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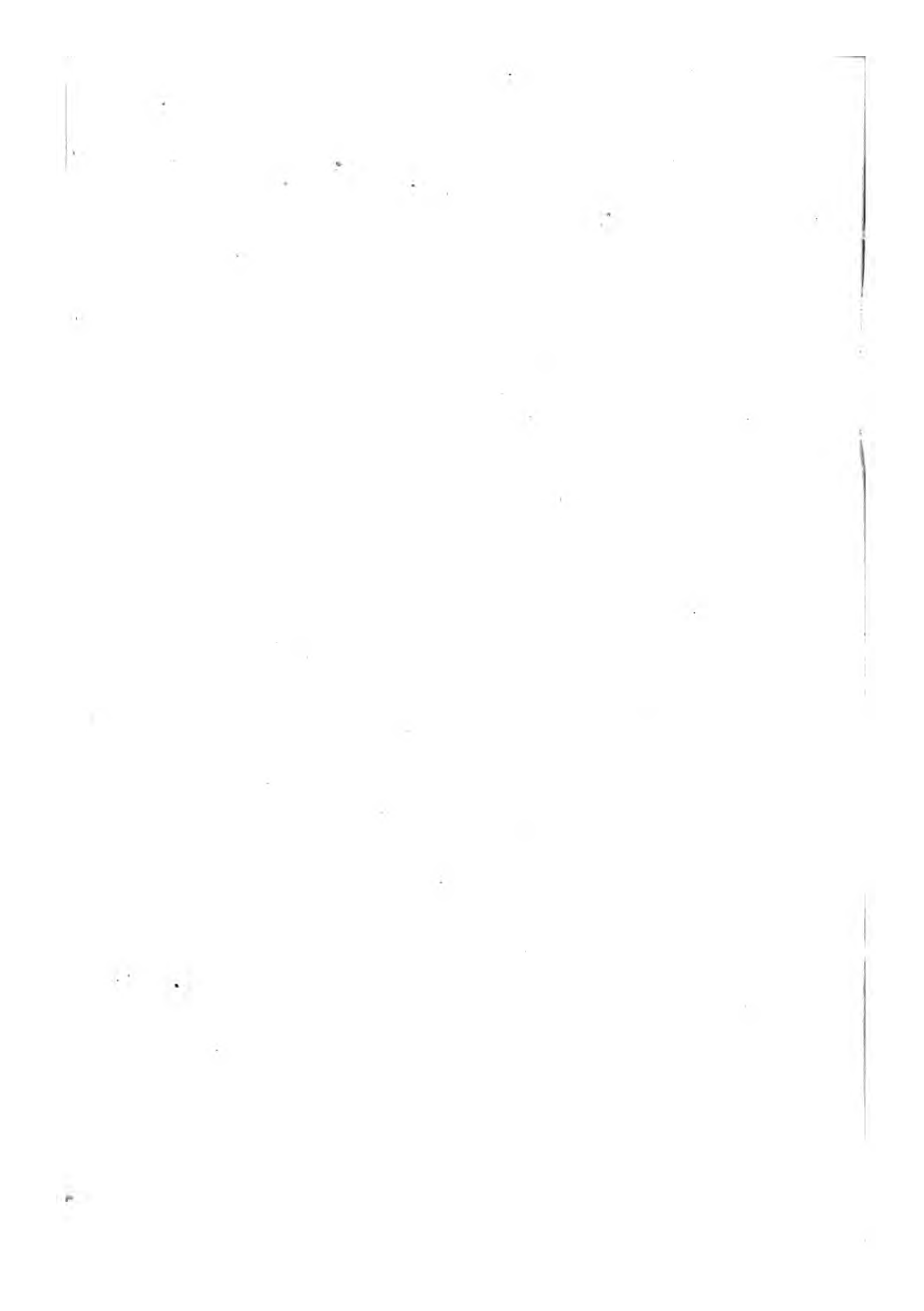
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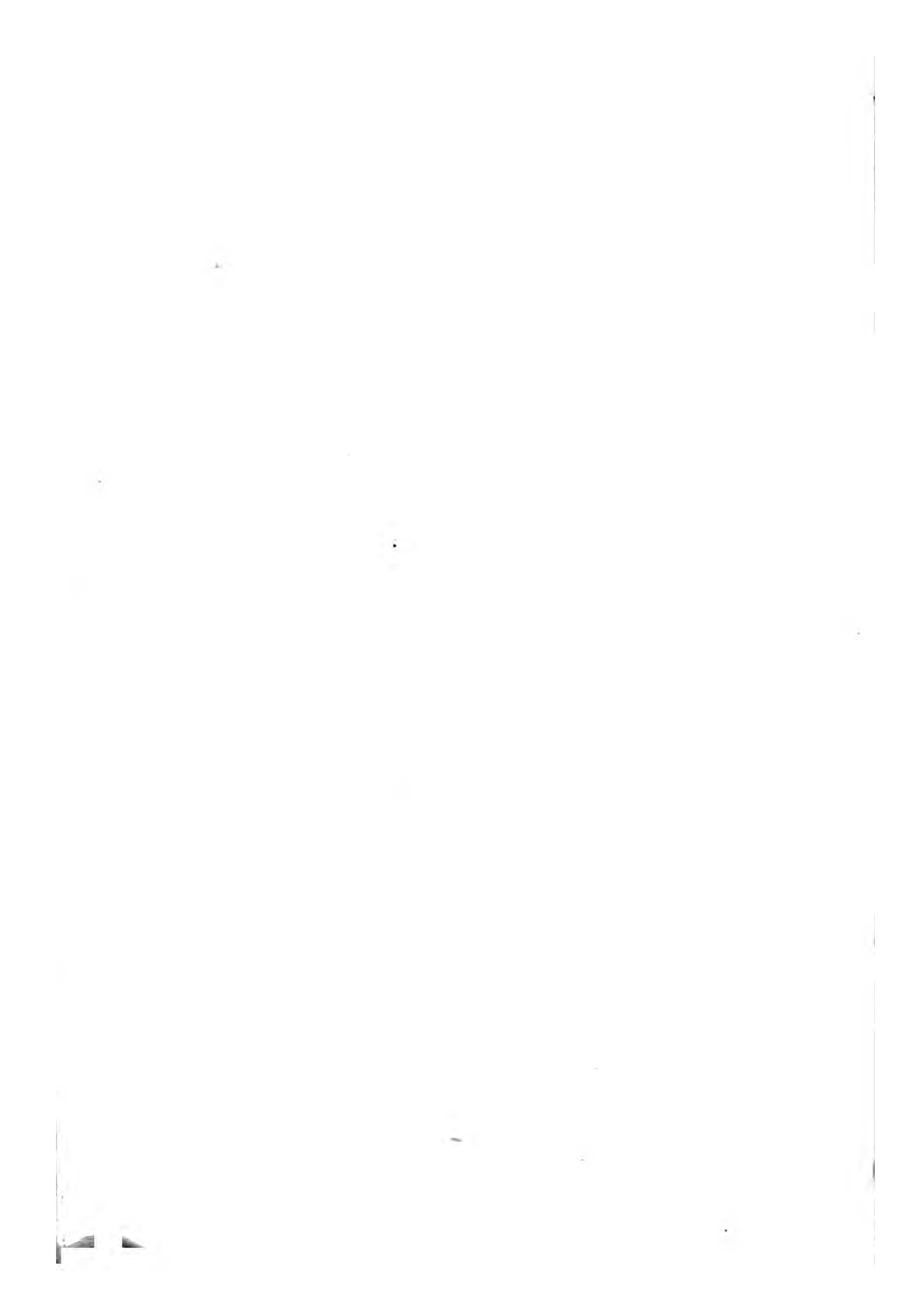


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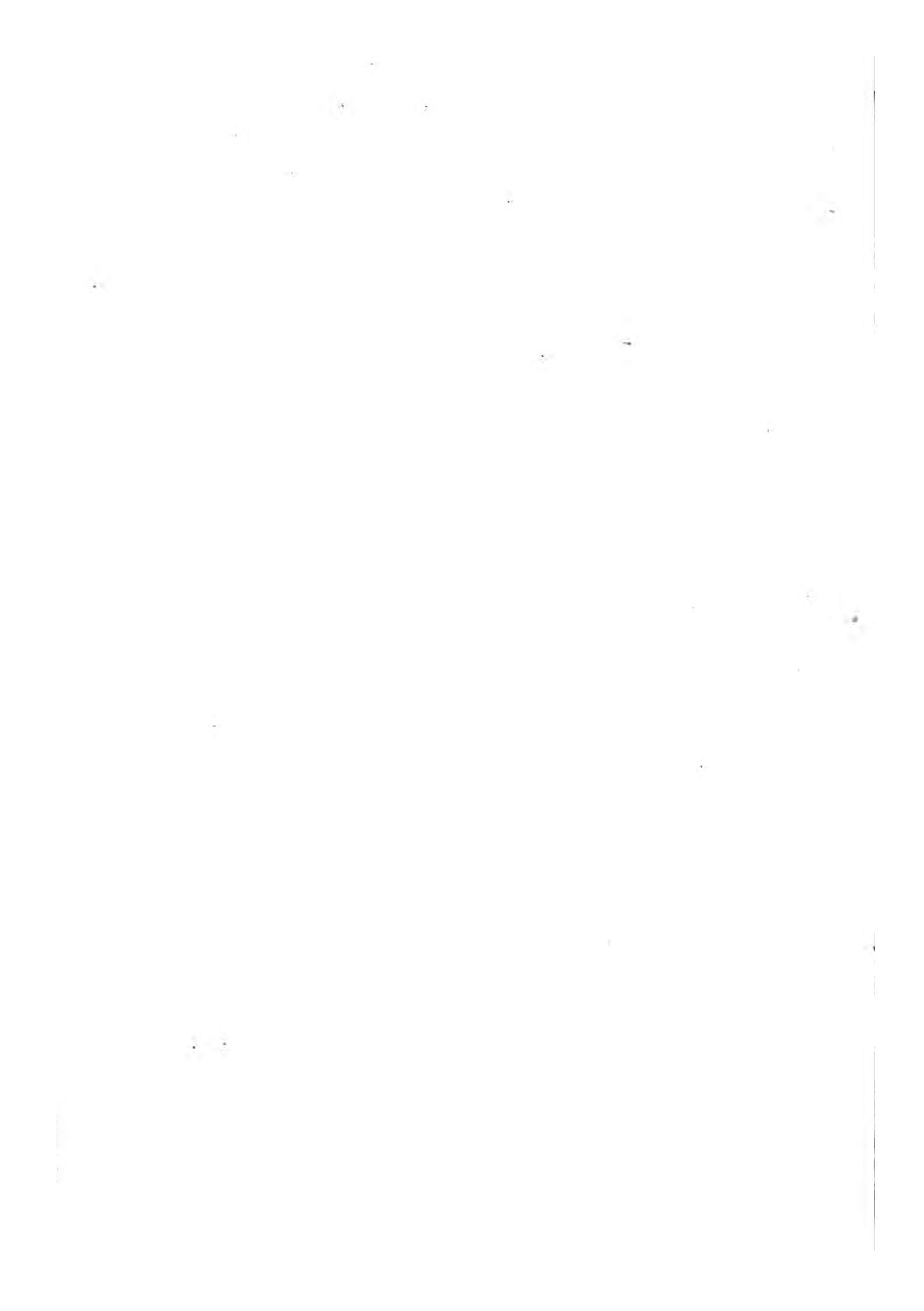
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## INTRODUCTION.

THE play of *Edward II* was written, according to Warton, in 1590. He is undoubtedly right. It must have preceded *Henry VI*, in which the facts of history are much more accurately adhered to. And the first part of *Henry VI*, which was the last written, was acted in 1592; the second and third parts almost certainly in 1591. *Edward II* was produced by the Earl of Pembroke's company, for which Marlow began to write in 1589. It was probably acted at the Curtain Theatre in Shoreditch. The text is in very fair condition, considering that it was not published till five years after Marlow's death; and is free, except in the third act, from the alterations and interpolations which so grossly disfigure the *Jew of Malta*, and still more the *History of Faustus*. Yet the system of refashioning his plays had\* begun a year before *Edward II* was published; and the printer of *Tamburlaine*, Parts I and II, as early as 1592 complains of the mixture of 'fond and frivolous gestures interpolated into those two plays.' Many words and parts of lines have, however, dropped out of the text, and are now irrecoverable. The play is well worth the attention of the student as being in itself as good a production as, if not a better than, Shakespeare's *Richard II*, which was written three years later, at a time when Shakespeare had become three years older than Marlow was when he wrote this play, which Shakespeare's was possibly an attempt to rival. To my mind there is nothing in *Richard II* so fine as the last act in *Edward II*, nor are the characters better discriminated. Edward himself, Gaueston, Kent, Isabella, Baldock, and the younger Spencer are fully as individual and dramatic as Bolingbroke, Richard, Gaunt, and York. Nor is the play so heavy. The long speeches in *Richard II* are very tedious in representation, and it can scarcely succeed on the modern stage except

\* That is, if the notice in Henslow's *Diary* of payment to Dekker for additions to *Faustus* (as printed by Mr Collier) be not a forgery, which is very doubtful.

as a spectacle. Only the almost superstitious reverence we have for the name of Shakespeare has kept in comparative oblivion the rival drama—certainly the masterpiece of history plays at the time of its production.

Again, this play is specially interesting from its *naïve* manner of introducing changes of place, and its disregard of all considerations of time, dramatic as well as historical. The Temple becomes the Parliament at Westminster by the mere drawing of a curtain ; the queen walks to a forest in a London street ; journeys are performed between consecutive lines of the same scene. The whole thing impresses us with the infantile condition of the then theatre, and is of the highest value to one who wishes to trace the steps by which the historical drama reached its culmination in *Henry IV* and *V*. For educational purposes it has another advantage—its comparative freshness. Many a schoolmaster, jaded with continued repetitions of the half-dozen plays of Shakespeare that can be adapted to his purpose, will be glad to use one which is desirable in itself, gives abundant scope for historical exercises, and affords by contrast no less than by similarity to the works of our greatest dramatist, a subject of study, linguistic as well as metrical, hitherto unused for such a purpose in this country, though it has been used in German schools. I have, therefore, in the notes carefully marked all matters bearing on Marlow's peculiarities of pronunciation, grammatical forms, etc. : the wealth of illustration, so easily accessible in Schmidt's *Lexicon* and Abbott's *Grammar*, has allowed me to curtail the numerous quotations that will at once suggest themselves to the student of old English ; and I have been enabled to use the room thus gained in breaking new ground on several heads, among which I may mention these : a short sketch of the rise of the historical drama amongst us ; the manner in which Marlow divided his plays into acts, and the distribution of parts among the actors ; some new chronological results as to Marlow's career ; the similarities between this play and *Henry VI*, indicating identity of authorship ; and, finally, illustrative extracts from Fabyan, Stow, and Holinshed ; by comparing which with the text the student will be able to see how Marlow diverged from the authorities for his story. To these matters the rest of this Introduction will be chiefly devoted. I should add that the highest authority for the text is the first quarto (Q. 1) of 1598. All deviations from this of any moment are carefully noted. The only accurate modern editions are those by Dyce (1865) and Wagner (1871).

## RISE OF HISTORY PLAYS IN ENGLAND.

It would be out of place in this small work to give a full account of the rise of the historical drama in England. It may, however, have some interest for the reader to see the principal works of this kind arranged in chronological order of production :

|                                     |   |             |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------|
| <i>King Johan,</i>                  | Bale,                                     | circa 1548. |
| <i>Famous Victories of Henry V,</i> |   | c. 1588.    |
| <i>Edward I,</i>                    | Peele,                                    | c. 1588.    |
| <i>Troublesome Reign of King</i>    | } (?) Peele,                              | c. 1590.    |
| <i>John,</i>                        |   |             |
| <i>Edward II,</i>                   | Marlow,                                   | c. 1590.    |
| <i>2, 3 Henry VI,</i>               | Marlow and Peele,                         | c. 1591.    |
| <i>1 Henry VI,</i>                  | } Marlow, Peele, Shake-<br>speare,        | 1592.       |
| <i>Richard II,</i>                  |   |             |
| <i>Jack Straw,</i>                  | Shakespeare,                              | c. 1593.    |
| <i>Richard III,</i>                 | Anonymous,                                | 1593.       |
| <i>Edward III,</i>                  | (?) Peele and Shakespeare,                | 1594.       |
| <i>Richard III,</i>                 | (?) Peele and Shakespeare,                | c. 1595.    |
| <i>John,</i>                        | Shakespeare,                              | c. 1596.    |
| <i>1 Henry IV,</i>                  | Shakespeare,                              | 1597.       |
| <i>2 Henry IV,</i>                  | Shakespeare,                              | 1598.       |
| <i>Henry V,</i>                     | Shakespeare,                              | 1599.       |
| <i>Edward IV,</i>                   | Heywood,                                  | 1599.       |
| <i>Sir John Oldcastle,</i>          | } Munday, Drayton, Wil-<br>son, Hathaway, | 1599.       |
| <i>Cromwell,</i>                    |   |             |
| <i>Lady Jane Grey,</i>              | Anonymous,                                | c. 1601.    |
| <i>Troubles of Queen Elizabeth,</i> | Dekker, Webster, etc.,                    | 1602.       |
| <i>Henry VIII,</i>                  | Heywood,                                  | 1603.       |
| <i>Perkin Warbeck,</i>              | Fletcher, Shakespeare,                    | 1613.       |
|                                     | Ford,                                     | 1634.       |

It is clear from this list that Peele and Marlow were the originators of this branch of the drama; that Shakespeare, after working with them, and to some extent imitating them, brought it to perfection; that Dekker, Heywood, Webster, and others then tried their hands at it with less success; and that, with the isolated exception of *Henry VIII*, its cultivation was abandoned during the reign of James I. Peele has the merit of the first conception, and Marlow that of throwing over extraneous buffoonery and resting solely on the historical plot for the success of his work; while Shakespeare combined and perfected the methods of Marlow and Peele. No improvement was introduced afterwards.

TABLE OF THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PARTS AMONG THE ACTORS.

|                | ACT I. |    |    |    | ACT II. |    |    |    |    |    | ACT III. |    | ACT IV. |    |    |    |    |    | ACT V. |    |    |    |    |    |
|----------------|--------|----|----|----|---------|----|----|----|----|----|----------|----|---------|----|----|----|----|----|--------|----|----|----|----|----|
|                | I.     | 2. | 3. | 4. | I.      | 2. | 3. | 4. | 5. | 6. | I.       | 2. | I.      | 2. | 3. | 4. | 5. | 6. | I.     | 2. | 3. | 4. | 5. | 6. |
| King, . . .    | *      | .. | .. | *  | ..      | *  | .. | *  | .. | .. | *        | *  | ..      | .. | *  | .. | *  | *  | *      | .. | *  | .. | *  | .. |
| Isabella, . .  | ..     | *  | .. | *  | ..      | *  | .. | .. | .. | .. | *        | .. | ..      | *  | .. | *  | *  | .. | ..     | *  | .. | *  | .. | *  |
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| Kent, . . .    | *      | .. | *  | *  | ..      | *  | *  | .. | .. | .. | ..       | *  | *       | *  | *  | *  | *  | .. | ..     | *  | *  | *  | .. | ?  |
| Lancaster, .   | *      | *  | .. | *  | ..      | *  | *  | *  | *  | .. | ..       | *  | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..     | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Warwick, . .   | *      | *  | .. | *  | ..      | *  | *  | *  | *  | *  | ..       | *  | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..     | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Pembroke, .    | ..     | .. | .. | *  | ..      | *  | *  | .. | *  | .. | ..       | *  | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..     | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Gaueston, .    | *      | .. | *  | *  | ..      | *  | .. | *  | *  | *  | ..       | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..     | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
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| Coventry, . .  | *      | .. | .. | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..       | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..     | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Canterbury, .  | ..     | *  | .. | *  | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..       | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..     | .. | .. | *  | .. | ?  |
| Y. Spencer, .  | ..     | .. | .. | .. | *       | *  | .. | *  | .. | .. | *        | *  | ..      | .. | *  | .. | *  | *  | ..     | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Baldock, . .   | ..     | .. | .. | .. | *       | *  | .. | .. | .. | .. | *        | *  | ..      | .. | .. | .. | *  | *  | ..     | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Niece, . . .   | ..     | .. | .. | .. | *       | *  | .. | *  | .. | .. | ..       | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..     | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Arundel, . .   | ..     | .. | .. | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | *  | .. | *        | .. | ..      | .. | ?  | .. | *  | .. | ..     | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| E. Spencer, .  | ..     | .. | .. | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | *        | *  | ..      | .. | ?  | .. | .. | .. | ..     | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Prince, . . .  | ..     | .. | .. | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | *        | *  | ..      | *  | .. | *  | .. | .. | ..     | *  | .. | *  | .. | *  |
| Levune, . . .  | ..     | .. | .. | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | *        | *  | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..     | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Henault, . .   | ..     | .. | .. | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..       | .. | ..      | *  | .. | *  | *  | .. | ..     | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Rice, . . .    | ..     | .. | .. | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..       | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | *  | *  | ..     | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Leicester, . . | ..     | .. | .. | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..       | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | *  | *      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Abbot, . . .   | ..     | .. | .. | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..       | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | *  | ..     | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Winchester, .  | ..     | .. | .. | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..       | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | *  | *      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
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| Matrevis, . .  | ..     | .. | .. | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..       | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..     | *  | *  | .. | *  | *  |
| Gurney, . . .  | ..     | .. | .. | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..       | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..     | *  | *  | .. | *  | *  |
| Lightborn, .   | ..     | .. | .. | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..       | .. | ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..     | .. | *  | *  | .. | .. |

ON THE ASSIGNMENT OF THEIR PARTS TO THE ACTORS  
AND THE DIVISION INTO ACTS.

In order to show plainly the manner in which the parts were divided among the actors, I have drawn up a table of the acts and scenes in which each character appears. It is clear from this table, that the parts of King Edward II, Isabella, Mortimer, and Kent, must have required separate actors throughout the play, and that one actor may have taken two or more of the other parts. Now, from a careful examination of all the lists of actors extant, of the Elizabethan theatres, it appears that each company consisted of about twelve or thirteen principal performers, and a few supernumeraries. We should, therefore, expect to find that this number of actors could perform this play. Among the many possible arrangements that would enable them to do so, the following is as probable as any :

|                     |   |  |
|---------------------|---|--|
| <i>First Actor,</i> | . | King.                                      |
| <i>Second</i> „     | . | Isabella.                                  |
| <i>Third</i> „      | . | Mortimer junior.                           |
| <i>Fourth</i> „     | . | Kent, Arundel.                             |
| <i>Fifth</i> „      | . | Lancaster, Leicester, Lightborn.           |
| <i>Sixth</i> „      | . | Warwick, Rice, Trussel, Gurney.            |
| <i>Seventh</i> „    | . | Pembroke, Berkeley, Matrevis.              |
| <i>Eighth</i> „     | . | Gaueston, Levune, Henault.                 |
| <i>Ninth</i> „      | . | Mortimer senior, Spencer senior, Abbot.    |
| <i>Tenth</i> „      | . | Coventry, Canterbury, Baldock, Winchester. |
| <i>Eleventh</i> „   | . | Spencer junior.                            |
| <i>Twelfth</i> „    | . | Niece, Prince Edward.                      |

The parts of Messenger, Beaumont, James, Herald, Mower, and Champion, could be taken by one supernumerary; while three would be required for the poor men, soldiers, attendants, guard, and monks.

Similar results are found in every play I have examined, always about twelve or thirteen actors are necessary.

This table also distinctly shows us where the acts end. The divisions must come at the end of those scenes, where characters appear for the last time; so that they should have time to change their dress for new characters, while the music was playing between the acts. It is clear that the end of the second act must, for stage necessities, come where I have placed it, and not one scene earlier, as in Mr Cunningham's edition. The same division follows from æsthetic considerations. Marlow's tragedies nearly always contain what may be called subordinate tragedies, in the separate acts of each play. Thus in this play, Act I closes with the elder Mortimer's departure to Scotland, and disappearance from the play; Act II with Gaueston's death; Act III with the execution of the Barons; Act IV with the death of Young Spencer; Act V being devoted to the murder of the king himself. This peculiarity of construction runs through all Marlow's plays.

#### ON MARLOW'S LIFE AND WRITINGS.

As a general rule, it seems to be a mistake to preface every detached work of an author with an account of his life and writings; and I should have simply referred, for the requisite information on these heads, to the many notices that have been given of Marlow elsewhere, were it not that some evidence has been overlooked by all writers until now, which is important in connection with the history of the



stage, and still more important in connection with the only superior to Marlow in his own special line of work, the many-sided Shakespeare.

Christopher, son of John Marlow (perhaps shoemaker, certainly clerk of St Mary's), was christened at St George the Martyr's, Canterbury, on the 26th February 1564. He was at the King's School, in that town, from Michaelmas 1578, till Michaelmas 1579. He was entered at Benet (Corpus Christi) College, Cambridge, in 1580. On 17th March 1581, he matriculated as pensioner, proceeded B.A. 1583, and commenced M.A. 1587. So far the ordinary biographies. Mr Cunningham adds a very probable conjecture, confirmed to me by various passages in which Marlow's soldiership is, as I think, alluded to in contemporary productions, that he was in the wars in the Low Countries in 1584. I now give some details as to his theatrical career in London, resting on the irrefragable evidence of documents, manuscript or printed, which have long been known, but never put together in a connected form. It is recognised by critics, that his earliest works were *Tamburlaine*, *Faustus*, and the *Jew of Malta*. The company that originally produced the *Jew* is not known on positive evidence, but the others were acted by the Admiral's company, about 1586-8. But the Admiral's company were prohibited from acting in 1589. There can then be little, if any doubt, that Marlow wrote only for this company till this prohibition; which gives us, supposing that he produced one play a year, the following scheme exactly agreeing with that deduced by me on other grounds in my *Shakespeare Manual*.

|                               |   |   |   |         |
|-------------------------------|---|---|---|---------|
| <i>Tamburlaine</i> , Part I,  | . | . | . | 1585-6. |
| <i>Tamburlaine</i> , Part II, | . | . | . | 1586-7. |
| <i>Faust</i> ,                | . | . | . | 1587-8. |
| <i>Jew of Malta</i> ,         | . | . | . | 1588-9. |

But this last play was probably produced with the next group, as we shall see. Marlow took it with him when he left the players of Earl Pembroke to join Lord Strange's.

We next find him in connection with the Earl of Pembroke's company. *Edward II*, which we know to have been acted by them, is stated positively by Warton to have been produced in 1590. The Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI* (then called the First and Second Parts, and sometimes *The Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster*, and *The True Tragedy of the Duke of York*)

must have been written *circa* 1591, as Greene quotes a line in 1592. In these plays, no critic of note doubts that Marlow had some share, though what share is still disputed. But these plays were acted by the Earl of Pembroke's men. Again, the old play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, brought out by the same company, has so many coincidences of expression with Marlow's admitted plays, that it can hardly be supposed but that he had some share in its composition. It was produced *circa* 1589, at which date, the old *Hamlet*, associated with it in Henslow's *Diary*, is known to have been first performed. We may then confidently assign Marlow's connection with Pembroke's actors to the years 1589-1591.

|                                    |       |
|------------------------------------|-------|
| <i>Taming of a Shrew</i> , . . . . | 1589. |
| <i>Edward II</i> , . . . .         | 1590. |
| 2 and 3 <i>Henry VI</i> , . . . .  | 1591. |

It is not needful here to discuss who his coadjutors were in these plays. My own belief is that Shakespeare helped him in the first, and Peele in the last.

But in 1592, on March 3d, the First Part of *Henry VI*, then called simply *Henry VI*, or the Third Part of *Henry VI*, was produced at the Rose by Lord Strange's players. This play is identified by Nash's allusions to Talbot's being represented on the stage in 1592. That Marlow wrote some part of it, cannot be doubted; and that Shakespeare wrote the episode of the deaths of Talbot and his son, has always been a favourite opinion of mine. The accurate ear and delicate taste of Mr Swinburne has since confirmed this opinion. Marlow was then a writer for Lord Strange's company at the time of his death. He died 1st June 1593, slain in a tavern brawl, and buried at St Nicholas Church, Deptford, leaving several works unfinished. His poem of *Hero and Leander* was completed by George Chapman, who was then connected with the Admiral's company at the Rose. His *Massacre of Paris (Tragedy of the Guise)* was produced as a new play by Lord Strange's company, on 30th January 1592-3 (not 1593-4, as Mr Collier says); but the mutilated state of it is not due to its being left unfinished, as Marlow was not then dead, but to treatment it received from the players after his death. Compare the speech in Collier's MS. quoted by modern editors, with the printed editions, and the manner in which the corruptions arose will be clear at once. He did leave an unfinished play, however, *Dido*.

This got somehow into Nash's possession, who finished it for the Chapel Children. Shakespeare, his fellow-poet for Lord Strange's men, and his fellow-worker (on all hypotheses) in some plays, was naturally the person who should have completed it. It is singular that the part distinctly Nash's coincides in subject with the speech of the player in *Hamlet*, and I regard this latter as written originally by Shakespeare to complete Marlow's play. Hence possibly an enlargement of the breach already existing between him and Nash.

Marlow may have left behind him the commencement of *Titus Andronicus*, produced by the Earl of Sussex's players on 23d January 1593-4. This play is identified with that usually printed as Shakespeare's, by the name of the company it was written for; but it is certain that Shakespeare was at that date with Lord Strange's players, and had no connection with those of Sussex. It is moreover clear from internal evidence, that this play was mainly, if not entirely produced by George Peele, so that most likely Marlow had nothing to do with it. We have then in addition to the previous lists :

|                           |   |   |   |   |       |
|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|-------|
| 1 <i>Henry VI,</i>        | . | . | . | . | 1592. |
| <i>Massacre of Paris,</i> | . | . | . | . | 1593. |
| <i>Dido,</i>              | . | . | . | . | 1594. |

These dates differ from those given conjecturally by me elsewhere; but I apprehend that the external evidence is so strong, that conjectures, even supported by such an authority as Dyce, must give way to it. If this evidence be admitted, it gives us the following results for these dramatists :

- 1589, Marlow and Shakespeare with Pembroke's men.
- 1591, Marlow and Peele with Pembroke's men.
- 1592-3, Marlow, Peele, and Shakespeare with Lord Strange's men, which became the Chamberlain's in 1594.

It may be interesting to trace the subsequent fate of these plays. *Tamburlaine*, as far as we know, was never in the possession of any company but the Admiral's. Nor was *Faustus*, but it was altered for the same company in 1602.\* The *Few of Malta* was, on the other hand, played by Lord Strange's men in 1592, by the Earl of Sussex's in 1594, after that, by the Admiral's, during a succession of years, and finally

\* And previously in 1597, if the entry as to Dekker's alterations be genuine, which is more than doubtful.

by Queen Henrietta's at the Cockpit before 1633. They probably obtained it at the breaking up of the Palgrave's company, formerly the Prince's (Prince Henry's, identical with the Admiral's). Two plays, *The Guise* and *Dido*, are only known in connection with the companies by which they were originally produced. But *The Taming of a Shrew* was in possession of the Lord Chamberlain's men in 1594, who also acquired a property in 2 and 3 *Henry VI* about 1600. 1 *Henry VI* was always theirs, as they are identical with Lord Strange's men, who took the title of the Chamberlain's in 1594. *Titus Andronicus* passed from the Earl of Sussex's men, successively to Pembroke's, Derby's, and in 1600 to the Chamberlain's. *Edward II* belonged to Queen Anne's actors at the Bull before 1619.

ON SIMILARITIES BETWEEN 'EDWARD II' AND  
'HENRY VI.'

Dyce pointed out some similarities between this play and *Henry VI*. He might have greatly enlarged his list. Some of the more prominent likenesses will be noticed here, as bearing on the interesting question as to whether there is a community of authorship in these plays.

1. The word *exequies* (1 *Hen. VI*, III, ii, 133) never occurs in any undoubted play of Shakespeare.
2. Nor does *shipwreck* as a noun (1 *Hen. VI*, V, v, 8; *Tit. And.*, II, i, 24).
3. Nor does *buckler* as a verb (*Tam. Shrew*, III, ii, 241; 2 *Hen. VI*, III, ii, 216; 3 *Hen. VI*, III, iii, 99).
4. Nor does *embroider* (3 *Hen. VI*, II, v, 45).
5. Nor *Tully* (2 *Hen. VI*, IV, i, 136; *Tit. And.*, IV, i, 14).
6. Nor *serge* (2 *Hen. VI*, IV, vii, 27).
7. Nor *verb* (2 *Hen. VI*, IV, vii, 43).
8. Nor *foreslow* (3 *Hen. VI*, II, iii, 56).
9. Nor *magnanimity* (3 *Hen. VI*, V, iv, 41).
10. Nor *preachment* (3 *Hen. VI*, I, iv, 72).
11. Nor *atlas* (3 *Hen. VI*, V, i, 36).
12. Nor *impale* (3 *Hen. VI*, III, ii, 171; III, iii, 189).

But all these occur in *Edward II*.

Of similarities of phrase I select the following :

2 *Hen. VI*, II, iii, 28 :

' I see no reason why a king of years  
Should be to be protected like a child.'

*Edw. II*, III, i, 30:

‘As though your highness were a schoolboy still,  
And must be awed and govern’d like a child.’

3 *Hen. VI*, I, i, 1:

‘I wonder how the king escaped our hands.’

*Edw. II*, II, v, 1:

‘Yet, lusty lords, I have escaped your hands.’

2 *Hen. VI*, II, iv, 86:

‘I cannot stay to speak.’

3 *Hen. VI*, I, i, 180:

‘I cannot stay to hear these articles.’

*Edw. II*, II, iv, 56:

‘I cannot stay to answer.’

2 *Hen. VI*, IV, i, 120:

‘My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.’

*Edw. II*, II, ii, 221:

‘My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.’

1 *Hen. VI*, V, v, end:

‘Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;  
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.’

*Edw. II*, V, iv, 64:

‘The queen and Mortimer  
Shall rule the realm, the king; and none rules us.’

3 *Hen. VI*, I, ii, 61:

‘And thus most humbly do I take my leave.’

*Edw. II*, V, i, 124:

‘And thus most humbly do we take our leave.’

Still stronger instances of similarity are quoted by Dyce:

2 *Hen. VI*, I, iii, 53 (quarto edition):

‘I tell thee, Poole, when thou didst run at tilt  
And stol’st away our ladies’ hearts of France.’

*Edw. II*, V, v, 64 :

‘ Tell Isabel the queen, I lookt not thus  
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France.’

2 *Hen. VI*, III, i, 282 (quarto) :

‘ The wild O’Neil, my lords, is up in arms,  
With troops of Irish kerns that uncontrol’d  
Doth plant themselves within the English pale.’

*Edw. II*, II, ii, 156 :

‘ The wild O’Neil, with swarms of Irish kerns,  
Lives uncontrol’d within the English pale.’

3 *Hen. VI*, V, ii, 11 :

‘ The cedar . . . .  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle.’

*Edw. II*, II, ii, 16 :

‘ A cedar tree . . . .  
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch.’

3 *Hen. VI*, V, vi, 61 :

‘ What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
Sink into the ground? I thought it would have mounted.’

*Edw. II*, I, i, 90; V, i, 13 :

‘ Aspiring Lancaster’  
‘ Scorning that the lowly earth  
Should drink his blood, mounts up into the air.’

2 *Hen. VI*, I, iii, 83 (folio only) :

‘ She bears a duke’s revenues on her back.’

*Edw. II*, I, iv, 406 :

‘ He wears a lord’s revenues on his back.’

These similarities are sufficient to my mind, to prove identity of authorship in a large portion of these plays; but these are only a few selected out of many. If the student reads the historical plays in the list given above in the chronological order in which they were written, he will be as much surprised at the similarities between *Edward II* and *Henry VI*, as he will at the difference between *Henry VI* and any of the undoubted plays of Shakespeare. He cannot take up a better problem for critical investigation than the authorship of these disputed plays.

## EXTRACTS FROM FABYAN'S 'CHRONICLE' [EDITION 1559].

'Edward, the second of that name, and son of Edward I, born at Carnarvon, in a town of Wales, began his reign over England, in the month of July, and the 8 day of the said month, in the year of our Lord 1307, . . . the which was crowned at Westminster the 14 day of December. . . . This Edward was fair of body and great of strength, but unsteadfast of manners and vile in conditions: for he would refuse the company of lords and men of honour, and haunt him with villains and vile persons. He also gave him to great drink, and lightly he would discover things of great counsel. With these and many other disallowable conditions he was exercised, which turned him to great dishonour, and his lords to great unrest, as by the sequel of this history shall appear.

'Anon as his father was buried and his exequy scantly finished, he, forgetting the high and chargeable commandment of his said father, sent in all haste for his old compere, Piers of Gauestone, the which he received with all joy and gladness, and advanced him to much honour. . . .

'The said King Edward, in the month of December [1307], sailed into France, and the 15 day of January [1308] following at Bolein in Pacardy, married Isabell, the daughter of Philip le Bew, then King of France, and soon after returned with her into England, and so unto London. . . . Then the king gave shortly after unto Piers of Gauestone the earldom of Cornwayle and the lordship of Walynforde, and was ruled all by his wanton counsel, and followed the appetite and pleasure of his body, nothing ordering by sadness, nor yet by order of the law or justice.

'And in the second year\* [1309] King Edward, calling to mind the displeasure done unto him and to his familiar Piers of Gauestone by the Bishop of Chester, Master Walter Lancton, . . . commanded him unto the Tower of London, where he was straitly kept many days after.

'Then the lords of the land, and specially Sir Henry Lacy, Sir Guy, and Sir Aymer de Valence, Earl[s] of Lincoln, of Warwick, and Penbroke, to whom the noble prince Edward I had given so great charge that Piers of Gauestone should no more come into England, saw the rule of the land, and how the king's treasury, by means of the said

\* These years are Lord Mayor's years, from 29th October to 29th October (old style).

Piers, was wasted, assembled them in counsel, and of one assent, with aid of other lords of the realm, spake so with the king that, contrary his pleasure, he was avoided the land and banished into Ireland for that year. But the king sent unto him oftentimes secret messengers, and comforted him with many rich gifts, or [*sic*] made him his chief ruler of the country.

‘And in the third year [1310] divers grudges began to move and spring between the king and his lords for the exiling of Pyers Gauestone; wherefore to contain amity between him and them, the said Pyers, about the Feast of the Nativity of our Lady, was fet home again, and so continued to the more mischief of the realme. . . .

‘And in the 4 year [1310-11] the rule and power of Pyers Gauestone more and more increasing, insomuch that he, having the guiding of all the king’s jewels and treasure, yode upon a day to Westminster, and there out of the king’s jewel-house took a table and a pair of trestles of gold, and conveyed them, with other jewels, out of the land, to the great impoverishing of the same; and over that brought the king, by mean of his wanton conditions, to manifold vices, as advoutry, and other. Wherefore the foresaid lords, seeing the mischief that daily increased by reason of this unhappy man, took their counsel together at Lincoln, and there concluded to void him again out of England, so that shortly after he was exiled into Flanders, to the king’s great displeasure.

‘And in the 5 year [1311-12], upon the day of St Bryce, or the 13 day of November, was born at Winsore the first or eldest son of King Edward, that after his father was King of England, and named Edward III. And this year was again revoked by the king Pyers Gauestone out of Flanders, which, after his again coming, demeaned him worse than he before did.

‘Insomuch that he disdained the lords of England, and of them had many dispitious and slanderous words, whereof the lords of one mind assented to put this Piers to death, and soon after assembled their powers and besieged him in the castle of Scarburgh, and in process won that castle, and took him and brought him unto Gaversede beside Warwick, and there the 19 day of June smote off his head. Whereof when the king had knowledge, he was grievously displeased against the said lords, and made his avow that his death should be revenged. By mean of this, rancour, that before between the king and his lords was kindled, now began



further to spread, so that after this day the king sought occasion against his lords how he might put them to grievance and displeasure. . . .

‘And in the 6 year [1312-13] . . . word was brought unto the king how Robert le Bruze was turned into Scotland, and had caused the Scots to rebel of new. . . . When he had heard of the misguiding of the realm of England, and specially of the division between the king and his lords, he anon, with a small aid of the Normans or Norways, returned into Scotland. Where he demeaned him in such wise to the lords of Scotland, that he in short process was again made king of that realm, and warred strongly upon the king’s friends, and wan from them castles and strongholds, and wrought unto Englishmen much sorrow and tene.

‘In the seventh year [1313-14], for to oppress the malice of the Scots, the king assembled a great power, and by water entered the realm of Scotland, and destroyed such villages and towns as lay or stood in his way. Whereof hearing, Robert le Bruze, with the power of Scotland, coasted toward the Englishmen, and upon the day of the Nativity of St Jhon the Baptist met with King Edward and his host at a place called Estryvelin, near unto a fresh river that was then called Bannockisbourne, where between the English and the Scots that day was foughten a cruel battle. But in the end the Englishmen were constrained to forsake the field. Then the Scots chased so eagerly the Englishmen, that many of them were drowned in the forenamed river, and many a nobleman of England that day was slain in that battle. . . . And the king himself from that battle scaped with great danger, and so with a few of his host that with him escaped, came unto Berwike and there rested him a season. Then the Scots, inflamed with pride, in derision of the Englishmen made this rime as followeth :

‘ “ Maydens of Englande, sore may ye morne,  
 For your lemmans ye haue loste at Bannockysborne,  
 Wyth heue a lowe.  
 What weneth the King of England  
 So soone to haue wone Scotland  
 Wyth rumbylowe.”

This song was after many days sung in dances in the carols of the maidens and minstrels of Scotland, to the reproof and disdain of Englishmen, with divers other which I overpass. And when King Edward had a season tarried in Barwike,

and set that town in surety as he then might, he returned with small honour into England, and came secretly to Westminster upon the day of Saint Magne, or the nineteen day of August. . . .

‘Then [1317-18] was nothing done without the advices and counsels of Sir Hugh the Spensers, the father and the son. By whose enticement many things were done in England, to the great grudge, as well of the noblemen of the realm as of the commons of the same; so that they were had in as great hatred and indignation as beforetimes was Piers Gauestone. And many evil reports and great extortions were of them reported, as lightly men shall do that ben out of the favour of the common people.

‘In this twelfth year [1318-19] the king held his great council at York, where, contrary the mind of the lords, Sir Hugh Spenser, the son, was made High Chamberlain of England. By reason whereof he bare him so hautely and so proud, that no lord of this land might gainsay him, whereof grew the occasion of the Barons’ war. . . .

‘[1318-19.] When the more party of the barons of England beheld this misery of the people, . . . they in secret manner assembled them together at a town called Shyrborne, and there condescended for a reformation of this mischief to remove from the king the said Spensers, both the father and the son. And this to bring about, Sir Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, . . . Sir John Moubray, baron, . . . Sir Roger Mortymer, . . . with divers others, sware each of them to stand by other till they had amended the state [of] the realm. . . . The lords and barons before named ressembled them a more stronger power, and upon that sent a messenger unto the king, beseeching him humbly to return from his person the counsel of the Spensers, which daily did unto him great dishonour, and to the common weale of the realm great hinderance.

‘[1319-20.] The barons, considering well that the Spencers should in process bring the land to great ruin and the king to great dishonour, intending to reform the mischief that thereof might ensue, gathered unto them great power. And while Sir Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, was gathering of his people, the two Mortimers, that is to say, Sir Roger Mortimer of Werke, and Sir Roger of Wygmoore, with other, yode unto the marche of Wales, and took by strength certain cities and towns belonging to the Spensers, and pursued also some of the king’s servants. Wherefore the king, hearing of the rebellion of his lords, made hasty speed, and with a great

host came about by Shrowesburye, and was near unto them or they were ware, so that for fear, the said Mortimers yielded them unto the king's grace and mercy, the which forthwith were conveyed as prisoners unto the Tower of London.

'In this fourteenth year [1320-21], when the king had thus ordered the country of the marches foresaid after his mind, and had to him gathered more strength, about St Chad's Day or beginning of March, the king with his people came down to Glouceter, where with him met the Spensers with their people. And from thence they yode unto Lichefelde, at which season the Earls of Lancaster and of Herforde were at \_\_\_\_\_, and the remnant of their host at Burton-upon-Trent, and fortified the bridge, that the king might not win over the said river. Then the king was brought unto a ford, and began to set over his knights, whereof hearing, the said earls forsook the said town of \_\_\_\_\_ and yode toward the town or city of \_\_\_\_\_. But or they might pass far upon their journey, they were encountered of Sir Aymer de Valance, Earl of Penbrooke, with the Spensers and other of the king's host, upon the 12 day of March, and of them overset, and constrained to flee, and so yode in process of time to Pountfret. In this mean season, the Earl Thomas had sent a knight of his, named Roberte Holande, into Lancashire for to arrear his tenants. But when the said Sir Robert heard of that skirmish, and how his master was fled, he then drew to the king, and presented him with such company as he had then gathered. And thus the king's power daily increased, and the barons discreased. Then the barons . . . came in process of time to a town called Burgh Bridge, where they were encountered of Sir Andrew of Harkeley, knight, with other that were comen out of the north, with a strong company; the which then near unto the said town, set upon the barons, and in the end discomfited them, and chased their people. In the which fight was slain the Earl of Herforde, . . . and other; and there was taken the Earl of Lancaster, . . . with divers other, and led unto York. And this field was foughten (as witnesseth *Polychronicon*) the fifteen day of March in the end of the year of our Lord 1320 [1321]. . . . And Sir Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, was brought again to his own town of Pountfret, where he was brought in judgment before Sir Aymer de Valaunce, Earl of Penbroke, Sir Jhon Britayne, Earl of Richmonde, Sir Edmunde of Woodstocke, Earl of Kente, Sir Hugh Spenser, the father, and Sir Robert of Malmestroke, justice, with other, and before them

finally adjudged to have his head stricken off. Whereof execution was done the twelfth day of April, in the beginning of the year of grace, after the reckoning of the Church of England, a thousand three hundred and 21.

‘From this time forward by the term of five years ensuing, the fortune of the Spencers hugely increased. And as fast the queen’s discreased, till she was relieved by the King of France, then Charles, the fifth of that name, and brother unto her. . . .

‘When the king had thus subdued his barons, he soon after, about the Feast of the Ascension of our Lord, kept his Parlement at York. During which Parlement, Sir Hugh Spenser, the father, was made Earl of Winchester. . . .

‘There was also ordained soon after that Master Robert Baldock, a man of evil fame, should be chancellor of England. . . .

‘[1623-4.] About midlent the king—having knowledge of this war in Guyan, and how the French king intended to seize all Gascoygne and Guyan for breaking of certain covenants between them made, and not by King Edward performed, sent over the queen his wife, the French king’s sister, to entreat a concord and peace between them. And in the beginning of August following, Sir Roger Mortimer of Wygmore, by mean of a sleeping potion or drink that he gave unto his keepers, as the common fame went, escaped out of the Tower of London, and went unto the queen in France. . . . And about the Feast of the Na[tiv]ity of our Lady, the king sent over Sir Edward, his son, into France for to do homage unto the French king for the duchy of Guyan. Whom the French king, Philippe le Beawe, received joyously, and caused him to tarry with the queen his mother in the country of Pontyer lenger than King Edward was pleased.

‘In this 18 year [1324-5] King Edward, being enformed that the French king had given unto Sir Edward, his son, the duchy of Guyan, contrary his mind and pleasure, and that also the queen his wife nor the said Sir Edward made no speed into England, notwithstanding his often sending for them, was with his said wife and son grievously displeased, insomuch that a proclamation was made at London in the month of December, that if the queen and her son entered not the land by the Octaves of the Epiphany of our Lord next following in peaceable wise, that they should be taken for enemies to his realm of England. But for the queen feared the treachery of the Spencers and other that were near unto the king, she abode still in France, wherefor King

Edward, after the expiration of the foresaid day, caused to be seized all such lands as to his said wife and son belonged, and the profits of these took to his own use. When this rumour was known through the more part of England, divers men of name as Sir William Trussell, Sir Jhon Cromewell, with divers other, departed secretly out of England, and sailed unto the queen.

‘When King Edward was ware of this, he sent unto the French king so sharp and sore letters that he admonished the queen out of his land, and would nother aid her nor her company; but (as sayeth Jhon Frozarde that made a compendious work in French of the whole life or story of the third Edward, and therewith expresseth many other stories and chronicles of France . . . ) at this time when the queen was thus admonished to avoid out of France, Sir Jhon de Henawde, brother to the Earl of Henawde, a man of great fame, was then in the French king’s court. The which having compassion on the queen and of her young son, required her to go with him unto his brother’s court foresaid. Whereof the queen being fain granted unto his request, and sped her thither shortly after, where she with her company was joyously and honourably received. In the time and season that the queen with her son lay thus in the court or country of the Earl of Henawde, by means of such as were about her, a marriage was concluded between Sir Edward, her son, and Philip, the said earl’s daughter, upon certain conditions. Whereof one was, that the said earl should at his proper costs set over into England the said Edward with a crew of 400 men-at-arms. For the which provision was made with all diligence. . . . In this season and pastime, the queen, with Sir Edward her son, with a small company of Englishmen and a crew of Henawders, of the which Sir Jhon Henawde, the earl’s brother, was captain, took shipping in those parts, and had the wind so favourable unto them that they landed in England at a port called Orwell, beside Harwiche in Suff., the 25 day of September, without any resistance of men-of-war against her made. To whom, after her landing, the people of the country drew by great companies, and so sped her toward London. At this time of the queen’s landing, the king was at the city of London. But when he heard of the great people that drew to her out of all countries, he feared. Wherefor in safeguarding of himself he fled with a small company toward Wales. . . . The queen easily and a footpace followed the king, which by this season was comen to Bristow, having with him the

Spensers and his diffamed chancellor, Master Robert Baldocke, and Sir Jhon, Earl of Arundel, and other. Where by their counsels it was agreed that Sir Hugh Spenser, the father, should remain there, and have the rule of the town and castle, while the king with the other took shipping, and sailed from thence into Wales to raise the Welshmen.

‘And so the king with Sir Hugh Spenser, the son, and the other, took shipping at Bristow, and sailed into Wales. When certainty thereof came unto the queen, anon she sent to Bristow the Earl of Kent, the king’s brother, Sir Jhon of Henawde, with divers other, for to take Sir Hugh Spenser, the father. The which put them in such devour [*devoir*], that they took the said Sir Hugh, and left a certain to hold the town and castle till the queen with her power came thither. In the which time they sped them into Wales, and in process took the king, his chancellor, the Earl of Arundel, and Sir Hugh Spenser, the son, and brought them all to the town of Herforde. . . .

‘In this 19 year [1325-6], . . . upon the morrow following the Feast of Simon and Jude, . . . at Bristowe was Sir Hugh Spenser, the father, put to death, and after buried at Winchester. And upon St Hugh’s Day following, on the eighteen day of November was Sir Hugh, his son, drawn, hanged, and quartered at Hereforde, and his head sent to London, and set among other upon the bridge. . . .

‘In this mean time and season, the king was conveyed unto the castle of Knelworth, and there kept under the guard of Sir Henry of Lancaster, or brother unto the Earl Thomas of Lancaster, that was beheaded at Pountfret; and Maister Robert Baldoke, the king’s chancellor, was sent unto London, and put into prison of Newgate, where after he died miserably. The Earl Jhon of Arundel was also put to death at Herford, within four days of Sir Hugh, the younger Spenser. Then the queen, with Sir Edward, her son, and with a good company of lords and gentlemen, returned unto London, and there, of the citizens, with great honour and joy, was received upon the 4 day of December, and so conveyed unto Westminster, where, in the Octaves of the Epiphany of our Lord, a Parlement was holden, during the which, certain solemn messengers were sent unto the king, to the castle of Kenelworth, that is to say, three bishops, three earls, two abbots, two barons, and two justices, with the Procurator of that Parlement, Sir Wylliam Trussel, to depose him of all kingly dignity as before was agreed by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons of the said Parlement, and they to

resign unto the king all homages and fealties to him before made, in the name of all the Barony of England. Then the forenamed Sir William Trussel, upon the day of the Conversion of Saint Paul, or the five-and-twenty day of January, by the authority of his office, in the presence of the foresaid lords, had these words following unto the king :

‘I, William Trussel, in the name of all men of this land of England, and Procurator of this Parlement, resign to thee, Edward, the homage that was made to thee sometime, and from this time forth deprive thee of all kingly power : and I shall never be attendant unto thee as king after this time. And thus was King Edward II deposed, and his son made king, when he had reigned full 18 years, 6 months and odd days. Then Edward thus remaining in prison, at first in the castle of Kenelworth, and after in the castle of Barkle, took great repentance of his former life ; . . . where, after about Saint Matthew’s tide, the said Edward, by the means of Sir Roger Mortimer, was miserably slain.’

#### EXTRACTS FROM STOW’S ‘ANNALS’ [1580].

‘1307. [King Edward] commanded [his son] to honour his mother, and love his two brethren, Thomas, Earl Marshall, and Edmund, Earl of Cornwall [Kent]. Moreover he charged him on his curse, that he should not presume to call home Pierce of Gauaston, by common decree banished, without common favour. . . . The king also called unto him, Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, Guy, Earl of Warwick, Aymer de Valence, Earl of Penbroke, and Robert Clifford, Baron, desiring them to be good to his son, and that they should not suffer Pierce of Gauaston to come again into England, to set his son in riot. . . .

‘Edward II, son to the first Edward, born at Carnaruan, began his reign the 7 day of July, in the year of Christ 1307 ; he was fair of body, but unsteadfast of manners, and disposed to lightness, haunting the company of vile persons, and given wholly to the pleasure of the body, not regarding to govern his common weal by discretion and justice, which caused great variance between him and his lords. He . . . caused Walter Langton, Bishop of Chester, to bring the king his father’s body from Carlile to Waltham Cross, and then to be arrested by the Constable of the Tower, and sent to Wallingford, there to be shut up in prison, and his goods confiscate, because in his father’s lifetime he

had reproved him of his insolent life, etc. He also called out of exile Pierce of Gauaston, a stranger born, which lately in his father's days had for certain causes been banished this land. He gave to the said Pierce the earldom of Cornwall, the Isle of Man, and the lordship of Wallingford, otherwise assigned to Queen Isabel. . . .

'1308. The king went over into France, and married Isabel, the French king's daughter, at Bolloigne, the 22 of January. . . . The king gave unto Pierce of Gauaston, all such gifts and jewels as had been given to him, with the crowns of his father his ancestor's treasure, and many other things, affirming that if he could he should succeed him in the kingdom; calling him brother, not granting anything without his consent. . . . The lords . . . besought the king to hear, therefore, their petitions . . . that he would observe the oath he made before his father, as of the revoking of Peter Gauaston. . . . Then the king taking counsel of Pierce, Hugh Spenser, the treasurer, the chancellor, and others, he appointed to answer the barons at the Parliament on Hockday. . . . Hugh Spenser [was] made Constable of London. . . . The Parliament on Hockday was kept, the king and barons being there; when they decreed the same Pierce should be banished the land, to depart on the morrow after Midsummer Day, never to return again. The king gave him two-and-thirty towns, and so many castles in Gascoigne, and great sums of money out of his earldom of Cornwall, during his life: the king accompanied him to Bristow, sent him into Ireland, assigning him the whole government and revenues of that country. . . .

'1309. Robert, Archbishop of Canterbury, returned from Rome, and was restored to all his goods. The king sent for Pierce of Gauaston out of Ireland: he landed at Kerneruan, on the Even of Saint John Baptist. The king met him at the castle of Flint, with great joy, and gave to him the Earl of Gloucester's sister in marriage. They were married at Barkhamsted, which caused him again to rise in pride, scorning the nobles of the realm, and to abuse the king as before he had done, in conveying the treasure of the realm unto foreign countries, amongst the which treasure, he conveyed the table and trestles of gold from the treasury of Westminster, and delivered them to one Armery of Frisconband, to be conveyed into Gascoigne. The barons, therefore, declared to the king, that except he would expel the said Pierce from his company, they would rise against him, as against a perjured prince. . . . And once again, though



sore against the king's mind, he caused Pierce to abjure with condition added by the barons, that if he were found again in any land subject to the king's dominion, he should be taken as a common enemy, and condemned. This being done, he passed into Flanders, and from thence to other countries, seeking rest which he could not find. . . .

'1310. Pierce of Gaueston, conceiving a trust in the friendship of the king and the Earl of Gloucester, whose sister he had married, taking with him many strangers, returned into England. And a little before Christmas he came to the king's presence, who for joy of his coming, forgetting all oaths and promises, received him as a heavenly gift. . . .

'1311. King Edward for his recreation took the sea, leaving Peter of Gauaston at York, whereupon the barons brought their power, and entered the city of York, but Peter fled to Scarborough, then the barons besieged Scarborough, where they took him, and committed him to the custody of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, who brought him to the manor of Dedington, which is betwixt Oxford and Warwick, and there left him to be kept safe. But the next day, in the morning, Guy, Earl of Warwick, with a company of armed men, took him from thence and brought him to Warwick Castle. After deliberation taken, the Earls of Lancaster, of Warwick, and of Hereford, caused in their presence, in a place then called Gauesice or Black Low, the 19 of June, his head to be stricken off. . . .

'1312. Hugh Spencer, the son, was appointed the king's chamberlain, in place of Peter of Gaueston, whom they the rather preferred, because they knew the king hated him; nevertheless not long after, by his great diligence, he brought himself into the king's favour. The father of this Hugh being old, was yet living, a knight of great virtue, in counsel wise, in arms valiant, whose confusion and shameful end he wan unto himself by natural love, though disordinate, toward his son, who was in body very comely, in spirit proud, and in action most wicked, whose covetousness and ambition, by the disheriting of widows and strangers, wrought the death of the nobles, the fall of the king, with the utter destruction of himself and his father. . . .

'1313. King Edward gathering a great power, marched toward Scotland. . . . Never afore that time was seen the like preparation, pride, and cost in the time of war, as affirmeth Robert Paston, a Carmelite friar, being present. . . . The first night (saith he) ye might have seen the Englishmen bathing themselves in wine, and casting their gorges. There

was crying, shouting, wassailing, and drinking, with other rioting far above measure. On the other side, ye might have seen the Scots quiet, still and close, fasting the Even of Saint John Baptist, labouring in love of the liberty of their country. . . . [See Extracts from Fabyan for further detail as to this battle of Bannockburn.]

‘1320. [The barons] sent to the king, being at London, requiring him to banish the two Hugh Spencers, which were condemned by the commonalty in many articles, which, when the king would not grant, the barons came to London, where at length the king granted their petition, so that Hugh Spencer the elder was banished, but the younger Hugh fell to spoiling on the sea. . . .

‘1321. King Edward held his Christmas at Circister, and after Christmas, leaving Gloucester and Worcester, he with his army went to Shrewsbury and Bridgenorth. Both the Mortimers meeting the king, reverently and peaceably submitted themselves unto him; but the king sent them both to the Tower of London. . . . About the latter end of February the king gathered a host, and went against the rebels, and at Burton-upon-Trent put them to flight. The king pursuing them, the sixteenth of March, the hosts met again at Borowbridge. . . . There were taken in the field, Thomas of Lancaster, with the lords, knights, and other, to the number of 65. . . . On the two-and-twentieth of March, Thomas of Lancaster was beheaded.

‘The third week after Easter, a Parliament was gathered at York, where Hugh Spencer, the father, was made Earl of Winchester. . . .

‘1322. About the beginning of August, King Edward being at Pickering, there came ambassadors from the new French king, the Lord Benville, and Sir Andrew de Florentia, to cite the king to come to do homage for Guyon, Aquitaine, and other lands which he held of him; and though Hugh Spencer, the son, Lord Chamberlain, and Robert Baldock, Lord Chancellor, had procured the said ambassadors not to declare their message to the king, yet when they should depart they did it, admonishing him to come. . . . The French king made a process against the King of England. And Charles de Valois, uncle to King Charles of France, a most deadly enemy to Englishmen, did seize on the dukedom of Angue, and the county of Portow, unto the use of his nephew the king. . . .

‘1323. On Lammas Day, Roger Mortimer of Wigmore, by giving to his keepers a sleep-drink, escaped out of the

Tower, breaking through the wall, and coming into the kitchen near adjoining to the king's lodgings, and getting out of the top thereof, came unto a ward of the Tower, and so with the cords knit ladderwise, prepared aforehand by a friend of his, got to another ward, and so with great fear got to the Thamis, and with his helper, and two more of his counsel, passed the river, and avoiding the highways, came to the sea, and there finding a ship, passed over into France. . . .

'1324. King Edward sent the queen, his wife, unto her brother, the French king, to establish the peace, who went over with a small company. By her mediation a peace was fully finished. . . .

'1325. Whiles the queen with her son remained in France longer than the king's pleasure was, and would not come again without Roger Mortimer, and other nobles that were fled out of England, and especially for the hatred she bare to the two Hugh Spencers; the king in displeasure banished them both, and all other that took their parts, whereupon many fled over the seas to the queen. . . .

'The queen, perceiving that the nobles of France were corrupted with gifts sent out of England, so that she could trust none of them, secretly conveyed herself and her son to the Earl of Heynalde, desiring aid of him, who received and intreated her very honourably so long as she remained there. . . .

'1326. Isabel, the queen, made a marriage betwixt her eldest son Edward, and Philip, the earl's daughter, of Heynalde; and then with her son Edward, Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, the king's brother, Roger Mortimer, and many other noblemen that were fled out of England, and John, brother to the Earl of Heynald, being captain, with stipendary knights out of Almaine and Henalde, she took the seas with all her power, which were to the number of two thousand seven hundred fifty and seven men well armed, and arrived at Urewel or Orwel haven, besides Harwich, in Essex, about Michaelmas, whither immediately the Earl Marshall, the Earl of Leicester, the Bishops of Lincolne, Hereford, Divelyn, and Ely, came, and being joined to the queen, made a great army; the other bishops, specially of Canterbury, aided her with money. . . .

'The king . . . caused also to be proclaimed that . . . whosoever could bring the head of Roger Mortimer should have a thousand pound.

'On the other side, it was proclaimed in the queen's behalf, that all men should have good peace, except the

disturbers of the realm, to wit, the Spencers, the father and the son, Robert Baldock, Bishop of Norwich, the king's chancellor, and their fautors; and whosoever did bring to the queen the head of Hugh Spencer should have 1000 pound. . . .

'The king, Hugh Spencer the younger, and Robert Baldock, determined to flee into the Isle of Lunday, which is in the mouth of the river Severn, . . . but being in great danger on the sea the space of a week, at last arrived in Wales, where they were taken the sixteenth day of November, in the monastery of Neth.

'The king was committed to Henry, Earl of Lancaster, his kinsman, who brought him to Killingworthe Castle. Hugh Spencer, Robert Baldock, and Symon Readyng were brought to the queen at Hereford. . . . Hugh Spenser was condemned without answer at Hereford, where he was drawn and hanged upon a gallows thirty foot high, and then headed and quartered on the four-and-twentieth of November. . . . Robert Baldock died in Newgate with many torments, 1327.

'These things being done, the queen, with her son Edward, Roger Mortimer, and other, went to Wallingford Castle a little before Christmas, and before the Twelfth Day they came to London, where they were joyfully received.

'On the morrow after the said feast they held a Parliament, where, by common decree, they elected Edward, his eldest son, and then sent, in the name of the whole Parliament, the bishops, John Stratford, Bishop of Winchester, Adam Tarleton, Bishop of Hereford, and Henry, Bishop of Lincoln, two earls, . . . etc., unto the king at Kenilworth. Adam de Tarleton, Bishop of Hereford, being the chiefe in malice, did the message with many great threats, declaring unto him their election, and required him to renounce the kingly dignity and crown to his son. The king answered with tears that he was very sorry that he had behaved himself so evil towards the people of his kingdom; but, seeing the matter was so unrecoverable, he prayed them all to forgive him, and thanked them that they had chosen his eldest son. The messengers renounce all homages and duties due to Edward of Carnarvon, late king. . . . He was delivered to the custody of Henry, Earl of Leicester, and one hundred marks the month allowed for his charges in Killingworth Castle. . . .

'Isabel the queen, being persuaded that the Earl of Leicester too much favoured the old king her husband, through the subtle device of her schoolmaster, Adam Tarle-

ton, Bishop of Hereford, appointed that Thomas Gornay and John Maltravers, knights, having received him into their custody, should carry him about whither they would, so that none of his wellwillers should have access unto him, or understand where he made any long abode. These brought him out by night from Kenilworth, and first he is brought to the castle of Corfe, then to Bristow, where for a season he was kept shut up close in the castle, until such time as it was understood by certain burgesses of the same town, who, for the deliverance of the said Edward, conveyed themselves over sea, whose determination being known to his keepers, in a certain dark night they conveyed him thence to Berkeley.

‘These tormentors forced him to ride bareheaded; when he would sleep, they would not suffer him; neither when he was hungry would they give him such meat as liked him, but such as he loathed; every word he spoke was contraried by them, giving out most slanderously that he was mad. And to conclude, in all matters that they could imagine, they were contrary to his will, that either by cold or watching, or unwholesome meats, or melancholy or other infirmity, he might languish and die. But, contrariwise, this man, being of a good disposition by nature, stout to suffer, and patient through God’s grace to abide griefs, he endured all the wicked devices of his enemies. For as touching poisons, which were ministered to him, by the benefit of nature he despatched them away. . . .

‘Moreover, devising by all means to disfigure him that he might not be known, they determined for to shave as well the hair off his head as also off his beard, wherefore, coming by a little water which ran in a ditch, they commanded him to alight from his horse to be shaven, to whom being set on a molehill, a barber came with a basin of cold water taken out of the ditch, to whom Edward said, “Shall I have no warm water?” The barber answered, “This will serve.” Quoth Edward, “Will ye or nill ye, I will have warm water;” and that he might keep his promise, he began to weep and to shed tears plentifully (as it was reported by William Byshop to Sir Thomas de la More, knight). At length they came to Barkeley Castle, where Edward was shut up close like an anchor. . . .

‘It seemed good to many of great dignity and blood, as well spiritual as temporal, both men and women, that all such fear should be taken away by the death of Edward; whereupon letters were sent to his keepers, blaming them

for suffering him to enjoy so much liberty, and nourishing him so delicately.

Moreover, there is a privy motion made to them that the death of Edward would not be misliked unto them. And in this point the great deceit of sophisters stood in force, set down by the Bishop of Hereford, who wrote thus :

“*Eduardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.*”

“Kill Edward do not fear it is a good thing ;”

or thus :

“To seek to shed King Edward’s blood  
Refuse to fear I count it good.”

‘This saying is to be resolved into two propositions, whereof the first, consisting of three words, to wit, “*Eduardum occidere nolite,*” and the second of other three, that is, “*timere bonum est,*” do seem to persuade very subtly; but the receivers of the letters not being ignorant of the sophistical writing, changed the meaning thereof to this sense: “*Eduardum occidere nolite timere,*” and afterwards joined these words “*bonum est.*”

‘Now when the old king was brought to the castle aforesaid, he was very courteously received by Thomas, Lord Barkeley. But after the tormentors had received letters concerning the government of the castle, Thomas, Lord of Berkley, is commanded to depart from thence, wherefore, taking his leave with sighs, he goeth to his other dwelling-places. After this the old king was shut up in a close chamber, where with the stink of the dead carcasses laid in a cellar under him he was miserably tormented many days in such sort, that he was well nigh suffocated therewith, and that the pain was almost intolerable, it appeared by the complaint he made on a certain day at the chamber window, certain carpenters then working on the right side thereof hearing the same. But these tyrants perceiving that this would not force his death, one night, being the 22 of September, they came rushing in upon him, as he lay in his bed, with great heavy feather beds, as much in weight as 15 men could bear, wherewith they oppressed and smothered him, into whom also they thrust a plumber’s iron, being made red-hot, up into his bowels through a certain instrument like to the end of a trumpet or glister-pipe, put in at his fundament, burning thereby his inward parts, providing thereby lest any wound being found in the king’s body, they

might be caused to answer it. In this sort was this stout knight oppressed, crying with a loud voice, so that many as well within the castle as without heard it, perceiving it was the cry of one that suffered violent death. . . .

‘[Thus far out of Thomas de la More, a worshipful knight, that then lived, and wrote in the French tongue what he saw with his eyes, or heard credibly reported by them that saw, and some that were actors—*From Edition by Howes, 1615.*]

‘1329. The Earl of Kent, . . . for certain confessions which he made, and for certain letters which were found about him, was there [at Winchester] beheaded.’

It is usually stated that Fabyan was Marlow's authority for his plot. That this was not the case will be evident on comparing the two preceding narratives with the play itself. In fact the jig in Act II, Sc. ii, seems to be nearly all the matter for which Marlow was indebted to Fabyan. There can be no doubt that he either used Sir Thomas de la More's narrative, or some other in great measure derived from it, most likely Stow as well as Holinshed. Stow's *Annals* have been selected for the extracts here given, as he follows More closely. Holinshed is too verbose to give in full; though Marlow certainly used his narrative. The spelling has been modernised—there can be no advantage in retaining the unsystematic irregularities of sixteenth century phonetics except when their very irregularities are the subject of study. Fabyan's singular spellings of proper names have, however, been carefully reproduced, in order to show that Marlow did not copy them. In all probability he used several authorities for his plot; in this differing from Shakespeare, whose studies of English history seem to have been confined to Holinshed's *Chronicle*, which was also Marlow's authority for the last act; as will be seen from the following extracts.

#### EXTRACTS FROM HOLINSHED'S 'CHRONICLES' [1586].

‘1307. When the Lord Treasurer, Walter de Langton, Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield (thorough whose complaint Peers de Gaueston had been banished the land), was going towards Westminster to make preparation for the [king's] burial, he was, upon commandment from the new king, arrested, committed to prison, and after delivered to the hands of the said Peers, being then returned again into

the realm, who sent him from castle to castle as a prisoner. His lands and tenements were seized to the king's use, but his movables were given to the foresaid Peers. . . . This new king . . . having revoked again into England his old mate the said Peers de Gaueston, he received him into most high favour, creating him Earl of Cornwall and Lord of Man, his principal secretary, and lord chamberlain of the realm. . . . The foresaid Peers . . . furnished his court with companies of jesters, ruffians, flattering parasites, musicians, and other vile and naughty ribalds, that the king might spend both days and nights in jesting, playing, banqueting, and in such other filthy and dishonourable exercises. . . .

'About the thirteenth day of October . . . at the . . . Parlement a marriage was concluded betwixt the Earl of Cornwall, Peers de Gaueston, and the daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester. . . .

'1308. About the two-and-twentieth of January the king sailed over into France, and at Bullongue in Picardie, on the four-and-twentieth day of January, he did homage to the French king for his lands of Gascoigne and Pontieu, and on the morrow after married Isabel, the French king's daughter. . . .

'The malice which the lords had conceived against the Earl of Cornwall still increased, the more indeed, through the high bearing of him being now advanced to honour. For being a goodly gentleman and a stout, he would not once yield an inch to any of them, which worthily procured him great envy amongst the chiefest peers of all the realm, as Sir Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln; Sir Guy, Earl of Warwick; and Sir Aymer de Valence, Earl of Penbroke; the Earls of Gloucester, Hereford, Arundel, and others, which, upon such wrath and displeasure as they had conceived against him, thought it not convenient to suffer the same any longer. . . . Hereupon they assembled together in the Parlement time at the New Temple on Saturday next before the Feast of Saint Dunstan, and there ordained that the said Peers should abjure the realm, and depart the same on the morrow after the Nativity of St John Baptist at the furthest, and not to return into the same at any time then after to come. To this ordinance the king (although against his will), because he saw himself and the realm in danger, gave his consent, and made his letters-patent to the said earls and lords to witness the same. . . . These letters were read, heard, and allowed in the presence of all the noblemen of this land the day and year above said.



The Archbishop of Canterbury being lately returned from Rome, where he had remained in exile in the late deceased king's days for a certain time, did pronounce the said Peers accursed if he tarried within the realm longer than the appointed time, and likewise all those that should aid, help, or maintain him, as also if he should at any time hereafter return again into the land. To conclude, this matter was so followed, that at length he was constrained to withdraw himself to Bristow, and so by sea as a banished man to sail into Ireland.

'The king, being sore offended herewith, as he that favoured the earl more than that he could be without his company, threatened the lords to be revenged for this displeasure, and ceased not to send into Ireland unto Peers, comforting him both with friendly messages and rich presents, and as it were to show that he meant to retain him still in his favour, he made him ruler of Ireland as his deputy there. . . . The lords perceiving the king's affection, and that the treasure was spent as lavishly as before, thought with themselves that it might be that the king would both amend his past trade of life, and that Peers being restored home, would rather advise him thereto than follow his old manners, considering that it might be well perceived that if he continued in encouraging of the king to lewdness as in times past he had done, he could not think but that the lords would be ready to correct him as by proof he had now tried their meanings to be no less.

'1309. Hereupon to retain amity, as was thought on both sides, Peers, by consent of the lords, was restored home again (the king meeting him at Chester), to his great comfort and rejoicing for the time, although the malice of the lords was such that such joy lasted not long. . . .

'1310. The king this year fearing the envy of the lords against Peers de Gaueston, placed him for his more safety in Bamborough Castle, bearing the prelates and lords in hand that he had committed him there to prison for their pleasures. . . . The Earl of Cornwall . . . provoked the king to all naughty rule and riotous demeanour, and having the custody of the king's jewels and treasure, he took out of the jewel-house a table and a pair of trestles of gold, which he delivered unto a merchant called Aimerie de Friscobald, commanding him to convey them over the sea into Gascoigne. . . .

'1310. Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, . . . lying on his deathbed, requested (as was reported) Thomas, Earl of

Lancaster, who had married his daughter, that in any wise he should stand with the other lords in defence of the commonwealth, and to maintain his quarrel against the Earl of Cornwall, which request Earl Thomas faithfully accomplished; for by the pursuit of him and of the Earl of Warwick chiefly, the said Earl of Cornwall was at length taken and beheaded (as after shall appear). Some write that King Edward I upon his deathbed charged the Earls of Lincoln, Warwick, and Penbroke to foresee that the fore-said Peers returned not again into England, lest by his evil example he might induce his son to lewdness, as before he had already done. . . .

'1312. [The] lords and other more that were abused at this Earl of Cornwall's hands, determined to be revenged upon him, and to despatch the realm of such a wicked person; and thereupon assembling their powers together, came towards Newcastle, whither the king from York was removed, and now hearing of their approach, he got him to Tinemouth, where the queen lay, and understanding there that Newcastle was taken by the lords, he leaving the queen behind him, took shipping and sailed from thence with his dearly beloved familiar the Earl of Cornwall, unto Scarborough, where he left him in the castle, and rode himself towards Warwick. The lords hearing where the Earl of Cornwall was, made thither with all speed, and besieging the castle, at length constrained their enemy to yield himself into their hands, requiring no other condition but that he might come to the king's presence to talk with him. The king hearing that his best beloved familiar was thus apprehended, sent to the lords requiring them to spare his life, and that he might be brought to his presence, promising them withal that he would see them fully satisfied in all their requests against him. Whereupon the Earl of Penbroke persuaded with the barons to grant to the king's desire, undertaking upon forfeiture of all that he had, to bring him to the king and back again to them, in such state and condition as he received him. When the barons had consented to his motion, he took the Earl of Cornwall with him to bring him where the king lay, and coming to Dedington, left him there in safe keeping with his servants, whilst he for one night went to visit his wife, lying not far from thence.

'The same night it chanced that Guy, Earl of Warwick, came to the very place where the Earl of Cornwall was left, and taking him from his keepers, brought him unto Warwick, where incontinently it was thought best to put him to death.

. . . They caused him straightways to be brought forth to a place called Blacklow, otherwise named by most writers Gauerslie Heath, where he had his head smitten from his shoulders the twentieth day of June, being Tuesday. . . . When the king had knowledge hereof, he was wonderfully displeased with those lords that had thus put the said earl unto death, making his vow that he would see his death revenged, so that the rancour which before was kindled betwixt the king and those lords began now to blaze abroad and spread so far, that the king ever sought occasion how to work them displeasure. . . . King Edward . . . chose such to be about him, and to be of his privy council, which were known to be men of corrupt and most wicked living (as the writers of that age report). Amongst these were two of the Spensers, Hugh the father, and Hugh the son. . . . The younger Spenser . . . was ordained to be his chamberlain. . . .

'1314. King Edward, . . . with a mighty army, bravely furnished, and gorgeously apparelled, more seemly for a triumph than meet to encounter with the cruel enemy in the field, entered Scotland. [For details of the battle of Bannockburn, Holinshed refers to his Scottish History.]

'1321. [The lords] sent to the king. . . . Their chief request was that it might please his highness to put from him the Spensers, whose counsel they knew to be greatly against his honour; and hereof not to fail, if he tendered the quiet of his realm. . . .

'1322. The Earls of Lancaster and Hereford, with the other barons, . . . came to Borough Bridge, where Sir Andrew de Herkley . . . had forelaid the passage, and there on a Tuesday, being the 16 of March, he setting upon the barons, in the end discomfited them, and chased their people. . . . In this fight was . . . taken, Thomas, Earl of Lancaster. . . . On the two-and-twentieth of March he was . . . arraigned of high treason, . . . and thereupon adjudged to die. . . . And so accordingly thereunto, suffered at Pomfret, the two-and-twentieth of March. . . . The Lord Hugh Spenser, the father, was made Earl of Winchester; . . . also Master Robert Baldock, a man evil beloved in the realm, was made lord chancellor of England. . . . The Frenchmen made roads and incursions into the borders of Guien, alleging that they did it upon good and sufficient occasion, for that King Edward had not done his homage unto the King of France, as he ought to have done. . . .

'1323. The French king, being lately come to the crown, sent certain ambassadors unto King Edward . . . to give summons unto him, from the French king, to come and do homage for the lands which he held in France. . . . About the same time the Lord Roger Mortimer of Wigmore, giving his keepers a drink, that brought them into a sound and heavy sleep, escaped out of the Tower of London, where he was prisoner. . . . He got over into France. . . .

'1325. It was thought good that the queen should go over to her brother, the French king. . . . The French king wrote his letters-patents into England, and other letters also, of safe conduct, as well for the son, as for the king himself, if it should please him to come over himself in person. . . . At length . . . it was determined that the king's eldest son, Edward, should go over. . . .

'1326. It was well understood that the queen meant not to return till she might bring with her the Lord Mortimer, and the other banished men, who in no wise could obtain any favour at the king's hands, so long as the Spencers bare rule. . . . King Edward understanding all the queen's drift, at length sought the French king's favour, and did so much by letters and promise of bribes with him and his council, that Queen Isabel was destitute in manner of all help there, so that she was glad to withdraw into Heinault, by the comfort of John the Lord Beaumont, the Earl of Heinault his brother, who . . . required her to go into Heinault, and he would be glad to attend her; she gladly consenting hereto, went thither with him, where she was most joyfully received with her son, and all other of her train. . . .

Queen Isabel and her son, . . . Edmund of Wodstoke, Earl of Kent, Sir John de Heinault, . . . and the Lord Roger Mortimer of Wigmore, . . . having with them a small company of Englishmen, with a crew of Heinewiers and Almains, to the number of 2757 armed men, . . . landed at length, in Suffolk, at an haven called Orwell, besides Harwich, the 25 day of September. . . . The king . . . set forth a proclamation, that . . . whosoever could bring the head or dead corpse of the Lord Mortimer of Wigmore should have for his labour a thousand marks. The queen's proclamation, on the other hand, willed that . . . whosoever could bring to the queen the head of Hugh Spenser, the younger, should have two thousand pounds of the queen's gift. . . .

'In the meantime, the king being come to Bristow, left that city in the keeping of the Earl of Winchester. And

with the Earls of Gloucester and Arundell, and the lord chancellor, Sir Robert Baldocke, he sailed over into Wales, there to raise a power of Welshmen. . . .

'The queen, accompanied with a great power, departed from Oxenford, and went straight unto Gloucester, and sent before her unto Bristow, the Earl of Kent, the king's brother, Sir John of Hennegeu, with other, to take the Earl of Winchester. They did their endeavour with such diligence that the townsmen, compounding to be saved harmless in body and goods, delivered the town and castle unto the queen, and to her son, the prince. . . . The morrow after her thither coming, being the Even of the Apostles Simon and Jude, through the instant calling upon of the people, the Earl of Winchester was drawn forth in his coat armour, unto the common gallows, and there hanged. His head was after cut off. . . . The king with the Earl of Gloucester, and the lord chancellor, taking the sea, meant to have gone either into the isle of Lundaie, or else into Ireland, but being tost with contrary winds for the space of a week together, at length he landed in Glamorganshire, and got him to the abbey and castle of Neith, there secretly remaining upon trust of the Welshmen's promises. . . . The queen, . . . in the meanwhile, sent the Lord Henry, Earl of Leicester, and the Lord William la Zouch, and one Rice ap Howell, that was lately delivered out of the Tower, where he was prisoner, into Wales, to see if they might find means to apprehend the king by help of their acquaintance in those parts, all three of them having lands thereabouts, where it was known the king for the more part kept. They used such diligence in that charge, that finally, with large gifts bestowed on the Welshmen, they came to understand where the king was, and so on the day of St Edmund the archbishop, being the sixteenth of November, they took him in the monastery of Neith, near to the castle of Laturssan, together with Hugh Spenser the son called Earl of Gloucester, the lord chancellor Robert de Baldock, and Simon de Reading the king's marshal, not caring for other the king's servants, whom they suffered to escape. The king was delivered to the Earl of Leicester, who conveyed him by Monmouth and Leadbury to Killingworth Castle, where he remained the whole winter. The Earl of Gloucester, the lord chancellor, and Simon de Reading, were brought to Hereford, and there presented to the queen, where on the four-and-twentieth of November, the said earl was drawn and hanged. . . . John, Earl of Arundel, was taken on St Hugh's Day, in the parts about Shrewsbury, and

the same day sevensight before the execution of the Earl of Gloucester, Hugh Spenser the younger, as well as the said earl, . . . were put to death. . . . The chancellor, Robert de Baldock, . . . in Newgate, . . . through inward sorrow . . . ended his life. . . .

'1327. The morrow after the same feast [Epiphany], the Parlement, which beforehand had been summoned, began, in which it was concluded and fully agreed by all the states (for none durst speak to the contrary), that for diverse articles, which were put up against the king, he was not worthy longer to reign, and therefore should be deposed, and withal they willed to have his son, Edward, Duke of Aquitaine, to reign in his place. . . . But the Duke of Aquitaine, when he perceived that his mother took the matter heavily in appearance, for that her husband should be thus deprived of the crown, he protested that he would never take it on him without his father's consent; and so, thereupon, it was concluded that certain solemn messengers should go to Killingworth, to move the king to make resignation of his crown and title of the kingdom unto his son. There were sent on this message . . . three bishops, two earls. . . . The bishops that were sent were these (as T. de la More noteth), John de Stratford, Bishop of Winchester; Adam de Torleton, Bishop of Hereford; and Henry, Bishop of Lincoln. The two earls (as Southwell hath) were Lancaster and Warwick. . . . The Bishops of Winchester and Lincoln went before, and coming to Killingworth, associated with them the Earl of Leicester, of some called the Earl of Lancaster, that had the king in keeping. And having secret conference with the king, they sought to frame his mind, so as he might be contented to resign the crown to his son, bearing him in hand that if he refused so to do, the people in respect of the evil will which they had conceived against him, would not fail but proceed to the election of some other that should happily not touch him in lineage. And sith this was the only mean to bring the land in quiet, they willed him to consider how much he was bound in conscience to take that way, that should be so beneficial to the whole realm.

'The king being sore troubled to hear such displeasent news, was brought into a marvellous agony, but in the end, for the quiet of the realm and doubt of further danger to himself, he determined to follow their advice; and so when the other commissioners were come, and that the Bishop of Hereford had declared the cause wherefore they were sent,

the king in presence of them all, notwithstanding his outward countenance discovered how much it inwardly grieved him, yet after he was come to himself, he answered that he knew that he was fallen into this misery through his own offences, and therefore he was contented patiently to suffer it, but yet it could not (he said) but grieve him that he had in such wise run into the hatred of all his people, notwithstanding he gave the lords most hearty thanks that they had so forgotten their received injuries, and ceased not to bear so much goodwill towards his son Edward, as to wish that he might reign over them. Therefore to satisfy them, sith otherwise it might not be, he utterly renounced his right to the kingdom, and to the whole administration thereof. And lastly, he besought the lords now in his misery, to forgive him such offenses as he had committed against them. . . .

‘The ambassadors with this answer, returning to London, declared the same unto all the states. . . . And so thereupon the nine-and-twentieth day of January . . . was the third King Edward . . . chosen, and elected King of England, . . . in the year 1326, after the account of the Church of England, beginning the year the five-and-twentieth day of March, but by the common account of writers, it was in the year 1327. On the same day Sir William Trussel, procurator for the whole Parlemt, did renounce the old king in name of the whole Parlemt, with all homages and fealties due to him. . . . After he was deposed of his kingly honour and title, he remained for a time at Killingworth, in custody of the Earl of Leicester. But within a while, the queen was informed by the Bishop of Hereford (whose hatred towards him had no end) that the Earl of Leicester favoured her husband too much, and more than stood with the surety of her son’s state, whereupon he was appointed to the keeping of two other lords, Thomas Berkley and John Matrevers, who, receiving him of the Earl of Leicester the third of April, conveyed him from Killingworth unto the castle of Berkeley, situate not far off from the river of Severn, almost the midway betwixt Gloucester and Bristow.

‘But forasmuch as the Lord Berkley used him more courteously than his adversaries wished him to do, he was discharged of that office, and Sir Thomas Gourney appointed in his stead, who together with the Lord Matrevers, conveyed him secretly (for fear lest he should be taken from them by force) from one strong place to another, as to the castle of Corfe, and such like, still removing with him in the night season, till at length they thought it should not be known

whither they had conveyed him. And so at length they brought him back again in secret manner unto the castle of Berkley. . . .

'Divers of the nobility (of whom the Earl of Kent was chief) began to devise means . . . how they might restore him to liberty. . . . And hereupon the queen and the Bishop of Hereford wrote sharp letters unto his keepers, blaming them greatly for that they dealt so gently with him, and kept him no straitlier, but suffered him to have such liberty that he advertised some of his friends abroad, how and in what manner he was used; and withal the Bishop of Hereford, under a sophistical form of words, signified unto them by his letters, that they should despatch him out of the way, the tenor whereof, wrapped in obscurity, ran thus:

"Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est"  
("To kill Edward will not to fear it is good").

Which riddle or doubtful kind of speech, as it might be taken in two contrary senses, only by placing the point in orthography called *comma*, they construed in the worst sense, putting the *comma* after *timere*; and so, presuming of this commandment as they took it from the bishop, they lodged the miserable prisoner in a chamber over a foul, filthy dungeon, full of dead carrion, trusting so to make an end of him with the abominable stench thereof; but he bearing it out strongly, as a man of a tough nature, continued still in-life, so as it seemed he was very like to escape that danger. . . . Whereupon, when they saw that such practices would not serve their turn, they came suddenly one night into the chamber where he lay in bed fast asleep, and with heavy feather beds, or a table (as some write) being cast upon him, they kept him down, and withal put into his fundament a horn, and through the same thrust up into his body a hot spit, or (as other have) through the pipe of a trumpet, a plumber's instrument of iron, made very hot, the which passing up into his entrails, and being rolled to and fro, burnt the same, but so as no appearance of any wound or hurt outwardly might be once perceived. His cry did move many within the castle and town of Berkley to compassion, plainly hearing him utter a wailful noise as the tormentors were about to murder him. . . .

'The queen, the bishop, and others, that their tyranny might be hid, outlawed and banished the Lord Matrevers and Thomas Gourney.'

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It will be evident that all three of these authorities, if not more, were used by Marlow. It was necessary to give them in greater fulness than would otherwise have been desirable, because two high authorities, Professor Ward and Dr W. Wagner, have sanctioned the statement that Fabyan was *the* writer whom Marlow followed. I have not inserted references to the play in these narratives, because this book is an educational one, and nothing is more mischievous than the modern practice of doing all the intellectual work for pupils, and leaving them only to commit the results to memory. The student is recommended to carefully compare each of these three narratives with the play, and to mark for himself the portions of each chronicler used by Marlow. This exercise will prepare him for higher original work hereafter, and impress the history on his memory more firmly than twenty times reading the results obtained by others. Some aid in this investigation will be found in the Examination Questions at the end of this book.

#### OPINIONS OF CRITICS.

'*Edward II* is, according to the modern standard of composition, Marlow's best play. It is written with few offences against the common rules, and in a succession of smooth and flowing lines. The poet, however, succeeds less in the voluptuous and effeminate descriptions which he here attempts, than in the more dreadful and violent bursts of passion. *Edward II* is drawn with historic truth, but without much dramatic effect. The management of the plot is feeble and desultory, little interest is excited in the various turns of fate, the characters are too worthless, have too little energy, and their punishment is in general too well deserved to excite our commiseration; so that this play will bear on the whole, but a distant comparison with Shakespeare's *Richard II* in conduct, power, or effect. But the death of Edward II in Marlow's tragedy, is certainly superior to that of Shakespeare's king; and in heartbreaking distress, and the sense of human weakness, claiming pity from utter helplessness and conscious misery, is not surpassed by any writer whatever. There are some excellent passages scattered up and down. The description of the king and Gaueston looking out of the palace window, and laughing at the courtiers as they pass, and that of the different spirit shown by the

lion and the forest deer when wounded, are among the best'—HAZLITT.

'The reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty in Edward, furnished hints which Shakespeare scarce improved in his *Richard II*; and the death-scene of Marlow's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted'—C. LAMB.

'The construction is very clear, the two divisions of the reign skilfully interwoven; and the interest after the catastrophe in Act IV powerfully sustained. The characters are mostly well drawn. There is ignobility about the king. His weakness is his doom. In the last scene, pity and terror are mingled in a degree to which Shakespeare himself only on occasions attains. For combined power and delicacy of treatment, we may compare the murder of Desdemona; for the fearful suspense in which the spectator is kept, I know no parallel except the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus. Shakespeare's play is more elaborate, but hardly more effective. Shakespeare's object was to trace Richard's fall to his errors as a cause justifying it; Marlow's to exhibit in the fate of Edward a calamity which tragically redeemed his earlier errors. While Marlow never reaches Shakespeare's grandeur and wealth of language and thought, he moves pity and terror far more strongly; the death which is a climax in Marlow, is perfunctorily absolved in Shakespeare'—A. W. WARD (greatly condensed. The whole of Mr Ward's criticism should be read if procurable. It is a model of its kind, attaining what some of his predecessors have aimed at, and failed in).

## METRICAL TESTS.

It is not desirable to enter on a controverted subject in this book. I append, however, a table for the use of any student who cares to follow out the investigation :

|  | Number of<br>rhymes. | Number of<br>double endings. |
|--|----------------------|------------------------------|
| <i>Tamburlaine</i> , Part I, . . .     | 52                   | 53                           |
| <i>Tamburlaine</i> , Part II, . . .    | 56                   | 41                           |
| <i>Faustus</i> , . . . . .             | 12                   | 15                           |
| <i>Jew of Malta</i> , . . . . .        | 49                   | 70                           |
| <i>Taming of a Shrew</i> (part), . . . | 27                   | 51                           |
| <i>Edward II</i> , . . . . .           | 49                   | 107                          |
| <i>Massacre of Paris</i> , . . . . .   | 13                   | 26                           |
| <i>Dido</i> , . . . . .                | 47                   | 8                            |

The numbers should be multiplied by 4 in the case of *Faustus*, and by 2 in those of the *Massacre* and *Shrew*, to raise them to the average for a play of ordinary length. It will then be seen, that while Marlow's use of rhyme scarcely varied, his use of double or feminine endings, gradually increased. The only exception is *Dido*, the versification of which play was clearly 'improved' by Nash, to suit his less musical, and comparatively unpractised ear. This confirms the opinion that *Dido* was not published in Marlow's lifetime. Marlow's translation of *Lucan* has 109 double endings in a length about equivalent to one-third of a play. I regard this also as a late and unfinished work. Other tests, which cannot be given here, lead to the same results as the above. For further details on this subject, I must refer to my *Shakespeare Manual*; but it is not one that any young student need trouble himself to examine. The above table is given for completeness' sake, and that only.

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*Postscript.*—Since this book was in type, a notice\* has appeared that a copy of an edition of *Edward II*, of date 1594, has been found in the library at Cassel. It is extremely unlikely that this edition should differ in any important respect from the 1598 edition, seeing that even the issue of 1612 has only a few typographical variations, and is arranged line for line and page for page exactly as that of 1598 is. Should, however, any noteworthy differences be found, they will be incorporated in the present edition as soon as they are made accessible to the English reader.

F. G. F.

10th December 1876.

\* See *Athenæum* and *Academy* for 2d December 1876.

## EDWARD THE SECOND.

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THERE are three early editions of Edward II—1598, 1612, and 1622—all quartos. In *Bohn's Lowndes*, p. 1479, vague mention is made of an impression of 1604.

*Quarto 1. The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the second, King of England: with the tragicall fall of proud Mortimer: And also the life and death of Peirs Gaueston, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty favorite of king Edward the second, as it was publiquely acted by the right honorable the Earle of Pembroke his seruauntes. Written by Chri. Marlow Gent. Imprinted at London by Richard Bradocke, for William Jones, dwelling neere Holbourne conduit, at the signe of the Gunne, 1598. 4to. 38 leaves.—British Museum and Bodleian.*

*Quarto 2. The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the second, King of England: with the tragicall fall of proud Mortimer. And also the life and death of Peirs Gaueston, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty fauorite of King Edward the second, as it was publiquely acted by the right honorable the Earle of Pembroke his seruants. Written by Christopher Marlow Gent. Printed at London for Roger Barnes, and are to be sould at his shop in Chauncerie Lane ouer against the Rolles, 1612. 4to. 38 leaves.—British Museum.*

*Quarto 3. The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the second, King of England: with the Tragicall fall of proud Mortimer. And also the life and death of Peirs Gauestone, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty Fauorite of King Edward the second. As it was publikely Acted by the late Queenes Maiesties Seruants at the Red Bull in S. Johns streete. Written by Christopher Marlow Gent. London, Printed for Henry Bell, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Lame-hospitall Gate, neere Smithfield, 1622. 4to.—British Museum and Bodleian.*

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

### *On the King's side.*

EDWARD II, *King of England.*  
PRINCE EDWARD, *afterwards EDWARD III.*  
PIERS GAUESTON, *his minion.*  
HUGH SPENCER, *the elder.*  
HUGH SPENCER, *his son, the King's second favourite.*  
ROBERT BALDOCK, *Bishop of Norwich, Chancellor.*  
LEVUNE, *a Frenchman.*  
EDMUND, *Earl of Arundel.*  
EDMUND OF WOODSTOCK, *Earl of Kent, the King's brother.*

### *Opposed to the King.*

ROGER MORTIMER *of Chirke, Earl of Wiltshire.*  
ROGER MORTIMER *of Wigmore, his nephew.*  
THOMAS, *Earl of Lancaster.*  
HENRY, *Earl of Leicester, his brother.*  
GUY DE BEAUCHAMP, *Earl of Warwick.*  
AYMER DE VALENCE, *Earl of Pembroke.*  
ROBERT, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*  
JOHN DE STRATFORD, *Bishop of Winchester.*  
WALTER LANGTON, *Bishop of Coventry and Litchfield (Chester),  
Treasurer.*  
SIR THOMAS BERKELEY.  
SIR WILLIAM TRUSSEL.  
SIR JOHN HAINAULT, *brother to the Earl of Hainault.*  
SIR THOMAS GURNEY.  
The ABBOT OF NETH.  
RICE AP HOWEL.  
LIGHTBORN.  
SIR JOHN MATREVIS.

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Lords, Messengers, Monks, Three poor Men, Attendants, Guards,  
Beaumont, James, Horseboy, Soldiers, Herald, Champion,  
Mayor of Bristol, Mower.

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ISABELLA, *Queen to EDWARD II.*  
The Lady, *daughter of the late Earl of Gloster, niece to EDWARD II.*  
Two Ladies.

# EDWARD THE SECOND.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Street in Westminster.* 1307.

*Enter GAUESTON, reading on a letter that was brought him from the KING.*

*Gau.* My father is deceased! Come, Gaueston,  
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.  
Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight!  
What greater bliss can hap to Gaueston,  
Than live and be the favourite of a king! 5  
Sweet prince, I come; these, these thy amorous lines  
Might have enforced me to have swum from France,  
And like Leander, gaspt upon the sand,  
So thou would'st smile, and take me in thine arms.  
The sight of London to my exiled eyes 10  
Is as Elysium to a new-come soul;  
Not that I love the city, or the men,  
But that it harbours him I hold so dear—  
The king, upon whose bosom let me die,  
And with the world be still at enmity. 15  
What need the arctic people love starlight,  
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?  
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers!  
My knee shall bow to none but to the king.  
As for the multitude, they are but sparks, 20  
Raked up in embers of their poverty,  
*Tanti;* I'll fawn first on the wind  
That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.  
But how now, what are these?

*Enter three poor Men.*

*Men.* Such as desire  
Your worship's service.

*Gau.* What canst thou do :

*1 Man.* I  
Can ride. 25

*Gau.* But I have no horse. What art thou ?

*2 Man.* A traveller.

*Gau.* Let me see—thou would'st do well  
To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-time ;  
And as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.  
And what art thou ? 30

*3 Man.* A soldier, that hath served against the Scot.

*Gau.* Why there are hospitals for such as you ;  
I have no war ; and therefore, sir, be gone.

*3 Man.* Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,  
That would'st reward them with an hospital. 35

*Gau.* Ay, ay, these words of his move me as much  
As if a goose should play the porcupine,  
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.  
But yet it is no pain to speak men fair ;  
I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope. [*Aside.* 40  
You know that I came lately out of France,  
And yet I have not view'd my lord the king ;  
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

*Omnes.* We thank your worship.

*Gau.* I have some business. Leave me to myself. 45

*Omnes.* We will wait here about the court. [*Exeunt.*

*Gau.* Do ;

These are not men for me ;  
I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,  
Musicians, that with touching of a string  
May draw the pliant king which way I please. 50

Music and poetry is his delight ;  
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,  
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows ;  
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,  
Like sylvian nymphs my pages shall be clad ; 55

My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,  
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay.  
Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,  
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,  
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms, 60  
And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,

Shall bathe him in a spring; and there hard by,  
 One like Actæon peeping through the grove,  
 Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,  
 And running in the likeness of an hart 65  
 By yelping hounds pull'd down, and seem to die ;—  
 Such things as these best please his majesty.  
 Here comes my lord  
 The king and th' nobles from the parliament.  
 I'll stand aside.

*Enter the KING, LANCASTER, MORTIMER senior, MORTIMER junior, EDMUND EARL OF KENT, GUY EARL OF WARWICK, etc.*

*Edw.* Lancaster !

*Lan.* My lord.

*Gau.* That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor. [Aside. 70

*Edw.* Will you not grant me this ? In spite of them  
 I'll have my will ; and these two Mortimers,  
 That cross me thus, shall know I am displeas'd.

*E. Mor.* If you love us, my lord, hate Gaueston ! 75

*Gau.* That villain Mortimer, I'll be his death. [Aside.

*Y. Mor.* Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,  
 Were sworn to your father at his death,  
 That he should ne'er return into the realm :  
 And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath, 80  
 This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,  
 Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,  
 And underneath thy banners march who will,  
 For Mortimer will hang his armour up.

*Gau.* *Mort dieu !* [Aside. 85

*Edw.* Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words.  
 Beseems it thee to contradict thy king ?  
 Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster ?  
 The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,  
 And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff. 90  
 I will have Gaueston ; and you shall know  
 What danger 'tis to stand against your king.

*Gau.* Well done, Ned ! [Aside.

*Lan.* My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,  
 That naturally would love and honour you 95  
 But for that base and óbscure Gaueston ?  
 Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster—  
 Derby, Salisbúry, Lincoln, Leicèster,  
 These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,



Ere Gaueston shall stay within the realm ; 100  
Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.

*Edw.* Barons and earls, your pride hath made me mute ;  
But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.  
I do remember, in my father's days,  
Lord Peircy of the North, being highly moved, 105  
Braved Moubery in presence of the king ;  
For which, had not his highness loved him well,  
He should have lost his head ; but with his look  
Th' undaunted sprite of Peircy was appeased,  
And Moubery and he were reconciled. 110  
Yet dare you brave the king unto his face ;  
Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads,  
Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.

*War.* Oh, our heads !

*Edw.* Ay, yours ; and therefore I would wish you grant.—

*War.* Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer. 116

*Y. Mor.* I cannot, nor I will not ; I must speak.  
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,  
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.  
Come, uncle, let us leave the brainsick king, 120  
And henceforth parley with our naked swords.

*E. Mor.* Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.

*War.* All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.

*Lan.* And northward Gaueston hath many friends.  
Adieu, my lord ; and either change your mind, 125  
Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,  
To float in blood ; and at thy wanton head,  
The glozing head of thy base minion thrown.

[*Exeunt Nobiles.*

*Edw.* I cannot brook these haughty menaces ;  
Am I a king, and must be over-ruled ? 130  
Brother, display my ensigns in the field ;  
I'll bandy with the barons and the earls,  
And either die or live with Gaueston.

*Gau.* I can no longer keep me from my lord.

[*Comes forward.*

*Edw.* What, Gaueston ! welcome—Kiss not my hand, 135  
Embrace me, Gaueston, as I do thee.  
Why should'st thou kneel ? know'st thou not who I am ?  
Thy friend, thyself, another Gaueston !  
Not Hylas was more mourn'd of Hercules,  
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile. 140

*Gau.* And since I went from hence, no soul in hell  
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaueston.

*Edw.* I know it. Brother, welcome home my friend.  
 Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,  
 And that high-minded Earl of Lancaster : 145  
 I have my wish, in that I 'joy thy sight ;  
 And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land,  
 Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.  
 I here create thee Lord High Chamberlain,  
 Chief Secretary to the state and me, 150  
 Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of Man.

*Gau.* My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

*Kent.* Brother, the least of these may well suffice  
 For one of greater birth than Gaueston.

*Edw.* Cease, brother : for I cannot brook these words. 155  
 Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts,  
 Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart ;  
 If for these dignities thou be envied,  
 I'll give thee more ; for, but to honour thee,  
 Is Edward pleased with kingly regiment. 160  
 Fear'st thou thy person ? thou shalt have a guard.  
 Wantest thou gold ? go to my treasury.  
 Wouldst thou be loved and fear'd ? receive my seal ;  
 Save or condemn, and in our name command  
 Whatso thy mind affects, or fancy likes. 165

*Gau.* It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,  
 Which whiles I have, I think myself as great  
 As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,  
 With captive kings at his triumphant car.

*Enter the BISHOP OF COVENTRY.*

*Edw.* Whi'er goes my lord of Coventry so fast ? 170

*Bish.* To celebrate your father's exequies.  
 But is that wicked Gaueston return'd ?

*Edw.* Ay, priest, and lives to be revenged on thee,  
 That wert the only cause of his exile.

*Gau.* 'Tis true ; and but for reverence of these robes, 175  
 Thou should'st not plod one foot beyond this place.

*Bish.* I did no more than I was bound to do ;  
 And, Gaueston, unless thou be reclaim'd,  
 As then I did incense the parliament,  
 So will I now, and thou shalt back to France. 180

*Gau.* Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.

*Edw.* Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,  
 And in the channel christen him anew.

*Kent.* Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him,  
 For he'll complain unto the see of Rome. 185

*Gau.* Let him complain unto the sea of hell,  
I'll be revenged on him for my exile.

*Edw.* No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods :  
Be thou lord bishop and receive his rents,  
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain : 190  
I give him thee—here, use him as thou wilt.

*Gau.* He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.

*Edw.* Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt.

*Bish.* For this offence, be thou accurst of God!

*Edw.* Who's there? Convey this priest to th' Tower.

*Bish.* True, true. 195

*Edw.* But in the mean time, Gaueston, away,  
And take possession of his house and goods.  
Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard  
To see it done, and bring thee safe again.

*Gau.* What should a priest do with so fair a house? 200  
A prison may beseem his holiness. [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.—*Westminster.* 1308.

*Enter both the MORTIMERS, WARWICK, and LANCASTER.*

*War.* It is true: the bishop's in the Tower,  
And goods and body given to Gaueston.

*Lan.* What! will they tyrannise upon the Church?  
Ah, wicked king! accursèd Gaueston!  
This ground, which is corrupted with their steps, 5  
Shall be their timeless sepulchre or mine.

*Y. Mor.* Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him sure;  
Unless his breast be sword-proof, he shall die.

*E. Mor.* How now, why droops the Earl of Lancaster?

*Y. Mor.* Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent? 10

*Lan.* That villain Gaueston is made an earl.

*E. Mor.* An earl!

*War.* Ay, and besides Lord Chamberlain of the realm,  
And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.

*E. Mor.* We may not, nor we will not suffer this. 15

*Y. Mor.* Why post we not from hence to levy men?

*Lan.* "My Lord of Cornwall," now at every word!  
And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,  
For vailing of his bonnet, one good look.  
Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march : 20  
Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits;  
And all the court begins to flatter him.

*War.* Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,  
He nods, and scorns, and smiles at those that pass.

*E. Mor.* Doth no man take exceptions at the slave? 25

*Lan.* All stomach him, but none dare speak a word.

*Y. Mor.* Ah, that bewrays their baseness, Lancaster.  
Were all the earls and barons of my mind,  
We'd hale him from the bosom of the king,  
And at the court-gate hang the peasant up; 30  
Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride,  
Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

*Enter the* [ARCH]BISHOP OF CANTERBURY [*and a Messenger*].

*War.* Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace.

*Lan.* His countenance bewrays he is displeased.

*Archbish.* First were his sacred garments rent and torn,  
Then laid they violent hands upon him; next 36  
Himself imprison'd, and his goods asseized:  
This certify the pope;—away, take horse. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Lan.* My lord, will you take arms against the king?

*Archbish.* What need I? God himself is up in arms, 40  
When violence is off'red to the Church.

*Y. Mor.* Then will you join with us, that be his peers,  
To banish or behead that Gaueston?

*Archbish.* What else, my lords? for it concerns me near;—  
The bishopric of Coventry is his. 45

*Enter* QUEEN ISABELLA.

*Y. Mor.* Madam, whi'er walks your majesty so fast?

*Queen.* Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,  
To live in grief and baleful discontent;  
For now, my lord the king regards me not,  
But dotes upon the love of Gaueston. 50  
He claps his cheek, and hangs about his neck,  
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;  
And when I come he frowns, as who should say,  
"Go whi'er thou wilt, seeing I have Gaueston."

*E. Mor.* Is it not strange, that he is thus bewitcht? 55

*Y. Mor.* Madam, return unto the court again:  
That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,  
Or lose our lives; and yet ere that day come  
The king shall lose his crown; for we have power,  
And courage too, to be revenged at full. 60

*Archbish.* But yet lift not your swords against the king.

*Lan.* No; but we will lift Gaueston from hence.

*War.* And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.

*Queen.* Then let him stay; for rather than my lord  
Shall be opprest with civil mutinies, 65  
I will endure a melancholy life,  
And let him frolic with his miniön.

*Archbish.* My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak:—  
We and the rest, that are his counsellors,  
Will meet, and with a general consent 70  
Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.

*Lan.* What we confirm the king will frustrate.

*Y. Mor.* Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

*War.* But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be?

*Archbish.* At the New Temple.

*Y. Mor.* Content. 75

[*Archbish.*] And, in the mean time, I'll entreat you all  
To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

*Lan.* Come then, let us away.

*Y. Mor.* Madam, farewell!

*Queen.* Farewell, sweet Mortimer; and, for my sake  
Forbear to levy arms against the king. 80

*Y. Mor.* Ay, [ay,] if words will serve, if not, I must.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.—*A Street.* 1308.

*Enter GAUESTON and the EARL OF KENT.*

*Gau.* Edmund, the mighty prince of Lancaster,  
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,  
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,  
With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,  
Are gone toward Lambeth—there let them remain. 5  
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.—*The New Temple, changing on the KING'S  
entry to the Parliament at Westminster.* 1308.

*Enter the MORTIMERS, WARWICK, LANCASTER, PEMBROKE,  
and the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.*

*Lan.* Here is the form of Gaueston's exile:  
May't please your lordship to subscribe your name.

*Archbish.* Give me the paper.

[*He subscribes, as the others do after him.*

*Lan.* Quick, quick, my lord; I long to write my name.

*War.* But I long more to see him banisht hence. 5

*Y. Mor.* The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,  
Unless he be declined from that base peasant.

*Enter the KING, GAUESTON [and KENT].*

*Edw.* What, are you moved that Gaueston sits here?  
It is our pleasure, we will have it so.

*Lan.* Your grace doth well to place him by your side, 10  
For nowhere else the new earl is so safe.

*E. Mor.* What man of noble birth can brook this sight?  
*Quam male conveniunt!*

See what a scornful look the peasant casts!

*Pem.* Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants? 15

*War.* Ignoble vassal, that like Phaeton  
Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun.

*Y. Mor.* Their downfall is at hand, their forces down:  
We will not thus be faced and over-peer'd.

*Edw.* Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer! 20

*E. Mor.* Lay hands on that traitor Gaueston!

*Kent.* Is this the duty that you owe your king?

*War.* We know our duties—let him know his peers.

*Edw.* Whi'er will you bear him? Stay, or ye shall die.

*E. Mor.* We are no traitors; therefore threaten not. 25

*Gau.* No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them home!  
Were I a king——

*Y. Mor.* Thou villain, wherefore talks thou of a king,  
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

*Edw.* Were he a peasant, being my miniön, 30  
I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.

*Lan.* My lord, you may not thus disparage us.  
Away, I say, with hateful Gaueston.

*E. Mor.* And with the Earl of Kent that favours him.

[Attendants *remove* KENT and GAUESTON.]

*Edw.* Nay, then, lay violent hands upon your king, 35  
Here, Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne:  
Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown:  
Was ever king thus over-ruled as I?

*Lan.* Learn then to rule us better, and the realm.

*Y. Mor.* What we have done, our heart-blood shall main-  
tain. 40

*War.* Think you that we can brook this upstart pride?

*Edw.* Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.

*Archbish.* Why are you moved? be patient, my lord,  
And see what we your counsellors have done.

*Y. Mor.* My lords, now let us all be resolute, 45  
And either have our wills or lose our lives.

*Edw.* Meet you for this? proud over-daring peers!  
Ere my sweet Gaueston shall part from me,  
This isle shall fleet upon the ocean,  
And wander to the unfrequented Inde. 50

*Archbish.* You know that I am legate to the pope;  
On your allegiance to the see of Rome,  
Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.

*Y. Mor.* Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we  
Depose him and elect another king. 55

*Edw.* Ay, there it goes—but yet I will not yield:  
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.

*Lan.* Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.

*Archbish.* Remember how the bishop was abused!  
Ei'er banish him that was the cause thereof, 60  
Or I will presently discharge these lords  
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.

*Edw.* It boots me not to threat—I must speak fair:

[*Aside.*

The legate of the pope will be obey'd.  
My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm; 65  
Thou, Lancaster, High Admiral of the fleet;  
Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;  
And you, Lord Warwick, President of the North;  
And thou of Wales. If this content you not,  
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy, 70  
And share it equally amongst you all,  
So I may have some nook or corner left,  
To frolic with my dearest Gaueston.

*Archbish.* Nothing shall alter us—we are resolved.

*Lan.* Come, come, subscribe. 75

*Y. Mor.* Why should you love him whom the world hates  
so?

*Edw.* Because he loves me more than all the world.  
Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men  
Would seek the ruin of my Gaueston;  
You that be noble born should pity him. 80

*War.* You that are princely born should shake him off;  
For shame, subscribe, and let the lown depart.

*E. Mor.* Urge him, my lord.

*Archbish.* Are you content to banish him the realm?

*Edw.* I see I must, and therefore am content: 85  
Instead of ink I'll write it with my tears. [*Subscribes.*

*Y. Mor.* The king is love-sick for his minion.

*Edw.* 'Tis done—and now, accursèd hand! fall off!

*Lan.* Gi'e't me—I'll have it publisht in the streets.

*Y. Mor.* I'll see him presently despatcht away. 90

*Archbish.* Now is my heart at ease.

*War.* And so is mine.

*Pem.* This will be good news to the common sort.

*E. Mor.* Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

[*Exeunt Nobiles.*

*Edw.* How fast they run to banish him I love!

They would not stir, were it to do me good. 95

Why should a king be subject to a priest?

Proud Rome! that hatchest such imperial grooms,

For these thy superstitious taper-lights,

Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,

I'll fire thy crazèd buildings, and enforce 100

The papal towers to kiss the lowly ground!

With slaught'ed priests make Tiber's channel swell,

And banks rise higher with their sepulchres!

As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,

If I be king, not one of them shall live. 105

*Enter GAUESTON.*

*Gau.* My lord, I hear it whisp'red everywhere,  
That I am banisht, and must fly the land.

*Edw.* 'Tis true, sweet Gaueston—Oh! were it false!  
The legate of the pope will have it so,  
And thou must hence, or I shall be deposed. 110

But I will reign to be revenged of them;

And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.

Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough;

And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou dost,

I'll come to thee; my love shall ne'er decline. 115

*Gau.* Is all my hope turn'd to this hell of grief?

*Edw.* Rend not my heart with thy too-piercing words:  
Thou from this land, I from myself am banisht.

*Gau.* To go from hence grieves not poor Gaueston;  
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks 120

The blessedness of Gaueston remains;

For nowhere else seeks he felicity.

*Edw.* And only this torments my wretched soul,

That, whe'er I will or no, thou must depart.

Be governor of Ireland in my stead, 125

And there abide till fortune call thee home.

Here take my picture, and let me wear thine;

[*They exchange pictures.*

O, might I keep thee here as I do this,

Happy were I! but now most miserable!



*Gau.* 'Tis something to be pitied of a king. 130

*Edw.* Thou shalt not hence—I'll hide thee, Gaueston.

*Gau.* I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.

*Edw.* Kind words, and mutual talk makes our grief greater :  
Therefore with dumb embracement, let us part—  
Stay, Gaueston, I cannot leave thee thus. 135

*Gau.* For every look, my lord, drops down a tear :  
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow !

*Edw.* The time is little that thou hast to stay,  
And, therefore, give me leave to look my fill ;  
But come, sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way. 140

*Gau.* The peers will frown.

*Edw.* I pass not for their anger—Come, let's go ;  
O that we might as well return as go.

*Enter KENT and QUEEN ISABEL.*

*Queen.* Whi'er goes my lord ?

*Edw.* Fawn not on me, French strumpet ! get thee gone.

*Queen.* On whom but on my husband should I fawn ? 146

*Gau.* On Mortimer ! with whom, ungentle queen—  
I say no more—judge you the rest, my lord.

*Queen.* In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaueston ;  
Is't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord,  
And art a bawd to his affectiöns, 150  
But thou must call mine honour thus in question ?

*Gau.* I mean not so ; your grace must pardon me.

*Edw.* Th' art too familiar with that Mortimer,  
And by thy means is Gaueston exiled ; 155  
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,  
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconciled to me.

*Queen.* Your highness knows it lies not in my power.

*Edw.* Away then ! touch me not—Come, Gaueston.

*Queen.* Villain ! 'tis thou that robb'st me of my lord. 160

*Gau.* Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.

*Edw.* Speak not unto her ; let her droop and pine.

*Queen.* Wherein, my lord, have I deserved these words ?  
Witness the tears that Isabella sheds,  
Witness this heart, that sighing for thee, breaks, 165  
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel.

*Edw.* And witness heaven how dear thou art to me !  
There weep : for till my Gauston be repeal'd,  
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.

[*Exeunt EDWARD and GAUESTON.*

*Queen.* O miserable and distressèd queen ! 170  
Would, when I left sweet France and was embarkt,

That charming Circe, walking on the waves,  
 Had changed my shape, or at the marriage-day  
 The cup of Hymen had been full of poison,  
 Or with those arms that twined about my neck 175  
 I had been stifled, and not lived to see  
 The king my lord thus to abandon me!  
 Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth  
 With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries;  
 For never doted Jove on Ganymede 180  
 So much as he on cursèd Gaueston:  
 But that will more exasperate his wrath:  
 I must entreat him, I must speak him fair,  
 And be a means to call home Gaueston:  
 And yet he'll ever dote on Gaueston: 185  
 And so am I for ever miserable.

*Enter* LANCASTER, *the* MORTIMERS, WARWICK, *and*  
 PEMBROKE.

*Lan.* Look where the sister of the King of France  
 Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast!  
*War.* The king, I fear, hath ill-entreated her.  
*Pem.* Hard is the heart that injuries such a saint. 190  
*Y. Mor.* I know 'tis 'long of Gaueston she weeps.  
*E. Mor.* Why, he is gone.  
*Y. Mor.* Madam, how fares your grace?  
*Queen.* Ah, Mortimer! now breaks the king's hate forth,  
 And he confesseth that he loves me not.  
*Y. Mor.* Cry quittance, madam, then; and love not him.  
*Queen.* No, rather will I die a thousand deaths: 196  
 And yet I love in vain—he'll ne'er love me.  
*Lan.* Fear ye not, madam; now his minion's gone,  
 His wanton humour will be quickly left.  
*Queen.* Oh never, Lancaster! I am enjoin'd 200  
 To sue upon you all for his repeal;  
 This wills my lord, and this must I perform,  
 Or else be banisht from his highness' presence.  
*Lan.* For his repeal, madame! he comes not back,  
 Unless the sea cast up his shipwreckt body. 205  
*War.* And to behold so sweet a sight as that,  
 There's none here but would run his horse to death.  
*Y. Mor.* But, madam, would you have us call him home?  
*Queen.* Ay, Mortimer, for till he be restored,  
 The angry king hath banisht me the court; 210  
 And, therefore, as thou lov'st and tend'rest me,  
 Be thou my advocate unto these peers.

*Y. Mor.* What! would you have me plead for Gaueston?

*E. Mor.* Plead for him that will, I am resolved.

*Lan.* And so am I; my lord, dissuade the queen. 215

*Queen.* O Lancaster! let him dissuade the king,  
For 'tis against my will he should return.

*War.* Then speak not for him, let the peasant go.

*Queen.* 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him.

*Pem.* No speaking will prevail, and therefore cease. 220

*Y. Mor.* Fair queen; forbear to angle for the fish,  
Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead;  
I mean that vile torpedo, Gaueston,  
That now I hope floats on the Irish seas.

*Queen.* Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me awhile, 225  
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight,  
As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.

*Y. Mor.* It is impossible; but speak your mind.

*Queen.* Then thus, but none shall hear it but ourselves.

[*Talks to Y. MOR. apart.*]

*Lan.* My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer, 230  
Will you be resolute, and hold with me?

*E. Mor.* Not I, against my nephew.

*Pem.* Fear not, the queen's words cannot alter him.

*War.* No, do but mark how earnestly she pleads.

*Lan.* And see how coldly his looks make denial. 235

*War.* She smiles, now for my life his mind is changed.

*Lan.* I'll rather lose his friendship I, than grant.

*Y. Mor.* Well, of necessity it must be so.

My lords, that I abhor base Gaueston  
I hope your honours make no question, 240  
And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,  
'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail:

Nay, for the realm's behoof, and for the king's.

*Lan.* Fie, Mortimer, dishonour not thyself!

Can this be true, 'twas good to banish him? 245

And is this true, to call him home again?

Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.

*Y. Mor.* My lord of Lancaster, mark the respect.

*Lan.* In no respect can contraries be true.

*Queen.* Yet, good my lord, hear what he can allege. 250

*War.* All that he speaks is nothing, we're resolved.

*Y. Mor.* Do you not wish that Gaueston were dead?

*Pem.* I would he were.

*Y. Mor.* Why then, my lord, give me but leave to speak.

*E. Mor.* But, nephew, do not play the sophister. 255

*Y. Mor.* This which I urge is of a burning zeal

To mend the king, and do our country good.  
 Know you not Gaueston hath store of gold,  
 Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,  
 As he will front the mightiest of us all? 260  
 And whéreas he shall live and be beloved,  
 'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.

*War.* Mark you but that, my lord of Lancaster.

*Y. Mor.* But were he here, detested as he is,  
 How easely might some base slave be suborn'd 265  
 To greet his lordship with a poniãrd,  
 And none so much as blame the murderer,  
 But rather praise him for that brave attempt,  
 And in the Chronicle enrol his name  
 For purging of the realm of such a plague? 270

*Pem.* He sayeth true.

*Lan.* Ay, but how chance this was not done before?

*Y. Mor.* Because, my lords, it was not thought upon:  
 Nay, more, when he shall know it lies in us  
 To banish him, and then to call him home, 275  
 'Twill make him vail the top-flag of his pride,  
 And fear t' offend the meanest nobleman.

*E. Mor.* But how if he do not, nephew?

*Y. Mor.* Then may we with some colour rise in arms. 280  
 For howsoever we have borne it out,  
 'Tis treason to be up against the king;  
 So we shall have the people of our side,  
 Which for his father's sake lean to the king,  
 But cannot brook a night-grown mushrump,  
 Such a one as my lord of Cornwall is, 285  
 Should bear us down of the nobility.  
 And when the commons and the nobles join,  
 'Tis not the king can buckler Gaueston;  
 We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath.  
 My lords, if to perform this I be slack, 290  
 Think me as base a groom as Gaueston.

*Lan.* On that condition, Lancaster will grant.

*War.* And so will Penbroke and I.

*E. Mor.* And I.

*Y. Mor.* In this I count me highly gratified,  
 And Mortimer will rest at your command. 295

*Queen.* And when this favour Isabel forgets,  
 Then let her live abandon'd and forlorn.  
 But see, in happy time, my lord the king,  
 Ha'ing brought the Earl of Cornwall on his way,  
 Is new return'd; this news will glad him much; 300

Yet not so much as me ; I love him more  
Then he can Gaueston ; would he loved me  
But half so much, then were I treble-blest !

*Enter KING EDWARD, mourning.*

*Edw.* He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn.  
Did never sorrow go so near my heart, 305  
As doth the want of my sweet Gaueston !

And could my crown's revénue bring him back,  
I'd freely give it to his enemies,  
And think I gain'd, ha'ing bought so dear a friend.

*Queen.* Hark ! how he harps upon his miniön. 310

*Edw.* My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,  
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,  
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,  
And makes me frantic for my Gaueston.  
Ah ! had some bloodless fury rose from hell, 315  
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,  
When I was forced to leave my Gaueston !

*Lan.* Diablo ! what passions call you these ?

*Queen.* My gracious lord, I come to bring you news.

*Edw.* That you have parlèd with your Mortimer ? 320

*Queen.* That Gaueston, my lord, shall be repeal'd.

*Edw.* Repeal'd ! the news is too sweet to be true.

*Queen.* But will you love me, if you find it so ?

*Edw.* If it be so, what will not Edward do ?

*Queen.* For Gaueston, but not for Isabel. 325

*Edw.* For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st Gaueston,  
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,  
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.

*Queen.* No other jewels hang about my neck  
Than these, my lord ; nor let me have more wealth 330  
Than I may fetch from this rich treasury !

O how a kiss revives poor Isabel !

*Edw.* Once more receive my hand ; and let this be  
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.

*Queen.* And may it prove more happy than the first ! 335  
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,  
That wait attendance for a gracious look,  
And on their knees salute your majesty.

*Edw.* Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king ;  
And, as gross vapours perish by the sun, 340  
E'en so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile.  
Live thou with me as my companion.

*Lan.* This salutation overjoys my heart.

*Edw.* Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor :  
 These silver hairs will more adorn my court 345  
 Than gaudy silks, or rich embroidery.

Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.

*War.* Slay me, my lord, when I offend your grace.

*Edw.* In solemn triumphs, and in public shows,  
 Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king. 350

*Pem.* And with this sword Penbroke will fight for you.

*Edw.* But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?  
 Be thou commander of our royal fleet ;

Or if that lofty office like thee not,  
 I make thee here Lord Marshal of the realm. 355

*Y. Mor.* My lord, I'll marshal so your enemies,  
 As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

*Edw.* And as for you, Lord Mortimer of Chirke,  
 Whose great achievements in our foreign war  
 Deserve no common place, nor mean reward ; 360  
 Be you the general of the levied troops,  
 That now are ready to assail the Scots.

*E. Mor.* In this your grace hath highly honour'd me,  
 For with my nature war doth best agree.

*Queen.* Now is the King of England rich and strong, 365  
 Having the love of his renownèd peers.

*Edw.* Ay, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.  
 Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth  
 For Gaueston to Ireland :

*Enter BEAUMONT with warrant.*

Beaumont, fly,  
 As fast as Iris, or Jove's Mercury. 370

*Bea.* It shall be done, my gracious lord.

*Edw.* Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.  
 Now let us in, and feast it royally.

Against our friend the Earl of Cornwall comes,  
 We'll have a general tilt and tournament ; 375  
 And then his marriage shall be solemnised.

For wot you not that I have made him sure  
 Unto our cousin, th' Earl of Gloster's heir ?

*Lan.* Such news we hear, my lord.

*Edw.* That day, if not for him, yet for my sake, 380  
 Who in the triumph will be challenger,  
 Spare for no cost ; we will requite your love.

*War.* In this, or aught your highness shall command us.

*Edw.* Thanks, gentle Warwick : come, let's in and revel.

[*Exeunt. Manent the MORTIMERS.*

*E. Mor.* Nephew, I must to Scotland; thou stay'st here. 385  
Leave now t' oppose thyself against the king.

Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,  
And, seeing his mind so dotes on Gaueston,  
Let him without controlment have his will.  
The mightiest kings have had their miniöns: 390

Great Alexander loved Hephestion;  
The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept;  
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droopt.  
And not kings only, but the wisest men:  
The Roman Tully loved Octavius; 395  
Grave Socrates wild Alcibiades.

Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,  
And promiseth as much as we can wish,  
Freely enjoy that vain, light-headed earl;  
For riper years will wean him from such toys. 400

*Y. Mor.* Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not me;  
But this I scorn, that one so basely born  
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,  
And riot it with the treasure of the realm.

While soldiers mutiny for want of pay, 405  
He wears a lord's revénue on his back,  
And Midas-like, he jets it in the court,  
With base outlandish cullions at his heels,  
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show,  
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appear'd. 410

I have not seen a dapper Jack so brisk;  
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,  
Larded with pearl, and, in his Tuscan cap,  
A jewel of more value than the crown.

Whiles other walk below, the king and he 415  
From out a window laugh at such as we,  
And flout our train, and jest at our attire.  
Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatiënt.

*E. Mor.* But, nephew, now you see the king is changed.

*Y. Mor.* Then so am I, and live to do him service: 420  
But whiles I have a sword, a hand, a heart,  
I will not yield to any such upstárt.  
You know my mind; come, uncle, let's away. [Excunt.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Hall in GLOSTER'S Mansion.* 1309.

*Enter* YOUNG SPENCER *and* BALDOCK.

- Bald.* Spencer,  
Seeing that our lord th' Earl of Gloster's dead,  
Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?
- Y. Spen.* Not Mortimer, nor any of his side ;  
Because the king and he are enemies. 5
- Baldock, learn this of me, a factious lord  
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us ;  
But he that hath the favour of a king,  
May with one word advance us while we live :  
The liberal Earl of Cornwall is the man 10
- On whose good fortune Spencer's hope depends.
- Bald.* What, mean you then to be his follower ?
- Y. Spen.* No, his companion ; for he loves me well,  
And would have once prefer'd me to the king.
- Bald.* But he is banisht ; there's small hope of him. 15
- Y. Spen.* Ay, for a while ; but, Baldock, mark the end.  
A friend of mine told me in secrecy  
That he's repeal'd, and sent for back again ;  
And even now a post came from the court  
With letters to our lady from the king ; 20
- And as she read she smiled, which makes me think  
It is about her lover Gaueston.
- Bald.* 'Tis like enough ; for since he was exiled  
She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight.  
But I had thought the match had been broke off, 25
- And that his banishment had changed her mind.
- Y. Spen.* Our lady's first love is not wavering ;  
My life for thine she will have Gaueston.
- Bald.* Then hope I by her means to be prefer'd,  
Ha'ing read unto her since she was a child. 30
- Y. Spen.* Then, Baldock, you must cast the scholar off,  
And learn to court it like a gentleman.  
'Tis not a black coat and a little band,  
A velvet caped cloak, faced before with serge,  
And smelling to a nosegay all the day, 35
- Or holding of a napkin in your hand,  
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,  
Or making low legs to a nobleman,  
Or looking downward with your eyelids close,



And saying, "Truly, an't may please your honour," 40  
 Can get you any favour with great men :  
 You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,  
 And now and then stab, as occasion serves.

*Bald.* Spencer, thou know'st I hate such formal toys,  
 And use them but of mere hypocrisy. 45

Mine old lord whiles he lived was so precise,  
 That he would take exceptions at my buttons,  
 And being like pins' heads, blame me for the bigness ;  
 Which made me curate-like in mine attire,  
 Though inwardly licentiöus enough, 50  
 And apt for any kind of villainy.

I am none of these common pedants, I,  
 That cannot speak without *propterea quod*.

*Y. Spen.* But one of those that saith, *quandoquidem*,  
 And hath a special gift to form a verb. 55

*Bald.* Leave off this jesting, here my lady comes

*Enter the LADY, the KING'S niece.*

*Lady.* The grief for his exile was not so much  
 As is the joy of his returning home.  
 This letter came from my sweet Gaueston :  
 What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself? 60  
 I know thou couldst not come and visit me :

*I will not long be from thee, though I die.* [Reads.]

This argues the entire love of my lord ;  
*When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart :* [Reads.]

But stay thee here where Gaueston shall sleep. 65  
 Now to the letter of my lord the king.—

He wills me to repair unto the court,  
 And meet my Gaueston : why do I stay,  
 Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day?  
 Who's there? Baldock? 70

See that my coach be ready, I must hence.

*Bald.* It shall be done, madam. [Exit.]

*Lady.* And meet me at the park-pale presently.  
 Spencer, stay you and bear me company,  
 For I have joyful news to tell thee of ; 75  
 My lord of Cornwall is a coming over,  
 And will be at the court as soon as we.

*Spen.* I knew the king would have him home again.

*Lady.* If all things sort out, as I hope they will,  
 Thy service, Spencer, shall be thought upon. 80

*Spen.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Lady.* Come, lead the way ; I long till I am there. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Before Tynemouth Castle.* 1309-14.

*Enter* EDWARD, *the* QUEEN, LANCASTER, YOUNG MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, KENT, *and* Attendants.

*Edw.* The wind is good, I wonder why he stays;  
I fear me he is wrackt upon the sea.

*Queen.* Look, Lancaster, how passionate he is,  
And still his mind runs on his minion!

*Lan.* My lord. 5

*Edw.* How now! what news? is Gaueston arrived?

*Y. Mor.* Nothing but Gaueston! what means your grace?  
You've matters of more weight to think upon;  
The King of France sets foot in Normandy.

*Edw.* A trifle! we'll expel him when we please. 10  
But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device  
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

*Y. Mor.* A homely one, my lord;  
Not worth the telling.

*Edw.* Pray thee let me know it.

*Y. Mor.* But, seeing you're so desirous, thus it is: 15  
A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,  
On whose top branches kingly eagles perch,  
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,  
And gets into the highest bough of all:  
The motto, *Æque tandem.* 20

*Edw.* And what is yours, my lord of Lancaster?

*Lan.* My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.  
Pliny reports there is [a] flying fish  
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,  
And therefore, being pursued, it takes the air: 25  
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl  
That seizeth it: this fish, my lord, I bear,  
The motto this: *Undique mors est.*

*Kent.* Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster!  
Is this the love you bear your sovereign? 30  
Is this the fruit your reconciliation bears?  
Can you in words make show of amity,  
And in your shields display your rancorous minds!  
What call you this but private libelling  
Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother? 35

*Queen.* Sweet husband, be content, they all love you.

*Edw.* They love me not that hate my Gaueston.  
I am that cedar, shake me not too much;  
And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high,

I have the jesses that will pull you down ; 40  
 And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry  
 Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.

Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish,  
 And threat'nest death whether he rise or fall,  
 'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea, 45  
 Nor foulest harpy that shall swallow him.

*Y. Mor.* If in his absence thus he favours him,  
 What will he do whenas he shall be present ?

*Lan.* That shall we see ; look where his lordship comes.

*Enter GAUESTON.*

*Edw.* My Gaueston. 50  
 Welcome to Tynemouth ! welcome to thy friend !  
 Thy absence made me droop and pine away ;  
 For, as the lovers of fair Danae,  
 When she was lockt up in a brazen tower,  
 Desired her more, and waxt outrageöus, 55  
 So did it fare with me : and now thy sight  
 Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence  
 Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.

*Gau.* Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth mine,  
 Yet have I words left to express my joy : 60  
 The shepherd nipt with biting winter's rage  
 Frolics not more to see the painted spring,  
 Than I do to behold your majesty.

*Edw.* Will none of you salute my Gaueston ?

*Lan.* Salute him ? yes ; welcöme, Lord Chamberlain ! 65

*Y. Mor.* Welcöme is the good Earl of Cornwall !

*War.* Welcöme, Lord Go'ernor of the Isle of Man !

*Pem.* Welcome, Mas. Sec'try !

*Kent.* Brother, do you hear them ?

*Edw.* Still will these earls and barons use me thus.

*Gau.* My lord, I cannot brook these injuries. 70

*Queen.* Ay me, poor soul, when these begin to jar !

[*Aside.*

*Edw.* Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant.

*Gau.* Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,  
 Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef ;  
 And come not here to scoff at Gaueston, 75  
 Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low  
 As to bestow a look on such as you.

*Lan.* Yet I disdain not to do this for you. [*Draws.*

*Edw.* Treason ! treason ! where's the traitor ?

*Pem.* Here ! here ! king.

[*Edw.*] Convey hence Gaueston ; they'll murder him. 80

*Gau.* The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.

*Y. Mor.* Villain ! thy life, unless I miss mine aim.

[*Offers to stab him.*

*Queen.* Ah ! furious Mortimer, what hast thou done ?

*Y. Mor.* No more than I would answer, were he slain.

[*Exit GAUESTON, with Attendants.*

*Edw.* Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he live ;  
Dear shall you both abide this riotous deed. 86

Out of my presence ! come not near the court.

*Y. Mor.* I'll not be bar'd the court for Gaueston.

*Lan.* We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.

*Edw.* Look to your own heads ; his is sure enough. 90

*War.* Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.

*Kent.* Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.

*Edw.* Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus ;  
But if I live, I'll tread upon their heads

That think with high looks thus to tread me down. 95

Come, Edmund, let's away and levy men,

'Tis war that must abate these barons' pride.

[*Exeunt the KING, QUEEN, and KENT.*

*War.* Let's to our castles, for the king is moved.

*Y. Mor.* Moved may he be, and perish in his wrath !

*Lan.* Cousin, it is no dealing with him now, 100  
He means to make us stoop by force of arms ;

And therefore let us jointly here protest,

To prosecute that Gauston to the death.

*Y. Mor.* By heaven, the abject villain shall not live !

*War.* I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it. 105

*Pem.* The like oath Pembroke takes.

*Lan.* And so doth Lancaster.

Now send our heralds to defy the king ;

And make the people swear to put him down.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Y. Mor.* Letters ! from whence ?

*Mess.* From Scotland, my lord.

[*Giving letters to MORTIMER.*

*Lan.* Why, how now, cousin, how fares all our friends ? 110

*Y. Mor.* My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

*Lan.* We'll have him ransom'd, man ; be of good cheer.

*Y. Mor.* They rate his ransom at five thousand pound.  
Who should defray the money but the king,

Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars ? 115

I'll to the king.

*Lan.* Do, cousin, and I'll bear thee company.

*War.* Meantime, my lord of Pembroke and myself  
Will to Newcástele here, and gather head.

*Y. Mor.* About it then, and we will follow you. 120

*Lan.* Be resolute and full of secrecy.

*War.* I warrant you. [*Exit with PEMBROKE.*]

*Y. Mor.* Cousin, and if he will not ransom him,  
I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,  
As never subject did unto his king.

*Lan.* Content, I'll bear my part.—Holloa ! who's there. 125  
[*Guard appears.*]

*Enter Guard.*

*Y. Mor.* Ay, marry, such a guard as this doth well.

*Lan.* Lead on the way.

*Guard.* Whi'er will your lordships ?

*Y. Mor.* Whi'er else but to th' king.

*Guard.* His highness is disposed to be alone.

*Lan.* Why, so he may, but we will speak to him. 130

*Guard.* You may not in, m' lord.

*Y. Mor.* May we not ?

*Enter EDWARD and KENT.*

*Edw.* How now !

What noise is this ? Who have we there, is't you ? [*Going.*]

*Y. Mor.* Nay, stay, my lord, I come to bring you news ;  
Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

*Edw.* Then ransom him. 135

*Lan.* It was in your wars ; you should ransom him.

*Y. Mor.* And you shall ransom him, or else——

*Kent.* What ! Mortimer, you will not threaten him ?

*Edw.* Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal,  
To gather for him thoroughout the realm. 140

*Lan.* Your minion Gaueston hath taught you this.

*Y. Mor.* My lord, the family of the Mortimers  
Are not so poor, but, would they sell their land,  
Would levy men enough to anger you.

We never beg, but use such prayers as these. 145

*Edw.* Shall I still be haunted thus ?

*Y. Mor.* Nay, now you're here alone, I'll speak my mind.

*Lan.* And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.

*Y. Mor.* The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows,  
And prodigal gifts bestow'd on Gaueston, 150  
Have drawn thy treasure dry, and made thee weak ;  
The murmuring commons, overstretched, break.

*Lan.* Look for rebellion, look to be deposed ;  
 Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,  
 And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates. 155  
 The wild Oneyl with swarms of Irish kerns,  
 Lives uncontrol'd within the English pale.  
 Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,  
 And unresisted drive away rich spoils.

*Y. Mor.* The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,  
 While in the harbour ride thy ships unrig'd. 161

*Lan.* What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors ?

*Y. Mor.* Who loves thee, but a sort of flatterers ?

*Lan.* Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,  
 Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn. 165

*Y. Mor.* Thy court is naked, being bereft of those  
 That makes a king seem glorious to the world ;  
 I mean the peers, whom thou should'st dearly love :  
 Libels are cast again thee in the street :  
 Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow. 170

*Lan.* The Northern borderers seeing their houses burnt,  
 Their wives and children slain, run up and down,  
 Cursing the name of thee and Gaueston.

*Y. Mor.* When wert thou in the field with banner spread ?  
 But once : and then thy soldiers marcht like players, 175  
 With garish robes, not armour ; and thyself,  
 Bedaub'd with gold, rode laughing at the rest,  
 Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,  
 Where women's favours hung like labels down.

*Lan.* And théreof came it, that the fleering Scots, 180  
 To England's high disgrace, have made this jig ;

*Maids of England, sore may you mourn,  
 For your lemans you've lost at Bannocksbourn,  
 With a heave and a ho.*

*What weeneth the King of England, 185  
 So soon to have won Scotland,  
 With a rombelow ?*

*Y. Mor.* Wigmore shall fly, to set my uncle free.

*Lan.* And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more.  
 If ye be moved, revenge it as you can ; 190  
 Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.

[*Exeunt Nobiles.*

*Edw.* My swelling heart for very anger breaks !  
 How oft have I been baited by these peers,  
 And dare not be revenged, for their power is great !  
 Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels 195

Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,  
And let their lives' blood slake thy fury's hunger.  
If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,  
Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.

*Kent.* My lord, I see your love to Gaueston 200  
Will be the ruin of the realm and you,  
For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars,  
And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.

*Edw.* Art thou an enemy to my Gaueston?

*Kent.* Ay, and it grieves me that I favour'd him. 205

*Edw.* Traitor, begone! whine thou with Mortimer.

*Kent.* So will I, rather than with Gaueston.

*Edw.* Out of my sight, and trouble me no more!

*Kent.* No marvel though thou scorn thy noble peers,  
When I thy brother am rejected thus. [Exit. 210

*Edw.* Away!

Poor Gaueston, that has no friend but me!  
Do what they can, we'll live in Tynemouth here,  
And, so I walk with him about the walls,  
What care I though the earls begirt us round? 215  
Here comes she that is cause of all these jars.

*Enter the QUEEN, with the LADY (the KING'S niece), two  
Ladies, GAUESTON, BALDOCK, and YOUNG SPENCER.*

*Queen.* My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in arms.

*Edw.* Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you favour them.

*Queen.* Thus do you still suspect me without cause?

*Lady.* Sweet uncle! speak more kindly to the queen. 220

*Gau.* My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.

*Edw.* Pardon me, sweet, I [had] forgot myself.

*Queen.* Your pardon's quickly got of Isabel.

*Edw.* The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,  
That to my face he threatens civil wars. 225

*Gau.* Why do you not commit him to the Tower?

*Edw.* I dare not, for the people love him well.

*Gau.* Why then we'll have him privily made away.

*Edw.* Would Lancaster and he had both caroused  
A bowl of poison to each other's health! 230

But let them go, and tell me what are these.

*Lady.* Two of my father's servants whilst he liv'd,—  
May't please your grace to entertain them now.

*Edw.* Tell me, where wast thou born? What is thine  
arms?

*Bald.* My name is Baldock, and my gentry 235  
I fetch from Oxford, not from heraldry.

*Edw.* The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn.  
Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.

*Bald.* I humbly thank your majesty.

*Edw.* Knowest thou him, Gaueston?

*Gau.* Ay, my lord;

240

His name is Spencer, he is well allied;  
For my sake, let him wait upon your grace;  
Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.

*Edw.* Then, Spencer, wait upon me, for his sake  
I'll grace thee with a higher style ere long.

245

*Y. Spen.* No greater titles happen unto me,  
Than to be favour'd of your majesty.

*Edw.* Cousin, this day shall be your marriage feast.  
And, Gaueston, think that I love thee well,  
To wed thee to our niece, the only heir  
Unto the Earl of Gloster late deceased.

250

*Gau.* I know, my lord, many will stomach me,  
But I respect neither their love nor hate.

*Edw.* The headstrong barons shall not limit me;  
He that I list to favour shall be great.

255

Come, let's away; and when the marriage ends,  
Have at the rebels, and their 'complices! [*Exeunt omnes.*]

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SCENE III.—*Near Tynemouth.* 1311.

*Enter* LANCASTER, YOUNG MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, and KENT.

*Kent.* My lords, of love to this our native land  
I come to join with you and leave the king;  
And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof  
Will be the first that shall adventure life.

*Lan.* I fear me, you are sent of policy,  
To undermine us with a show of love.

5

*War.* He is your brother, therefore have we cause  
To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.

*Kent.* Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth:  
If that will not suffice, farewell, my lords.

10

*Y. Mor.* Stay, Edmund; never was Plantagenet  
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

*Pem.* But what's the reason you should leave him now?

*Kent.* I have inform'd the Earl of Lancaster.

*Lan.* And it sufficeth. Now, my lords, know this,

15



That Gaueston is secretly arrived,  
And here in Tynemouth frolics with the king.  
Let us with these our followers scale the walls,  
And suddenly surprise them unawares.

*Y. Mor.* I'll give the onset.

*War.* And I'll follow thee. 20

*Y. Mor.* This totter'd ensign of my ancestors,  
Which swept the desert shore of that dead sea,  
Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,  
Will I advance upon this castle's walls.

Drums, strike alarum, raise them from their sport, 25  
And ring aloud the knell of Gaueston !

*Lan.* None be so hardy as touch the king ;  
But neither spare you Gauston nor his friends. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*In Tynemouth Castle.* 1311.

*Enter the KING and SPENCER.*

*Edw.* O tell me, Spencer, where is Gaueston ?

*Spen.* I fear me, he is slain, my gracious lord.

*Edw.* No, here he comes ; now let them spoil and kill.

*Enter QUEEN, KING'S Niece, GAUESTON, and Nobles.*

Fly, fly, my lords, the earls have got the hold,  
Take shipping and away to Scarborough, 5  
Spencer and I will post away by land.

*Gau.* O stay, my lord, they will not injure you.

*Edw.* I will not trust them ; Gaueston, away !

*Gau.* Farewell, my lord.

*Edw.* Lady, farewell.

*Lady.* Farewell, sweet uncle, till we meet again. 10

*Edw.* Farewell, sweet Gaueston ; and farewell, niece.

*Queen.* No farewell to poor Isabel thy queen ?

*Edw.* Yes, yes, for Mortimer, your lover's sake.

[Exeunt all but ISABEL.]

*Queen.* Heaven can witness I love none but you :  
From my embracements thus he breaks away. 15

O that mine arms could close this isle about,  
That I might pull him to me where I would !

Or that these tears, that drizzle from mine eyes,

Had power to mollify his stony heart,

That when I had him we might never part. 20

*Enter* LANCASTER, WARWICK, *and* YOUNG MORTIMER.

*Alarums.*

*Lan.* I wonder how he scaped !

*Y. Mor.* Who's this, the queen ?

*Queen.* Ay, Mortimer, the miserable queen,  
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted.  
And body with continual mourning wasted :  
These hands are tired with haling of my lord 25  
From Gaueston, from wicked Gaueston,  
And all in vain ; for, when I speak him fair,  
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.

*Y. Mor.* Cease to lament, and tell us where's the king ?

*Queen.* What would you with the king ? is't him you seek ?

*Lan.* No, madam, but that cursèd Gaueston. 31  
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster,  
To offer violence to his sovereign.  
We would but rid the realm of Gaueston :  
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die. 35

*Queen.* He's gone by water unto Scarborough ;  
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot scape ;  
The king hath left him, and his train is small.

*War.* Foreslow no time, sweet Lancaster, let's march.

*Y. Mor.* How comes it that the king and he is parted ? 40

*Queen.* That this your army, going several ways,  
Might be of lesser force : and with the power  
That he intendeth presently to raise,  
Be easily supprest ; therefore be gone.

*Y. Mor.* Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy ; 45  
Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.

*Lan.* The wind that bears him hence will fill our sails :  
Come, come aboard, 'tis but an hoür's sailing.

*Y. Mor.* Madam, stay you within this castle here.

*Queen.* No, Mortimer, I'll to my lord the king. 50

*Y. Mor.* Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.

*Queen.* You know the king is so suspiciöus,  
As if he hear I have but talkt with you,  
Mine honour will be called in questiön ;  
And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone. 55

*Y. Mor.* Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,  
But think of Mortimer as he deserves. [*Exeunt* Barons.

*Queen.* So well hast thou deserved, sweet Mortimer,  
As Isabel could live with thee for ever.  
In vain I look for love at Edward's hand, 60  
Whose eyes are fixt on none but Gaueston :

Yet once more I'll impórtune him with prayer,  
 If he be strange and not regard my words,  
 My son and I will over into France,  
 And to the king my brother there complain,  
 How Gaueston hath rob'd me of his love :  
 But yet I hope my sorrows will have end,  
 And Gaueston this blessèd day be slain.

65

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*Open Country.* 1311.

*Enter GAUESTON, pursued.*

*Gau.* Yet, lusty lords, I have escaped your hands,  
 Your threats, your 'larums, and your hot pursuits ;  
 And though divorcèd from King Edward's eyes,  
 Yet liveth Pierce of Gauston unsurprised,  
 Breathing, in hope (malgrado all you[r] beards,  
 That muster rebels thus against your king)  
 To see his royal sovereign once again.

5

*Enter WARWICK, LANCASTER, and YOUNG MORTIMER.*

*War.* Upon him, soldiers, take away his weapons.

*Y. Mor.* Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,  
 Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils,  
 Base flatterer, yield ! and were it not for shame,  
 Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,  
 Upon my weapon's point here should'st thou fall,  
 And welter in thy gore.

10

*Lan.* Monster of men !  
 That, like the Greekish strumpet, train'd to arms  
 And bloody wars so many valiant knights ;  
 Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death !  
 King Edward is not here to buckler thee.

15

*War.* Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave ?  
 Go, soldiers, take him hence, for by my sword  
 His head shall off : Gauston, short warning  
 Shall serve thy turn. It is our country's cause,  
 That here severely we will execute  
 Upon thy person : hang him at a bough.

20

*Gau.* My lords,—

*War.* Soldièrs, have him away ;  
 But for thou wert the favourite of a king,  
 Thou shalt have so much honour at our hands,—

25

*Gau.* I thank you all, my lords : then I perceive,  
That heading's one, and hanging is the other,  
And death is all.

*Enter* EARL OF ARUNDEL.

*Lan.* How now, m' lord of Arúndel? 30

*Arun.* My lords, King Edward greets you all by me.

*War.* Arúndel, say your message.

*Arun.* His majesty,  
Hearing that you had taken Gaueston,  
Intreateth you by me, yet but he may  
See him before he dies ; for why, he says, 35  
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall ;  
And if you gratify his grace so far,  
He will be mindful of the courtesy.

*War.* How now ?

*Gau.* Renowmèd Edward, how thy name  
Revives poor Gauston !

*War.* No, it needeth not ; 40  
Arundel, we will gratify the king  
In other matters ; he must pardon us in this.  
Soldiers, away wi' him !

*Gau.* Why ? My lord of Warwick  
Will not [that] these delays beget my hopes.  
I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at, 45  
Yet grant King Edward this.

*Y. Mor.* Shalt thou appoint  
What we shall grant ? Soldiers, away with him :  
Thus [far] we will gratify the king, [To ARUNDEL.  
We'll send his head by thee ; let him bestow  
His tears on that, for that is all he gets 50  
Of Gaueston, or else his senseless trunk.

*Lan.* Not so, my lords, lest he bestow more cost  
In burying him, than he hath ever earn'd.

*Arun.* My lords, it is his majesty's request,  
And in the honour of a king he swears, 55  
He will but talk with him, and send him back.

*War.* When, can you tell ? Arundel, no ; we wot,  
He that the care of [kingly] realm remits,  
And drives his nobles to these exigents  
For Gaueston, will, if he seize him once, 60  
Violate any promise to possess him.

*Arun.* Then if you will not trust his grace in keep,  
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.

*Y. Mor.* 'Tis honourable in thee to offer this ;

But for we know thou art a noble gentleman, 65  
 We will not wrong thee so, to make away  
 A true man for a thief.

*Gau.* How mean'st thou, Mortimer? this is over-base.

*Y. Mor.* Away, base groom, robber of king's renown,  
 Question with thy companions and mates. 70

*Pem.* M' Lord Mortimer, and you, my lords, each one,  
 To gratify the king's request therein,  
 Touching the sending of this Gaueston,  
 Because his majesty so earnestly  
 Desires to see the man before his death, 75  
 I will upon mine honour undertake  
 To carry him, and bring him back again;  
 Provided this, that you, m' lord of Arúndel,  
 Will join with me.

*War.* Pembroke, what wilt thou do?  
 Cause yet more bloodshed? is it not enough 80  
 That we have taken him, but must we now  
 Leave him on 'had I wist,' and let him go?

*Pem.* My lords, I will not over-woo your honours,  
 But if you dare trust Pembroke with the prisoner,  
 Upon mine oath, I will return him back. 85

*Arun.* M' lord of Lancáster, what say you in this?

*Lan.* Why I say, let him go on Pembroke's word.

*Pem.* And you, Lord Mortimer?

*Y. Mor.* How say you, my lord of Warwick?

*War.* Nay, do your pleasures, I know how 'twill prove.

*Pem.* Then give him me.

*Gau.* Sweet sovereign, yet I come 90  
 To see thee ere I die.

*War.* Yet not perhaps,  
 If Warwick's wit and policy prevail. [Aside.

*Y. Mor.* My lord of Pembroke, we deli'er him you;  
 Return him on your honour. Sound, away.

[*Exeunt all but PEMBROKE, ARUNDEL, GAUESTON,  
 and PEMBROKE'S Men; four Soldiers.*

*Pem.* M' lord [of Arundel], you shall go with me. 95  
 My house is not far hence; out of the way  
 A little, but our men shall go along,  
 We that have pretty wenches to our wives,  
 Sir, must not come so near to baulk their lips.

*Arun.* 'Tis very kindly spoke, my lord of Pembroke; 100  
 Your honour hath an adamant of power  
 To draw a prince.

*Pem.* So, m' lord. Come hither, James:

I do commit this Gaueston to thee,  
 Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning  
 We will discharge thee of thy charge; be gone. 105

*Gau.* Unhappy Gaueston, whi'er goest thou now?  
 [Exit PEMBROKE, with his Men.  
*Horse-boy.* My lord, we shall quickly be at Cobham.  
 [Exeunt ambo.

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SCENE VI.—*Open Country.* 1311.

*Enter GAUESTON mourning, and the EARL  
 OF PEMBROKE'S Men.*

*Gau.* O treacherous Warwick! thus to wrong thy friend.

*James.* I see it is your life these arms pursue.

*Gau.* Weaponless must I fall, and die in bands?  
 Oh! must this day be period of my life?  
 Centre of all my bliss! An ye be men, 5  
 Speed to the king.

*Enter WARWICK and his Company.*

*War.* My lord of Pembroke's men,  
 Strive you no longer—I will have that Gaueston.

*James.* Your lordship doth dishonour to yourself,  
 And wrong our lord, your honourable friend.

*War.* No, James, it is my country's cause I follow. 10  
 Go, take the villain; soldiers, come away,  
 We'll make quick work. Commend me to your master,  
 My friend, and tell him that I watcht it well.  
 Come, let thy shadow parley with King Edward.

*Gau.* Treacherous earl, shall not I see the king? 15

*War.* The King of heaven perhaps, no other king.  
 Away! [Exeunt WARWICK and his Men with GAUESTON.

*James.* Come, fellows, 't booted not for us to strive,  
 We will in haste go certify our lord. [Exeunt.

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ACT III.

SCENE I (a).—*Yorkshire.* 1311.

*Enter KING EDWARD and YOUNG SPENCER, and BALDOCK,  
 with drums and fifes.*

*Edw.* I long to hear an answer from the barons,

Touching my friend, my dearest Gaueston.  
 Ah! Spencer, not the riches of my realm  
 Can ransom him! ah, he is markt to die!  
 I know the malice of the younger Mortimer, 5  
 Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster  
 Inexorable, and I shall never see  
 My lovely Pierce of Gaueston again!  
 The barons overbear me with their pride.  
*Y. Spen.* Were I King Edward, England's sovereign, 10  
 Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,  
 Great Edward Longshanks' issue, would I bear  
 These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontrol'd  
 These barons thus to beard me in my land,  
 In mine own realm? My lord, pardon my speech, 15  
 Did you retain your father's magnanimity,  
 Did you regard the honour of your name,  
 You would not suffer thus your majesty  
 Be counterbuft of your nobility.  
 Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles! 20  
 No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,  
 As by their preachments they will profit much,  
 And learn obedience to their lawful king.  
*Edw.* Yea, gentle Spencer, we have been too mild,  
 Too kind to them; but now have drawn our sword, 25  
 And if they send me not my Gaueston,  
 We'll steel it on their crest, and pole their tops.  
*Bald.* This haught resolve becomes your majesty  
 Not to be tied to their affectiön,  
 As though your highness were a schoolboy still, 30  
 And must be awed and govern'd like a child.

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SCENE I (b).—*Yorkshire.* 1320.

*Enter* HUGH SPENCER, *an old man, father to the* YOUNG SPENCER, *with his truncheon and* Soldiers.

*O. Spen.* Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward—  
 In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!

*Edw.* Welcome, old man, com'st thou in Edward's aid?  
 Then tell thy prince of whence, and what thou art. 35

*O. Spen.* Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,  
 Brown bills and targetiers, four hundred strong,  
 Sworn to defend King Edward's royal right,  
 I come in person to your majesty,

Spencer, the father of Hugh Spencer there,  
Bound to your highness everlastingly,  
For favour done, in him, unto us all. 40

*Edw.* Thy father, Spencer?

*Y. Spen.* True, an 't like your grace,  
That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown,  
His life, my lord, before your princely feet. 45

*Edw.* Welcome ten thousand times, old man, again.  
Spencer, this love, this kindness to thy king,  
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.

Spencer, I here create thee Earl of Wiltshire,  
And daily will enrich thee with our favour,  
That, as the sunshine, shall reflect o'er thee. 50

Beside, the more to manifest our love,  
Because we hear Lord Bruce doth sell his land,  
And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,  
Thou shalt have crowns of us t' outbid the barons: 55  
And, Spencer, spare them not, [but] lay it on.  
Soldiers, a largess, and thrice welcome all!

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SCENE I (c).—*Yorkshire.* 1325.

*Enter the QUEEN and her Son, and LEVUNE, a Frenchman.*

*Y. Spen.* My lord, here comes the queen.

*Edw.* Madam, what news?

*Queen.* News of dishonour, lord, and discontent.  
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust, 60  
Informeth us, by letters and by words,  
That Lord Valois our brother, King of France,

Because your highness hath been slack in homage,  
Hath seizèd Normandy into his hands.

These be the letters, this the messenger. 65

*Edw.* Welcome, Levune. Tush, Sib, if this be all,  
Valois and I will soon be friends again.

But to my Gauston: shall I never see,  
Never behold thee more? Madam, in this matter,  
We will employ you and your little son; 70

You shall go parley with the King of France.

Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,  
And do your message with a majesty.

*Prince.* Commit not to my youth things of more weight  
Than fits a prince so young as I to bear, 75  
And fear not, lord and father, heaven's great beams



On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe,  
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.

*Queen.* Ah, boy! this towardness makes thy mother fear  
Thou art not markt to many days on earth. 80

*Edw.* Madam, we will that you with speed be shipt,  
And this our son; Levune shall follow you  
With all the haste we can despatch him hence.  
Chuse of our lords to bear you company;  
And go in peace, leave us in wars at home. 85

*Queen.* Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their king;  
God end them once. My lord, I take my leave,  
To make my preparation for France. [*Exit with PRINCE.*]

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SCENE I (*d*).—*Yorkshire.* 1312-13.

*Enter ARUNDEL.*

*Edw.* What, Lord Arúndel, dost thou come alone?

*Arun.* Yea, my good lord, for Gaueston is dead. 90

*Edw.* Ah, traitors! have they put my friend to death?  
Tell me, Arundel, died he ere thou cam'st,  
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?

*Arun.* Neither, my lord; for as he was surprised,  
Begirt with weapons and with enemies round, 95  
I did your highness' message to them all;  
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,  
And said, upon the honour of my name,  
That I would undertake to carry him  
Unto your highness, and to bring him back. 100

*Edw.* And tell me, would the rebels deny me that?

*Y. Spen.* Proud recreants!

*Edw.* Yea, Spencer, traitors all.

*Arun.* I found them at the first inexorable;  
The Earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,  
Mortimer hardly, Pembroke and Lancaster 105  
Spake least: and when they flatly had denied,  
Refusing to receive me pledge for him,  
The Earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake;  
'My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,  
And promiseth he shall be safe return'd, 110  
I will this undertake to have him hence,  
And see him re-deliv'rd to your hands.'

*Edw.* Well, and how fortunes that he came not [then]?

*Y. Spen.* Some treason, or some villainy was the cause.

*Arun.* The Earl of Warwick seized him on his way; 115  
For being deliv'ed unto Pembroke's men,  
Their lord rode home thinking his prisoner safe;  
But ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,  
And bare him to his death; and in a trench  
Strake off his head, and marcht unto the camp. 120

*Y. Spen.* A bloody part, flatly 'gainst law of arms.

[*Exit* ARUNDEL.]

*Edw.* O shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die!

*Y. Spen.* My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword  
Upon these barons; hearten up your men;  
Let them not unrevenged murther your friends! 125  
Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,  
And march to fire them from their starting holes.

[EDWARD *kneels.*

*Edw.* By earth, the common mother of us all!  
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof!  
By this right hand! and by my father's sword! 130  
And all the honours 'longing to my crown!  
I will have heads, and lives for him, as many  
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers. [Rises.  
Traucherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer!  
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore 135  
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,  
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood.  
And stain my royal standard with the same,  
That so my bloody colours may suggest  
Remembrance of revenge immortally 140  
On your accursèd traitorous progeny,  
You villains, that have slain my Gaueston!  
And in his place of honour and of trust,  
Spencer, sweet Spencer, I adopt thee here:  
And merely of our love we do create thee 145  
Earl of Gloster, and Lord Chamberlain,  
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

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SCENE I (*e*).—*Yorkshire.* 1320.

*Y. Spen.* My lord, here is a messenger from the barons  
Desires access unto your majesty.

*Edw.* Admit him near.

150

*Enter the Herald from the Barons, with his coat of arms.*

*Her.* Long live King Edward, England's lawful lord!

*Edw.* So wish not they I wis that sent thee hither.

Thou com'st from Mortimer and his 'complices,  
A ranker rout of rebels never was.

Well, say thy message.

155

*Her.* The barons up in arms, by me salute  
Your highness with long life and happiness;

And bid me say, as 'plainer to your grace,  
That if without effusion of blood,

You will this grief have ease and remedy,

160

That from your princely person you remove

This Spencer, as a putrefying branch,

That deads the royal vine, whose golden leave[s]

Empale your princely head, your diadem,

Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,

165

Say they; and lovingly advise your grace,

To cherish virtue and nobility,

And have old servitors in high esteem,

And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:

This granted, they, their honours, and their lives,

170

Are to your highness vow'd and consecrate'.

*Y. Spen.* Ah, traitors! will they still display their pride?

*Edw.* Away, tarry no answer, but be gone!

Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign

His sports, his pleasures, and his company?

175

Yet, ere thou go, see how I do divorce [*Embraces* SPENCER.

Spencer from me.—Now get thee to thy lords,

And tell them I will come to chastise them

For murdering Gauston; hie thee, get thee gone!

Edward with fire and sword follows at thy heels.

180

My lords, perceive you how these rebels swell?

Soldiers, good hearts, defend your sovereign's right,

For now, e'en now, we march to make them stoop.

Away!

[*Exeunt. Alarums, excursions,  
a great fight, and a retreat.*]

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SCENE II.—*Near Boroughbridge.* 1321.

*Enter the* KING, OLD SPENCER, YOUNG SPENCER, BALDOCK, *and* LEVUNE.

*Edw.* Why do we sound retreat? upon them, lords!

This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword  
On those proud rebels that are up in arms,  
And do confront and countermand their king.

*Y. Spen.* I doubt it not, my lord, right will prevail. 5

*O. Spen.* 'Tis not amiss, my liege, for either part  
To breathe awhile; our men, with sweat and dust  
All choked well near, begin to faint for heat;  
And this retire refresheth horse and man.

*Y. Spen.* Here come the rebels. 10

*Enter the* Barons, MORTIMER, LANCASTER, WARWICK,  
PEMBROKE, *cum cæteris.*

*E. Mor.* Look, Lancaster, yonder is Edward  
Among his flatterers.

*Lan.* And there let him be  
Till he pay dearly for their company.

*War.* And shall, or Warwick's sword shall smite in vain.

*Edw.* What, rebels, do you shrink and sound retreat? 15

*Y. Mor.* No, Edward, no, thy flatterers faint and fly.

*Lan.* Th'ad best betimes forsake thee, and their trains,  
For they'll betray thee, traitors as they are.

*Y. Spen.* Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lancaster!

*Pem.* Away, base upstart, bravest thou nobles thus? 20

*O. Spen.* A noble attempt, and honourable deed,  
Is it not, trow ye, to assemble aid,  
And levy arms against your lawful king!

*Edw.* For which ere long their heads shall satisfy,  
T' appease the wrath of their offended king. 25

*Y. Mor.* Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to the last,  
And rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood,  
Than banish that pernicious company?

*Edw.* Ay, traitors all, rather than thus be braved,  
Make England's civil towns huge heaps of stones, 30  
And ploughs to go about our palace-gates.

*War.* A desperate and unnatural resolution!  
Alarum!—to the fight!  
St George for England, and the barons' right.

*Edw.* St George for England, and King Edward's right. 35  
[*Alarums. Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter* EDWARD and his Followers, with the Barons and  
KENT, *captives.*

*Edw.* Now, lusty lords, now, not by chance of war,  
But justice of the quarrel and the cause,  
Vail'd is your pride; methinks you hang the heads,

But we'll advance them, traitors; now 'tis time  
 To be avenged on you for all your braves, 40  
 And for the murder of my dearest friend,  
 To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,  
 Good Pierce of Gauston, my sweet favourite.  
 Ah, rebels! recreants! you made him away.

*Kent.* Bro'er, in regard of thee, and of thy land, 45  
 Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.

*Edw.* So, sir, y' have spoke; away, avoid our presence!  
 [Exit KENT.]

Accursèd wretch', was't in regard of us,  
 When we had sent our messenger to request  
 He might be spared to come to speak with us, 50  
 And Penbrooke undertook for his return,  
 That thou, proud Warwick, watcht the prisoner,  
 Poor Pierce, and 'headed him 'gainst law of arms;  
 For which thy head shall overlook the rest,  
 As much as thou in rage outwent'st the rest. 55

*War.* Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces,  
 It is but temporal that thou canst inflict.

*Lan.* The worst is death, and better die to live  
 Than live in infamy under such a king.

*Edw.* Away with them, my lord of Winchester! 60  
 These lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancáster,  
 I charge you roundly—off with both their heads;  
 Away!

*War.* Farewell, vain world!

*Lan.* Sweet Mortimer, farewell.

*Y. Mor.* England, unkind to thy nobility, 65  
 Groan for this grief, behold how thou art maim'd!

*Edw.* Go, take that haughty Mortimer to the Tower,  
 There see him safe bestow'd; and for the rest,  
 Do speedy execution on them all.  
 Begone! 70

*Y. Mor.* What, Mortimer! can ragged stony walls  
 Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven?  
 No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not be,  
 Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.

[The captive Barons are led off.]

*Edw.* Sound drums and trumpets! March with me, my  
 friends, 75  
 Edward this day hath crown'd him king anew.

[Exeunt. Manent YOUNG SPENCER,  
 LEVUNE, and BALDOCK.]

*Y. Spen.* Levune, the trust that we repose in thee,

Begets the quiet of King Edward's land.  
 Therefore begone in haste, and with advice  
 Bestow that treasure on the lords of France, 80  
 That, therewith all enchanted, like the guard  
 That suff'red Jove to pass in showers of gold  
 To Danaë, all aid may be denied  
 To Isabel, the queen, that now in France  
 Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son, 85  
 And step into his father's regiment.

*Levune.* That's it these barons and the subtle queen  
 Long level'd at.

*Bal.* Yea, but, Levune, thou seest,  
 These barons lay their heads on blocks together;  
 What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean. 90

*Levune.* Have you no doubt, my lords, I'll clap so close  
 Among the lords of France with England's gold,  
 That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,  
 And France shall be obdurate with her tears.

*Y. Spen.* Then make for France, amain—Levune, away!  
 Proclaim King Edward's wars and victories. 96

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Near the Tower.* 1324.

*Enter KENT.*

*Kent.* Fair blows the wind for France; blow, gentle gale,  
 Till Edmund be arrived for England's good!  
 Nature, yield to my country's cause in this.  
 A brother? no, a butcher of thy friends!  
 Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence? 5  
 But I'll to France, and cheer the wrongèd queen,  
 And certify what Edward's looseness is.  
 Unnatural king! to slaughter noble men  
 And cherish flatterers! Mortimer, I stay  
 Thy sweet escape; stand gracious, gloomy night, 10  
 To his device.

*Enter YOUNG MORTIMER, disguised.*

*Y. Mor.* Holloa! who walketh there?  
 Is't you, my lord?

*Kent.* Mortimer, 'tis I;  
 But hath thy potion wrought so happily?

*Y. Mor.* It hath, my lord; the warders, all asleep,  
I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace. 15  
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?  
*Kent.* Fear 't not. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Paris.* 1325.

*Enter the QUEEN and her Son.*

*Queen.* Ah, boy! our friends do fail us all in France;  
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind;  
What shall we do?

*Prince.* Madam, return to England,  
And please my father well, and then a fig  
For all my uncle's friendship here in France. 5  
I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly;  
'A loves me better than a thousand Spencers.

*Queen.* Ah, boy, thou art deceived, at least in this,  
To think that we can yet be tuned together;  
No, no, we jar too far. Unkind Valois! 10  
Unhappy Isabel! when France rejects,  
Whither, oh! whither dost thou bend thy steps?

*Enter SIR JOHN OF HENAULT.*

*Sir J.* Madam, what cheer?

*Queen.* Ah, good Sir John of Henault,  
Never so cheerless, nor so far distrest.

*Sir J.* I hear, sweet lady, of the king's unkindness; 15  
But droop not, madam, noble minds contemn  
Despair: will your grace with me to Henault,  
And there stay time's advantage with your son?  
How say you, m' lord, will you go with your friends,  
And shake off all our fortunes equally? 20

*Prince.* So please the queen, my mother, me it likes:  
The King of England, nor the court of France,  
Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,  
Till I be strong enough to break a staff;  
And then have at the proudest Spencer's head! 25

*Sir J.* Well said, my lord.

*Queen.* Oh, my sweet heart, how do I moan thy wrongs,  
Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy!  
Ah, sweet Sir John! e'en to the utmost verge  
Of Europe, or the shore of Tanais, 30  
Will we with thee: to Henault so we will:—

The marquis is a noble gentleman ;  
His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me.  
But who are these ?

*Enter KENT and YOUNG MORTIMER.*

*Kent.* Madam, long may you live,  
Much happier than your friends in England do ! 35

*Queen.* Lord Edmund and Lord Mortimer alive !  
Welcome to France ! the news was here, my lord,  
That you were dead, or very near your death.

*Y. Mor.* Lady, the last was truest of the twain :  
But Mortimer, reserved for better hap, 40  
Hath shaken off the thraldom of the Tower,  
And lives t' advance your standard, good my lord.

*Prince.* How mean you ? And the king, my father, lives !  
No, my Lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.

*Queen.* Not, son ; why not ? I would it were no worse.  
But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France. 46

*Y. Mor.* Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend of yours,  
Told us, at our arrival, all the news ;  
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king  
Hath show'd himself : but, madam, right makes room 50  
Where weapons want : and, though a many friends  
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,  
And others of our part and factiön ;  
Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in England  
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy, 55  
To see us there, appointed for our foes.

*Kent.* Would all were well, and Edward well reclaim'd,  
For England's honour, peace, and quietness.

*Y. Mor.* But by the sword, my lord, 't must be deserved ;  
The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers. 60

*Sir J.* My lords of England, sith th' ungentle king  
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms  
To this distressèd queen his sister here,  
Go you with her to Henault ; doubt ye not,  
We will find comfort, money, men and friends 65  
Ere long, to bid the English king a base.

How say, young prince, what think you of the match ?

*Prince.* I think King Edward will outrun us all.

*Queen.* Nay, son, not so ; and you must not discourage  
Your friends, that are so forward in your aid. 70

*Kent.* Sir John of Henault, pardon us, I pray ;  
These comforts that you give our woful queen  
Bind us in kindness all at your command.



*Queen.* Yea, gentle brother ; and the God of heaven  
Prosper your happy motion, good Sir John. 75

*Y. Mor.* This noble gentleman, forward in arms,  
Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold.  
Sir John of Henault, be it thy renown,  
That England's queen, and nobles in distress,  
Have been by thee restored and comforted. 80

*Sir J.* Madam, along, and you, my lord, with me,  
That England's peers may Henault's welcome see. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.—*London.* 1325.

*Enter the KING, ARUNDEL, Y. SPENCER, with others.*

*Edw.* Thus after many threats of wrathful war,  
Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends ;  
And triumph Edward with his friends, uncontrol'd !  
My lord of Gloster, do you hear the news ?

*Y. Spen.* What news, my lord ? 5

*Edw.* Why, man, they say there is great execution  
Done through the realm ; my lord of Arundel,  
You have the note, have you not ?

*Arun.* From the lieutenant of the Tower, my lord.

*Edw.* I pray let's see't. What have we there ? read 't,  
Spencer. [*SPENCER reads their names.* 10

Why so ; they bark'd apace a month ago :  
Now, on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite,  
Now, sirs, the news from France ? Gloster, I trow,  
The lords of France love England's gold so well,  
As Isabell gets no [more] aid from thence. 15

What now remains ; have you proclaim'd, my lord,  
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer ?

*Y. Spen.* My lord, we have ; and if he be in England,  
'A will be had ere long, I doubt it not.

*Edw.* If, dost thou say ? Spencer, as true as death, 20  
He is in England's ground ; our portmaisters  
Are not so careless of their king's command.

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now, what news with thee ? from whence come these ?

*Mes.* Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of France,  
To you, my lord of Gloster, from Levune. 25

*Edw.* Read.

SPENCER *reads the letter.*

*'My duty to your honour premised, etc. I have, according to instructions in that behalf, dealt with the King of France his lords, and effected, that the queen, all discontented and discomforted, is gone. Whither, if you ask, with Sir John of Henault, brother to the marquis, into Flanders: with them are gone Lord Edmund, and the Lord Mortimer, having in their company divers of your nation, and others; and, as constant report goeth, they intend to give King Edward-battle in England, sooner than he can look for them: this is all the news of import.—Your honour's in all service, LEVUNE.'* 36

*Edw.* Ah, villains! hath that Mortimer escaped?  
 With him is Edmund gone associate?  
 And will Sir John of Henault lead the round?  
 Welcome, a God's name, madam, and your son; 40  
 England shall welcome you and all your rout.  
 Gallop, apace, bright Phœbus, through the sky,  
 And dusky night, in rusty iron car,  
 Between you both shorten the time, I pray,  
 That I may see that most desirèd day, 45  
 When we may meet these traitors in the field.  
 Ah, nothing grieves me, but my little boy  
 Is thus misled to countenance their ills.  
 Come, friends, to Bristow, there to make us strong;  
 And, winds, as equal be to bring them in, 50  
 As you injurious were to bear them forth! [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE IV.—*Near Harwich.* 1326.

*Enter the QUEEN, her Son, KENT, MORTIMER, and SIR JOHN.*

*Queen.* Now, lords, our loving friends and countrymen,  
 Welcome to England all, with prosperous winds;  
 Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,  
 To cope with friends at home; a heavy case  
 When force to force is knit, and sword and glaive 5  
 In civil broils make kin and countrymen  
 Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides  
 With their own weapons gore! But what's the help?  
 Misgovern'd kings are cause of all this wreck;  
 And, Edward, thou art one among them all, 10  
 Whose looseness hath betray'd thy land to spoil,  
 And made the channel overflow with blood

Of thine own people ; patron shouldst thou be,  
But thou——

*Y. Mor.* Nay, madam, if you be a warrior, 15  
Ye must not grow so passionate in speeches.

Lords,

Sith that we are by sufferance of heaven,  
Arrived, and armèd in this prince's right,  
Here for our country's cause swear we to him 20  
All homage, fealty, and forwardness ;

And for the open wrongs and injuries  
Edward hath done to us, his queen and land,  
We come in arms to wreak it with the sword ;  
That England's queen in peace may repossess 25  
Her dignities and honours : and withal

We may remove these flatterers from the king,  
That havocs England's wealth and treasury.

*Sir J.* Sound trumpets, m' lord, and forward let us march.  
Edward will think we come to flatter him. 30

*Kent.* I would he never had been flatt' red more ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Near Bristol.* 1326.

*Enter the KING, BALDOCK, and YOUNG SPENCER, flying  
about the stage.*

*Y. Spen.* Fly, fly, my lord ! the queen is over-strong ;  
Her friends do multiply, and yours do fail.  
Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.

*Edw.* What, was I born to fly and run away,  
And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind ? 5  
Give me my horse, let us re'nforce our troops :  
And in this bed of honour die with fame.

*Bald.* O no, my lord, this princely resolution  
Fits not the time ; away, we are pursued. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter KENT alone, with his sword and target.*

*Kent.* This way he fled, but I am come too late. 10  
Edward, alas ! my heart relents for thee.

Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou chase  
Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword ?  
Vilde wretch ! and why hast thou, of all unkind,  
Borne arms against thy brother and thy king ? 15  
Rain showers of vengeance on my cursèd head,  
Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs  
To punish this unnatural revolt !

Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life :  
 O fly him then ! but, Edmund, calm this rage, 20  
 Dissemble, or thou diest ; for Mortimer  
 And Isabel do kiss, while they conspire :  
 And yet she bears a face of love forsooth.  
 Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate !  
 Edmund, away ; Bristow to Longshanks' blood 25  
 Is false ; be not found single for suspect :  
 Proud Mortimer pries near into thy walks.

*Enter the QUEEN, Y. MORTIMER, the YOUNG PRINCE, and  
 SIR JOHN OF HENAULT.*

*Queen.* Successful battle gives the God of kings  
 To them that fight in right, and fear His wrath.  
 Since then successfully we have prevail'd 30  
 Thankt be [the] heaven's great Architect, and you.  
 Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,  
 We here create our well-belovèd son,  
 Of love and care unto his royal person,  
 Lord Warden of the realm, and sith the fates 35  
 Have made his father so infortunate,  
 Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,  
 As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

*Kent.* Madam, without offence, if I may ask,  
 How will you deal with Edward in his fall? 40

*Prince.* Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do you mean?

*Kent.* Nephew, your fa'er ; I dare not call him king.

*Y. Mor.* My lord of Kent, what needs these questions?  
 'Tis not in her controlment, nor in ours,  
 But as the realm and parlement shall please, 45  
 So shall your brother be disposèd of.

I like not this relenting mood in Edmund.  
 Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes. [*Aside to the QUEEN.*

*Queen.* My lord, the mayor of Bristow knows our mind.

*Y. Mor.* Yea, madam, and they scape not easily 50  
 That fled the field.

*Queen.* Baldock is with the king.  
 A goodly chancellor is he not, my lord?

*Sir J.* So are the Spencers, th' father and the son.

*Kent.* This, Edward, is the ruin of the realm.

[*To the PRINCE.*

*Enter RICE AP HOWELL, and the Mayor of Bristow, with  
 OLD SPENCER prisoner.*

*Rice.* God save Queen Isabel, and her princely son! 55

Madam, the mayor and citizens of Bristow,  
 In sign of love and duty to this presence,  
 Present by me this traitor to the state,  
 Spencer, the father to that wanton Spencer,  
 That, like the lawless Catiline of Rome, 60  
 Revel'd in England's wealth and treasury.

*Queen.* We thank you all.

*Y. Mor.* Your loving care in this  
 Deserveth princely favours and rewards.  
 But where's the king and th' other Spencer fled?

*Rice.* Spencer the son, created Earl of Gloster, 65  
 Is with that smooth-tongued scholar Baldock gone,  
 And shipt but late for Ireland with the king.

*Y. Mor.* Some whirlwind fetch them back or sink them  
 all! [*Aside.*]

They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.

*Prince.* Shall I not see the king my father yet? 70

*Kent.* Unhappy is Edward, chased from England's bounds.

*Sir F.* Madam, what resteth, why stand ye in a muse?

*Queen.* I rue my lord's ill-fortune; but alas!  
 Care of my country cal'd me to this war.

*Y. Mor.* Madam, have done with care and sad complaint;  
 Your king hath wrong'd your country and himself, 76  
 And we must seek to right it as we may.

Meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block.

*O. Spen.* Rebel is he that fights against the prince;  
 So fought not they that fought in Edward's right. 80

*Y. Mor.* Take him away, he prates; you, Rice ap Howell,  
 Shall do good service to her majesty,  
 Being of countenance in your country here,  
 To follow these rebellious runagates.

We in meanwhile, madam, must take advice, 85  
 How Baldock, Spencer, and their 'complices,  
 May in their fall be follow'd to their end. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

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SCENE VI.—*Neth Abbey, Glamorganshire.* 1326.

*Enter the* ABBOT, Monks, EDWARD, SPENCER, and  
 BALDOCK.

*Abbot.* Have you no doubt, my lord; have you no fear;  
 As silent and as careful we will be,  
 To keep your royal person safe with us,  
 Free from suspect, and fell invasion

Of such as have your majesty in chase, 5  
 Yourself, and those your chosen company,  
 As danger of this stormy time requires.

*Edw.* Father, thy face should harbour no deceit.  
 O ! hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,  
 Pierced deeply with a sense of my distress, 10  
 Could not but take compassion of my state.

Stately and proud, in riches and in train,  
 Whilom I was, powerful, and full of pomp :  
 But what is he whom rule and empery  
 Have not in life or death made miserable ? 15

Come, Spencer, Baldock, come, sit down by me ;  
 Make trial now of thy philosophy,  
 That in our famous nurseries of arts  
 Thou suck'dst from Plato and from Aristotle.  
 Father, this life contéplative is heaven. 20

O that I might this life in quiet lead !  
 But we, alas ! are chased ; and you, my friends,  
 Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.  
 Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold nor fee,  
 Do you betray us and our company. 25

*Monks.* Your grace may sit secure,  
 If none but we do wot of your abode.

*Y. Spen.* Not one alive ; but shrewdly I suspect  
 A gloomy fellow in a mead below.  
 'A gave a long look after us, my lord, 30  
 And all the land I know is up in arms,  
 Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

*Bald.* We were embarkt for Ireland, wretched we !  
 With awkward winds and sôre tempests driven  
 To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear 35  
 Of Mortimer and his confederates.

*Edw.* Mortimer ! who talks of Mortimer ?  
 Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer ?  
 That bloody man ! Good father, on thy lap  
 Lay I this head, laden with mickle care. 40  
 O might I never ope these eyes again !  
 Never again lift up this drooping head !  
 O never more lift up this dying heart !

*Y. Spen.* Look up, my lord.—Baldock, this drowsiness  
 Betides no good ; here even we are betray'd. 45

*Enter, with Welsh hooks, RICE AP HOWELL, a Mower, and  
 the EARL LEICESTER.*

*Mow.* Upon my life, these be the men ye seek.

*Rice.* Fellow, enough. My lord, I pray be short,  
A fair commission warrants what we do.

*Leis.* The queen's commission, urged by Mortimer :  
What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen ? 50  
Alas ! see where he sits, and hopes unseen  
T' escape their hands that seek to reave his life.  
Too true it is,

*Quem dies vidit veniens superbum,  
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.* 55

But, Leister, leave to grow so passionate.  
Spencer and Baldock, by no other names,  
I [do] arrest you of high treason here.  
Stand not on titles, but obey th' arrest,  
'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen. 60  
My lord, why droop you thus ?

*Edw.* O day the last of all my bliss on earth !  
Centre of all misfortune ! O my stars,  
Why do you lour unkindly on a king ?  
Come, Leister, then in Isabella's name, 65  
To take my life, my company from me !  
Here, man, rip up this panting breast of mine,  
And take my heart in rescue of my friends.

*Rice.* Away with them !

*Y. Spen.* It may become thee yet,  
To let us take our farewell of his grace. 70

*Abbot.* My heart with pity earns to see this sight,  
A king to bear these words and proud commands.

*Edw.* Spencer, oh, sweet Spencer, thus then must we part ?

*Y. Spen.* We must, my lord, so will the angry heavens.

*Edw.* Nay, so will hell and cruel Mortimer ; 75  
The gentle heavens have not to do in this.

*Bald.* My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.  
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves ;  
Our lots are cast, I fear me, so is thine.

*Edw.* In heaven we may, in earth ne'er shall we meet : 80  
And, Leister, say, what shall become of us ?

*Leis.* Your majesty must go to Killingworth.

*Edw.* Must ! it is somewhat hard, when kings must go.

*Leis.* Here is a litter ready for your grace,  
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old. 85

*Rice.* As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.

*Edw.* A litter hast thou ? lay me in a hearse,  
And to the gates of hell convey me hence ;  
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,  
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore, 90

For friend hath Edward none, but these and these ;  
And these must die under a tyrant's sword.

*Rice.* My lord, be going ; care not for these,  
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.

*Edw.* Well, that [that] shall be, shall be : part we must !  
Sweet Spencer, gentle Baldock, part we must ! 96  
Hence, feignèd weeds ! unfeignèd are my woes ;

[*Casts off his disguise.*

Father, farewell ! Leister, thou stay'st for me,  
And go I must. Life, farewell, with my friends.

[*Exeunt EDWARD and LEICESTER.*

*Y. Spen.* Oh, is he gone ! is noble Edward gone ! 100  
Parted from hence ? never to see us more ?  
Rent, sphere of heaven ! and, fire, forsake thy orb !  
Earth, melt to air ! gone is my sovereign,  
Gone, gone, alas ! never to make return.

*Bald.* Spencer, I see our souls are fleeting hence ; 105  
We are deprived the sunshine of our life :  
Make for a new life, man ; throw up thy eyes,  
And heart and hand to heaven's immortal throne ;  
Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance ;  
Reduce we all our lessons unto this, 110  
To die, sweet Spencer, therefore live we all ;  
Spencer, all live to die, and rise to fall.

*Rice.* Come, come, keep these preachments till you come  
To th' place appointed. You, and such as you are,  
Have made wise work in England ; will you away ? 115

*Mow.* Your lordship, I trust, will remember me ?

*Rice.* Remember thee ?  
Fellow, what else ? Follow me to the town. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Kenilworth Castle.* 1327.

*Enter the KING, LEICESTER, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER  
and TRUSSEL.*

*Leis.* Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament,  
Imagine Killingworth Castle were your court,  
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,  
Not of compulsion or necessity.

*Edw.* Leister, if gentle words might comfort me, 5  
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows ;



For kind and loving hast thou always been.  
 The griefs of private men are soon allay'd,  
 But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,  
 Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds ; 10  
 But, when th' imperial lion's flesh is gored,  
 He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,  
 [And] highly scorning that the lowly earth  
 Should drink his blood, mounts up [in]to the air.  
 And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind 15  
 Th' ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,  
 And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,  
 That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison ;  
 For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,  
 As with the wings of rancour and disdain, 20  
 Full oft[en] am I soaring up to heaven,  
 To 'plain me to the gods against them both.  
 But when I call to mind I am a king,  
 Methinks I should revenge me of my wrongs,  
 That Mortimer and Isabel have done. 25  
 But what are kings, when regiment is gone,  
 But perfect shadows in a sunshine day ?  
 My nobles rule, I bear the name of king ;  
 I wear the crown but am control'd by them,  
 By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen, 30  
 Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy.  
 Whilst I am lodged within this cave of care,  
 Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,  
 To company my heart with sad laments,  
 That bleeds within me for this strange exchange. 35  
 But tell me, must I now resign my crown,  
 To make usurping Mortimer a king ?  
*Winch.* Your grace mistakes, it is for England's good  
 And princely Edward's right we crave the crown.  
*Edw.* No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head ; 40  
 For he's a lamb, encompassèd by wolves,  
 Which in a moment will abridge his life.  
 But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,  
 Heaven turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire !  
 Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon, 45  
 Engirt the temples of his hateful head ;  
 So shall not England's Vine be perishèd,  
 But Edward's name survive, though Edward dies.  
*Leis.* My lord, why waste you thus the time away ?  
 They stay your answer ; will you yield your crown ? 50  
*Edw.* Ah, Leister, weigh how hardly I can brook

To lose my crown and kingdom without cause ;  
 To give ambitious Mortimer my right,  
 That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,  
 In which extreme my mind here murther'd is. 55  
 But that, the heavens appoint, I must obey !  
 Here, take my crown ; the life of Edward too ;  
*[Taking off the crown.]*

Two kings in England cannot reign at once.  
 But stay awhile, let me be king till night,  
 That I may gaze upon this glittering crown ; 60  
 So shall my eyes receive their last content,  
 My head, the latest honour due to it,  
 And jointly both yield up their wishèd right.  
 Continue ever, thou celestial sun ;  
 Let never silent night possess this clime : 65  
 Stand still, you watches of the element ;  
 All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,  
 That Edward may be still fair England's king ;  
 But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,  
 And needs I must resign my wishèd crown. 70  
 Inhuman creatures ! nursed with tiger's milk !  
 Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow !  
 My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.  
 See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again ;

*[He puts on the crown.]*  
 What, fear you not the fury of your king ? 75  
 But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led,  
 They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,  
 But seek to make a new-elected king ;  
 Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,  
 Which thoughts are martyrèd with endless torments, 80  
 And in this torment comfort find I none,  
 But that I feel the crown upon my head,  
 And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

*Trus.* My lord, the parliament must have present news,  
 And therefore say will you resign or no ? *[The KING rageth.]*

*Edw.* I'll not resign ! but whilst I live [be king] ! 86  
 Traitors, be gone ! and join you with Mortimer !  
 Elect, conspire, install, do what you will :—  
 Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries !

*Winch.* This answer we'll return, and so farewell. 90

*Leices.* Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair ;  
 For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

*Edw.* Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.

*Leices.* My lord, the king is willing to resign.

*Winch.* If he be not, let him choose. 95  
*Edw.* O would I might! but heavens and earth conspire  
 To make me miserable! Here receive my crown;  
 Receive it? no, these innocent hands of mine  
 Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.  
 He of you all that most desires my blood, 100  
 And will be cal'd the murthurer of a king,  
 Take it. What, are you moved? pity you me?  
 Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,  
 And Isabel, whose eyes, being turn'd to steel,  
 Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear. 105  
 Yet stay, for rather than I'll look on them,  
 Here, here! Now, sweet God of heaven,

[*He gives them the crown.*]

Make me despise this transitory pomp,  
 And sit for ever enthronised in heaven!  
 Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes, 110  
 Or if I live, let me forget myself.

*Winch.* My lord.

*Edw.* Call me not lord; away—out of my sight:  
 Ah, pardon me: grief makes me lunatic!  
 Let not that Mortimer protect my son; 115  
 More safety there is in a tiger's jaws,  
 Than his embracements—bear this to the queen,  
 Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs;

[*Gives a handkerchief.*]

If with the sight thereof she be not moved,  
 Return it back and dip it in my blood. 120  
 Commend me to my son, and bid him rule  
 Better than I. Yet how have I transgress,  
 Unless it be with too much clemency?

*Trus.* And thus most humbly do we take our leave.

[*Exeunt* BISHOP and Attendants.]

*Edw.* Farewell; I know the next news that they bring  
 Will be my death; and welcome shall it be; 126  
 To wretched men, death is felicity.

[*Enter* BERKELEY, *who gives a paper to* LEICESTER.]

*Leis.* Another post! what news brings he?

*Edw.* Such news as I expect—come, Berkeley, come  
 And tell thy message to my naked breast. 130

*Berk.* My lord, think not a thought so villainous  
 Can harbour in a man of noble birth.  
 To do your highness service and devoir,  
 And save you from your foes, Berkeley would die.

*Leis.* My lord, the council of the queen commands  
That I resign my charge. 135

*Edw.* And who must keep me now? Must you, my lord?

*Berk.* Ay, my most gracious lord—so 'tis decreed.

*Edw.* [*taking the paper.*] By Mortimer, whose name is  
written here!

Well may I rent his name that rends my heart! [*Tears it.*  
This poor revenge hath something eased my mind. 141

So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper!

Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too!

*Berk.* Your grace must hence with me to Berkeley straight.

*Edw.* Whither you will, all places are alike, 145  
And every earth is fit for burial.

*Leis.* Favour him, m' lord, as much as lieth in you.

*Berk.* E'en so betide my soul as I use him.

*Edw.* Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,  
And that's the cause that I am now removed. 150

*Berk.* And thinks your grace that Berkeley will be cruel?

*Edw.* I know not; but of this am I assured,  
That death ends all, and I can die but once.  
Leicester, farewell!

*Leis.* Not yet, my lord; I'll bear you on your way. 155  
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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SCENE II.—*In the Royal Palace.* 1327.

*Enter* MORTIMER and QUEEN ISABEL.

*Y. Mor.* Fair Isabel, now have we our desire,  
The proud corrupters of the light-brain'd king  
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,  
And he himself lies in captivity.

Be ruled by me, and we will rule the realm. 5

In any case take heed of childish fear,

For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,

That if he slip will seize upon us both,

And grip the sorer, being gript himself.

Think therefore, madam, that 't imports us much 10

T' erect your son with all the speed we may,

And that I be protector over him;

For our behoof, 'twill bear the greater sway

Whenas a king's name shall be under writ.

*Queen.* Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel, 15

Be thou persuaded that I love thee well,

And therefore, so the prince my son be safe,

Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,  
 Conclude against his father what thou wilt,  
 And I myself will willingly subscribe. 20

*Y. Mor.* First would I hear news he were deposed,  
 And then let me alone to handle him.

*Enter Messenger.*

Letters! from whence?

*Mess.* From Killingworth, my lord.

*Queen.* How fares my lord the king?

*Mess.* In health, madám, but full of pensiveness, 25

*Queen.* Alas, poor soul, would I could ease his grief!

[*Enter WINCHESTER with the Crown.*]

Thanks, gentle Winchester. [*To the Messenger.*] Sirrah, be  
 gone. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Winch.* The king hath willingly resign'd his crown.

*Queen.* O happy news! send for the prince, my son.

*Winch.* Further, ere this was seal'd, Lord Berkeley came,  
 So that he now is gone from Killingworth; 31

And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot

To set his brother free; no more but so.

The lord of Berkeley is so pitiful

As Leicester that had charge of him before. 35

*Queen.* Then let some other be his guardián.

*Y. Mor.* Let me alone, here is the privy seal.

Who's there!—call hither Gurney and Matrevis.

To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,

Berkeley shall be discharged, the king removed, 40

And where he lieth none but we shall know.

*Queen.* But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,  
 What safety rests for us, or for my son?

*Y. Mor.* Speak, shall he presently be despatcht and die?

*Queen.* I would he were, so't were not by my means. 45

*Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.*

*Y. Mor.* Enough;

Matrevis, write a letter presently

Unto the lord of Berkeley from ourself

That he resign the king to thee and Gurney;

And when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name. 50

*Mat.* It shall be done, my lord.

*Y. Mor.* Gurney.

*Gur.* My lord.

*Y. Mor.* As thou intend'st to rise by Mortimer,

Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he please,  
 Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,  
 And neither give him kind word nor good look. 55

*Gur.* I warrant you, my lord.

*Y. Mor.* And this above the rest, because we hear  
 That Edmund casts to work his liberty,  
 Remove him still from place to place by night,  
 Till at the last he come to Killingworth, 60  
 And then from thence to Berkeley back again?  
 And by the way, to make him fret the more,  
 Speak curstly to him; and in any case  
 Let no man comfort him if he chance to weep,  
 But amplify his grief with bitter words. 65

*Mat.* Fear not, my lord, we'll do as you command.

*Y. Mor.* So now away; post thitherwards amain.

*Queen.* Whi'er goes this letter? to my lord the king?  
 Commend me humbly to his majesty,  
 And tell him that I labour all in vain 70  
 To ease his grief, and work his liberty;  
 And bear him this as witness of my love. [*Gives a ring.*

*Mat.* I will, madám. [*Exeunt MATREVIS and GURNEY  
 Manent ISABEL and MORTIMER*

*Enter the YOUNG PRINCE, and the EARL OF KENT  
 talking with him.*

*Y. Mor.* Finely dissembled? Do so still, sweet queen.  
 Here comes the young prince, with the Earl of Kent. 75

*Queen.* Something he whispers in his childish ears.

*Y. Mor.* If he have such access unto the prince,  
 Our plots and stratagems will soon be dasht.

*Queen.* Use Edmund friendly as if all were well.

*Y. Mor.* How fares my honourable lord of Kent. 80

*Kent.* In health, sweet Mortimer: how fares your grace?

*Queen.* Well, if my lord your brother were enlarged.

*Kent.* I hear of late he hath deposed himself.

*Queen.* The more my grief.

*Y. Mor.* And mine.

*Kent.* Ah, they do dissemble! [*Aside.*

*Queen.* Sweet son, come hither, I must talk with thee. 85

*Y. Mor.* You being his uncle, and the next of blood,  
 Do look to be protector o'er the prince.

*Kent.* Not I, my lord; who should protect the son,  
 But she that gave him life; I mean the queen?

*Prince.* Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown: 90  
 Let him be king—I am too young to reign.

*Queen.* But be content, seeing 'tis his highness' pleasure.

*Prince.* Let me but see him first, and then I will.

*Kent.* Ay, do, sweet nephew.

*Queen.* Brother, you know it is impossible. 95

*Prince.* Why, is he dead?

*Queen.* No, God forbid.

*Kent.* I would those words proceeded from your heart.

*Y. Mor.* Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favour him,  
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?

*Kent.* The more cause have I now to make amends. 100

*Y. Mor.* I tell thee, 'tis not meet that one so false  
Should come about the person of a prince.  
My lord, he hath betray'd the king his brother,  
And therefore trust him not.

*Prince.* But he repents, and sorrows for it now. 105

*Queen.* Come, son, and go with this gentle lord and me.

*Prince.* With you I will, but not with Mortimer.

*Y. Mor.* Why, youngling, 'sdain'st thou so of Mortimer?  
Then I will carry thee by force away.

*Prince.* Help, uncle Kent, Mortimer will wrong me. 110

*Queen.* Brother Edmund, strive not; we're his friends;  
Isabel's nearer than the Earl of Kent.

*Kent.* Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem him.

*Queen.* Edward is my son, and I will keep him.

*Kent.* Mortimer shall know that he hath wrong'd me!—  
Hence will I haste to Killingworth Castle, 116  
And rescue aged Edward from his foes,  
To be revenged on Mortimer and thee.

[*Aside.*  
[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.—*On road to Kenilworth.* 1327.

*Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY, with the KING.*

*Mat.* My lord, be not pensive, we're your friends;  
Men are ordain'd to live in misery,  
Therefore—come—dalliance dangereth our lives.

*Edw.* Friends, whither must unhappy Edward go?  
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest? 5

Must I be vexèd like the nightly bird,  
Whose sight is loathsome to all wingèd fowls?  
When will the fury of his mind assuage?  
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?  
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast, 10

And give my heart to Isabel and him ;  
It is the chiefest mark they level at.

*Gur.* Not so, my liege, the queen hath given this charge  
[Only] to keep your grace in safety :  
Your passions make your dolours to increase. 15

*Edw.* This usage makes my misery increase.  
But can my air of life continue long  
When all my senses are annoy'd with stench ?  
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,  
Where I am sterved for want of sustenance. 20  
My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,  
That almost rent the closet of my heart ;  
Thus lives old Edward not relieved by any,  
And so must die, though pitièd by many.  
Oh, water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst, 25  
And clear my body from foul excrements !

*Mat.* Here's channel water, as our charge is given ;  
Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.

*Edw.* Traitors, away ! what, will you murther me,  
Or choke your sovereign with puddle water ? 30

*Gur.* No ;  
But wash your face, and shave away your beard,  
Lest you be known, and so be rescuèd.

*Mat.* Why strive you thus ? your labour is in vain.

*Edw.* The wren may strive against the lion's strength, 35  
But all in vain : so vainly do I strive  
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

[*They wash him with puddle water,  
and shave his beard away.*]

Immortal powers ! that knows the painful cares  
That waits upon my poor distressèd soul !  
O level your looks upon these daring men, 40  
That wrongs their liege and sovereign, England's king.  
O Gauston, 'tis for thee that I am wrong'd,  
For me, both thou and both the Spencers died !  
And for your sakes a thousand wrongs I'll take.  
The Spencers' ghosts, wherever they remain, 45  
Wish well to mine ; then tush, for them I'll die.

*Mat.* 'Twixt theirs and yours shall be no enmity.  
Come, come away ; now put the torches out,  
We'll enter in by dark to Killingworth.

*Enter* KENT.

*Gur.* How now, who comes there ? 50

*Mat.* Guard the king sure : it is the Earl of Kent.



[Enter Soldiers.]

*Edw.* O, gentle brother, help to rescue me!

*Mat.* Keep them asunder; thrust in the king.

*Kent.* Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.

*Gur.* Lay hands upon the earl for his assault. 55

*Kent.* Lay down your weapons, traitors; yield the king.

*Mat.* Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shall die.

*Kent.* Base villains, wherefore do you gripe me thus!

*Gur.* Bind him and so convey him to the court.

*Kent.* Where is the court but here? here is the king. 60  
And I will visit him; why stay you me?

*Mat.* The court is where Lord Mortimer remains;  
Thi'er shall your honour go; and so farewell.

[*Exeunt* MATREVIS and GURNEY, with the  
KING. *Manent* KENT and the Soldiers.]

*Kent.* O miserable is that commonweal,  
Where lords keep courts, and kings are lockt in prison! 65

*Sol.* Wherefore stay we? on, sirs, to the court.

*Kent.* Ay, lead me whi'er you will, e'en to my death,  
Seeing that my brother cannot be released. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE IV.—*In the Royal Palace: changing to Westminster on EDWARD III.'S entrance. 1327.*

*Enter* YOUNG MORTIMER.

*Y. Mor.* The king must die, or Mortimer goes down.  
The commons now begin to pity him.

Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,

Is sure to pay for't when his son's of age;

And therefore will I do it cunningly. 5

This letter written by a friend of ours,

Contains his death, yet bids them save his life. [*Reads.*]

*Edwardum occidere nolite timere; bonum est—*

*Fear not to kill the king; 'tis good he die.*

But read it thus, and that's another sense: 10

*Edwardum occidere nolite; timere bonum est—*

*Kill not the king; 'tis good to fear the worst.*

Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,

That, being dead, if it chance to be found,

Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame, 15

And we be quit that caused it to be done.

Within this room is lockt the messenger,

That shall convey it, and perform the rest:

And by a secret token that he bears,  
Shall he be murd'ed when the deed is done. 20  
Lightborn!

*Enter* LIGHTBORN.

Come forth; art thou so resolute as thou wast?

*Light.* What else, my lord? and far more resolute.

*Y. Mor.* And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?

*Light.* Ay, ay, and none shall know which way he died.

*Y. Mor.* But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent. 26

*Light.* Relent! ha, ha! I use much to relent.

*Y. Mor.* Well, do it bravely, and be secret.

*Light.* You shall not need to give instructions;

'Tis not the first time I have kil'd a man. 30

I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers;

To strangle with a lawn thrust through the throat;

To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point;

Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill

And blow a little powder in his ears; 35

Or open his mouth, and pour quicksilver down.

But yet I have a braver way than these.

*Y. Mor.* What's that?

*Light.* Nay, you shall pardon me; none shall know my  
tricks.

*Y. Mor.* I care not how 'tis, so it be not spied. 40

Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis.

At every ten mile end thou hast a horse.

Take this, away, and never see me more.

*Light.* No?

*Y. Mor.* No;

Unless thou bring me news of Edward's death. 45

*Light.* That will I quickly do; farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Y. Mor.* The prince I rule, the queen do I command,

And with a lowly congé to the ground,

The proudest lords salute me as I pass:

I seal, I cancel, I do what I will; 50

Fear'd am I more than loved—let me be fear'd;

And when I frown, make all the court look pale.

I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,

Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.

They thrust upon me the protectorship, 55

And sue to me for that that I desire.

While at the council-table, grave enough,

And not unlike a bashful puritan,

First I complain of imbecility,

Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum*; 60

Till being interrupted by my friends,  
*Suscepi* that *provinciam* as they term it;  
 And to conclude, I am Protector now.  
 Now is all sure, the queen and Mortimer  
 Shall rule the realm, the king; and none rules us. 65  
 Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance;  
 And what I list command who dare control?  
*Major sum quàm cui possit fortuna nocere.*  
 And that this be the coronation day,  
 It pleaseth me, and Isabel the queen. [*Trumpets within.*  
 The trumpets sound, I must go take my place. 71

*Enter the* YOUNG KING, [ARCH]BISHOP, Champion,  
 Nobles, QUEEN.

[*Arch*]bishop. Long live King Edward, by the grace of God,  
 King of England, and Lord of Ireland!

*Cham.* If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,  
 Dare but affirm, that Edward's not true king, 75  
 And will avouch his saying with the sword,  
 I am the champion that will combat him.

*Y. Mor.* None comes, sound trumpets.

*King.* Champion, here's to thee. [*Gives a purse.*

*Queen.* Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

*Enter* Soldiers with the EARL OF KENT, prisoner.

*Y. Mor.* What traitor have we there with blades and bills?

*Sol.* Edmund, the Earl of Kent.

*King.* What hath he done? 81

*Sol.* He would have ta'en the king away perforce,  
 As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

*Y. Mor.* Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund? speak.

*Kent.* Mortimer, I did; he is our king, 85  
 And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.

*Y. Mor.* Strike off his head, he shall have martial law.

*Kent.* Strike off my head! base traitor, I defy thee.

*King.* My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.

*Y. Mor.* My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die. 90

*Kent.* Stay, villains!

*King.* Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,  
 Entreat my Lord Protector for his life.

*Queen.* Son, be content; I dare not speak a word.

*King.* Nor I, and yet methinks I should command; 95  
 But seeing I cannot, I'll entreat for him—  
 My lord, if you will let my uncle live,  
 I will requite it when I come to age.

*Y. Mor.* 'Tis for your highness' good, and for the realm's.  
How often shall I bid you bear him hence? 100

*Kent.* Art thou king? must I die at thy command?

*Y. Mor.* At our command! once more, away with him.

*Kent.* Let me but stay and speak; I will not go.  
Either my brother or his son is king,  
And none of both them thirst for Edmund's blood. 105  
And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me?

[*They hale KENT away, and carry him to be beheaded.*]

*King.* What safety may I look for at his hands,  
If that my uncle shall be murth'ed thus?

*Queen.* Fear not, sweet boy, I'll guard thee from thy foes;  
Had Edmund lived, he would have sought thy death. 110  
Come, son, we'll ride a hunting in the park.

*King.* And shall my uncle Edmund ride with us?

*Queen.* He is a traitor, think not on him; come.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE V.—*Berkeley Castle. First the hall; changes to  
EDWARD'S dungeon at line 37. 1327.*

*Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.*

*Mat.* Gurney, I wonder [that] the king dies not,  
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,  
To which the channels of the castle run,  
From whence a damp continually ariseth,  
That were enough to poison any man, 5  
Much more a king, brought up so tenderly.

*Gur.* And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight  
I op'ned but the door to throw him meat,  
And I was almost stifled with the savour.

*Mat.* He hath a body able to endure 10  
More than we can inflict: and therefore now  
Let us assail his mind another while.

*Gur.* Send for him out thence, and I'll anger him.

*Mat.* But stay, who's this?

*Enter LIGHTBORN.*

*Light.* My Lord Protector greets you.

*Gur.* What's here? I know not how to construe it. 15

*Mat.* Gurney, 'twas left unpointed for the nonce;  
*Edwardum occidere nolite timere,*  
That's his meaning.

*Light.* Know you this token? I must have the king.

*Mat.* Ay, stay a while, thou shalt have answer straight. 20  
This villain's sent to make away the king.

*Gur.* I thought as much.

*Mat.* And, when the murder's done,  
See how he must be handled for his labour.

*Pereat iste!* Let him have the king.

What else? here is the keys, this is the lake, 25  
Do as you are commanded by my lord.

*Light.* I know what I must do; get you away.

Yet be not far off, I shall need your help;

See that in the next room I have a fire,

And get me a spit, and let it be red-hot. 30

*Mat.* Very well.

*Gur.* Need you anything besides?

*Light.* What else? A table and a feather-bed.

*Gur.* That's all?

*Light.* Ay, ay; so, when I call you, bring  
It in.

*Mat.* Fear not thou that.

*Gur.* Here is a light

To go into the dungeön. [*Gives light, and exit with MATREVIS.*]

*Light.* So now. 35

Must I about this gear; ne'er was there any

So finely handled as this king shall be.

Foh, here's a place indeed, with all my heart!

*Edw.* Who's there? what light's that? wherefore com'st  
thou?

*Light.* To comfort you, and bring you joyful news. 40

*Edw.* Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.

Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

*Light.* To murder you, my most gracious lord!

Far is it from my heart to do you harm.

The queen sent me to see how you were used, 45

For she relents at this your misery:

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,

To see a king in this most piteous state?

*Edw.* Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me.

And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is, 50

Or as Matrevis', hewn from th' Caucasus,

Yet it will melt, ere I have done my tale.

This dungeön where they keep me is the sink

Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

*Light.* O villains! 55

*Edw.* And there, in mire and puddle have I stood

This ten days' space; and, lest that I should sleep,

One plays continually upon a drum.  
 They give me bread and water, being a king ;  
 So that, for want of sleep and sustenance. 60  
 My mind's distemp' red, and my body's numb'd,  
 And whether I have limbs or no I know not.  
 O, would my blood dropt out from every vein,  
 As doth this water from my tatter'd robes.  
 Tell Isabel, the queen, I lookt not thus, 65  
 When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,  
 And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.  
*Light.* O speak no more, my lord ! this breaks my heart.  
 Lie on this bed and rest yourself awhile.  
*Edw.* These looks of thine can harbour nought but death :  
 I see my tragedy written in thy brows. 71  
 Yet stay ; awhile forbear thy bloody hand,  
 And let me see the stroke before it comes,  
 That even then when I shall lose my life,  
 My mind may be more steadfast on my God. 75  
*Light.* What means your highness to mistrust me thus !  
*Edw.* What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus !  
*Light.* These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,  
 Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.  
*Edw.* Forgive my fau't for having such a thought. 80  
 One jewel have I left, receive thou this. [*Giving jewel.*  
 Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,  
 But every joint shakes as I give it thee.  
 Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,  
 Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul ! 85  
 Know, that I am a king : oh ! at that name  
 I feel a hell of grief ; where is my crown ?  
 Gone, gone ; and do I [still] remain alive ?  
*Light.* You're overwatcht, my lord ; lie down and rest.  
*Edw.* But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep ; 90  
 For not these ten days have these eyes' lids closed.  
 Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear  
 Open again. O wherefore sits thou here ?  
*Light.* If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.  
*Edw.* No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me, 95  
 Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay. [*Sleeps.*  
*Light.* He sleeps.  
*Edw.* [*awakes.*] Oh !  
 Let me not die yet : stay, oh stay a while !  
*Light.* How now, m' lord ?  
*Edw.* Something still buzz' in mine ears,  
 And tells me, if I sleep I never wake ; 100

This fear is that which makes me tremble thus,  
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

*Light.* To rid thee of thy life; Matrevis, come.

*Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.*

*Edw.* I am too weak and feeble to resist :  
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul. 105

*Light.* Run for the table.

*Edw.* O spare me, or despatch me in a trice.

*Light.* So : lay the table down, and stamp on it,  
But not too hard, lest thou bruise his body.

[KING EDWARD *is murdered.*

*Mat.* I fear me that this cry will raise the town, 110  
And therefore let us take horse and away.

*Light.* Tell me, sirs, was [th]is not bravely done?

*Gur.* Excellent well; take this for thy reward.

[GURNEY *stabs* LIGHTBORN.

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,  
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord : 115  
Away! [Exeunt omnes.

SCENE VI.—*In the Royal Palace.* 1327-28.

*Enter MORTIMER and MATREVIS.*

*Y. Mor.* Is't done, Matrevis, and the murtherer dead?

*Mat.* Ay, my good lord; I would it were undone.

*Y. Mor.* Matrevis, if thou now grow'st penitent  
I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore chuse,  
Whether thou wilt be secret in this, 5  
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.

*Mat.* Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will, I fear,  
Betray us both, therefore let mé fly.

*Y. Mor.* Fly  
To th' savages.

*Mat.* I humbly thank your honour.

*Y. Mor.* As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge tree; 10  
And others are but shrubs compared to me.  
All tremble at my name, and I fear none;  
Let's see who dare impeach me for his death.

*Enter the QUEEN.*

*Queen.* Ah, Mortimer, the king my son hath news  
His father's dead, and we have murd'ed him. 15

*Y. Mor.* What if he have? the king is yet a child.

*Queen.* Ay, but he tears his hair, and wrings his hands,

And vows to be revenged upon us both.  
 Into the council-chamber he is gone,  
 To crave the aid and succour of his peers. 20  
 Ay me! see where he comes, and they with him;  
 Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

*Enter the KING, with the Lords.*

*First Lord.* Fear not, my lord, know that you are a king.

*King.* Villain!

*Y. Mor.* Ho now, my lord!

*King.* Think not that I am frighted with thy words! 25  
 My father's murd'red through thy treachery;  
 And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse  
 Thy hateful and accursèd head shall lie,  
 To witness to the world, that by thy means  
 His kingly body was too soon inter'd.

*Queen.* Weep not, sweet son! 30

*King.* Forbid not me to weep, he was my father;  
 And, had you loved him half so well as I,  
 You could not bear his death thus patiently.  
 But you, I fear, conspired with Mortimer. 35

*Lords.* Why speak you not unto my lord the king?

*Y. Mor.* Because I think scorn to be accused.  
 Who is the man dare say I murth'red him?

*King.* Traitor! in me my loving father speaks,  
 And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murd'redest him. 40

*Y. Mor.* But hath your grace no other proof than this?

*King.* Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.

*Y. Mor.* False Gurney hath betray'd me and himself.

*Queen.* I fear'd as much; murther cannot be hid. [*Aside.*]

*Y. Mor.* It is my hand; what gather you by this? 45

*King.* That thither thou didst send a murtherer.

*Y. Mor.* What murtherer? Bring forth the man I sent.

*King.* Ay, Mortimer, thou know'st that he is slain;  
 And so shalt thou be too. Why stays he here?  
 Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth, 50  
 Hang him I say, and set his quarters up.  
 But bring his head back presently to me.

*Queen.* For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer.

*Y. Mor.* Madam, entreat not, I will rather die,  
 Than sue for life unto a paltry boy. 55

*King.* Hence with the traitor! with the murderer!

*Y. Mor.* Base Fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel  
 There is a point, to which, when men aspire,



They tumble headlong down : that point I toucht,  
And, seeing there was no place to mount up higher, 60  
Why should I grieve at my declining fall ?

Farewell, fair queen ; weep not for Mortimer,  
That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,  
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

*King.* What ! suffer you the traitor to delay? 65  
[MORTIMER is taken away.]

*Queen.* As thou receivest thy life from me,  
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer.

*King.* This argues that you spilt my father's blood,  
Else would you not entreat for Mortimer.

*Queen.* I spill his blood ? no. 70

*King.* Ay, madam, you ; for so the rumour runs.

*Queen.* That rumour is untrue ; for loving thee  
Is this report raised on poor Isabel ?

*King.* I do not think her so unnatural.

*Second Lord.* My lord, I fear me it will prove too true. 75

*King.* Mother, you are suspected for his death,  
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,  
Till farther trial may be made thereof ;  
If you be guilty, though I be your son,  
Think not to find me slack or pitiful. 80

*Queen.* Nay, to my death, for too long have I lived,  
Whenas my son thinks to abridge my days.

*King.* Away with her, her words enforce these tears,  
And I shall pity her if she speak again.

*Queen.* Shall I not mourn for my belovèd lord, 85  
And with the rest accompany him to his grave ?

*Lord.* Thus, madam ; 'tis the king's will you shall hence,

*Queen.* He hath forgot me ; stay, I am his mother.

*Lord.* That boots not ; therefore, gentle madam, go.

*Queen.* Then come, sweet death, and rid me of this grief.  
[Exit.]

*Re-enter a Lord, with the head of MORTIMER.*

*Lord.* My lord, here is the head of Mortimer. 91

*King.* Go fetch my father's hearse, where it shall lie ;  
And bring my funeral robes. Accursèd head,  
Could I have ruled thee then, as I do now,  
Thou hadst not hatcht this monstrous treachery. 95

Here comes the hearse ; help me to mourn, my lords.

Sweet father, here unto thy murd'ed ghost

I offer up this wicked traitor's head ;

And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,

Be witness of my grief and innocency. [Exeunt. 100

## N O T E S.

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IN the text of this play I have introduced the following diacritical marks :

1. All resolutions of diphthongs into two distinct vowel sounds are marked with a diæresis, thus—Edw'ard (Ed-ou-ard), licentiöus.
2. All syllables (especially the 'èd' in passive participles and past tenses), not usually sounded separately now, but required by the metre to be so pronounced in this play, are marked with a grave accent, thus—cursèd, safèty.
3. All elisions are marked by the ordinary apostrophe, thus—whi'er (whither), fa'er (father).
4. Where either the accent or the emphasis differs from our present use, it is indicated by an acute accent, thus—exîle, tôme.

I have also ventured to spell the past tenses and passive participles of verbs more in accordance with their pronunciation and with the spelling of the Elizabethans than is customary now, thus—recal'd, pitcht, confest; not recall'd, pitch'd, confess'd.

I have also indicated in the notes, by an inverted apostrophe (thus '), all words in which a vowel sound must be inserted in pronunciation. As this kind of insertion is disputed by some critics, I here append a list of those instances that occur in this play. *See* also note on I, i, 46.

| ACT. SC. L.                            | ACT. SC. L.  |
|--|--|
| I, i, 46. Cour't.                      | II, iv, 9. Lor'd (and II, v, 25, 107;<br>IV, i, 12; IV, iii, 7; V,<br>iii, 1). |
| I, i, 70. Lancas'ter (and II, v, 19).  | II, v, 21. War'ning.   |
| I, i, 78. Swor'n.                      | II, v, 48. G'ratify.   |
| I, i, 151. Ear'l.                      | IV, vi, 37. Mor'timer (and V, ii, 110;<br>V, iv, 85).                          |
| I, i, 190. Chap'lain.                  | V, ii, 111. B'rother.  |
| I, ii, 1. T'rue.                       | V, ii, 113. Sis'ter.   |
| I, iv, 20, 21. T'raitor.               | V, ii, 116. Killingwor'th.   |
| I, iv, 214. P'lead.                    | V, iii, 53. Thur'st.   |
| I, iv, 284. Mush'rump.                 | V, iv, 28. Sec'ret (and V, vi, 5).   |
| I, iv, 293. Penb'roke.                 | V, v, 43. G'racious.   |
| I, iv, 318. Diab'lo.                   | V, v, 109. Har'd.  |
| II, ii, 28. Mor's.                     | V, v, 112. B'ravely.   |
| II, ii, 109. Scot'land (and line 186). | V, vi, 37. S'corn.   |
| II, ii, 185. Eng'land.                 |  |
| II, ii, 235. Gent'ry.                  |  |
| II, iii, 27. Har'dy.                   |  |

I have not thought it necessary to encumber the edition with explanations of matters accessible in any ordinary book of reference, such as mythological allusions to Circe, Elysium, and the like.

## ACT I.—SCENE I.

14. *Die*. Altered unnecessarily by editors to *lie*. To die often means in old writers to swoon either with pleasure or pain.
22. *Tanti*. This expression is used in *Fuimus Troes*.
- Ib.* *Fawn*. The quartos read *fanne*. This emendation by Dyce is the best yet proposed, but questionable. The line still wants a foot.
28. *At my trencher*. These words are probably an insertion; they spoil the metre.
29. *Discoursing*. Accented on the first syllable, *proparoxyton*. All words accented differently from the present usage are marked in the text, and will receive no further notice in these comments.
46. *Cour't*. Two syllables—almost *courut*. In the rest of these notes this insertion of a vowel sound between two consecutive consonants will be marked thus—*cour't*, ' being the converse of ' , which marks elisions: it was thought too bold an innovation to introduce this sign in the text.
55. *Sylvian*. Altered to *sylvan* by the editors wrongly. Such words are sometimes important, as, for instance, *jealious* in *Othello*, which has been similarly altered, and caused much idle guess-work to complete the deficient metre.
66. The construction is, ' shall be 

|   |              |   |
|---|--------------|---|
| } | transform'd  | } |
|   | and          |   |
| } | pulled down, | } |

 and seem to die.'  
Editors not understanding this have altered to ' *shall* seem to die.'
68. *Here comes my lord the king*. This is Dyce's reading. The quartos have, 'My lord, here comes the king,' which is absurd, as Gaueston is alone. Cunningham reads, 'By'r lord,' an utterly inadmissible lection. Marlow never uses such an expression.
70. *Lancas'ter*.
77. *This earl*, namely Warwick. *Swor'n*.
- 105, 106. *Peircy* . . . . *Moubery*. Commonly spelled Percy, Mowbray.
109. *Sprite*—spirit. Generally one syllable in the Elizabethan writers.
123. *Love*. So quartos; altered by Dyce to *leave*: in like manner he altered *Gaueston* in line 124 to *Lancaster*, not seeing that these speeches are ironical. So again in line 195 Dyce would alter 'true, true,' into 'prut, prut,' to the utter perversion of the sense.
121. *Parley*. Dyce makes a distinction between *parle* and *parley*, *parle* being simply to speak (Fr. *parler*). This is very doubtful.
- 126, 127. *See the throne . . . . to float*. The infinitive in the sixteenth century frequently retains this gerundive prefix (to) where we omit it.

132. *Bandy*—‘oppose with all my force: *totis viribus se opponere*’—DYCE, quoting Skinner.
135. *Welcôme*. Marlow’s usual pronunciation.
139. Q. 1 reads ‘mourn’d *for* Hercules;’ Q. 2, Q. 3, ‘*for of*.’
146. ‘*Joy*—enjoy.
151. *Ear’l*.
158. *Envied*—hated.
160. *Regiment*—rule.
161. *Fear’st thou thy person?*—for thy person, as to thy person: a common construction in Marlow’s time.
183. *Channel*—kennel. So in 3 *Henry VI*, II, ii, 141.
190. *Chap’lain*.
195. *Convey* means remove; but the bishop in his answer, ‘true, true,’ interprets it in the sense of ‘steal.’ Compare *Richard II*, IV, i, 313:
- ‘*Bol.* Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.  
*King.* Oh good! convey! conveyers are you all,  
 That rise thus nimbly by a good king’s fall.’
201. *May beseem*. So Q. 1. Editors from Q. 2, Q. 3, read *may best beseem*, unnecessarily.

## SCENE II.

1. *T’rue*.
6. *Timeless*—untimely.
7. *Peevish*—subtle, rather than fretful.
19. *Vailing*—doffing, taking off.
- Ib.* *Bonnet*—cap.
20. *The king and he doth*. The use of a plural subject with a singular verb is very common with the Elizabethans, whenever the notions of the persons or things indicated by the subject in any way suggest unity of actions. Many of the verbs thus used in the singular when they end in *s* have been explained as plurals, and dialectic plural forms in *s* alleged to justify the explanation. I do not believe in such a mixture of dialectic inflections as this would require, and take these verbs to be all singular.
25. *Take exceptions at*—object to.
26. *Stomach*. Are angry with, *stomachari*. So in II, ii, 252.
29. *We’ld*. Quartos, *weele*. The misprint of *e* for *d* is very common. The abbreviation *we’d* of modern editors is almost unknown in Elizabethan English.
44. *What else*—certainly.
46. *Whi’er*—whither. The old forms vary between *whither* and *whether*, *where* and *wher*. To avoid confusion, I have used *whi’er* whenever *whither* is contracted into one syllable.
- It is difficult to understand to what forest the queen could be ‘walking’ in Westminster. But all through this play Marlow is utterly careless as to time and place. No changes

- of scene are sufficient to explain his inconsistencies. For the manner in which plays in his time were put on the stage, and the consequent confusions of place in many of them, see P. Chasles, Collier, Malone, or my own *Shakespeare Manual*.
49. *My lord the king*. Editors, *my lord, the king*, as if *my lord* meant Gaueston. Wrongly.
54. *Seeing*, one syllable.
71. *Banish* is often one syllable—S. WALKER.
76. [*Archbish.*] A necessary insertion by Dyce. All such insertions are marked in [brackets] in the text.

## SCENE IV.

Instead of the '*nobiles*' in the stage direction, I have here and elsewhere inserted the names of the earls that come on the stage.

7. *Be declined*—separate either in locality or mind.
8. *Moved*—angry. So in l. 43.
13. *Quam male*, etc. Ovid, *Metam.*, ii, 84 b. *Quam bene c.*
- 20, 21. *T'raitor*.
49. *Fleet*—go floating.
56. *There it goes*—that's the end, result.
82. *Lown*—loon, base fellow.
92. *Common sort*—common kind of people.
98. Dyce, etc., strangely alter *for* (in the place of) into *with*.
101. Compare *Massacre of Paris* near the end:

'The papal towers to kiss the lowly earth.'

Marlow and Peele frequently repeat their own lines in this way; Peele also repeats those of others.

102. *Make*. Quartos, *may*, a common misprint.
124. *Whe'er*—whether; old spelling, *where*.
136. The construction is, 'a tear of mine drops down for every look (of yours).' Modern editors have altered *lord* into *love* unnecessarily.
142. *Pass not*—care not.
172. Quartos read *Circes*.
173. *At*—on.
195. *Cry quittance*—pay him tit for tat, and cry we are quits.
204. *Madâme*. So quartos, showing the pronunciation.
214. *P'lead*.
220. *Prevail*; that is, 'avail.'
227. *As* would be in modern usage *that*.
248. *Respect*—consideration.
265. *Easely*—a common form of *easily*.
282. *Of our side*—on our side. And so read Q. 2, Q. 3.
284. *Mush'rump*. Old spelling of mushroom.
288. *Buckler*—uphold.
293. *Penb'roke*.
299. *Ha'ing*, to be pronounced as one syllable. So *seeing*, *doing*,

etc., are contracted; but this contraction only takes place when no consonant is interposed. Living, loving, having, should be printed li'ing, lo'ing, ha'ing, when they are meant to be contracted.

328. *Seeing*—one syllable. So l. 388, etc.  
 341. *Sovereign's*. Q. I reads *sovereign*.  
 377. *Made sure*—affianced.  
 378. *Cousin*—relation: a general term, including *niece*, which would be the right expression here.  
 381. *Triumph*. Jousts and tilts were often celebrated at marriages.  
 392. *Hercules*. The quartos singularly substitute *Hector*. It is true both words begin with an H.  
 404. *Riot it*—riot. This superfluous *it* is very common.  
 407. *Fets it*—struts.  
 408. *Cullions*—contemptible boobies (Ital. *coglione*).  
 411. *Dapper Jack*—short, nimble turnspit-boy.  
 415. *Other*. So Q. I. This is a true plural, and no alteration is necessary.

The place in this scene must be supposed to vary. It opens in the New Temple, as we learn from I, ii, 75. At line 7 a curtain must be drawn, disclosing the king seated, and Gaueston seated by him; they cannot come in seated. The scene then represents the parliament, and the barons must be supposed to have walked to Westminster between lines 7 and 8. From line 105 onward the place may be a royal palace. But the latter part seems scarcely to agree with this. The fact is, Marlow never thought about consistency in such matters; if he could make his story clear, he cared not for aught else. This makes the study of these earlier plays a more instructive method for a student at the onset than confining his attention to masterpieces of a later time. We find the same difficulties and inconsistencies as to place and time in all early or undeveloped theatres; for instance, in the Sanscrit *Sakontala*, and in the Chinese dramas of our own time even, as acted in California and Australia.

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### ACT II.—SCENE I.

- 30, 37, 48. *Ha'ing, saying, being*—monosyllables.  
 55. *Form a verb*—conjugate.  
 79. *Sort out*—take effect.  
 82. *I long till I am there*—I shall not be satisfied till I get there.

### SCENE II.

3. *Passionate*—excited with emotion. So *infra*.  
 23. *A*. Inserted from Q. 2

28. *Mor's*.
29. *Kent*. Quartos read *Edw.* (king), a misprint for *Edm.* (Kent).
40. *Fesses*. Quartos read *gresses*, a misprint for *gesses*—straps round a hawk's legs, with varvels (rings) for a falconer's leash to be fastened to.
42. *Britainy*—Britain.
56. *Fare*. So Q. 3. *Sure* in Q. 1, Q. 2.
66. *Cornwall*—three syllables (Cor-nou-al).
67. *Go'ernor*. Marlow's usual contraction for *governor*. See *Few of Malta*, *passim*.
68. *Mas. Sec't'ry*—a familiar abbreviation for *Master Secretary*. 'Mas.' is very common for *Master*, but has generally been missed by the modern editors. For 'sec't'ry' see Sidney Walker, if proof of the pronunciation be desired. There is, however, no doubt on the matter.
79. *King*. 'Pointing to Gaueston.' Dyce rightly assigned the next line to the king, but was wrong in cutting out the word *king* from the text. *Edw.* (Edward) is the invariable prefix to the king's speeches in the quartos, never *King*.
98. *Moved*—removed, departed.
99. *Moved*—moody, angry. Marlow seldom puns, and, when he does, it is generally in a serious way, as here.
109. *Scot'land*.
131. *M'lord*. An exceedingly common colloquial abbreviation.  
At this point there is probably a change of place to the interior of Tynemouth Castle, indicated by drawing a curtain and discovering the king and Kent.
136. Emphasise *your* and *you*.
144. *Would*. Plural, as are the preceding verbs. So Q. 1. 'Twould in Q. 2, Q. 3, and modern editions; the alteration is not required.
151. *Treasure*. So Q. 1: *treasurie* in Q. 2, Q. 3.
152. *Break*. The quartos mysteriously read *hath*.
156. *Kerns*—Irish foot-soldiers.
158. *Make*. Quartos, *made*.  
*Ib. Road*—inroad.
169. *Again*—that is, *against*; and so read Q. 2, Q. 3.
174. *Banner*. Altered to *banners* in Q. 3, and so the modern editors.
182. This jig or ballad is taken from Fabyan's *Chronicle*, ii, 169 (edition 1559). The battle of Bannockburn was fought in 1314, yet is here alluded to in a scene which is made up from narratives of events which occurred between 1309 and 1311. This is a striking instance of Marlow's carelessness in such matters.
185. *Eng'land*.
186. *Scot'land*.
190. *As*. So Q. 1, Q. 2. *If* in Q. 3.
218. *Them*. Quartos, *him*, a common misprint.

234. *Is thine arms.* The subject of the sentence is plural in form, singular in meaning; hence used with a singular verb.  
 235. *Gen'try.*

## SCENE III.

8. *Cast*—suppose. *He* in line 7 is of course the king.  
 12. *Of his word*—to his word.  
 21. *Totter'd*—tatter'd. One of many words used in two forms, with different spellings, which show the extreme laxity of pronunciation in the Elizabethan period. For a full statement on this point, see my *Shakespeare Manual*.  
 23. *Mortimer*—*De mortuo mari*.  
 27. *Har'dy*.

## SCENE IV.

In the stage direction the quartos add, after 'Spencer,' to them *Gaueston*, etc. This indicates the subsequent entry of 'Queen, etc.,' in line 4.

9. *Lor'd*; *fa'rewell* (with vocalised *r*).  
 30. *Is't him.* Disjunctive pronoun coincident in form with the ordinary dative case, as in French.  
 35. *Remains*—abides.  
 39. *Foreslow*—delay.  
 41. *This.* *Thus* is preferred by modern editors.  
 44. *Therefore.* So Q. 3; and *therefore*, Q. 1, Q. 2.

## SCENE V.

5. *Malgrado*—maugre, in spite of.  
 7. *See.* So Q. 2; *these* in Q. 1.  
 21. *War'ning.*  
 25. *Lor'ds.*  
 39. *Renowned*—renowned.  
 43, 44. My own emendation. The quartos have,

'Why, my lord of Warwick,  
 Will not these delays beget my hopes?'

Dyce has,

'Will now these short delays,' etc.

48. *G'ratify.* *Far* is inserted on my own conjecture.  
 55. *In.* Marlow in many cases uses *in* where we use *on*.  
 58. My own emendation; the other readings are:  
   'He that the care of realm remits'—Q. 1.  
   'He that hath the care of Realm-remits'—Q. 2, Q. 3.  
   'He that the care of his realm remits'—DYCE.  
   'He that the care of his re-alm remits'—CUNNINGHAM (!).  
 60, 61. *Seize*—get hold of. *Possess*—keep hold of.  
 82. *Had I wist*—as repenting a rash action.



93. *Deliver*—deliver. *V* and *th* are often omitted in pronunciation between two vowels: *to* takes the stress, not *you*, as shown by S. Walker.
94. *Arundel* here and all through III, i, is printed *Matrevis* in the quartos, these two parts having been taken by the same actor. See the Introduction. (Dyce's explanation.)
107. *Lor'd*.  
The 'Horse-boy' is the same as 'James,' who takes out Gaueston. Hence the editors are wrong, who substitute *Exit Gaueston* for *Exit Pembroke*.

## SCENE VI.

3. *Bands*—bonds.
14. *Shadow*—representative, plenipotentiary; here equivalent to Gaueston's ghost or spirit, according to some interpreters. I do not agree with them. The word is important on account of its frequent satirical usage in the plays of this date. It was specially applied to Shakespeare, as being the shadow of the writers he was accused of copying and imitating.

## ACT III.—SCENE I.

27. *Pole*. Editors have *poll*, cut short; but compare I, i, 113:  
     ' Let these their heads  
     Preach upon poles;'  
 and so III, i, 20, just above, and in the last scene of *Macbeth* the tyrant's head is brought in on a pole.
35. *Thy*. Quartos read *the*.
58. *Comes*. So Q. 2, Q. 3. In Q. 1, *come*.
62. *Brother*. He was really the queen's uncle. The same error occurs in II, ii, 164.
69. *Matter*. I think this word should be omitted. So in II, v, 42, I would omit *matters*.
87. *Once*—completely, finally, once for all.
- 89-147. Surely this part should come after line 31, not for chronological accuracy (Marlow cared little for that), but in the natural sequence of the story.
93. *To take*. See note on I, i, 126.
113. *Then*. My own conjecture.
121. *Exit Arundel*. Inserted by me.
146. *Ear'l*.
154. *Rout*—mob, rabble. Q. 1, Q. 2, read *roote*, which shows the pronunciation.
158. '*Plainer*—complainer.
163. *Deads*—kills.
171. *Consecrate'*—consecrated.

## SCENE II.

11. *Edward*—trisyllable (Ed-ou-ard).  
 17. *Trains*—artifices, stratagems.  
 22. *Is it*. Quartos 2, 3. Q. I reads *It is*.  
 45. *Bro'er*—brother.  
 48. *Wretch'*; plural—S. WALKER.  
 49. *Messenger*. Rather *messenger*, equivalent here to a dissyllable.  
 53. *'Headed*—beheaded.  
 88. *Level'd*. Quartos read *levied*.  
 91. *Clap so*. Quartos read *claps*.  
 94. *With*. We should use *to*; but the usage of prepositions has greatly altered in the last two centuries.

## ACT IV.—SCENE I.

5. *Banish me thy presence*. We should say *from thy presence*; but many verbs now exclusively intransitive, were formerly used transitively.  
 12. *Lor'd*.

## SCENE II.

3. *Do*. So Q. I. In Q. 2, *What, shall we go?*  
 21. *Please*. Quartos read *pleaseth*—*th* being repeated from the next word.  
 43. *And*. So the quartos. Altered by Cunningham (wrongly) to *an* (if).  
 53. *Part*. Quartos read *party*, which may be right.  
 56. *Appointed*—ready armed.  
 59. *Deserved*—earned. So we have had *earn* used for *deserve*.  
 67. *Say*. Dyce reads *says* unnecessarily. The phrase is very frequent, even as late as Shirley, where Dyce and Gifford make the same alteration.

## SCENE III.

- Enter Y. Spencer*. The quartos read *the two Spencers*; but there is no hint of old Spencer being on the stage after the third act. 'Arundel' is again printed 'Matrevis' all through this scene. Does not the accentuation Arúndel show that Matrevis was Marlow's own blunder, and that Dyce's explanation (II, v, 94) is a mistake.  
 7. *Lor'd*.  
 11. *A month*. Q. 2 has here made an ineffectual attempt to cure one of Marlow's inconsistencies in time by reading *not long*.

15. [*More.*] My own correction. Dyce reads *Isabella*.  
 21. *In.* Marlow's word for *on*, as noted before.  
 42. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, III, ii, 1—*Gallop apace*, etc.  
 49. *Bristow*—Bristol.

## SCENE IV.

8. *Gore.* Quartos, *goarde*—a common misprint.  
 18. *That.* Omitted by the modern editors for metre's sake; but Marlow often puts vocatives (as 'Lords' here) in a line by themselves.

## SCENE V.

6. *Re'nforce.* So in the quartos. Altered to *reinforce*, wrongly, by modern editors.  
 14. *Vilde*—vile.  
 28. *Successful.* Quartos, *successfuls*.  
 42. *Fa'er*—father.  
 54. *Kent.* Altered to *Y. Mor.* by the editors; wrongly, I think.  
 71. *Is.* Omitted without reason by modern editors.  
 72. *A muse*—a brown study, an absent state of mind, deep thought.  
 Dyce says, on the strength of lines 56-58, that the Mayor of Bristol is clearly not present. I draw an opposite conclusion from the same lines. Rice is spokesman; but the deputation (mayor and citizens) are present.

## SCENE VI.

4. *Suspect*—suspicion.  
 13. *Whilom*—formerly.  
 32. *With.* Inserted from Q. 3.  
 37. *Mor'timer.*  
 41. *Ope.* So Q. 2. But *open*, Q. 1, may be right; it is often used as one syllable, and printed *op'n*.  
 54. *Quem dies*, etc. From Seneca's *Thyestes*, l. 613.  
 65. *Come.* So Q. 1: in Q. 2, Q. 3, and modern editions, *comes*. Editors have been misled by the (?) at the end of the sentence. This sign has in most old books to do double duty—(1) As a note of interrogation; (2) As a note of exclamation.  
 71. *Earns.* Old spelling of *yearns*.  
 87. *In a.* Another instance of Marlow's use of *in* for *on*.  
 91. *These and these*—the 'hags' and 'Spencer and Baldock.'  
 Dyce has mutilated the text here again, and all the editors follow him.  
 95. *That that.* Quartos read *that*. The omission of a second 'that' is one of the commonest misprints in these old plays. I am responsible for the insertion here.  
 99. *Leicester.* Quartos, *Lancaster*.

110. *Reduce*, repair, or bring back, hence diminish in number.  
Compare *Few of Malta*, I, ii:  
‘Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.’
113. *Preachments*.
115. *You*. Quartos read *Your lordships*, repeated from next line.

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ACT V.—SCENE I.

2. *Killingworth*—Kenilworth.
10. ‘For I suppose not that the earth doth yield,  
In hill or dale, in forest or in field,  
A rarer plant than Candian dittany:  
Which wounded deer eating immediately,  
Not only cures their wounds exceeding well,  
But ‘gainst the shooter doth the shaft repel’  
—Sylvester, *Du Bartas*, Week I, Day iii, p. 27, ed. 1641.  
(Quoted by Dyce.)
47. *Vine*. Quartos read *vines*, and in next line *survives*.
55. *Extreme*. Q. 2, Q. 3, read *extremes*.
77. *Pass*—care, as before.
86. *But*. Dyce’s reading, following Q. 1. Q. 2, Q. 3, have *not*.
97. Pronounce *mis’ble*—S. WALKER.
112. *Winch*. So Dyce. The quartos make Berkeley (Bartley they call him) enter and speak here. I have followed Dyce, but very doubtfully, in putting his entrance after line 127.
120. Compare 3 *Henry VI*, II, i, 62.

SCENE II.

10. *That it*. Pronounced as one syllable, *that’*.
14. *Whenas* for when. So *whereas* for where.
21. ‘*Hear the news*’ may be the right reading; certainly not ‘news that,’ as Cunningham has it.
25. *Madám*. Marlow’s usual pronunciation (*ma dame*).
26. *Enter Winchester*. Inserted by Dyce.
30. *Ere this*. Quartos read, *or this letter*. I follow Dyce’s suggestion.
34. *So*. We should say *as*; but *so* was just as frequent in the sixteenth century, and the reading should not be altered.
41. Transposed by me. The old reading is:  
‘And none but we shall know where he lieth.’  
This kind of misprint is very frequent.
63. *Curstly*—crossly.

84. Query? omit *do*.  
 106. *Gentle*. Pronounce *gent*.  
 110. *Mor'timer*. (So again line 115.)  
 111. *B'rother*.  
 113. *Sis'ter*.  
 116. *Killingwor'th*.

## SCENE III.

1. *Lor'd*.  
 3. *Dalliance*—delay.  
 17. *Air of life*—*aura vitæ*, a Latinism—DYCE.  
 40. *Level*. Pronounce 'lale' (*le'el*). Quartos read *all your*.  
 Dyce suggested the omission.  
 49. *Dark*. Quartos read *darkness*. My own alteration.  
 51. *Enter soldiers*. Inserted by me.  
 53. *Thr'ust*, or rather *thur'st* with the *r* transposed, as in *burn* for *bren*.

## SCENE IV.

24. *Cast*—contrived. So V, ii, 58.  
 28. *Sec'ret*.  
 32. *Through the throat*—through the mouth into the windpipe.  
 So Q. 1. Altered in the later quartos to *down the throat*.  
 65. *Rules*. Altered to *rule* in modern editions, to the weakening  
 of the sense.  
 68. *Major*, etc. Ovid, *Metam.*, vi, 195.  
 At line 71 a change of scene from the palace to West-  
 minster Abbey takes place. A curtain was probably drawn,  
 disclosing Edward seated for his coronation.  
 85. *Mor'timer*.

## SCENE V.

25. *Lake*—the king's dungeon. See lines 53-56.  
 34. Another change of place. The stage before the inner curtain  
 represented a hall in Berkeley Castle, lines 1-34. Behind  
 the curtain was Edward in his dungeon. The curtain was  
 drawn at this point, and the change of place was probably  
 indicated by a placard on the wall or tapestry.  
 43. *Gracious*.  
 71. *Tragedy*—violent death.  
 77. *To dissemble*—by dissembling. If illustrations of such points  
 of grammar be desired, abundance of them can be found in  
 Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*.  
 80. *Fau't*—fault. My emendation. Quartos read *thought*; but  
 compare *Richard III*, II, i, 104—'his *fau't* was *thought*.'  
 91. *Eyes' lids*. Editors substitute *eyelids* from the later quartos.  
 98. *Die yet*. Q. 1, Q. 2, *die; yet*. The altered punctuation is  
 from Q. 3.  
 99. *Buz'z*—buzzes. Quartos, *buzzeth*.

109. *Har'd.*

112. *This.* My conjecture. Q. 1 reads *is*; Q. 2, Q. 3, *it*.

*Ib.* *B'ravelly.*

#### SCENE VI.

5. *Sec'ret.*

37. *S'corn.*

88. *Forgot.* Quartos *forgotten*; but compare II, ii, 222.

NOTE.—*Levune* is printed *Lewne*; *Pembroke*, usually *Penbrooke*; *Winchester* and *Canterbury* simply *Bishop*; *Nobles* (in stage directions), *Nobiles* (Latin form); *Messenger*, usually *Post*; *Henault*, always *Henolt*; *Leicester*, always *Leister*, except in the 'entrances.' As the stage directions are probably not of the author's insertion, I have not been so scrupulous as to altering them as I have been with regard to the text, but have enlarged them considerably for the reader's convenience, especially by inserting the time and place of each scene. I have not, however, followed Dyce and subsequent editors in *omitting* portions of these directions.

In contractions, such as *th'ad* for *they had*, *th'art* for *thou art*, I have preferred following the old copies to the modern usage; but I have somewhat doubtfully followed the editors in writing *ay* for the affirmative interjection, instead of the *I* of the quartos.

## GLOSSARY.

THE preceding notes contain all such information as will be necessary for any student familiar with our elder dramatic literature. As, however, this edition is intended to assist younger readers also, a glossary is appended, which supplies further information on all words or usages which are not found in ordinary modern dictionaries. This arrangement involves a few slight repetitions, but I venture to think anything preferable to cumbersome notes.

- 'a, he, IV, ii, 7; IV, iii, 19; IV, vi, 31.  
a', in, IV, iii, 40.  
*abate*, lower, bring down, II, ii, 97.  
*abide*, *aby*, answer for, submit to, II, ii, 86.  
*adamant*, loadstone, magnetic iron ore,  $\text{Fe}_3\text{O}_4$ , II, v, 101.  
*advantage*, time's advantage is not advantageous time, but timely advantage, IV, ii, 18.  
*advice*, prudence, III, ii, 79.  
*affects*, desires, longs for, I, i, 165.  
*affection*, fancy, inclination, III, i, 29.  
*again*, against, II, ii, 169.  
*against*, denoting future time, I, iv, 374; II, ii, 12. Compare *Hamlet*, I, i, 158, *Genesis* xliii, 25.  
*aged*, V, ii, 117. Edward was only forty-three years old. The chronicles frequently mention Edward II as the *old* or former king as opposed to the *new* one, Edward III. Marlow seems to have taken this in the sense of *aged*.  
*amplify*, increase, V, ii, 65.  
*an*, *and*, if, *passim*, sometimes *an if*.  
*antic*, either odd or old-fashioned (antique), I, i, 57.  
*appointed*, armed, prepared, IV, ii, 56.  
*as*, that, I, iv, 357; II, iv, 53; IV, iii, 15.  
*asseized*, seized by law, I, ii, 37.  
*assuage* (neuter verb), be assuaged, V, iii, 8.  
*avouch*, maintain, V, iv, 75.  
*bandy*, exchange (blows), contest with, originally a term at tennis, I, i, 132, but see Dyce in the note on the passage.  
*base*, *bid a base*, challenge, as in the game of prisoner's base, IV, 2, 66.  
*bear*, bring, conduct, I, iv, 141; V, i, 155.  
*beard*, dare, defy, III, i, 14.

*beards*, bearded men, II, v, 5, if the old reading in Q. I, 'you beards,' be kept, as I think it should be, though I have followed Dyce in printing 'your.'

*Belgia*, Belgium, IV, iii, 3; so 3 *Henry VI*, IV, viii, 1.

*beside*, besides, III, i, 52.

*bewray*, betray, I, ii, 27.

*bill*, halbert, pike, III, i, 37.

*boots*, avails, advantages, I, iv, 63; II, vi, 17.

*brave*, boast, insult, challenge, III, i, 13.

*bravely*, finely, splendidly, III, i, 72.

*broke*, for broken, II, i, 24. See *rose*.

*buckler*, shield, protect, II, v, 18.

*casts*, plans, V, ii, 58.

*Catiline*, IV, v, 60; so 3 *Henry VI*, III, ii, 193 (quarto):

'And set the aspiring Catalin to school,'

never referred to in Shakespeare.

*centre*, focus, full point; nearly the same as *period*, q. v., II, vi, 5; cf. IV, vi, 63.

*channel*, kennel, I, i, 183; IV, iv, 12.

*civil*, peaceful, III, ii, 30.

*clap*, shoot, strike, III, ii, 91.

*colour*, pretence, I, iv, 279.

*conclude*, settle, determine, V, ii, 19.

*constant*, continuous, unvarying, IV, iii, 34.

*cope*, struggle for mastery, IV, iv, 4.

*countenance*, influential position, IV, v, 83.

*crownet*, coronet, little crown, I, i, 69.

*curstly*, crossly, ill-temperedly, V, ii, 63.

*danger*, a verb, endanger, V, iii, 3.

*deadly* (adverb), II, ii, 24; compare 'godly and quietly' in the Communion service.

*deserve*, earn, IV, ii, 59.

*deprive*, transitively used, IV, vi, 106.

*discontent*, discontented; it is doubtful whether this is an abbreviation (*ed* being often omitted in pronunciation after *t* or *d*) or a compound of *dis* and *content*, I, ii, 10.

*easily*, easily, a common form, I, iv, 265.

*earn*, deserve, II, v, 53.

*element*, air, or rather ether, V, i, 66.

*entertain*, receive into service, I, i, 43; II, ii, 233.

*entreated*, treated, I, iv, 190.

*execute*, vindicate, II, v, 23.

*exigent*, extremity, II, v, 59.

*flee*, mouth, make gestures of contempt, II, ii, 180.

*flout*, mock, insult, I, iv, 417.

*fly*, be sold, parted with; a common gambling term, II, ii, 188.

*fondly*, foolishly, V, i, 76.

*form*, legal document, I, iv, 1.



- fortune*, chance, happen, III, i, 113.  
*for why*, because, II, v, 35.  
*gentle*, noble, of good birth, I, i, 116.  
*glozing*, flattering, I, i, 128.  
*hand*, to be in hand is to be negotiating for, III, i, 54.  
*haught* (*haut*, Fr.), high, haughty, III, i, 28.  
*have at*, aim at, attack, II, ii, 257.  
*hay*, a round dance, I, i, 57.  
*head*, behead, III, ii, 53.  
*head*, collected forces, II, ii, 119.  
*ho*, hold, stay, V, vi, 24.  
*imperial*, imperious, I, iv, 97.  
*in*, on, IV, iii, 21; IV, vi, 87.  
*infortunate*, unfortunate, IV, v, 36.  
*injury*, injure (verb), I, iv, 190; a common form in Elizabethan writers.  
*Iris*, messenger of the gods; so in 2 *Henry VI*, III, ii, 407, *Iris* is used for a messenger. In Shakespeare's undoubted plays, *Iris* always means the rainbow; see *Tempest*, IV, 60; *All's Well*, I, iii, 158; *Troilus*, I, iii, 380.  
*it* (superfluous), I, iv, 373; II, i, 32.  
*jig*, dancing tune, ballad, II, ii, 181.  
*leg*, bow, II, i, 38.  
*leman*, sweetheart, II, ii, 183.  
*lie*, abide, V, i, 3.  
*like*, please, be agreeable, I, iv, 354; IV, ii, 21.  
*many* (a), still in use, see for instance Tennyson's *Miller's Daughter*, quoted by Wagner, IV, ii, 51.  
*me* (superfluous), II, ii, 2; II, ii, 18; II, iii, 5.  
*minion*, darling, favourite, I, iv, 30.  
*moved*, by passion, angered, II, ii, 190.  
*mushrump*, the usual Elizabethan form of *mushroom*, I, iv, 284.  
*naked*, drawn, unsheathed, I, i, 121.  
*naked*, unarmed, V, i, 130.  
*news*, singular, II, ii, 6.  
*nonce* (the), a corruption of *then once*, the occasion, V, v, 16.  
*of*, used after a passive where we should use *by*, I, i, 139; I, iv, 131.  
*of*, proceeding from, I, iv, 256; II, iii, 1; on, I, iv, 282.  
*offend*, injure, smite, I, i, 81.  
*out*, out of, I, iv, 416.  
*overpeered*, overlooked, stared down, with allusion to the 'peers' in the last syllable, I, iv, 19.  
*pain*, trouble, I, i, 39.  
*pale*, enclosure, English district round Dublin, II, ii, 157.  
*part*, action, proceeding, III, i, 121.  
*passionate*, excited, IV, vi, 56.  
*period*, completion, II, vi, 4.  
*plainer*, complainer, III, i, 158; V, i, 22; so *plaints* for complaints.

*pleaseth*, the usual reading for *please*, IV, ii, 21; the *th* has been repeated from the next word.

*pole* or *poll*, see note on III, i, 27.

*possess*, occupy, V, i, 65, a Latinism.

*prefer*, recommend, II, i, 14.

*presence*, assemblage, IV, v, 57.

*prevent*, anticipate, II, ii, 59.

*proof*, to the proof, to the point, clearly, I, i, 103.

*question*, dispute, wrangle, II, v, 70.

*read unto*, instruct, lecture to, II, i, 30.

*reave*, bereave, IV, vi, 52.

*regiment*, government, authority, I, i, 160; V, i, 26.

*retire*, used as a noun, III, ii, 9.

*rose*, risen, I, iv, 319; confusion between the forms for the past tense and passive participle is very frequent in Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Abbott's statement (*Gram.*, sect. 154) is ingenious but unfounded.

*round*, dance, IV, iii, 39.

*roundly*, curtly, positively, III, ii, 62.

*rout*, mob, III, i, 154; IV, iii, 41.

*salve*, cure, II, ii, 81.

*sea of hell*, doubtful in meaning, may be 'see of Rome,' or 'river of Tartarus,' or both, I, i, 186.

*Sib*, Isabel, III, i, 66.

*sith*, since, IV, ii, 61.

*so*, provided that, I, i, 9; I, iv, 72; II, ii, 214; V, ii, 17.

*sophister*, sophist; now used only in the university titles of second and third year undergraduates, I, iv, 255.

*sore*, sorely, II, ii, 182.

*sort*, band, company, mob, II, ii, 163.

*stand*, remain, IV, i, 10.

*stay*, wait for (transitive), IV, i, 9.

*steel*, engrave with our swords, smite, III, i, 27. In Shakespeare this verb only means to make hard.

*sterve*, starve, V, iii, 20.

*strange*, estranged, cool, II, iv, 63.

*surfeit*, intransitive, I, i, 3.

*suspect*, suspicion, IV, v, 26; IV, vi, 4.

*sworn*, were sworn, took an oath, I, i, 78.

*tanti*, at this much (with a snap of the fingers or similar gesture), I, i, 22.

*tarry*, wait for (transitive), III, i, 173.

*tender*, care for, esteem, I, iv, 211.

*that* (superfluous), I, iv, 410; V, iv, 107.

*that*, because, I, i, 12; compare *in that*, I, i, 146.

*that*, as we use *what*, V, i, 56.

*thoroughout*, throughout is the modern form, II, ii, 140.

*to*, for, II, v, 98.

*to*, sign of infinitive mood omitted, II, iii, 27.

- train*, drag (*trainer*, Fr.), II, v, 15.  
*train*, stratagem, III, ii, 17.  
*true man*, honest person, II, v, 67.  
*undertake*, be pledged or bound for, III, ii, 51.  
*unkind of all*, unkindest of all unkind ones, IV, v, 14.  
*vail*, to lower, let down, III, ii, 38.  
*want*, are not obtainable, IV, ii, 51.  
*whenas*, when, } *passim*.  
*whereas*, where, }  
*whilom*, formerly, IV, vi, 13.  
*(I) wis*, properly an adverb (*ywis*, certainly), but used by the Elizabethans as a verb, I guess, I feel sure, III, i, 152.  
*with*, concerning, regarding, III, ii, 94.  
*wot*, know, IV, vi, 27.

The two following grammatical usages should be specially noted, as modern editors nearly always sophisticate the text to suit their own notions of what poets ought to have written, instead of reproducing what they did write:

Singular verbs with plural nouns occur in I, i, 51; I, iv, 134; II, ii, 110, 167; IV, iv, 28; V, iii, 38, 39, 41; V, v, 25.

The third person singular is often used for the second in verbs, thus: thou watcht, III, ii, 52; thou train'd, II, v, 15; thou talks, I, iv, 28; thou sits, V, v, 93.

## QUESTIONS FOR EXAMINATION.

---

1. Give an account (1) from history, (2) from this play, of Gaueston and the younger Spencer. Compare these accounts, and point out the differences between them.

2. Write an outline of Marlow's life, and state the chronological succession of his writings, noting what companies each play was produced by.

3. Show from table on p. 10, how the acts should be divided, giving in detail the characters that disappear from the scene at the end of each act.

4. Sketch the progress of historical plays in England, noting the share of the principal dramatical authors in furthering it.

5. Compare Marlow's *Edward II* with Shakespeare's *Richard II* as to the construction of the plot and the development of the characters, especially in the last acts.

6. From what sources did Marlow take (1) the jig on Bannockburn, (2) the account of the king's imprisonment and murder, (3) the long speeches of Gaueston in Act I, Sc. i, (4) the connection of the queen with Sir John Hainault? Note especially the spellings of geographical and other proper names in answering this question.

7. Give the opinions of critics as to the æsthetic value of the play.

8. Give passages and single words that confirm the argument that Marlow wrote part of *2 Henry VI* and *3 Henry VI*.

9. Show that Marlow pronounced many words with a syllable more than the present usage, giving the full scansion of the lines you quote.

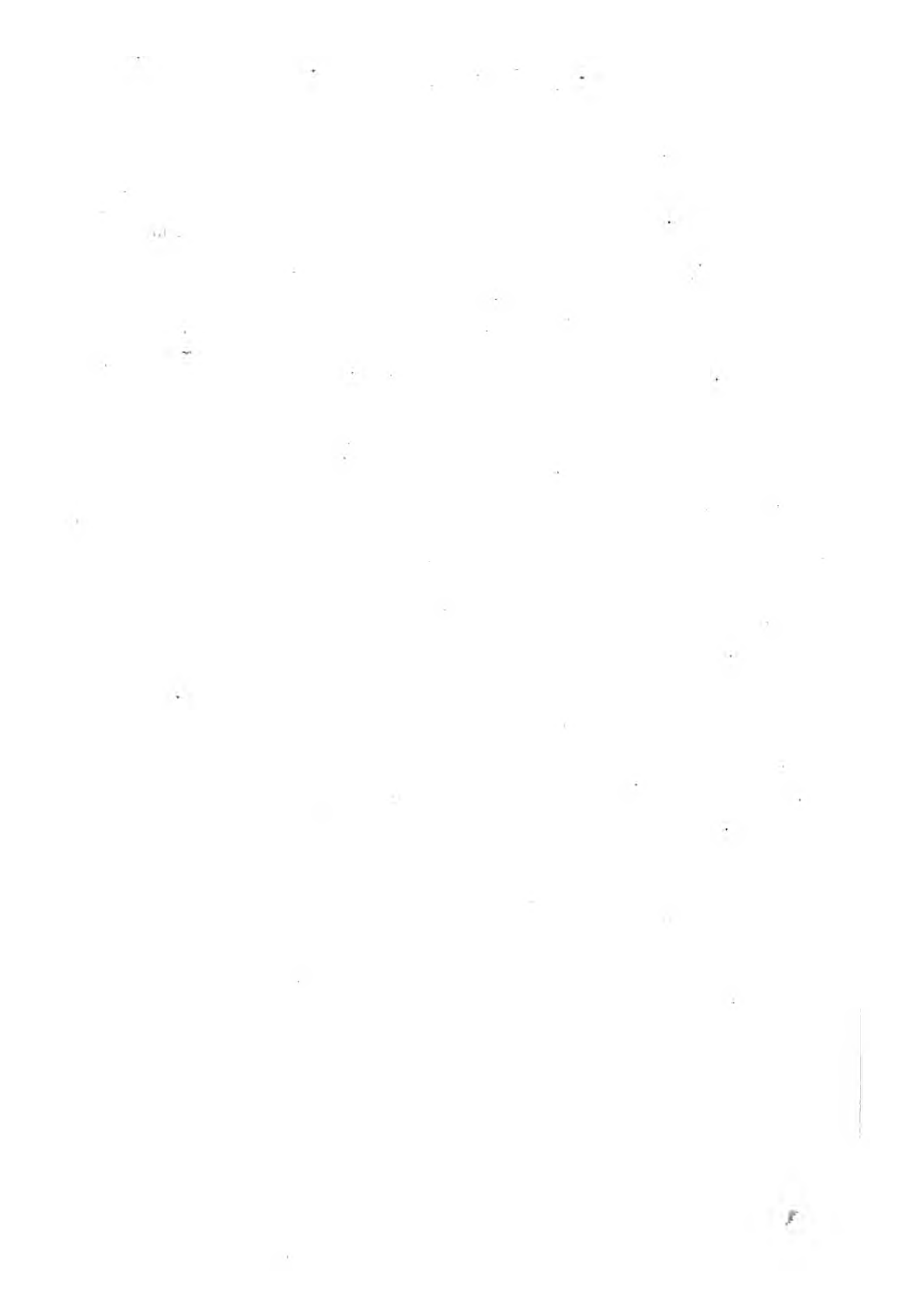
10. Note in the same way any contractions not now in use, but common in the sixteenth century.

11. Give instances of Marlow's inaccuracy as to succession of time in the order of events, and of his sudden changes of locality in the middle of a scene.

12. Give an account of the plot of the play for each act separately.

13. What grounds had Marlow in history for the characters of Edward II, Spencer junior, Gaueston, Mortimer junior, Baldock, Kent, and Isabella?

14. Give instances of grammatical usages now obsolete.
15. What Latin authors does Marlow quote?
16. Give six instances where the readings in the old editions required emendation.
17. Give four instances where the old readings have been unnecessarily disturbed by modern editors.
18. What edition is most authoritative, and why?
19. Explain 100 words or phrases selected from the notes or glossary. [These can be selected by the tutor, or if self-examination be desired, a paper placed on the page so as to expose only the words in Italics will enable the student to test himself.
20. How is the confusion between Arundel and Matrevis in the old copies to be accounted for?



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