time,
Tis interlast with merriment and rime.

Exeuut.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*After a noyse of hornes and showtings, enter certaine
Huntsmen, if you please, singing one way: another
way Ateukin and Iaques, Gnato. (king?*

Ateu. Say Gentlemen, where may wee finde the
Hunts. Euen heere at hand on hunting.
And at this houre hee taken hath a stand,
To kill a Deere.

Ateu. A pleafant worke in hand,
Follow your sport, and we will seeke his grace.

Hunts. When such him seeke, it is a wofull case.

*Exeuut Huntsman one way, Ateu. and Ia. another,
Enter Eustace, Ida, and the Countesse.*

Count. Lord *Eustace*, as your youth & vertuous life,
Deserues a faire, more faire and richer wife,
So since I am a mother, and do wit
What wedlocke is, and that which longs to it,
Before I meane my daughter to bestow,
Twere meete that she and I your state did know.

Eust. Madame if I confider *Idas* woorth,
I know my portions merrit none so faire,
And yet I hold in farme and yearly rent,
A thousand pound, which may her state content.

Count. But what estate my Lord shall she possesse?

Eust. All that is mine, graue Countesse & no lesse.

But

of Iames the fourth.

But *Ida* will you loue?

Ida. I cannot hate.

Eust. But will you wedde?

Ida. Tis Greeke to mee my Lord,
Ile wish you well, and thereon take my word.

Eust. Shall I some signe of fauour then receiue?

Ida. I, if her Ladiship will giue me leaue.

Count. Do what thou wilt.

Ida. Then noble English Peere,
Accept this ring, wherein my heart is set,
A constant heart, with burning flames befret:
But vnder written this: *O morte dura:*
Heereon when so you looke with eyes *Pura,*
The maide you fancie most will fauour you.

Eust. Ile trie this heart, in hope to finde it true.

Enter certaine Huntsmen and Ladies.

Huntsf. Widdowe Countesse well ymet,
Euer may thy ioyes bee many,
Gentle *Ida* faire befet,
Faire and wise, not fairer any:
Frolike Huntsmen of the game,
Willes you well, and giues you greeting.

Ida. Thanks good Woodman for the fame,
And our sport and merrie meeting.

Huntsf. Vnto thee we do present,
Siluer heart with arrow wounded.

Eust. This doth shadow my lament,
Both feare and loue confounded.

Ladies. To the mother of the mayde,
Faire as th'lillies, red as rofes,
Euen so many goods are faide,
As her selfe in heart supposes.

(vs wel?)

Count. What are you friends, that thus doth wish

Huntsf. Your neighbours nigh, that haue on hunting beene,
Who vnderstanding of your walking forth,

1580

1590

1600

The Scottish Historie

Prepare this traine to entertaine you with,
This Ladie *Douglas*, this Sir *Egmond* is.

Count. Welcome ye Ladies, and thousand thanks for this,
Come enter you a homely widdowes house, 16
And if mine entertainment please you let vs feast.

Huntsf. A louely ladie neuer wants a guest.

Exeunt Manet, Eustace, Ida.

Eust. Stay gentle *Ida*, tell me what you deeme,
What doth this hast, this tender heart besee me?

Ida. Why not my Lord, since nature teacheth art,
To fencelesse beastes to cure their greuous smart,
Dictanum serues to close the wound againe.

Eust. What helpe for those that loue?

Ida. Why loue againe. 16

Eust. Were I the Hart,

Ida. Then I the hearbe would bee.
You shall not die for help, come follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Andrew and Iaques. 17

Iaq. *Mon Deiu*, what *malbeure* be this, me come a the chamber, Signior *Andrew*, *Mon Deiu*, taka my *poinyard en mon maine*, to giue the *Estocade* to the *Damoisella*, *per ma foy*, there was no person, *elle cest en alle*.

And. The woorse lucke *Iaques*, but because I am thy friend 16
I will aduise the somewhat towards the attainment of the gallowes.

Iaq. Gallowes, what be that?

An. Marrie fir, a place of great promotion, where thou shalt
by one turne aboue ground, rid the world of a knaue, & make
a goodly ensample for all bloodie villaines of thy profesion.

Que ditte vous, Monsieur Andrew?

And. I say *Iaques*, thou must keep this path, and high thee,
for the Q. as I am certified, is departed with her dwarte, appa-
relled like a squire, ouertake her Frenchman, stab her, Ile 16
promise thee this dubbet shall be happy. *Iaq.* *Purquoy?*

And. It shall serue a iolle Gentleman, Sir

of James the fourth.

Sir *Dominus Monsignor* Hangman.

Iaq. *Cest tout, un me will rama pour le monoy.*

And. Go, and the rot consume thee? Oh what a trim world is this? My maister lius by coufoning the king, I by flattering him: *Slipper* my fellow by stealing: and I by lying: is not this a wylie accord, Gentlemen. This last night our iolly horsekeeper beeing well stept in licor, confessed to me the stealing of my Maisters writings, and his great reward: now dare I not ¹⁶⁵⁰ bewraye him, least he discouer my knauerie, but thus haue I wrought: I vnderstand he will passe this way, to prouide him necessaries, but if I and my fellowes faile not, wee will teach him such a lesson, as shall cost him a chiefe place on pennileffe bench for his labour: but yond he comes.

Enter Slipper with a Tailor, a Shoemaker, and a Cutler.

Slip. Taylor. *Tayl.* Sir.

Slip. Let my dubbet bee white Northren, fiue groates the yard, I tell thee I will bee braue.

Tayl. It shall fir. 1660

Slip. Now fir, cut it me like the battlements of a Custerd, ful of round holes: edge me the sleeues with Couentry-blew, and let the lynings bee of tenpenny locorum.

Tayl. Very good fir.

Slip. Make it the amorous cut, a flappe before.

Tayl. And why so? that fashon is stale.

Slip. Oh friend, thou art a simple fellow, I tell thee, a flap is a great friend to a storrie, it stands him in stead of cleane naperie, and if a mans shert bee torne, it is a present penthouse to defend him from a cleane huswifes scoffe. 1670

Tay. You say sooth fir.

Slip. Holde take thy mony, there is seuen shillings for the dubbet, and eight for the breeches, seuen and eight, birladie thirtie fixe is a faire deale of mony.

Tayl. Farwell fir.

Slip. Nay but stay Taylor.

Tayl. Why fir?

The Scottish Historie

Slipper. Forget not this speciall mate,
Let my back parts bee well linde,
For there come many winter stormes from a windie bellie, 168
I tell thee Shoo-maker.

Shoe-ma. Gentleman what shoo will it please you to haue?

Slip. A fine neate calues leather my friend.

Shoo. Oh fir, that is too thin, it will not last you.

Slip. I tell thee, it is my neer kinsman, for I am *Slipper*, which hath his best grace in fummer to bee futed in lakus skins, Guidwife Clarke was my Grandmother, and Goodman Neatherleather mine Vnckle, but my mother good woman. Alas, she was a Spaniard, and being wel tande and drest by a good-fellow, an Englishman, is growne to some wealth: as when I 169
haue but my vpper parts, clad in her husbands costlie Spannish leather, I may bee bold to kisse the fayrest Ladies foote in this contrey.

Shoo. You are of high birth fir,
But haue you all your mothers markes on you?

Slip. Why knaue?

Shoomaker. Because if thou come of the bloud of the *Slippers*, you should haue a Shoosmakers Alle thrust through your eare.

Exit. 170

Slip. Take your earnest friend and be packing,
And meddle not with my progenators *Cutler*.

Cutler. Heare fir.

Slip. I must haue a Rapier and Dagger.

Cutler. A Rapier and Dagger you meane fir?

Slipper. Thou saiest true, but it must haue a verie faire edge,

Cutler. Why so fir?

Slip. Because it may cut by himselfe, for trulie my freende,
I am a man of peace, and weare weapons but for facion.

Cutler. Well fir, giue me earnest I will fit you. 171

Slip. Hold take it, I betrust thee friend, let me be wel armed.

Cutler. You shall.

Exit Cutler.

Slip.

of Iames the fourth.

Slip. Nowe what remaines? theres twentie Crownes for a house, three crownes for houshol stufte, six pence to buie a Constables staffe: nay I will be the chiefe of my parish, there wants nothing but a wench, a cat, a dog, a wife and a seruant, to make an hole familie, shall I marrie with *Alice*, good mā *Grimshaues* daughter, shee is faire, but indeede her tongue is like Clocks on Shrouetuesday, alwaies out of temper? shall I wed *Sisley* of the Whightō? Ohn, o she is like a frog in a parcelly bed, 1720 as scittish as an ele, if I seek to hāper her, she wil horne me: but a wench must be had maister *Slip*. Yea and shal be deer friend.

And. I now wil driue him from his contemplations. Oh my mates come forward, the lamb is vnpennt, the fox shal preuaile.

Enter three Antiques, who dance round, and take Slipper with them.

Slip. I will my freend, and I thanke you heartilie, pray keepe your curtesie, I am yours in the way of an hornpipe, they are strangers, I see they vnderstand not my language, wee wee. 1730

Whilest they are dauncing, Andrew takes away his money, and the other Antiques depart.

Slip. Nay but my friends, one hornpipe, further a refluence backe, and two doubles forward: what not one crosse point against Sundayes. What ho firrha, you gone, you with the nose like an Eagle, and you be a right greeke, one turne more, theeues theeues, I am robd theeues. Is this the knauerie of Fiddlers? Well, I will then binde the hole credit of their occupatiō on a bagpiper, and he for my money, but I will after, and teach them to caper in a halter, that haue coufoned me of my 1740 money.

Exeunt.

Enter Nano, Dorothea, in mans apparell.

IV. iv.

Doro. Ah *Nano*, I am wearie of these weedes,
Wearie to weeld this weapon that I bare:
Wearie of loue, from whom my woe procedes.

Wearie

The Scottish Historie

Wearie of toyle, since I haue lost my deare,
O wearie life, where wanted no distresse,
But euery thought is paid with heauinesse.

Na. Too much of wearie madame, if you please,
Sit downe, let wearie dye, and take your ease.

Dorot. How looke I *Nano* like a man or no?

Nano. If not a man, yet like a manlie shrowe.

Doro. If any come and meete vs on the way,
What should we do if they inforce vs stay.

Na. Set cap a huffe, and challenge him the field,
Suppose the worst, the weake may fight to yeeld.

Dorot. The battaile *Nano* in this troubled minde,
Is farre more fierce then euer we may finde.
The bodies wounds by medicines may be eased,
But griefes of mindes, by salues are not appeased.

Na. Say Madame, will you heare your *Nano* sing?

Dor. Of woe good boy, but of no other thing:

Na. What if I sing of fancie will it please? (ease.

Dor. To such as hope successe, such noats breede

Na. What if I sing like *Damon* to my sheepe?

Dor. Like *Pbillis* I will sit me downe to weepe.

Na. Nay since my songs afford such pleasure small,
Ile fit me downe, and sing you none at all.

Doro. Oh be not angrie *Nano*.

Nano. Nay you loath,

To thinke on that, which doth content vs both.

Doro. And how?

Nano. You scorne desport when you are wearie,
And loath my mirth, who liue to make you merry.

Doro. Danger and fear withdraw me from delight.

Na. Tis vertue to contemne fals Fortunes spight.

Do. What shuld I do to please thee friendly squire?

Na. A smile a day, is all I will require:

And if you pay me well the smiles you owe me,
Ile kill this curfed care, or else beshrowe me.

Doug.

of James the fourth.

Doug. We are descried, oh *Mano* we are dead.

Enter Iaques his sword drawne.

Nano. Tut yet you walk, you are not dead indeed,
Drawe me your sword, if he your way withstand.

Do. And I will seeke for rescue out of hand,
Run *Nano* runne, preuent thy Princes death.

Na. Feare not, ile run all danger out of breath.

Iaq. Ah you *calletta*, you *strumpet*, *ta Matressa Doretie este, vous surpris* come say your pater noster, *car vous est mort par ma foy* 1790

Do. *Callet, me strumpet, Catiue* as thou art
But euen a Princess borne, who scorne thy threats.
Shall neuer French man say, an English mayd,
Of threats of forraine force will be afraid.

Iaq. You no *dire vostre prieges, vrbleme merchants famme,*
guarda your bresta, there me make you die on my morglay,

Doro. God sheeld me haplesse princes and a wife.

They fight, and shee is sore wounded.

And saue my soule, altho I loose my life.
Ah I am flaine, some piteous power repay, 1800
This murtherers cursed deed, that doth me stay.

Iaq. *Elle est tout mort,* me will runne *pura* wager, for feare me
be *surpryes* and *pendu* for my labour. Be in *Je meu alera au roy*
auy cits me affaires, Je serra vn chiuallier, for this daies tra-
uaile.

Exit.

Enter Nano, S. Cutbert Anderson,
his sword drawne.

S. Cutb. Where is this poore distressed gentleman?

Nano. Here laid on ground, and wounded to the death. 1810
Ah gentle heart, how are these beautious lookes,
Dimd by the tyrant cruelties of death:

Oh wearie soule, breake thou from forth my brest,
And ioyne thee with the soule I honoured most.

S. Cut. Leauē mourning friend, the man is yet aliuē,
Some helpe me to conuey him to my house:

H

There

The Scottish Historie

There will I see him carefully recured,
And send priuie search to catch the murtherer.

Nano. The God of heauen reward the curteous knight.

Exeunt. And they beare out *Dorothea*.

Enter the King of Scots, Iaques, Ateukin, Andrew, Iaques
running with his swoord one way, the King with his
traine an other way.

K. of S. Stay *Iaques*, feare not, sheath thy murthering blade:
Loe here thy King and friends are come abroad,
To saue thee from the terrors of pursuite:
What is she dead?

Iaq. Wee Monsieur, elle is bleffe per lake teste, oues les e-
spanles, I warrant she no trouble you.

Ateu. Oh then my liege, how happie art thou growne,
How faoured of the heauens, and blest by loue:
Mee thinkes I see faire *Ida* in thine armes,
Crauing remission for her late attempt,
Mee thinke I see her blushing steale a kisse:
Vniting both your soules by such a sweete,
And you my King suck Nectar from her lips.
Why then delaies your grace to gaine the rest
You long desired? why loose we forward time?
Write, make me spokesman now, vow marriage,
If she deny your fauour let me die.

Andr. Mightie and magnificent potentate, giue credence to
mine honorable good Lord, for I heard the Midwife sweare at
his natiuitie, that the Faeries gaue him the propertie of the
Thracian stone, for who toucheth it, is exempted from grieffe,
and he that heareth my Maisters counsell, is already possessed
of happineffe: nay which is more myraculous, as the Noble
man in his infancie lay in his Cradle, a swarme of Bees laid ho-
ney on his lippes, in token of his eloquence. *For melle dulcier*
fuit oratio.

Ateu. Your grace must beare with imperfections:
This is exceeding loue that makes him speake.

K. of S.

of James the fourth.

K. of S. Ateukin I am rauisht in conceit,
And yet deprest againe with earnest thoughts,
Me thinkes this murther-foundeth in mine eare,
A threatning noyse of dire and sharp reuenge.
I am incenst with greefe, yet faine would ioy,
What may I do to end me of these doubts?

Ateu. Why Prince it is no murther in a King,
To end an others life to faue his owne,
For you are not as common people bee. 1860
Who die and perish with a fewe mans teares,
But if you faile, the state doth whole default
The Realme is rent in twaine, in such aloffe,
And *Aristotle* holdeth this for true,
Of euills needs we must chuse the least,
Then better were it, that a woman died,
Then all the helpe of *Scotland* should be blent,
Tis pollicie my liege, in euerie state,
To cut off members that disturbe the head.
And by corruption generation growes. 1870
And contraries maintaine the world and state.

K. of S. Enough I am confirmed, *Ateukin* come,
Rid me of loue, and rid me of my greefe,
Driue thou the tyrant from this tainted brest,
Then may I triumph in the height of ioy,
Go to mine *Ida*, tell her that I vowe,
To raise her head and make her honours great.
Go to mine *Ida*, tell her that her haire,
Salbe embollished with orient pearles,
And Crownes of Saphyrs compassing her browes, 1880
Shall weare with those sweete beauties of her eyes.
Go to mine *Ida*, tell her that my soule
Shall keepe her semblance closed in my brest,
And I in touching of her milke-white mould,
Will thinke me deified in such a grace:
I like no stay, go write and I will signe.

The Scottish Historie

Reward me *Iaques*, giue him store of Crowne.
And firrha *Andrew*, scout thou here in Court:
And bring me tydings if thou canst perceiue
The least intent of muttering in my traine,
For either those that wrong thy Lord or thee,
Shall suffer death. *Exit* the King.

Ateu. How much ô mightie king,
Is thy *Ateukin* bound to honour thee:
Bowe thee *Andrew*, bend thine sturdie knees,
Seest thou not here thine onely God on earth?

Iaq. Mes on est mon argent Signior.

Ateu. Come follow me, his graue I see is made,
That thus on suddain he hath left vs here.
Come *Iaques*, we wil haue our packet soone dispatcht
And you shall be my mate vpon the way.

Iaq. Come vous plera Monsieur.

Exeunt.

Andr. Was neuer such a world I thinke before,
When finners seeme to daunce within a net,
The flatterer and the murtherer they grow big,
By hooke or crooke promotion now is sought,
In such a world where men are so missed,
What should I do? but as the Prouerbe saith,
Runne with the Hare, and hunt with the Hound.
To haue two meanes, beseemes a wittie man:
Now here in Court I may aspire and clime,
By subtiltie for my maisters death.
And if that faile, well fare an other drift:
I will in secret certaine letters fend
Vnto the English King, and let him know
The order of his daughters ouerhtow.
That if my maister crack his credit here,
As I am sure long flattery cannot hold,
I may haue meanes within the English Court
To scape the scourge that waits on bad aduice. *Exit.*

Chorus.

of James the fourth.

Chorus.

V. Chor.

Enter Boban and Obiron.

Ober. Beleue me bonny Scot, these strange euent,
Are passing pleasing, may they end as well.

Boba. Else say that *Boban* hath a barren skull,
If better motions yet then any past,
Do not more glee to make the fairie greet,
But my small son made prittie handsome shift,
To faue the Queene his Mistresse by his speed.

1930

Obiro. Yea you Ladie for his sport he made,
Shall see when least he hopes, Ile stand his friend,
Or else hee capers in a halter end.

Boba. What hang my son? I trowe not *Obiran*:
Ile rather die, then see him woe begon.

Enter a rownd, or some daunce at Pleasure.

Ober. *Boban* be pleas'd, for do they what they will,
Heere is my hand, Ile faue thy son from ill.

Exit.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

V. i.

Enter the Queene in a night gowne, Ladie Anderson, and Nano.

1941

La. And. My gentle friend beware in taking aire,
Your walkes growe not offensive to your woundes.

Do. Madame I thank you of your courteous care,
My woundes are well nigh clos'd, tho fore they are.

L. And. Me thinks these closed woundes should breed more
Since open woundes haue cure, and find reliefe. (griefe,

Dor. Madame, if vndiscovered woundes you meane,
They are not curde, because they are not seene.

1950

L. And. I meane the woundes which do the heart subdue.

Nano. Oh that is loue, Madame speake I not true?

Ladie Anderson ouerbeares.

La. And. Say it were true, what falue for such a fore?

Nano. Be wise, and shut such neighbours out of dore.

H 3

La. And. How

The Scottish Historie

La. And. How if I cannot driue him from my brest?

Nano. Then chaine him well, and let him do his best.

S. Cutb. In ripping vp their wounds, I see their wit,
But if these woundes be cured I sorrow it.

Doro. Why are you so intentiue to behold,
My pale and wofull lookes, by care controld?

La. And. Because in them a readie way is found,
To cure my care, and heale my hidden wound.

Nano. Good Maister shut your eyes, keepe that conceit,
Surgeons giue *Quoine*, to get a good receipt.

Doro. Peace wanton son, this Ladie did amend
My woundes: mine eyes her hidden grieffe shall end,
Looke not too much, it is a waightie case.

Nano. Where as a man puts on a maidens face,
For many times if Ladies weare them not,
A nine moneths wound with little worke is got.

S. Cutb. Ile breake off their dispute, least loue proceed,
From couert smiles, to perfect loue indeed.

Nano. The cats abroad, stirre not, the mice bee still.

L. And. Tut, wee can flie such cats when so we will.

S. Cutb. How fares my guest, take cheare, nought shall de-
That eyther doth concerne your health or ioy, (fault,
Vse me, my house, and what is mine is yours.

Doro. Thankes gentle knight, and if all hopes be true,
I hope ere long to do as much for you.

S. Cutb. Your vertue doth acquite me of that doubt:
But courteous sir, since troubles calles me hence,
I must to *Edenbourg* vnto the king,
There to take charge, and waight him in his warres:
Meane while good Madame take this squire in charge,
And vse him so as if it were my selfe.

L. And. Sir *Cutbert* doubt not of my dilligence:
Meane while, till your returne God send you health.

Doro. God bleffe his grace, and if his cause be iust,
Prosper his wartes: if not hee'l mend I trust:

Good

of James the fourth.

Good fir what mooues the king to fall to armes?

S. Cutb. The king of England forrageth his land,
And hath besieged *Dambac* with mightie force:
What other newes are common in the Court,
Reade you these letters Madame tell the squire,
The whole affaires of state, for I must hence.

Exit.

Doro. God prosper you, and bring you backe from thence:
Madame what newes?

La. And. They say the Queene is flaine. 2000

Doro. Tut, such reports more false then trueth containe.

L. And. but these reports haue made his Nobles leaue him.

Doro. Ah carelesse men, and would they so deceiue him?

La. And. The land is spoylde, the commons fear the crosse,
All crie against the king, their cause of losse:
The English king subdues and conquers all.

Doro. Ah lasse, this warre growes great, on causes small.

L. And. Our Court is desolate, our Prince alone,
Still dreading death.

Doro. Woes me, for him I moane, 2010
Helpe, now helpe, a suddaine qualme
Affayles my heart.

Nano. Good Madame stand her friend,
Giue vs some licor to refresh her heart.

L. And. Daw thou her vp, ande I will fetch thee toorth
Potions of comfort to repressse her paine.

Exit.

Nano. Fie Princessse, faint on euery fond report,
How well nigh had you opened your effate:
Couer these sorrowes with the vaile of ioy, 2020
And hope the best, for why this warre will cause,
A great repentance in your husbands minde.

Doro. Ah *Nano*, trees liue not without their sap,
And *Clitia* cannot blush but on the funne,
The thirstie earth is broke with many a gap,
And lands are leane, where riuers do not runne,

Where

The Scottish Historie

Where foule is rest from that it loueth best,
How can it thriue or boast of quiet rest?
Thou knowest the Princes losse must be my death,
His grieffe, my grieffe: his mischiefe must be mine:
Oh if thou loue me, *Nano* high to court,
Tell *Rosse*, tell *Bartram* that I am aliue,
Conceale thou yet, the place of my aboade,
Will them euen as they loue their Queene,
As they are charie of my foule and ioy,
To guard the King, to serue him as my Lord:
Haste thee good *Nana*, for my husbands care,
Consumeth mee and wounds mee to the heart.

Nano. Madame I go, yet loth to leaue you heere.

Exeunt.

Dor. Go thou with speed, euen as thou holdst me deare,
Returne in haste.

Enter Ladie Anderson.

L. An. Now fir, what cheare? come tast this broth I bring.

Doro. My grieffe is past, I feele no further sting.

L. And. Where is your dwarfe? Why hath hee left you fir?

Doro. For some affaires, hee is not traueld farre.

L. And. If so you please, come in and take your rest.

Doro. Feare keeps awake a discontented brest.

Exeunt.

After a solemne seruice, enter from the widdowes bouse a seruice, musical songs of marriages, or a maske, or what prettie triumph you list, to them, Ateukin and Gnato.

Ate. What means this triumph friend? why are these feasts?

Serui. Faire *Ida* fir, was marryed yesterday,
Vnto fir *Eustace*, and for that intent,
Wee feast and sport it thus to honour them:
And if you please, come in and take your part,
My Ladie is no niggard of her cheare.

Exit.

Iaq. Mon-

of James the fourth.

*Iaq. Monsieur, why be you so fadda, fette bon chere fontre 2060
de ce monde.*

Ateu. What? was I borne to bee the scorne of kinne?

To gather feathers like to a hopper crowe,
And loose them in the height of all my pompe :

Accursed man now is my credite lost :

Where is my vowes I made vnto the king?

What shall become of mee, if hee shall heare,

That I haue causde him kill a vertuous Queene?

And hope in vaine for that which now is lost :

Where shall I hide my head? I knowe the heauens

2070

Are iust, and will reuenge: I know my finnes

Exceede compare: should I proceed in this?

This *Eustace* must a man be made away :

Oh were I dead, how happy should I bee?

*Iaq. Est ce donque a tell poynt vostre estat, faith then
adeiu Scotland, adeiu Signior Ateukin, me will homa
to France, and no be hanged in a strange country.*

Exit.

Ateu. Thou doest me good to leaue me thus alone,

That galling grieffe and I may yoake in one :

Oh what are subtile meanes to clime on high?

2080

When euery fall swarmes with exceeding shame?

I promist *Idaes* loue vnto the Prince,

But shee is lost, and I am false forsworne :

I practis'd *Dorotheas* haplesse death,

And by this practise haue comment a warre.

Oh cursed race of men that traficque guile,

And in the end, themselues and kings beguile :

A shame to looke vpon my Prince againe :

A shame of my suggestions and aduise :

A shame of life: a shame that I haue erde :

2090

Ile hide my selfe, expecting for my shame.

Thus God doth worke with those, that purshafe fame

By flattery, and make their Prince their gaine. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King of England, Lord Percy, Samles, and others. V. iii.

I

Arius. Thus

The Scottish historie

Arius. Thus farre the English Peeres haue we displayde,
Our wauing Ensignes with a happy warre,
Thus neerely hath our furious rage reuengde,
My daughters death vpon the traiterous Scot,
And now before *Dambar* our campe is pitcht,
Which if it yeeld not to our compremise,
The place shall furrow where the pallace stood,
And furie shall enuy so high a power,
That mercie shall bee bannisht from our swords.

Doug. What seekes the English King?

Arius. Scot open those gates, and let me enter in,
Submit thy selfe and thine vnto my grace,
Or I will put each mothers sonne to death,
And lay this Cittie leuell with the ground.

Doug. For what offence? for what default of ours?
Art thou incenst so fore against our state?
Can generous hearts in nature bee so sterne
To pray on those that neuer did offend?
What tho the Lyon, (king of brutish race,)
Through outrage sinne, shall lambes be therefore flaine?
Or is it lawfull that the humble die,
Because the mightie do gainfay the right?
O English King, thou bearest in thy brest,
The King of beasts, that harmes not yeelding ones,
The Roseall crosse is spred within thy field,
A signe of peace, not of reuenging warre:
Be gracious then vnto this little towne,
And tho we haue withstood thee for a while,
To shew alleageance to our liefest liege,
Yet since wee know no hope of any helpe,
Take vs to mercie, for wee yeeld our selues.

Ari. What shall I enter then and be your Lord?

Doug. We will submit vs to the English king.

They descend downe, open the gates, and humble them.

Arius. Now life and death dependeth on my sword:

This

of James the fourth.

This hand now reard, my *Douglas* if I list, 2130
Could part thy head and shoulders both in twaine:
But since I see thee wise and olde in yeares,
True to thy king, and faithfull in his warres,
Liue thou and thine, *Dambar* is too too small,
To giue an entrance to the English king,
I Eaglelike disdain these little foules,
And looke on none but those that dare resist,
Enter your towne as those that liue by me,
For others that resist, kill, forrage, spoyle:
Mine English souldiers, as you loue your king, 2140
Reuenge his daughters death, and do me right.

Exeunt,

Enter the Lawyer, the Merchant, and the Diuine. V. iu.

Lawyer. My friends, what thinke you of this present state,
Were euer seene such changes in a time?
The manners and the fashions of this age,
Are like the *Ermine* skinne so full of spots,
As soone may the Moore bee washed white,
Then these corruptions bannisht from this Realme.

Merch. What sees mas Lawyer in this state amisse? 2150

Law. A wresting power that makes a nose of wax,
Of grounded lawe, a damde and subtike drift,
In all estates to clime by others losse,
An eager thrift of wealth, forgetting trueth,
Might I ascend vnto the highest states,
And by discent discover euery crime,
My friends I should lament, and you would greeue
To see the haplesse ruines of this Realme.

Diu. O Lawyer, thou halte curious eyes to prie, 2160
Into the secrets maimes of their estate,
But if thy vaile of error were vnmaskt,
Thy selfe should see your sect, do maim her most:
Are you not those that should maintaine the peace,
Yet onely are the patrones of our strife?

The Scottish Historie

If your profession haue his ground and spring,
First from the lawes of God, then countriees right,
Not any waies inuerting natures power,
Why thriue you by contentions? Why deuise you
Clawfes, and subtile reasons toexcept:
Our state was first before you grew so great,
A Lanterne to the world for vnitie:
Now they that are befriended, and are rich,
Or presse the poore, come *Homer* without quoine,
He is not heard: What shall we terme this drift?
To say the poore mans cause is good and iust,
And yet the rich man gaines the best in lawe:
It is your guife, (the more the world laments)
To quoine *Prouisoers* to beguile your lawes,
To make a gay pretext of due proceeding,
When you delay your common pleas for yeares:
Mark what these dealings lately here haue wrought:
The craftie men haue purchafte greatmens lands
They powle, they pinch, their tennants are vndone:
If these complaine by you they are vndone,
You fleese them of their quoine, their children beg,
And many want, because you may bee rich,
This scarre is mightie maister Lawyer,
Now man hath gotten head within this land,
Marke but the guife, the poore man that is wrongd,
Is readie to rebell: hee spoyles, he pilles,
We need no foes to forrage that wee haue,
The lawe (say they) in peace consumed vs,
And now in warre wee will consume the lawe:
Looke to this mischiefe, Lawyers conscience knowes
You liue amisse, amend it, least you end.

Law. Good Lord, that their Diuines should see so farre
In others faults, without amending theirs?
Sir, fir, the generall defaults in state,

of Iames the fourth.

(If you would read before you did correct)

Are by a hidden working from aboue, 2200
By their succesſiue changes ſtill remainde,
Were not the lawe by contraries maintainde,
How could the trueth from falſhood be diſcernde?
Did wee not taſt the bitterneſſe of warre?
How could wee knowe the ſweet effects of peace?
Did wee not feele the nipping winter froſtes,
How ſhould we know the ſweetneſſe of the ſpring?
Should all things ſtill remaine in one eſtate,
Should not in greateſt arts ſome ſcarres be found,
Were all vpright and changd, what world were this? 2210
A *Chaos*, made of quiet, yet no world,
Because the parts thereof did ſtill accord,
This matter craues a variance not a ſpeech,
But fir Diuine to you, looke on your maimes,
Diuiſions, ſects, your ſummonies and bribes:
Your cloaking with the great, for feare to fall,
You ſhall perceiue you are the cauſe of all.
Did each man know there were a ſtorme at hand,
Who would not cloath him well, to ſhun the wet? 2220
Did Prince and Peere, the Lawyer and the leaſt,
Know what were ſinne, without a partiall gloſe,
Wee need no long diſcouery then of crimes,
For each would mend, aduiſ'de by holy men:
Thus but ſlightly ſhadow out your finnes,
But if they were depainted out for life,
Alaſſe wee both had wounds inough to heale.

Merch. None of you both I ſee but are in fault,
Thus ſimple men as I do ſwallow flies,
This graue Diuine can tell vs what to do,
But wee may ſay: Phifitian mend thy ſelfe, 2230
This Lawyer hath a pregnant wit to talke,
But all are words, I ſee no deeds of woorth.

Law. Good Merchant lay your fingers on your mouth,

The Scottish Historie

Be not a blab, for feare you bite your selfe,
What should I terme your state, but euen the way
To euery ruine in this Common-weale,
You bring vs in the meanes of all excesse,
You rate it, and retalde it as you please,
You sweare, forswear, and all to compasse wealth,
Your mony is your God, your hoord your heauen,
You are the groundworke of contention:
First heedlesse youth, by you is ouerreacht,
Wee are corrupted by your many crownes:
The Gentlemen, whose titles you haue bought,
Loose all their fathers toyle within a day,
Whilst *Hob* your sonne, and *Sib* your nutbrowne childe,
Are Gentle folkes, and Gentles are beguilde:
This makes so many Noble maides to stray,
And take sinister courses in the state. *Enter a Scout.*

Scout. My friends begone and if you loue your liues,
The King of England marcheth heere at hand,
Enter the campe for feare you bee surprisde.

Diuine. Thankes gentle scout, God mend that is amisse,
And place true, zeale whereas corruption is. *Exeun..*

Enter Dorothea, Ladie Anderson and Nano.

Doro. What newes in Court, *Nano* let vs know it?

Nano. If so you please my Lord, I straight will shew it:
The English king hath all the borders spoyld,
Hath taken *Morton* prisoner, and hath slaine
Seuen thousand Scottish Lords, not farre from *Twearde*.

Doro. A wofull murther, and a bloodie deed.

Nano. Thinking our liege hath sought by many meanes
For to appease his enemy by prayers,
Nought will preuaile vnlesse hee can restore,
Faire *Dorothea* long supposed dead:
To this intent he hath proclaimed late,
That who so euer returne the Queene to Court,
Shall haue a thousand Markes for his reward.

L. And. He

of Iames the fourth.

L. And. He loues her then I see, altho inforst,
That would bestow such gifts for to regaine her : 2270
Why fit you sad, good fir be not dismaide.

Na. Ile lay my life this man would be a maide.

Dor. Faine would I shewe my selfe, and change my

And. Whereon diuine you fir? (tire.

Na. Vppon desire.

Madam marke but my skill, ile lay my life,
My maister here, will prooue a married wife.

Doro. Wilt thou bewray me *Nano*?

Nano. Madam no :

You are a man, and like a man you goe. 2280
But I that am in speculation seene,
Know you would change your state to be a Queen.

Dor. Thou art not dwarffe to learne thy mistresse :
Faine would I with thy selfe disclose my kind, (mind.
But yet I blush.

Na. What blush you Madam than,
To be your selfe, who are a fayned man ?
Let me alone.

La. And. Deceitfull beautie hast thou scornd me so?

Nano. Nay muse not maiden, for she tels you true. 2290

La. An. Beautie bred loue, and loue hath bred my shame.

N. And womens faces work more wrongs then these :
Take comfort Madam to cure our disease.
And yet he loues a man as well as you,
Onely this difference, she cannot fancie too.

La. An. Blush, greeue, and die, in thine infaciat lust.

Do. Nay liue and ioy that thou hast won a friend,
That loues thee as his life, by god desert.

La. And. I ioy my Lord more then my tongue can
Although not as I desir'd, I loue you well : (tell : 2300
But modestie, that neuer blusht before,
Discouer my false heart. I say no more.

Let

The Scottish Historie

Let me alone.

Doro. Good *Nano* stay a while.
Were I not sad, how kindlie could I smile,
To see how faine I am to leaue this weede:
And yet I faint to shewe my selfe indeede.
But danger hates delay, I will be bold,
Faire Ladie I am not, suppose
A man, but euen that Queene, more haplesse I,
Whom Scottish King appointed hath to die:
I am the haplesse Princesse, for whose right,
These kings in bloudie warres reuenge dispight.
I am that *Dorothea* whom they seeke,
Yours bounden for your kindnesse and releefe:
And since you are the meanes that saue my life,
Your selfe and I will to the Camp repaire,
Whereas your husband shal enioy reward,
And bring me to his highnesse once againe.

An. Pardon most gracious Princesse, if you please,
My rude discourse and homelie entertaine,
And if my words may fauour any worth,
Vouchsafe my counsaile in this waightie cause:
Since that our liege hath so vnkindly dealt:
Giue him no trust, returne vnto your fyre,
There may you safelie liue in spight of him.

Doro. Ah Ladie, so wold worldly counsell work,
But constancie, obedience, and my loue,
In that my husband is my Lord and chiefe,
These call me to compassion of his estate,
Diffwade me not, for vertue will not change,

An. What woonderous constancie is this I heare?
If English dames their husbands loue so deer,
I feare me in the world they haue no peere. (weede,

Na. Come Princes wend, and let vs change your
I long to see you now a Queene indeede.

Exeunt.

Enter

of James the fourth.

Enter the King of Scots, the English Herauld & Lords.

V. vi.

K. of S. He would haue parly Lords, Herauld say he
And get thee gone: goe leaue me to my selfe: (shall,
Twixt loue and feare, continuall is the warres:

2340

The one assures me of my *Idaes* loue,
The other moues me for my murthred Queene.
Thus finde I greefe of that whereon I ioy,
And doubt, in greatest hope, and death in weale,
Ah lasse what hell may be compared with mine,
Since in extreames my comforts do confist?
Warre then will cease, when dead ones are reuiued.
Some then will yeelde, when I am dead for hope.

Who doth disturbe me? *Andrew?*

2350

Andrew enter with Slipper.

Andr. I my liege.

K. of S. What newes?

Andr. I thinke my mouth was made at first,
To tell these tragique tales my liefest Lord.

K. of S. What is *Ateukin* dead, tell me the worst?

Andr. No but your *Ida*, shall I tell him all?
Is married late (ah shall I say to whom?)
My maister fad: (for why he shames the Court)
Is fled away? ah most vnhappie flight.

2360

Onelie my selfe, ah who can loue you more?
To shew my dutie (dutie past beliefe)

Am come vnto your grace (oh gracious liege)
To let you know, oh would it weare not thus,
That loue is vain, and maids foone lost and wonne.

K. of S. How haue the partial heauens thē dealt with
Boading my weale, for to abase my power? (me,
Alas what thronging thoughts do me oppresse?

Iniurious loue is partiall in my right,
And flattering tongues by whom I was misled,
Haue laid a snare to spoyle my state and me.

2370

Methinkes I heare my *Dorotheas* goast,

K

Howling

The Scottish Historie

Howling reuenge for my accursed hate,
The gifts of those my subiects that are flaine,
Pursue me crying out, woe, woe, to lust,
The foe pursues me at my pallace doore:
He breakes my rest and spoyles me in my Camp,
Ah flattering broode of *Sicophants* my foes,
First shall my dire reuenge begin on you,
I will reward thee *Andrew*.

Slip. Nay sir if you be in your deeds of charitie, remember me
I rubd M. *Ateukins* horse heeles, when he rid to the medowes.

K. of S. And thou shalt haue thy recompence for that.
Lords beare them to the prison, chaine them fast,
Vntil we take some order for their deathes.

And. If so your grace in such sort giue rewards,
Let me haue nought, I am content to want.

Slip. Then I pray sir giue me all, I am as ready for a reward as
an oyster for a fresh tide, spare not me sir.

K. of S. Then hang them both as traitors to the King.

Slip. The case is altered, sir, ile none of your gifts, what I take
a reward at your hands? Maister, faith sir no: I am a man of a
better conscience.

K. of S. Why dallie you? go draw them hence away.

Slip. Why alas sir, I wil go away I thanke you gentle friends,
I pray you spare your pains, I will not trouble his honors mai-
sterhip, ile run away.

*Enter Adam, and Antiques, and carrie away the Clowne,
he makes pots, and sports, and scornes.*

Why stay you? moue me not, let search be made,
For vile *Ateukin*, who so findes him out,
Shall haue fiew hundreth markes for his reward.
Away with the Lords troupes about my tent,
Let all our souldiers stand in battaile ray,
For lo the English to their parley come.

*March ouer brauelie first the English hoste, the sword caried
before the King by Percy. The Scottish on the other side,
with all their pompe brauelie.*

K. of S. What seekes the King of *England* in this land?

of James the fourth.

K. of Eng. False traitorous Scot, I come for to reuenge
My daughters death: I come to spoyle thy wealth, 2410
Since thou hast spoyle me of my marriage ioy.
I come to heape thy land with Carkasses,
That this thy thriftie foyle choakt vp with blood,
May thunder forth reuenge vpon thy head.

I come to quit thy louelesse loue with death,
In brieve, no meanes of peace shall ere be found,
Except I haue my daughter or thy head. (plaines,

K. of S. My head proud King? abase thy prancking
So striuing fondly, maiest thou catch thy graue. 2420
But if true iudgement do direct thy course,
These lawfull reasons should deuide the warre,
Faith not by my consent thy daughter dyed.

K. of E. Thou liest false Scot, thy agēts haue cōfessit it.
These are but fond delayes, thou canst not thinke
A meanes for to reconcile me for thy friend,
I haue thy parasites confession pend:
What then canst thou alleage in thy excuse?

K. of S. I will repay the raunsome for her bloud.

K. of E. What thinkst thou catiue, I wil fel my child, 2430
No if thou be a Prince and man at armes,
In singule combat come and trie thy right,
Else will I prooue thee recreant to thy face.

K. of S. I tooke no combat false iniurious King,
But since thou needlesse art inclinde to warre,
Do what thou darest we are in open field.
Arming thy battailes I will fight with thee. (charge

K. of E. Agreed, now trumpets sound a dreadfull
Fight for your Princeffe, braue English men:
Now for your lands your children and your wiues, 2440
My Scottish Peeres, and lastly for your King.

*Alarū soūded, both the battailes offer to meet, & as the
Kings are ioyning battaile, Enter sir Cutber tohis Lady
Cutbert, with the Queene Dorothea richly attired.*

S. Cut. Stay Princes wage not warre, a priuie grudge
Twixt such as you (most high in Maiestie)

The Scottish Historie

Afflicts both nocent and the innocent,
How many fwordes deere Princes see I drawne?
The friend against his friend, a deadly friend:
A desperate diuision in those lands,
Which if they ioyne in one, commaund the world.
Oh stay with reason mittigate your rage,
And let an old man humbled on his knees,
Intreat a boone good Princes of you both.

K. of En. I condiscend, for why thy reuerend years
Import some newes of truth and consequence,
I am content, for *Anderson* I know. (good.

K. of S. Thou art my subiect and doest meane me

S. Cut. And. But by your gracious fauours grant me this,
To sweare vpon your sword to do me right.

K. of Eng. See by my sword, and by a Princes faith,
In euery lawfull fort I am thine owne.

K. of S. And by my Scepter and the Scottish Crowne,
I am resolu'd to grant thee thy request.

Cutb. I see you trust me Princes who repose,
The waight of such a warre vpon my will.
Now marke my fute, a tender Lyons whelpe,
This other day came stragling in the woods,
Attended by a young and tender hinde,
In courage hautie, yet tyred like a lambe,
The Prince of beafts had left this young in keepe,
To foster vp as louemate and compeere,
Vnto the Lyons mate a naibour friend,
This stately guide seduced by the fox,
Sent forth an eger Woolfe bred vp in *France*,
That gript the tender whelp, and wounded it.
By chance as I was hunting in the woods,
I heard the moane the hinde made for the whelpe,
I tooke them both, and brought them to my house,
With charie care I haue recorde the one,
And since I know the Lyons are at strife,
About the losse and dammage of the young,

I bring

2450

2460

2470

2480

of James the fourth.

I bring her home, make claime to her who list.

Hee discouereth her.

Doro. I am the whelpe, bred by this Lyon vp,
This royall English king my happy fire,
Poore *Nano* is the hinde that tended me:

My father Scottish king, gaue me to thee:
A haplesse wife, thou quite misled by youth,
Haste fought sinister loues and forraine ioyes,

2490

The fox *Ateukin*, curfed Parasite,
Incent your grace to fend the wolfe abroad,
The French borne *Iaques*, for to end my daies,
Hee traiterous man, pursued me in the woods,
And left mee wounded, where this noble knight,
Both rescued me and mine, and sau'd my life.

Now keep thy promise, *Dorothea* liues:

Giue *Anderson* his due and iust reward:

And since you kings, your warres began by me,
Since I am safe, returne surcease your fight.

2500

K. of S. Durst I presume to looke vpon those eies,
Which I haue tired with a world of woes,

Or did I thinke submission were ynough,
Or fighes might make an entrance to my soule:

You heauens, you know how willing I wold weep:

You heauens can tell, how glad I would submit:

You heauens can say, how firmly I would figh.

Do. Shame me not Prince, companion in thy bed,
Youth hath missed: tut but a little fault,

'Tis kingly to amend what is amisse:

2510

Might I with twise as many paines as these,
Vnite our hearts, then should my wedded Lord,
See how incesfaunt labours I would take.

My gracious father gouerne your affects,
Giue me that hand, that oft hath blest this head,
And claspe thine armes, that haue embraced this,
About the shoulders of my wedded spoufe:

Ah mightie Prince, this king and I am one,

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Spoyle thou his subiects, thou despoylest me :
Touch thou his brest, thou doest attaint this heart,
Oh bee my father then in louing him.

K. of Eng. Thou prouident kinde mother of increase,
Thou must preuaile, ah nature thou must rule :
Holde daughter, ioyned my hand and his in one,
I will embrace him for to fauour thee,
I call him friend, and take him for my sonne.

Dor. Ah royall husband, see what God hath wrought,
Thy foe is now thy friend: good men at armes,
Do you the like, these nations if they ioyned,
What Monarch with his leigemen in this world,
Dare but encounter you in open felde?

K. of S. Al wisedome ioyned with godly pietie,
Thou English king, pardon my former youth,
And pardon courteous Queen my great misdeed:
And for assurance of mine after life,
I take religious vowes before my God,
To honour thee for fauour, her for wife.

L. And. But yet my boones good Princes are not past,
First English king I humbly do request,
That by your meanes our Princesse may vnite,
Her loue vnto mine alder truest loue,
Now you will loue, maintaine and helpe them both.

K. of Eng. Good *Anderson*, I graunt thee thy request.

L. And. But you my Prince must yeelde me mickle more:
You know your Nobles are your chiefest faies,
And long time haue been bannisht from your Court,
Embrace and reeoncile them to your selfe:
They are your hands, whereby you ought to worke.
As for *Ateukin*, and his lewde compeeres,
That sooth'd you in your finnes and youthly pompe,
Exile, torment, and punish such as they,
For greater vipers neuer may be found
Within a state, then such aspiring heads, (clime.
That reck not how they clime, so that they

K. S. Guid

of James the fourth.

K. of S. Guid Knight I graunt thy sute, first I submit
And humble craue a pardon of your grace :
Next courteous Queene, I pray thee by thy loues,
Forgiue mine errors past, and pardon mee.
My Lords and Princes, if I haue misdone,
(As I haue wrongd indeed both you and yours) 2560
Heereafter trust me, you are deare to me :
As for *Auteukin*, who so findes the man,
Let him haue Martiall lawe, and straight be hangd,
As (all his vaine arbettors now are diuided)
And *Anderson* our Treasurer shall pay,
Three thousand Markes, for friendly recompence.

L. Andr. But Princes whilst you friend it thus in one,
Me thinks of friendship, *Nano* shall haue none.

Doro. What would my Dwarfe, that I will not bestow ?

Nano. My boone faire Queene is this, that you would go, 2570
Altho my bodie is but small and neate,
My stomacke after toyle requireth meate,
An easie sute, dread Princes will you wend ?

K. of S. Art thou a Pigme y borne my prettie frend ?

Nano. Not so great King, but nature when she framde me,
Was scant of earth, and *Nano* therefore namde me :
And when she sawe my bodie was so small,
She gaue me wit to make it big withall.

K. Till time when, *Dor.* Eate then.

K. My friend it stands with wit, 2580
To take repast when stomacke serueth it.

Dor. Thy pollicie my *Nano* shall preuaile :
Come royall father, enter we my tent :
And souldiers feast it, frolike it like friends,
My Princes bid this kinde and courteous traine,
Partake some fauours of our late accord.
Thus warres haue end, and after dreadfull hate,
Men learne at last to know their good estate. *Exeunt.*

F I N I S.

