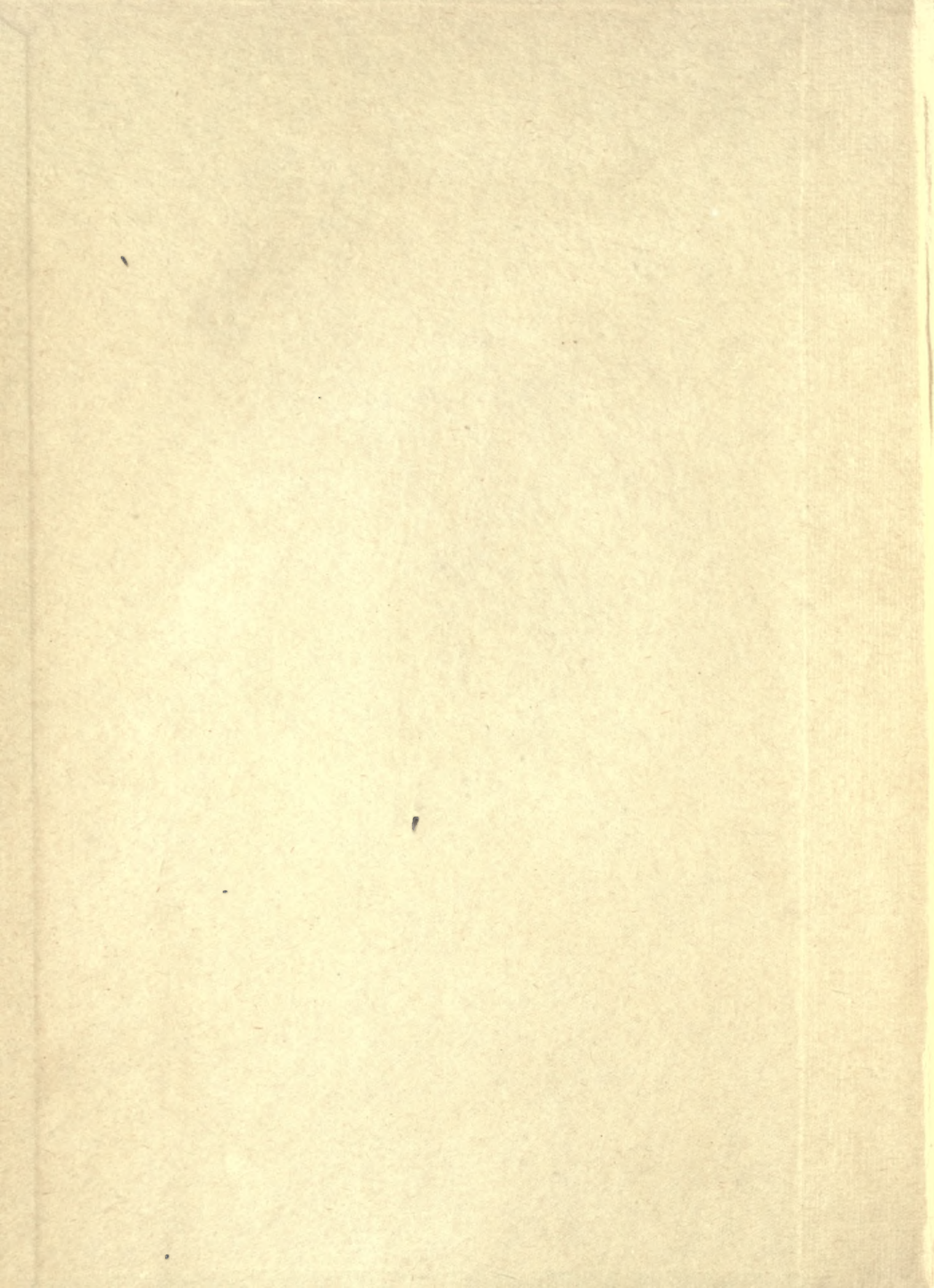


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The Downfall of
Robert Earl of Huntingdon

[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

Date of only known original edition 1601

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 84.]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

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Robert Earl of Huntingdon

[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

1601

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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This facsimile is from an original copy in the British Museum. There are other examples in Bodley and at South Kensington (Dyce).

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JOHN S. FARMER.



THE
DOWNFALL
OF ROBERT,
Earle of Huntington,

AFTERWARD CALLED
Robin Hood of merrie Sherwodde:
with his loue to chaste Matilda, the
Lord Fitzwaters daughter, afterwarde
his faire Maide Marian.

Acted by the Right Honourable, the Earle of
Notingham, Lord high Admirall of
England, his seruants.




Printed at London, for *William*
Leake, 1601.

DUPLICATE
Bridgew'. Liby.







THE DOWN-FALL
of Robert, Earle of Huntington.

* *
*
¶ Enter Sir Iohn Elcam, and knocke at Skeltons doore.
Sir Iohn.

Howe maister Skelton? what at this houre?
Opens the doore,
Skel. Welcome, and wishe for, honest sir
Iohn Elcam. I haue sent twice, & either time
he mist, that went to seeke you.

Elt. So full well hee might.
These two howers it pleas'd his Maiesty
To ble my seruice in suruaying Happes,
Sent ouer from the good king Ferdinand,
That to the Indies, at Sebaltians sute,
Dath fately sent a Spanish Colonie.

Sk. Then twill trouble you, after your great affairs,
To take the paine that I intended to intreat you to,
About rehearfall of your promisl'd play.

Elt. I pray maister Skelton: for the king himselfe,
As wee were parting, bid mee take great heede
Wee faile not of our day, therefore I pray
Sende for the rest, that now we may rehearte.

Skel. They are readie all, and drest to play.
What part play you?

Elt. Why? I play little Iohn,
And came of our wale with this greene sute.

THE DOWRY-TALE OF ROBERT
Skel. Holla my masters, little Iohn is come,

At euery doore all the Players runne out, some crying where? where? others welcome sir *Iohn*, among other the boyes and Clowne.

Skel. Faith little Tracy you are somewhat forward:
What, our Maid Marian leaping like a Iab?
If you remember, Robin is your loue:
Sir Thomas mantle ponder, not sir Iohn.
Clow. But master, sir Iohn is my fellowe, for I am
Much, the Pillers sonne. Am I not?

Sk. I know yee are sir:
And gentlemen, since you are thus prepar'd,
Goe in, and bring your dumbe scene on the stage,
And I, as Prologue, purpose to expresse
The ground whereon our histozie is laied.

Exeunt, manet Skelton.

Trumpets sounde, enter first king *Richard* with drum
and Auncient, giuing *Ely* a purse and scepter, his mother,
and brether *Iohn*, *Chester*, *Lester*, *Lacie*, others at the
kings appointment doing reuerence. The king goes in:
presently *Ely* ascends the chaite, *Chester*, *Iohn*, and the
Queene part displeasantly. Enter *Robert*, earle of *Here-
sington*, leading *Marian*, followes him *Warman*, and after
Warman the Prior, *Warman* euer flattering and making
curtie, taking gifts of the Prior behinde, and his master
before. Prince *Iohn* enters, offereth to take *Marian*.
Queene *Elinor* enters, offering to pull *Robin* from her;
but they in folde each other, and sit downe within the
curteines, *Warman* with the Prior, *Sir Hugh Lacy*, Lord
Sensloe, & *Sir Gilbert Broghton* folde hands, and drawing
the curteins, all (but the Prior) enter, and are kindly re-
ceiued by *Robin Hoode*. The curteins are againe shut.

Sk. Sir Iohn, once moze, bid your dumbe shewes come in;
That





EARLE OF HUNTINGTON.

That as they passe I may explaine them all.

¶ Enter king *Richard* with drumme and Ensigne, giuing
Ely a purse, and scepter, his mother and brother *Iohn*,
Chester, *Lefer*, *Lacie*, others at the kings appointment,
doing reuerence. The king goes in.

Richard raide *Cor de Lyon* takes his leaue,
Like the *Lords Champion* gainst the *Pagan* foes,
That spoyle *Iudea*, and rich *Palestine*.
The rule of *England* and his princely seate,
He leaues with *Ely*, then *Lozd Chancelloz*:
To whom the mother *Queene*, her sonne, *prince Iohn*,
Chester, and all the *Peeres* are sworne,
Exit Richard cum militibus.

¶ *Ely* ascends the chaire, *Chester*, *Iohn* and the *Queene*
part displeasantly.

Now reuerend, *Ely* like the deputie
Of Gods greate deputie ascends the throne:
Which the *Queene* mother, and ambitious *Iohn*
Repining at, rail'd many mutinies:
And how they ended you anon shall heare.

Exeunt omnes.

¶ Enter *Robert*, earle of *Huntington*, leading *Marian*, fol-
lowes him *Warman*, and after *Warman* the *Prior*, *War-*
man euer flattering, and making curtsie, taking giftes
of the *Prior* behinde, and his master before. *Prince*
Iohn enters, offereth to take *Marian*, *Queene Elinor*
enters, offering to pull *Robin* from her; but they in-
folde each other, and sit downe within the curteins,

This youth that leads you virgin by the hand
(As doth the Sunne, the morning richly clad)
Is our Earle *Robert*, or your *Robin Hoode*,
That in those daies, was Earle of *Huntington*.

The ill fact miser, byld'd in either hand,
Is Warman, once the Steward of his house,
Who Iudas like betraies his liberall Lozd,
Into the hands of that relentlesse Prioze,
Calde Gilbert Hoode, vncle to Huntington:
Those two that seeke to part these louely friends,
Are Elenor the Queene, and Iohn the Prince,
She loues earle Robert, he maide Marian,
But vainely: for their deare affect is such,
As only death can sunder their true lones.
Long had they lou'd, and now it is agreed,
This day they must be troth-plight, after wed,
At Huntingtons faire house a feast is helde;
But enuie turnes it to a house of teares.
For those falle guesstes, conspiring with the Prioze,
To whome earle Robert greatly is in debt,
Deane at the banquet to betray the Earle,
Into a heauie wryt of outlawry.
The manner and escape you all shall see.

Elc. Which all, good Skelton?

Skel. Why all these lookers on:

Whom if wee please, the king will sure be pleas'd.

Looke to your entrance, get you in sir Iohn, Exit sir Iohn.

My shift is long, for I play Frier Tuckes

Wherein if Skelton haue but any lucke

Hee'll thanke his hearers oft, with many a ducke.

For many talk of Robin Hood y neuer shot in his bowe,

But Skelton wrytes of Robin Hood what he doth truly

Therefore I pray yee, (knowe.

Contentedly stay yee,

And take no offending,

But sit to the ending.

Likewise I desire,

Yea would not admire

My rime so I shift.



Earle of Huntington.

Foꝛ this is my drift,
So mought I well thꝛiue,
To make yee all bliche:
But if ye once frowne,
Pooꝛe Skelton goes downe,
His labour and cost,
He thinketh all lost,
In tumbling of bookes
Of Mary goe lookes.
The Sheriffe with staues,
With catchpoles and knaues,
Are comming, I see,
High time tis foꝛ mee
To leaue off my babble
And fond ribble rabble.
Therefore with this curtise
A while I will leaue yee.

¶ Enter, as it were in haste, the Prior of Yorke, the
Sheriffe, Justice *Warman*, Steward to *Robin Hoode*.

Pri. Here master Warman, theres a hundred crowns,
Foꝛ your good will and furtherance in this.

War. I thanke you my Lord Prior, I must away
To shunne suspicion, but be resolute,
And wee will take him, haue no doubt of it.

Pri. But is Lord Sentloe and the other comes? (com
War. Lord Sentloe, sir Hugh Lacie, & sir Gilbert Brogh.
Are there, and as they promise you last night,
Will helpe to take him, when the Sheriffe comes.

Pri. A while farewell, and thankes to them & you.
Come master Sheriffe, the outlawry is proclam'd,
Sende therefore quickly foꝛ moꝛe companie,
And at the backe gate wee will enter in.

Sher. Wee shall haue much adoe I am afrayde.

Pri. No, they are very merry at a feast,

The down-fall of Robert

A feast, where Marian, daughter to Lord Lacy,
Is croth-plighted to wallfull Huntington.
And at the feast, are my expectall friends,
Whom hee suspectes not: come weele haue him, man,
And for your paines, here is a hundred markes. Exeunt.
Sher. I thanke your Lordshippe, weele be diligent.

¶ Enter Robin Hood, little John following him; the one
earle of Huntington, the other his seruant, Robin ha-
uing his napkin on his shoulder, as if hee were sodain-
ly raised from dinner.

Robin. As I am outlawed from my fame and state,
Be this day outlawed from the name of daies:
Day lucklesse, outlawe lawlesse, both accurst,
Flings away his napkin, hat, and sitteth downe.

John. Doe not forget your honourable state,
Nor the true noblesse of your worthy house.

Rob. Doe not perswade mee: batne as vanitie
Are all thy comfortes, I am comfortlesse.

John. Heare mee my Lord.

Rob. What shall I heare thee say?

Alreadie hast thou said toa much to heare.
Alreadie hast thou stabd mee with thy tongue,
And the wide wound with words will not be clos'd.
Am I not outlawed, by the Prioz of Pozke,
Proclam'd in Court, in citie, and in towne,
A lawlesse person? this thy tongue reports:
And therefore seeke not to make smooth my griefe:
For the rough stozme, thy windie words hath rais'd,
Will not be calm'd, till I in graue be laid.

John. Haue patience yet.

Rob. Yea, now indeede thou speakest.

Patience hath power to heare a greater crosse
Then honours spoyle, or any earthly losse.

John. Doe so my Lord.



Earle of Huntington.

Rob. I, now I would beginne:
But see, another Scene of griefe comes in.

Enter Marian.

Mar. Why is my Lord so sad? wherefoze so soone,
So sodainely arose yee from the boozde?
Alas my Robin, what distemp'ring griefe
Drinckes vp the roseat colour of thy cheekes?
Why art thou silent? answere mee my loue.

Rob. Let him, let him, let him make thee as sad.
Yee haue a tongue can banish thee from toy,
And chase thy crimson colour from thy cheekes.
Why speakest thou not? I pray thee little Iohn,
Let the short story of my long distresse
Be vttered in a word. What mean'st thou to protract?
Willst thou not speake? then Marian list to mee.
This day thou wert a maide, and now a spowfe,
A none (poore soule) a widdowe thou must bee:
Thy Robin is an outlawe, Marian,
His goods and landes must be extended on,
Himselfe exile from thee, thou kept from him,
She sinkes in his armes.

By the long distance of vnumbr'd miles:
Faine'st thou at this? speake to mee Marian,
By olde loue newly met, parte not so soone,
Wee haue a little time to tarry yet.

Mar. If but a little time, let mee not stay,
Part wee to day, then will I dye to day.

Iohn. For shame my Lord, with courage of a man,
Bidle this ouer-greeuing passion,
Or else dissemble it, to comfort her.

Rob. I like thy counsell, Marian, cleare these clouds,
And with the sunny beames of thy bright eyes,
Drinke vp these mistes of sorow that arise.

Mar. How can I toy, when thou art banished?

Rob. I tell thee loue, my griefe is counterfaite;

B

And

The down-fall of Robert

And I abruptly from the table rose,
The banquet being almost at an ende,
Onely to vyue confused and sad thoughts
Into the mindes of the invited guesstes.
For gentle loue, at greate or nuptiall feastes,
With Comicke sportes, or Tragicke stately plaies,
Whee vse to recreate the feasted guesstes,
Which I am sure our kinsfolke doe expect.

Mar. Of this what then? this seemes of no effect.

Rob. Why thus of this, as little Iohn can tell,
I had belypoken quaint Comediang:
But greate Iohn, Iohn the Prince, my Lieges brother,
By rinall, Marian, he that crost our loue,
Hath crost mee in this iest, and at the Court,
Imployes the Players, should haue made vs sport;
This was the tydings brought by little Iohn,
That first disturbd mee, and begot this thought
Of sodaine cysling, which by this I know
Hath with amazement, troubled all our guesstes:
Goe in, good loue, thou as the Chorus shalt,
Expresse the meaning of my silent grieffe,
Which is no moze but this; I only meane
(The moze to honour our right noble friends)
My selfe in person, to present some Scenues
Of tragicke matter, or perchance of mirth,
Euen such as first shall iumpe with my conceipt.

Mar. Nay I be bolde thou hast the worst exprest:

Iohn. Faire mistresse, all is true my Lord hath said:

Rob. It is, it is.

Mar. Speake not so hollow then,

So sigh, and sadly speake true sozrowing men.

Rob. Beleeue mee loue, beleeue mee (I beseech)
My first Scene tragicke is, therefore tragicke speech,
And accents, fitting wofull action, I strue to get:
I pray thee sweete goe in, and with thy sight,

Am

Appeale the many doubts that may arise.
That done, be thou their vsher, bring them to this place,
And thou shalt see mee with a loftie verse,
Bewitch the hearers eares, and tempt their eyes
To gaze vpon the action that I vse.

Mar. If it be but a play, Ile play my part:
But sure some earnest griefe affrightes my heart.

John. Let mee intreate pee Adam not to feare,
For by the honestie of little Iohn,
Its but a tragicke Scene we haue in hand,
Only to fit the humour of the Queene,
Who is the chiefest of your troth-plight least.

Mar. Then will I fetch her Highnesse and the rest.

Rob. I, that same iealous Queene, whose dotting age
Ennies the choyce of my faire Marian,
She hath a hande in this.

John. Well, what of that?
Now must your honour leaue these mourning tunes,
And thus by my acceede you shall prouide,
Your Plate and Jewels Ile straight packe vp,
And toward Noringham conuey them hence,
At Rowford, Sowtham, Wortley, Hothersfield:
Of all your cattell, mony shall be made,
And I at Mansfield will attend your comming,
Where weele determine, which waite's best to take.

Rob. Well be it so, a Gods name let it be:
And if I can, Marian shall come with mee.

John. Else care will kill her, therefore if you please,
At th' vtmost corner of the garden wall,
Soone in the evening walte for Marian,
And as I goe Ile tell her of the place,
Your hozles at the Bell shall readie bee,
I meane Belsavage, whence as citizens
That meane to ride for pleasure some small way,
You shall set forth.

Rob. Best as thou dost say.

Farewell a while.

In spite of griefe, thy loue compels mee smile:
But now our audience comes, wee must looke sad.

Exit Iohn.

¶ Enter Queene Elinor, Marian, Seniloe, Lacie, Brogh-
ton, Warman, Robins Steward. As they meete, Iohn
whispers with Marian.

Que. How now my Lord of Huntington?
The mistresse of your loue, faire Marian,
Tels vs your sodaine rising from the banquet,
Was but a humoz, which you meane to purge,
In some high Tragick lines, or Comick tests.

Ro. Sit down faire Queen (by Prologues part is playd,
Marian hath tolde yee, what I had her tell)

Sit downe Lord Seniloe, cousin Lacy sit,
Sir Gilbert Brogh-ton, yea, and Warman sit;
Though you my Steward be, yet for your gathering wit,
I giue you place, sit downe, sit downe I say,

Sets them all downe.

Gods pittie sit; it must, it must be so:

For you will sit, when I shall stande I knowe.

And Marian (you) may sit among the rest,

I pray yee doe, or else rise, stand apart,

These helps shall be beholders of my smart.

You that with ruthlesse eyes my sorowes see,

And came prepar'd to feast at my sad fall,

Whose enuie, greedinesse, and ieaalousie

As forde mee sorowe endlessse, comfort small,

Knowe what you knewe befoze, what you ordaind

To crosse the spousall banquet of my loue,

That I am outlawed by the Prior of Dozke,

My traiterous vnle, and your trochelesse friend.

Smile





Earl of Huntingdon.

Smile you Queene Elinor? laugh it thou Lord Sentloef
Lacy look it thou so blithe at my lament:
Broghcon a smooth hylwe graceth your sterne face:
And you are merry Warman at my inone.
The Queene except, I doe you all despise.
You are a sort of fawning Sycophants,
That while the sun shine of my greatnesse dur'd;
Reuel'd out all my day for your delights,
And now yee see the blacke night of my woe
Ore shade the beautie of my smiling good,
You to my griefe adde griefe, and are agreed
With that false Prioz, to repprue my ioyes
From execution of all happinesse.

War. Your honour thinks not ill of mee, I hope.

Rob. Judas speakes first, with, master is it I?
No, my false Steward, your accounts are true,
You haue dishonoured mee, I worshipt you.
You from a paltry pen and inkhorne clarke,
Bearing a buckram satchell at your belt,
Unto a Justice place I did preferre,
Where you vniustly haue my tenants rackt;
Wasted my treasure, and increast your store.
Your sire contented with a cottage pooze,
Your master shippe hath halles and mausions built,
Yet are you innocent, as cleare from guilt,
As is the rauenous mastife that hath spilt
The bloode of a whole flocke, yet lily comes
And couches in his kennell, with smeard chaps,
Out of my house, for yet my house it is,
And followe him yee catchpole bribed groomes:
For neither are ye Lords, nor Gentlemen,
That will be hired to wrong a Nobleman:
For hir'd yee were, last night, I knowe it I,
To be my guests, my faithlesse guests this day,
That your kinde hoste you trochlesse might betray:

But hence, and helpe the Sheriffe at the dooze,
Pour worst attempt: sell traitors, as you bee,
Quoide, or I will execute yee all,
Ere any execution come at mee, Runne away.
They ran away, so ends the tragedie.

Marian, by little Iohn, my minde you know,
If you will, doe: if not, why, be it so. Offers to goe in.

Qu. No words to me earle Robert ere you goe?

Rob. O to your Highnesse? yes, adieu proud Queene,
Had not you bene, thus pooze I had not beene. Exit.

Qu. Thou wzongst mee Robert, earle of Huntington,
And were it not for pittie of this maide,
I would reuenge the words that thou hast saide.

Mar. Ade not, faire Queene, distresse vnto distresse:
But if you can, for pittie make his lesse.

Que. I can and will forget deseruing hate,
And gtue him comfort in this woofull state.

Marian, I knowe Earle Roberts whole desire

Is to haue thee with him from hence away:

And though I loued him dearely to this day;

Yet since I see hee dearliet loueth thee,

Thou shalt haue all the furtherance I may.

Tell mee faire girle, and see thou truly tell,

Whether this night, to morrowe, or next day,

There be no pointment for to mee te thy loue.

Mar. There is, this night there is, I will not lie,
And be it disappointed, I shall die.

Que. Alas pooze soule, my sonne, Prince Iohn my son,

With seuerall troupes hath circuted the Court,

This house, the citie, that thou canst not scape.

Mar. I will away with death, though he be grim,

If they deny mee to goe hence with him.

Qu. Marian, thou shalt go with him clad in my attire,

And for a shift, Ile put thy garments on,

It is not mee, my sonne Iohn doth desire;

But

Earle of Huntingt on.

But marian it is thee, he doth on.
When thou and I are come into the field,
Or any other place where Robin staies,
See in thy clothes, the ambush will beset,
Thee in my robes they dare not once approach:
So while with mee a reasoning they stay,
At pleasure thou with him maist ride away.

mar. I am beholding to your Maiesty,
And of this plot will sende my Robin worde.

Qu. Nay, neuer trouble him, leass it bzeede suspect:
But get thee in, and shift of thy attire,
My robe is loose, and it will soone be off,
Goe gentle marian, I will followe thee,
And from betrayer's hands will set thee free.

mar. I thanke your Highnesse, but I will not trust ye,
My Robert shall haue knowledge of this shift:
For I conceiue alreadye your deepe drift.

Qu. Now shall I haue my will of Huntington,
Who taking mee this night for marian,
Will harry mee away in steade of her:
For hee dares not stand trifling to conferre:
Faith prettie marian I shall meete with you,
And with your iouely sweete heart Robert too:
For when wee come vnto a baiting place,
If with like loue my loue hee doe not grace,
Of treason capitall I will accuse him,
For traiterous forcing me out of the Court,
And guerdon his disbaire with guiltie death,
That of a Princes loue so lightly weighes.

Exit.

¶ Enter little Iohn, fighting with the Sheriffe and his men,

Warman perswading him:

Io. Warman stand off, tis tattle, tel not me what ye can do:
The goods I say are mine, and I say true.

War. I say the Sheriffe must see them ere they goe.

The down-fall of Robert

Ioh. You say so Warman, little Iohn saies no.

Shre. I say I must for I am the kings Shyrene.

Ioh. Your must is false, your office I beleue.

Watch. Downe with him, downe with him.

Iohn. Ye barke at me like currens, but I will dotune
Watch twentie (stand, and who goe theres) of you,
If yee stand long tempting my patience.

Why master Shyrene, thinke you mee a foole?

What iustice is there you should search my trunks,

Or stay my goods for that my master owes?

Shr. Here's Iustice Warman, steward to your Lord,
Suspectes some coyne, some Jewels, or some plate
That longs vnto your Lord, are in your trunks,
And the extent is out for all his goods:

Therefore wee ought to see none be conuato.

War. True little Iohn, I am the sozier.

Iohn. A plague vpon ye else, how soze ye weepet
Why, say thou vpart, that there were some helpe,
Some little little helpe in this distresse,
To aide our Lord and master comfortlesse;
Is it thy part, thou screenfac't snotty nose,
To hinder him that gaue thee all thou hast?

¶ Enter Iustice *Warman's* wife, odly attyred.

Wife. Who's that husband? you, you, means he you?

War. I her Lady is it, I thanke him.

Wif. A ye kneue you, gods pittie his hand, why tis not
your worshippes sende the kneue to Newgate?

Ioh. Well master Sherriffe, shall I passe or no?

Sher. Not without search.

Ioh. Then here the casket stands,
Any, that dares, vnto it set their hands,
Let him beginne.

Wif. Doe his hand, you are a Haiekie, varrant ther's
olde knacks, cheins and ocher toys.

Iohn. But not so; you, good Adam beetle browes.

Wife



Wife. Out vpon him. By my trusty master Justice, and ye doe not clap him vp, I will sue a bill of remorse, and neuer come betweene a pere of sheetes with pee. Such a kneue as this, downe with him I pray.

Set vpon him, He knockes some downe.

Wife. A good Lord, come not neere good his hand, only charge him; charge him. A good God; helpe, helpe.

Enter Prince *John*, the Bishoppe of *Ely*, the Prior of *York*, with others. All stay.

P. John. What tumult haue wee here? who doth resist
The kings writs with such obstinate contempt?

Wife. This knaue.

War. This Rebell.

P. John. How now little John,
Haue you no more discretion than you shewe?

Ely. Lay holde, and clappe the traitor by the heeles.

John. I am no traitor, my good Lord of Ely,
First heare mee, then commit me if you please.

P. Joh. Speake and be brieue.

Joh. Heere is a little horse,
Containing all my gettings twentie yeare;
Which is mine owne, and no mans but mine owne:
This they would ristle, this I doe defend,
And about this we only doe contend.

P. Joh. You doe the fellow wrong: his goods are his:
You only must extend vpon the Carles.

Prior. That was my Lord; but nowe is Robert Hood,
A simple peoman as his seruants were.

Wife. Backe with that legge my Lord Prior:
There be some, that were his seruantes, thinke soule
scorne to be cald peomen.

Pri. I cry your worshippe mercy, mistresse Warman.
The squire your husband was his seruant once.

Joh. A scurvie squire, with reuerence of these Lords.

C

wife.

Wife, Doo's he not speake treason p'p'.

Ely. Dirra, yea are too saucie, get you hence.

War. But heare mee first, my Lords, with patience.

This scoffing carelesse fellowe, little Iohn,
P'ach loaden hence a horse, twirt him and Much,
A silly rude knaue, Much the millers sonne.

¶ Enter *Much*, clowne.

Much. I am here to answer for my selfe, and haue taken you in two lies at once. First, much is no knaue; neither was it a horse little Iohn and I loved, but a little curtalle, of some five handfuls high, sib to y^e Apes onely beast at Parish garden.

Ioh. But master Warman, you haue loved carts,

And turnd my Lords goods to your proper vse.

Who euer hath the right, you doe the wrong,

And are

Wife. What is hee kneue?

Ioh. Unworthy to be named a man,

Much. And Ile be sworne for his wife,

Wife. I, so thou maist Nich,

Much. That shee sets newe marked of all my olde Ladies linnen (God rest her soule) & my young Lord neuer had them since.

Wife. Out, out, I tooke him them but to whitning, as God mende mee.

Ely. Leau' off this idle talke, get yee both hence.

Iohn. I thanke your Honours: wee are not in loue to being here; wee must seeke seruice that are masterlesse.

Exeunt *Much, Iohn*.

Ely. Lord P'ior of Yorke, here's your commission. You are best make speede, least in his country houses, By his appointment, all his heards be solde.

Pr. I thanke your Honour, taking humble leau'. Exit.

Ely. And master VVarman, here's your Patent seald. For the high Sherifffewick of Noringham:

Et.

Earle of Huntington.

Except the king our master doe repeale
This gift of ours.

Pr. Ioh. Let him the while possesse it.

Ely. A gods name let him, he hath my good will. *Exit.*

P. Ioh. Well Warman, this proude Priest I can not
But to our other matter, send thy wife away. *(Swoke.*

War. Goe in good wife, the Prince with mee hath
priuete conference.

Wife. By my troth yee will anger mee: now yee haue
the Waterne, yee should call mee nothing but mistresse
Sheriffe: for I tell you I stand vpon my replications.

Exit.

P. Ioh. Thinkest thou that Marian meanes
To scape this euening hence with Robin Hood?
The hoyle boy tolde mee so, and here he comes,
Disguiled like a citizen me thinks.

Warman lets in, ile fit him presently,

Only for Marian am I now his enemy. *Excunt.*

¶ Enter Robin like a citizen.

Ro. Earle Iohn & Warman, two good friends of mines

I thinke they knowe mee not, or if they did

I care not what can followe, I am sure

The sharpest ende is death, and that will come.

But what of death or sorowe doe I dreame?

My Marian, my faire life, my beaucious loue,

Is comming, to giue comfozt to my grieffe,

And the sly Queene, intending to deceiue,

Hath taught vs how we should her sleights deceiue.

But who is this? gods pittie, here's Prince Iohn,

We shall haue some good rule with him anone.

P. Ioh. God euen sir: this cleare euening should portend

Some frost I thinke: how iudge you honest friend?

Rob. I am not weathewise: but it may be,

Wee shall haue hard frost: for true charitie,

Good deaking, faithfull friendship, honestie,

The down-fall of Robert

Are chil-colde, made with colde.

P. Ioh. A good sir, stay.

That frost hath lasted many a bitter day.

Knowe ye no frozen hearts that are belou'd?

Rob. Loue is a flame, a fire, that being mou'd,

Still by ighten growes: but say, are you belou'd?

P. Ioh. I would be, if I be not: but passe that.

Are ye a dweller in this citie, pray?

Rob. I am: and for a Gentlewoman stay,

That rides some foure or five mile in great haste.

¶ Enter Queene, *Marian*.

P. Ioh. I see your labour, sir, is not in waste.

For here come two: are either of these yours?

Rob. Both are, one must.

P. Ioh. Which doe you most respect?

Rob. The yongest, and the fairest I reiect.

P. Ioh. Robin, He try you whether ye say true.

Rob. As you wish mee, so Iohn the least wish you.

Qu. *Marian*, let me goe first to Robin Hood,

And I will tell him what wee doe intend. (mine.

War. Doe what your Highnesse please, your will is

P. Ioh. My mother is with gentle *Marian*:

It doth grieue her to be left behinde.

Qu. Shall we away my Robin, leaſt the Queene

Betray our purpose, sweete let vs away:

I haue great will to goe, no heart to stay.

Rob. Away with thee: go: get thee farre away

From mee foule *Marian*, faire though thou be nam'd:

For thy bewitching eyes haue raised stormes,

That haue my name and nobleſſe euer ſham'd:

Wince Iohn, my deare friend once, is now, for thee,

Become an vrelenting enemy,

P. Ioh. But he relent, and loue thee, if thou leaue her.

Rob. And *Elinor* my Soueraignes mother Queene,

That yet retaines true paſſion in her breaſt,

Standes

Earle of Huntington.

Stands mourning ponder. Hence, I thee detest:
I will submit mee to her Daieskie.
Greate Princesse, if you will but ride with mee,
A little of my way, I will expresse
My folly past, and humble pardon beg.

Mar. I grant, earle Robert, and I thanke thee too.

Qu. She's not the Queene, sweets Robin it is I.

Rob. Hence Sozceresse, thy beauty I desire.

If thou have any loue at all to mee,
Bestowe it on Prince Iohn: he loueth thee.

Excunt Robin, marian.

P. Ioh. And I will loue thee Robin, for this neede,
And helpe thee too, in thy distressefull neede.

Qu. Wilt thou not stay nor speake, proud Huntington?
By mee, come wher I winde hurries them away.

P. Ioh. Follow him not faire loue, that from thee flies:

But lie to him that gladly followes thee.

Wilt thou not giue? turnst thou away from mee?

Qu. Nay, we shall haue it then.

If my queint sonne, his mother gin to court.

P. Io. Wilt thou not speake, faire marian, to prince Iohn,
That loues thee well?

Qu. Good sir I know you doe.

Prin. That can maintaine thee?

Qu. I, I know you can:

But hitherto I haue maintained you.

Prin. By princely mother's.

Qu. I, my princely sonne.

Prin. Is marian then gone hence with Huntington?

Qu. I, she is gone, ill may they either th' iue.

Prin. Whether, they must goe whom the diuell vniues.

For your sharpe furie, and infernall rage,

Your scoone of mee, your spite to marian,

Your ouer-voting ious to Huntington,

Wath crost your selfe, and mee it hath vndone.

The down-fall of Robert

Qu. I, in mine owne deceipte, haue met deceipte:
In brieft, the manner thus I will repeate;
I knewe, with malice that the W^{ch} of Pozke
Pursu'd Carle Robert; and I furdred it;
Though God can tell for loue of Huntington.
For thus I thought, when he was in extreames,
Neede, & my loue would winne some good regarde
From him to mee, If I relseu'd his want.
To this end came I to the mock-spouse feast:
To this end made I change for marians weede,
That me, for her, Carle Robert should receiue:
But now I see they both of them agreed,
In my deceipte, I might my selfe deceiue.
Come in with mee, come in and meditate
How to turne loue, to neuer changing hate. *Exit.*

Prin. In by your selfe: I passe not for your spels.
Of youth and beautie still you are the foe:
The curse of Rosamond rests on your head,
Faire Rose confounded by your cankers hate.
O that he were not as to mee she is,
A mother, whom by nature I must loue,
Then would I tell her shee were too too base,
To doe thus on a banisht carelesse groom;
Then should I tell her that shee were too fond,
To thrust faire marian to an extles hand.

¶ Enter a messenger from Ely.

mess. My Lord, my Lord of Ely sends for you,
About impoztant businesse of the state.

Prin. Tell the proude Prelate I am not dispos'd,
Nor in estate to come at his commaunde.

Smite him, hee bleedes.

Be gon with that, or carry and take this.
I wouns are pee listning for an after-arrant?
He followe, with reuengefull murdorous hate,
The banisht, beggerd, bankrount Huntington.

Enter

¶ Enter *Simon, earle of Leicester.*

Ley. How now *Prince Iohn's* bodie of mee, I muse
What mad moodes tolde yee, in this busie time,
To wound the messenger that *Ely* sent,
By our consents: yfaith yee did not well.

Prin. Leyster, I meant it *Ely*, not his man:
His seruants heade but bleedes: hie headlesse shall
From all the issues of his traitor necke,
Poure streames of blood, till he be bloodlesse left:
By earth it shall, by heauen it shall be so,
Leister, it shall though all the world say no.

Lei. It shall, it shall, but how shall it be done:
Not with a stormie tempest of sharpe words,
But slowe, still speeches, and effecting deedes.
Here comes olde *Lacy* and his brother *Hugh*.
One is our friend, the other is not true.

¶ Enter *Lord Lacy, sir Hugh,* and his boy.

Lacy. Hence trechor as thou art: by Gods blest mother
Ile lop thy legges off, though thou be my brother,
If with thy flatering tongue thou seeke to hide
Thy traitterous purpose. Ah poore *Huntington*,
How in one houre haue villaines thee vndone?

Hugh. If you will not beleue what I haue sworne,
Conceipt your worst. My Lord of *Ely* knowes
That what I say, is true.

L. Still facest thou:
Draue boy, and quickly see that thou defende thee.

Lei. Patience Lord *Lacy*, get you gon sir *Hugh*,
Prouoke him not, for he hath tolde you true:
You knowe it, that I knowe the *Prioz* of *Bozke*,
Together with my good Lord *Chauncelloz*,
Corrupted you, Lord *Sentloe*, *Broughton*, *Warman*,
To feast with *Robert* on his day of fall.

Hugh. They lie that say it: I desire yee all.

Prin. Now by the Rode thou lyest. *Warman* himselfe,

That creeping Iudas, toyed, and tolde it mee.

Lacy. Let mee, my Lords, reuenge me of this wretch,
By whome my daughter and her loue were lost.

Prin. For her, let mee reuenge: with bitter colf,
Shall sir Hugh Lacy and his fellowes buy
Fairer Marians losse, lost by their treachery.
And thus I pay it.

Stabs him, he falles, boy runnes in.

Leist. Sure payment Iohn:

Lacy. There let the villaine lie:
For this, olde Lacie honours thee, pzince Iohn.
One trecherous soule, is sent to answer wrong.

¶ Enter Ely, Chester, officers, Hugh Lacies boy.

Boy. Here, here, my Lord,
Looke where my master lies.

Ely. What murderous had hath kild this gentle knight,
Good sir Hugh Lacy, steward of my lands?

Prin. Ely, he died by this princely hand.

Ely. Unprincely deed. Death askech death you know.

Ely. Arrest him officers.

Prin. O sir, obey: you will take baile, I hope.

Chest. tis more, sir, than hee may.

Lei. Chester, he may by lawe, and therefore shall.

Ely. Who are his baile?

Lei. I.

Lacy. And I.

Ely. You are confederates.

Prin. Holy Lord, you lye.

Chest. Be reuerent, Pzince Iohn: my Lord of Ely,
You knowe, is Regent for his Maestie.

Prin. But here are Letters from his Maestie,
Sent out of Ioppa, in the holy land,
To you, to these, to mee, to all the State;
Containing a repeale of that large graunt,

And



Earle of Huntington.

And free authoritie to take the seale,
Into the hands of three Lords temporall,
And the Lord Archbishoppe of Roan, he sent.
And hee shall yelde it: or as Lacy lies,
Desertfully, for pride and treason stabd,
He shall ere long lye. Those that intend as I
Followe this steely ensigne, lift on high.

Lifts vp his drawne sword:

Exit, cum Lester and Lacy.

Ely. A thousand thousand ensignes of sharpe Steele,
And feathered arrowes, from the bowe of death,
Against proud Iohn, wrougd Ely will imploy.
My Lord of Chester, let mee haue your aide,
To lay the pride of haute vsurping Iohn.

Chest. Some other course than warre let vs bethinke:
If it may be, let not vnciuill boyles,
Our ciuill hands defile.

Ely. God knowes that I,

For quiet of the Realme, would ought forbear:
But giue mee leaue, my noble Lord to feare,
When one, I dearely lou'd, is murdered,
Under the colour of a litle wrong,
Done to the walfull earle of Huntington:
Whom Iohn, I knowe, doth hate vnto the death,
Only for loue he beares to Lacies daughter.

Chest. My Lord, its plaine this quarrel is but pickt
For an inducement to a greater ill:

But wee will call the Counsell of Estate,
At which the mother Queene shall present be:
Thither by summons shall Prince Iohn be calld,
Lester and Lacy, who, it seemes,
Fauour some factious purpose of the Prince.

Ely. You haue advised well, my Lord of Chester,
And as you counsell, so doe I conclude. Exeunt.

D

Enter

The down-fall of Robert

¶ Enter Robin Hood, Matilda, at one doore, little Iohn,
and Much the millers sonne at another doore.

Much. Luck I beseech thee, Harry and amen,
Blessing betide hem, to be them indeede,
Oh my good Lord, for and my little Ladie.

Rob. What? Much and Iohn, well met in this ill time.

Ioh. In this good time my Lord; for being met,
The world shall not depart vs till wee die.

Mat. Saist thou mee so Iohn? as I am true maide,
If I liue long, well shall thy loue be paid.

Much. Well, there be on vs, simple though wee stand
here, haue as much loue in hem as little Iohn.

Mat. Much, I confesse thou louest mee very much,
And I will moze reward it than with words.

Much. Nay I know that, but wee millers children
loue the cogge a little, and the faire speaking.

Rob. And is it possible that Warman's spite
Should stretch so farre, that he doth hunt the liues,
Of bonnie Scarlet, and brother Scathlock.

Much. O, I sir. Warman came but yester day to take
charge of the Yaille at Nottingham, and this day he saies
he will hang the two outlawes: he meanes to set them
at libertie.

Mat. Such libertie God send the piewish wretch
In his most neede.

Rob. Now by my honour's hope,
Yet buried in the lowe dust of disgrace,
He is too blame: say Iohn, where must they die?

Ioh. Ponders their mothers house, and here the tree,
Whereon (poore men) they must forgoe their liues:
And yonder comes a lazie, lozell frier,
That is appointed for their confessor,
Who when we brought your monie to their mothers:
Was wishing her to patience for their deaths.

Enter



Earle of Huntington.

¶ Enter Frier Tucke, and Ralphe, Warmans man.

Ra. I am timorous sir, that the prigioners are passed
from the Taile.

Fri. Soft sirra, by my order I protest,
We are too forward: tis no game, no least
We goe about.

Rob. Matilda, walke afoze;
To widowe Scarlets house: looke where it stands:
Much, man your Ladie: little Iohn and I
Will come vnto you thither presently.

Much, Come Madame, my Lord has pointed the pro-
perer man to goe befoze yee.

mat. Be carefull Robin in this time of feare,

Exit Much, Matilda.

Fri. Now by the reliques of the holy Masse,
A prettie gitle, a very bonny lasse.

Rob. Frier, how like you her?

Fri. Mary, by my hooode,
I like her well, and wish her nought but good.

Rafe. Vee protract master Frier, I obsecrate ye with
all curtesie, omitting complement, you would vouch,
oz deigne to proceede.

Fri. Deigne, vouch, protract, complement, obsecrate?
Why good man tricks, who taught you thus to prate?
Your name, your name, were you neuer christned?

Ra. My nomination Radulfe is oz Ralph,
Vulgars corruptly vse to call mee Rafe.

Fri. O foule corruptton of base palliardize,
When idiots witlesse trauell to be wise.
Age barbarous, times impious, men vitious,

Able to vpraise,

Ben deade many daies,

That wonted to praise,

The Rimes and the lates

Of Poets Laureate,

The down-fall of Robert

Whose verſe did decorate,
And their lines inſtrate
Both Prince and Potentate,
Theſe from their graues,
See aſſes and knaues,
Baſe idiot ſlaues,
With boaktings and byanes,
Offer to vprtie,
To the heauens bie,
With vaine foolery,
And rude ribaldry.
Some of them write
Of beaſtly delight,
Suffering their lines,
To flatter theſe times,
With Pandariſme baſe,
And luſt doe vncleaſe,
From the placket to the pappe:
God lend them ill happe.
Some like quaint pedants,
Good wits true recreants,
Pee cannot beſeech
From pure Priſcian ſpeech.
Diuers as nice,
Like this godde vice,
Are wordmakers dailly.
Others in curſie
When euer they meeete pee,
With newe faſhions greeete pee,
Chaunging each congee,
Somecime beneath knee,
With, good ſir, pardon mee,
And much moze foolerie,
Paltry, and foppyy,
Diſſembling knaueery:



Earle of Huntington.

Hands sometime kissing,
But honestie missing.
God giue no blessing,
To such base counterfeiting.

Ioh. Stoppe matter Skelton: whither will you runne?

Fri. Gods pittie sir Iohn Elcam, little Iohn,
I had forgotte my selfe; but to our play.
Come, good man fashions, let vs goe our way,
Unto this hanging businesse: would, for mee,
Some rescue, or repreeue might set them free.

Excunt Frier, Ralph.

Robin. Heardst thou not, little Iohn, y^e Friers speech,
Asking for rescue, or a quicke repreeue?

Ioh. He seemes like a good fellowe, my good Lord.

Rob. He's a good fellowe Iohn, vpon my word.
Lend mee thy hozne, and get thee in to Much,
And when I blowe this hozne, come both & helpe mee.
Ioh. Take heed my Lord: y^e villane Warman knows you,
And ren to one, he hath a wit against you. (O well,

Rob. Fear not: below y^e byrdge a podye blind man doth
With him I will change my habit, and disguise,
Only be readie when I call for yee:
For I will saue their liues, if it may bee.

Ioh. I will doe what you would immediatly.

¶ Enter Warman, Scarlet, and Scathlock bounde, Frier
Tuck as their confessor, Officers with halberts.

War. Master Frier, be bryefe, delay no time:
Scarlet and Scathlock, neuer hope for life,
Here is the place of execution,
And you must answer lawe, for what is done:

Scar. Well, if there be no remedie, we must:
Though it ill seemeth Warman, thou shouldst bee

The down-fall of Robert

So bloodie to pursue our liues thus cruellie.

Scar. Our mother sau'd thee fro' y^e gallowes, Warman,
His father did preferre thee to thy Loz:

One mother had wee both, and both our fathers,
To thee and to thy father, were kinde friends.

Fri. Good fellowes, here you see his kindnesse ends,
What he was once, hee doth not now consider:

You must consider of your many sinnes:

This day, in death, your happinesse beginnes.

Scar. If you account it happinesse, good Friar,
To beare vs companie, I you desire:

The more the merrier, wee are honest men.

War. We were first outlaws, then ye proued theenes,
And now all carelesly yee scoffe at death:

Both of your fathers were good honest men;

Your mother liues, their widowe, in good fame:

But you are scapethartes, bnrthrites, villanes knaues,
And as yee liu'd by thifts, shall die with thame.

Scar. Warman, good words, for all your bitter deedes;
All speech, to wretched men, is more than needs.

¶ Enter Raphe, running.

Ra. Sir, retire yee, for it hath thus succeeded, the car-
nifex, or executoz, riding on an ill curtall, hath tituba-
ted or stumbled, and is now crippledied, with broken or
fracted tibiards, & sending you tidings of successe, saith,
your selfe must be his deputie.

War. All luck; but sirra, you shall serue the turne:
The cords that binde them, you shall hang them in.

Ra. How are you, sir, of mee opiniated? Not to possesse
your seneschalship, or shertualtie, not to be earle of
Notingham, will Ralph be nominated by the base scan-
dalous vociferation of a hangman.

¶ Enter Robin Hood, like an old man.

Rob. Where is the threue, kinde friends? I you beseech,
With his good worshippinge, let mee haue some speech.

Fri.

Earle of Huntington.

Fri. Here is the Sheriffe, father, this is hee.

Rob. Frier, good alms, & many blessings thank thee,

Sir, you are welcome to this troublous heere:

Of this daies execution did I heare.

Scarlet and Scablocke murdered my young sonne,

Hee haue they robd, and helplessly vndoone.

Renenge I would, but I am olde and dzy:

Wherefoze, sweete master, for saint charitie,

Since they are bound, deliuer them to mee,

That for my sons blood, I reueng'd may bee.

Scar. This old man lies, we nere did him such wrong.

Rob. I doe not lye, you wote it too too well,

The dede was such, as you may shame to tell.

But I with all intreats might not preuaile

With your sterne stubbozne mindes, bent all to blood.

Shall I haue such reuenge then master Sheriffe,

That with my sonnes losse, may suffice my selfe?

Robin whispers with them.

War. Doe father what thou wilt, for they must die.

Fri. I neuer heard them toucht with bloode till now.

War. Notozious villanes, & they made their bzags,

The earle of Huntington would saue their liues:

But hee is downe the winde, as all such shall,

That reuell, wast and spende, and take no care.

Rob. By hozne once winded, He vnbinde my belt,

Whereat the swords and bucklers are fast tied.

Scath. Thankes to your Honour. f. after we confesse,

And were our armes ynbounde, we would vpheau

Our sinfull hands with sozrowing hearts to heauen.

Ro. I will vnbinde you, with the Sheriffes leaue.

War. Doe: helpe him Ralphe; go to them master Frier.

Robin. And as yee blew your hozns, at my sons death,
So will I sound your knell, w my best breath:

Sound his horne.

And here's a blade, that hangeth at my belt,

D4

Shall

The down-fall of Robert

Shall make ye feele in death, what my sonne felt.

¶ Enter little Iohn, Much, Scarlet and Scablock: Fight: the Frier, making as if he helpt the Sheriffe, knockes downe his men, crying, keepe the kings peace.

Ralph. O they must be hangd father:

Rob. Thy master and thy selfe supply their roomes, Warman, approach mee not, tempt not my wrath. For if thou doe, thou diest remedilless.

War. It is the ouclawed earle of Huntington, Downe with him Frier: oh thou dost mistake. Fly Ralph, wee die else, let vs raise the shire.

Sheriffe runnes away, and his men.

Fri. Farewell earle Robert, as I am true Frier, I had rather be thy clarke, then serue the Prioz.

Rob. A iolly fellowe, Scarlet knowest thou him?
Scar. Heets of Pozke, and of Saint maries Cloister:
There where your greedie vncke is Lozd Prioz.

Much. O murren on ye, haue you two scap't hanging? Harke yee my Lozd, these two fellows kept at Barnsdale seauen yeare, to my knowledge, and no man

Rob. Here is no hiding masters, get yee in, Take a short blessing at your mothers hands:
Much, beare them companie, make Matilda merry:
Iohn and my selfe will followe presently.

Iohn, on a sona tne thus I am resolu'd,
To keepe in Sherewoode, till the kings returne,
And being ouclawed, leade an outlawes life.
(Seauen yeares these byethzen, being yeomens sons,
Lived and scap't the malice of their foes)

How thinkest thou little Iohn of my intent?

Iohn. I like your Honours purpose exceeding well.

Rob. Nay, no more honour, I pray thee little Iohn:
Henceforth I will be called Robin Hoode,

untill



Earle of Huntington.

Matilda shall be my maid Marian,
Come Iohn, friends all, for now begins the game:
And after our deserts, so growe our fame. *Exeunt.*

¶ Enter Prince Iohn and his Lords, with souldiers.

Prin. Now is this Comet shot into the sea,
Or lies like Asine, vpon the sullen earth:
Come, he is deade, else should we heare of him.

Salf. I knowe not what to thinke herein, my Lord.

Fitz. Ely is not the man I tooke him for,
I am afrayde wee shall haue worse than hee.

Ioh. Why good Fitzwater, whence doth spring your feare?

Fitz. Him for his pride, we iustly haue suppress:
But prouder climbers are about to rise.

Salf. Name them Fitzwater, know you any such?

Ioh. Fitzwater meanes not any thing, I know:
For if he did, his tongue would tell his heart.

Fitz. An argument of my free heart, my Lord,
That lets the world be witness of my thought.

When I was taught, true dealing kept the schoole:
Deeds were sworne partners with professing words:

We said and did, these say and neuer meane.

This bystart protestation of no proofe:

This, I beseech you keepe accept my loue;

Commaund mee, vse mee, if you are too blame,

That doe neglect my euermourning zeale,

My deare, my kinde affect: when God can tell,

A sadaine puffe of winde, a lightning flash,

A babble on the streame both longer dure,

Than doth the purpose of their promise bide,

A shame vpon this peeuish Apish age,

These crouching hypocrite dissembling times.

Well, well, God rid the Patrones of these crimes,

Out of this land. I haue an inward feare,

This ill, well seeming, sinne, will be bought deare.

E

Salf.

The down-fall of Robert

Sal. My Lord Fitzwater is inspir'd I thinke.

Prin. I, with some diuell: let the olde foole dots.

¶ Enter Queene mother, Chester, Sheriffe, Kent
souldiers.

Qu. From the pursuing of the hatefull Priest,
And bootlesse search of Ely are wee come.

Prin. And welcome is your sacred Matetrie.
And Chester welcome too, against your will.

Chest. Unwilling men come not without constraint:
But vncompeld comes Chester to this place,
Telling thee Iohn, that thou art much too blame,
To chase hence Ely, Chancelor to the king,
To set thy footestepes on the cloath of state,
And seate thy body in thy brothers throne.

Sal. Who should succede the brother, but the brother?

Chest. If one were deade, one should succede bother.

Qu. My sonne is king, my son then ought to raigne.

Fitz. One sonne is king, the State allows not twaine.

Sal. The subjects many yeares the king haue mist.

Che. But subjects must not chuse what king they list.

Qu. Richard hath conquer'd kingdomes in the East.

Fitz. A lique her will not loofe this in the West.

Sal. By Salsburies Honour I will follow Iohn.

Chest. So Chester will, to thynne commotion.

Qu. Why? Iohn shall be but Richards deputie.

Fitz. To that, Fitzwater gladly doth agree.

And looke to't Lady, minde king Richards loue:

As you will answer't, doe the king no wrong.

Qu. Well said old conscience, you keep still one long.

Prin. In your contentious humours noble Lords,

Peeres, and vpholders of the English State,

Iohn silent stood, as one that did awaite

What sentence yee determin'd for my life?

But since you are agreed that I shall heare

The weightie burthen of this kingdomes state,

Earle of Huntington.

Till the returne of Richard, our bread king:
I doe accept the charge, and thanke you all,
That thinke me worchie of so great a place.

All. Wee all confirme you Richards deputie.

Sals. Now shall I plague proud Chester.

Qu. Sit you sure Firz water.

Chest. For peace, I yield to wrong.

Prin. Now olde man, for your daughter.

Firz. To see wrong rule, my eyes run streams of water.

A noyse within.

¶ Enter a Collier, crying a monster.

Col. A monster, a monster: bring her out Robin, a
monster, a monster. (art)

Sals. Peace gaping fellowe: knowest thou where thou

Col. Why? I am in Kent, within a mile of Dover.

Sbloud, where I am, yeace, and a gaping fellowe:

For all your dagger, wert not for your ging,

I would knocke my whipsstocke on your addle head.

Come out with the monster, Robin.

Wichin. I come, I come, helpe mee the scrats.

Col. Hee gee her the lath: come out yee bearded witch.

Bring forth Ely, with a yarde in his hand, and linnen
cloath, drest like a woman.

Ely. Good fellowes let mee goe, there's gold to dzinke.

I am a man, though in a womans weedes.

Ponders Prince Iohn, I pray yee let mee goe.

Qu. What rude rōpantons haue we ponder Salisbury?

Col. Shall we take his money?

2. Col. No, no; this is the thiefe that robb master
mighels, and came in like a woman in labour; I war-
rant yee.

Sals. Who haue yee here, honest colliers?

2. Col. A monster, a monster: a woman with a bearde,
a man in a petti cote. A monster, a monster.

Sals. What my good Lord of Ely, is it you?

The down-fall of Robert

Ely is taken, here's the Chauncelour,

1. Col. Pray God wee be not hangd for this trickes?

Qu. What my good Lord?

Ely. I, I, ambitious Ladie.

Prin. Who, my Lord Chauncelour?

Ely. I, you proud vsurper.

Sals. What, is your surplesse turned to a smock?

Ely. Peace Salisbury, thou changing weathercocke.

Chest. Alas my Lord, I grieue to see this sight.

Ely. Chester, it will be day for this darke night.

Fitz. Ely, thou wert the foe to Huntington:

Robin thou knewest, was my adopted sonne:

O Ely, thou to him wert too too cruell,

With him fled hence Macilda, my faire Jewell:

For their wrong Ely, and thy hauntie pride,

I helpt earle Iohn: but now I see thee lowe,

At thy distresse, my heart is full of woe,

Qu. Needes must I see Fitzwaters ouerthrowe:

Iohn, I affect him not, he loues not thee,

Remouue him Iohn, leaſt thou remooued bee.

Prin. Mother, let mee alone: by one and one,

I will not leaue one, that enuies our good.

My Lord of Salisbury, giue these honest colliers,

For taking Ely, each a hundred markes,

Sals. Come fellows, goe with mee.

Col. Thanke pee faith: farewell monster.

Exeunt Salisbury, colliers.

Prin. Sheriffe of Kenc, take Ely to your charge,

From Shreue to Shreue, send him to Notingham:

Where Warman, by our Patent, is high Shreue.

There as a traitor let him be close kept,

And to his triall wee will follow straight.

Ely. A traitor, Iohn?

Pr. Ioh. Doe not expostulate.

You at your triall ſhal haue time to prate. Exeunt cū Ely.

Fitz.

Firz. God for thy pittie, what a time is here?
Pri. Right gracious mother, wold your self & Chester
Wold but withzawe you for a little space,
While I conferre to my good Lord Firzwater.

Qu. My Lord of Chester, will you walke aside?

Che. Whether your Highnesse please, thither I will.

○ Exeunt Chester, Queene.

Prin. Souldiers, attend the person of our mother. Exeūt.
Noble Firzwater, now wee are alone,
What oft I haue desir'd, I will increate,
Touching Macilda, fled with Huntington.

Firz. Of her what wold you touch? Touching her flight,
She is fledde hence with Robert, her true knight.

Prin. Robert is outlawed, and Macilda free.

Why throught his fault, should she exiled be?

She is your comfort, all your ages blisse.

Why should your age, so great a comfort misse?

She is all Englands beautie, all her pride.

In forren lands, why should that beautie hide?

Call her againe Firzwater, call againe

Guiltlesse Macilda, beauties soueraigne.

Firz. I graunt prince Iohn, Macilda was my toy,

And the faire sunne, that kept old winters frost,

From griping deade the marrowe of my bones.:

And she is gone, yet where she is, God wote,

Aged Firzwater truly guesleth not:

But where she is, there is kinde Huntington:

With my faire daughter, is my noble sonne.

If he may neuer be recald againe,

To call Macilda backe it is in vaine.

Prin. Liuing with him, she liues in vitious state,

For Huntington is excommunicate:

And till his debts be paid, by Romaines decree,

It is agreed, absolu'd he can not be:

And that can neuer be. So neuer wise,

But in a loath'd adul'trous begget's life,
Must faire ma child's liue: this you may amend,
And winne Prince Iohn your euer darling friend.

Fitz. As how, as how?

Prin. Cal her from him: bring her to Englands Court,
Where like faire Phoebe, she may sit as Queene,
ouer the sacred Honourable maids,
That doe attend the royall Queene, my mother.
There shall shee liue a Princes Cynthia,
And Iohn will be her true Endinion.

Fitz. By this construction, she should be the Poone,
And you would be the man with in the Poone.

Prin. A pleasant exposition, good Fitzwater:

But if it fell so out, that I fell in,
You of my full toys should be chiefe partaker.

Fitz: Iohn I desire thee: by my Honours hope,
I will not beare this hale indignities:

Take to thy tooles. Thinkst thou a Noble man
Will be a Pandar to his proper child?

For what intendst thou else: seeing I knowe,
Carle Clepstones daughter is thy married wife.

Come, if thou be a right Plancag'ner,
Drawe and defende thee: oh our Ladie helpe

True English Lords, from such a tyrant Lord.

What, dost thou thinke I least? Nay by the Roode,
Ile loose my life, or purge thy lustfull bloode.

Prin. What my olde Ruffian, Ipe at your wardes
Haue at your froward bosome, olde Fitzwater.

Fight: Iohn falls. Enter Queene, Chester, Salisbury
hastily.

Fitz. O that thou werte not Royal Richards brother,
Thou shouldst here die in presence of thy mother.

Iohn rises, all compass Fitzwater, Fitzwater chafes,
What is he vp? Nay Lords, then giue vs leaue.

Chest. What meanes this rage Fitzwater?

Qu.



Earle of Huntington.

Qu. Lay hands upon the Bedlam, traitorous wretch.

Prin. Nay hale him hence: & heare you old Fitzwater?
See that you stay not five daies in the Realm:
For if you doe, you die remedlesse.

Fitz. Speak Lords, do you confirme what he hath said?

All. He is our Prince, and he must be obeyd.

Fitz. Harken earle Iohn, but one word will I say.

Prin. Ioh. I will not heare thee, neither will I stay.

Thou knowest thy time.

Exit.

Fitz. Will not your Highnesse heare?

Qu. No: thy Matilda robd mee of my deare. Exit.

Fitz. I aided thee in battell Salisbury.

sall. Prince Iohn is moord, I dare not stay with thee.

Fitz. Gainst thee and Ely, Chester, was I foe?

And dost thou stay to aggrauate my woe?

Ches. No, good Fitzwater, Chester doth lament

Thy wrong, thy sodaine banishment.

Whence grue the quarrell twixt the Prince and thee?

Fitz. Chester, the diuell tempted old Fitzwater,

To be a Pandar to his only daughter,

And my great heart (impatient) forst my hand,

In my true Honours right to chalenge him.

Alas the while, wrong will not be reproofd.

Ches. Farewell Fitzwater: wheresoere thou bee,

By letters, I beseech thee, send to mee.

Exit.

Fitz. Chester, I will, I will.

Heauens turne, to good, this woe, this wrong, this ill.

Exit.

Enter Scathlocke and Scarlet, winding their hornes at
seuerall doores. To them enter Robin Hood, Matilda
all in greene, Scathlockes mother, Much, little Iohn, all
the men with bowes and arrowes.

Rob. Witow, I wish thee homeward now to wend:
Least Warman's malice worke thee any wrong.

Widow.

The down-fall of Robert

Wid. Paffer I will, and mickle good attend
On thee, thy loue, and all these peomen strong.

Mar. Forget not widowe, what you promise mee.

Much. O I mistresse, for gods sake lets haue linny.

Wid. You shall haue linny sent you w all speede.

Sonnes farewell, and by your mothers reede,

Loue well your master: blessing euer fall

On him, your mistresse, and these peomen tall. Exit.

Much. God be with you mother, haue much minde I
pray on Much, your sonne, and your daughter linny.

Rob. And once moze, solly huntsmen, all your horns:

Whose Myll sound, with the ecchoing woods assist,

Shall ring a sad knell for the fearefull Deere,

Befoze our feathered shafts, deaths winged darts,

Bying sodaine summons for their fatall ends.

Scar. Its ful seauen yeares since we were outlawed first,
And wealthy Sherewood was our heritage:

For all those yeares we raigned vncontrolde:

From Barnsdale Myggs, to Nottingham red cliffes,

At Blithe and Tickhill were we welcome guests.

Good George a Greene at Bradford was our friend,

And wanton Wakefields Pinner lou'd vs well.

At Barnsley dwels a Potter tough and strong,

That neuer brookt, we hychen should haue wrong.

The Nunnes of Farnsfield, pretty Nunnes they bee,

Gaue napkins, shirts, and bands to him and mee.

Baceman of Kendall, gaue vs Kendall greene,

And Sharpe of Lees, sharpe arrowes for vs made:

At Rotheram dwelt our bowyer, God him blisse,

Iackson he hight, his bowes did neuer misse.

This for our good, our scathe let Scathlocke tell,

In merry Mansfield, how it once befell.

Scath. In merry Mansfield, on a wrestling day,

Prizes there were, and peomen came to play:

My brother Scarlet and my selfe were twaine:



Earle of Huntington.

Many resisted, but it was in vaine,
For of them all we wonne the mastery,
And the gilt weathes, were giuen to him and mee.
There by sir Doncaster of Hethersfield,
Wee were betwaid, beset, and forst to yeld:
And so hozne bound, from thence to Notingham,
Where we lay doom'd to death, till Warman came,

Rob. Of that enough. What cheere my dearest loue?
much. O good cheare anone sir, she shall haue venison
her bellyfull.

Mat. Matilda is as ioyfull of thy good,
As ioy can make her: how fares Robin Hood?

Rob. Well my matilda, and if thou agree,
Nothing but mirth shall warte on thee and mee.

Mat. O God, how full of perfect mirth were I,
To see thy grieffe turnd to true iollitie!

Rob. Giue me thy hand; now gods curse on me light,
If I forsake not grieffe, in griefes despight.

Much, make a cry, and peomen stand yee round:

I charge yee neuer moze let woefull sound

Be heard among yee; but what euer fall,

Laugh grieffe to scozne; and so make sozrowes small.

Much, make a cry, and loudly little lohn.

Much. O God, O God, helpe, helpe, helpe, I am vndoone,
I am vndoone.

Ioh. Why how now Much? peace, peace, you roaring
slau.

Much. My master bid mee cry, and I will cry till hee
bid me leaue; Helpe, helpe, helpe: I may will I.

Rob. Heare much; reade on the Articles good lohn.

Ioh. First, no man must presume to call our master,
By name of Earle, Lord, Baron, Knight, or Squite:
But simply by the name of Robin Hood.

Rob. Say peomen, to this order will ye yelde?

All. We yeld to serue our master Robin Hood.

The down-fall of Robert

John. Here tis agreed (if thereto wee agree)
That faire Matilda henceforth change her name,
And while it is the chance of Robin Hoode,
To live in Sherewodde a poore outlawes life,
She, by maids marians name, be only cald.

mar. I am contented; reade on little Iohn,
Henceforth let me be nam'd maid Marian.

Ioh. Thirdly no yeoman, following Robin Hoode
In Sherewod, shall vse widowe, wife, oz maid,
But by true labour, iustfull thoughts expell.

Rob. How like yee this?

All. Pastur, we like it well.

much. But I cry no to it. What shal I do wth mynny then?
Sear. Peace much; goe forwarde with the orders, sel-
lowe Iohn.

John. Fourthly, no passenger with whom ye meete,
Shall yee let passe till hee with Robin least:
Except a Poast, a Carrier, oz such folke,
As vse with foode to serue the market townes.

All. An order which we gladly will obserue.

Ioh. Fifthly, yon neuer shall the poore man wzong,
Nor spare a Priest, a vsurer, oz a clarke.

much. Nor a faire wench, meete we her in the darke.

John. Lastly, you shall defend with all your power,
Maids, widowes, Orphanes, and distressed men.

All. All the se wee bowe to keepe, as we are men.

Rob. Then wend ye to the Greenewod merrily,
And let the light Roes bootlesse from yee runne.

Marian and I, as Soueraigns of your toyles,
Will wait, within our bower, your bent bowes spoiled.
much. He among them master.

Exeunt winding their hornes.

Rob. Marian, thou seest though courly pleasures want,
Yet country spoze, in Sherewodde is not scant:
For the soule-rauishing delicious sound



Earle of Huntington.

Of instrumentall musique, we haue found
The winged quirkers, with diuers notes,
Sent from their quaint recording prettie throats,
On euery bzaunch that compasseth our bowler:
Without commaund, contenting vs each hower.
For Arras hangings, and rich Tapestrie,
We haue sweete natures best imbzothersy.
For thy Steele glasse, wherein thou wouldest looke,
Thy Chystall eyes, gaze in a Chystall brooke.
At Court, a flower or two did decke thy head:
Now with whole garlands is it circled.
For what in wealth we want, we haue in flowers,
And what wee loose in halles, we finde in howers.
mar. Marian hath all, sweete Robert, hauing thee;
And guessees thee as rich, in hauing mee.

Rob. I am inbedde:

For hauing thee, what comfozt can I neede?

mar. Goe in, goe in.

To part such true loue Robin, it were sinne, Exeunt.

¶ Enter Prior, sir *Doncaster*, Frier *Tucke*.

Pri. To take his bodie, by the blessed Rood,
I wold doe me moze, than any other, good.

Don. 'Tis an vnchrist, still the Churchmens foe,
An illend will betide him, that I knowe.
Twas hee that brg'd the king to selle the clergie,
When to the holy land heooke his iorney:
And he it is that rescued those two theues,
Scarlet and Scathlocke; that so manie grieues
To Churchmen did: and now they say,
Hee keepes in Sherewod, and himselke pothylap
The lawlesse Rener; heare you, my Lord Prior,
He must be taken, or it will be wzong.

Pri. Y, and he shall bee to.

Tuc. Y, I; soone sen: But ere he be, many wil lie deade:
Except it be by sleight.

The down-fall of Robert

Don. I there, there, Frier.

Tuck. Giue mee my Loyd your execution,
The widowe Scarlets daughter, louely linny,
Loues, and is belou'd of much the millers sonne,
If I can get the girle to goe with mee,
Disguis'd in habit, like a Pedlers mozt,
He serue this Execution, on my life,
And single out a time alone to take
Robin, that often carelesse walkes alone.
Why? answere not, remember what I saide,
Vnder I see comes linny, that faire maide:
If wee agree, then back me soone with aide.

¶ Enter linny with a fardle,

Prior. Tuck if thou doe it,

Don. Pray you doe not talke.

As we were strangers, let vs carelesse walke.

lin. How to the greene wodde wend I, god me speede.

Tuck. Amen faire maid, and send thee, in thy neede,
Much, that is bozne to doe thee much good deeds.

lin. Are you there Frier: nay then pfaith we haue it.

Tuck. What wenche? my loue?

lin. I, gee't mee when I craue it.

Tuck. Anaskt I offer, pze thee sweete girle take it.

lin. Gifts stinke with pzoffer, soh Frier, I forlake it.

Tuck. I will be kinde.

lin. Will not your kindnesse kill here?

Tuck. With loue?

lin. You cogge.

Tuck. Cut girle I am no miller: heare in your eare.

Don. The Frier courts her.

Pri. Cuth, let him alone,

He is our Ladies Chaplaine, but serues Ione.

Don. Then, from the Friers fault perchance, it may be
The pzoerbe grew, Ione's taken for my Ladie.

Pri. Peace good sir Doncaster, list to the end.

linny





Earle of Huntington.

In. But meane yee faith and troth, shall I go weye?

Tuck. Upon my faith, I doe intend good faith.

In. And shall I haue the pinnes and laces too,

If I heare a Pedlers packe with you?

Tuck. As I am holy Frier, linny thou shalt.

In. Well, there's my hand, see Frier you do not halt.

Tuck. Goe but befoze into the mtry mead,

And keepe the path that doth to Farnsfield lead:

He into Suchwell, and buy all the knacks,

That shall fit both of vs for Pedlers packes.

In. Who be they two that ponder walke, I prey:

Tuck. linny, I knowe not, be they what they may,

I care not for them, pry thee doe dot stay:

But make some speede, that we were gone away.

In. Well Frier, I trust you that we go to Sherewod.

Tuck. I by my beads, and vnto Robin Hoode.

In. Make speede good Frier. Exit linny,

Tuck. linny, doe not feare,

Lozd Pzoz, now you heare

As much as I; get mee two Pedlers packes,

Pointes, laces, looking glasses, pinnes and knackes:

And let sir Doncaster with some wight lads,

Followe vs close: and ere these foitie howers,

Upon my life, earle Robert shall be ours.

Pri. Thou shalt haue any thing, my dearest Frier,

And in amends, Ie make thee my subprior.

Come good sir Doncaster, and if wee thzue,

Wecle frolicke with the Nunnes of Leeds bellue.

Exeunt.

¶ Enter Fitzwater, like an olde man.

Fitz. Well did he wzyte, and mickle did he knowe,

That sayd this woꝝlvs felicitie was woe,

Which greatest states can hardly vndergoe.

Whylom Fitzwater in faire Englands Court,

Possed felicitie and happie state:

The down-fall of Robert

And in his hall blithe fortune kept her sport:
Which glee, one howre of woe did ruinate.
Fitzwater once had castles, townes, and towers,
Faire gardens, oz charvs, and delightfull botwers:
But now no; garden, oz charv, towne, no; tower
Nath pooze Fitzwater left within his power.
Only wide walkes are left mee in the world,
Which these stiffe limmes wil hardly let me tread:
And when I sleepe, heavens gloriovs canopy
Mee and my moſſie couch doth ouer-spread.
Of this, iniurious Iohn can not hereaue mee,
The aire and earth he (while I live) must leaue mee.
But from the English aire and earth, pooze man,
His tyranny hath ruthlesse thee exil'd:
Yet ere I leaue it, Ie do what I can,
To see Matilda, my faire lucklesse childe:

Curtaines open, *Robin Hood* sleepeſ on a greene
banke, and *Marian* ſtrewing ſlowers on him.

And in good time, ſee where my comfort ſtands,
And by her lyes delected huntington.
Looke how my ſhower holds ſlowers in her hands,
And ſings thoſe ſweetes, vpon my ſleeping ſonne.
Ie cloſe mine eyes as if I wanted ſight,
That I may ſee the end of their delight.

Goes knocking with his ſtaffe.

Mar. What aged man art thou; oz by what chance,
Cam'ſt thou thus farre into the wailles wodge?

Fitz. Widowe oz wiſe, oz maiden if thou be,
Lend mee thy hand: thou ſeeſt I cannot ſee.
Bleſſing betide thee, little ſeeſt thou want:
With mee, good childe, foode is both hard and ſcant.
Theſe ſmooth euen vaines, aſſure mee he is kinde,
What ere he be, my girl, that thee doth kinde.
I pooze and olde am: reſt of all earths good,
And deſperately am crept into this wodge,

Earle of Huntingon.

To seeke the poore mans patron, Robin Hood.
Mar. And thou art welcome, welcome aged man,
I ten times welcome, to maid Marian,
Sit downe olde father, sit and call me daughter.
O God, how like he lookes to olde Fitzwater! Runs in.
Fitz. Is my Matilda cald maid Marian?
I wonder why her name is changed thus.

Brings wine, me ate.

Mar. Here's wine to cheere thy hart: Drink aged man,
There's venison and a knife, here's manchet fine:
Drinke good old man, I praye you drinke more wine.
My Robin stirres, I must sing him a sleepe.

Rob. Nay, you haue wak't me Marian wth your talke,
What man is that, is come within our walke?

Mar. An aged man, a lilly sightlesse man,
Neere pin'd with hunger: see how fast he eates.

Rob. Much good may't doe him. Neuer is good meat
Ill spent on such a stomacke. Is father profane:

To Robin Hood thou art a welcome man.

Fitz. I thanke you master. Are you Robin hood?

Rob. Father, I am.

Fitz. God giue your soule much good,
For this good meat maid Marian hath giuen mee.
But heere you master, can you tell mee newes,
Where faire matilda is, Fitzwaters daughter.

Rob. Why? here she is, this Marian is shee.

Fitz. Why did she change her name?

Rob. What's that to thee?

Fitz. Yes, I could weepe for grieffe that it is so:
But that my teares are all dreyed vp with woe.

Rob. Why? shee is cald maid Marian, honest friend,
Because she liues a spotlesse maiden life:
And shall, till Robins outlawe life haue ende,
That he may lawfully take her to wife;
Which, if king Richard come, will not be long:

THE DOWN-FALL OF ROBERT

Foz, in his hand is power to right our wrong.

Fitz. If it be thus, I toy in her names change,
So pure loue in these times is very strange.

Mat. Robin, I thinke it is my aged father.

Rob. Tell mee ols man, tell me in curtesie,
Are you no other than you seeme to be?

Fitz. I am a wretched aged man, you see:
If you will doe mee ought foz charitie,
Further than this, sweete, doe not question mee.

Rob. You shall haue your desire, but what be these?

¶ Enter Frier Tucke, and Linny, like Pedlers,
singing.

What lacke ye? what lacke yee? what list ye will buy?

Any points, pins, oz laces, any laces, pointes oz pins?

Fine gloues, fine glasses, any buskes, oz maskes?

Oz any other prettie things?

Come cheape foz loue, oz buy foz money.

Any cony cony skins, (buy.

Foz laces, pointes, oz pins? faire maids come chuse oz

I haue prettie potting sticks,

And many other tricks, come chuse foz loue, oz buy
foz money.

Rob. Pedler, I pze thee set thy packe downe here:
varian shall buy, if thou be not too deare.

Tuck. Linny, vnto thy mistress shewe thy packe,

Master foz you I haue a pretty knacke:

From farre I brought it, please you see the same.

¶ Enter Frier like a Pedler, and Linny, Sir Doncaster,
and others weaponed.

Fri. Sir Doncaster, are not we Pedlerlike?

Don. Yes, passing fit, and yonder is the bower:

I doubt not wee shall haue him in our power.

Fri.





II Earle of Huntington.

Fri. You and your companie were best stand close,

Don. What shal the watchword be to bring vs forth?

Fri. Take it I pray, though it be much moze worth.

When I speake that aloude, be sure I serue
The execution presently on him.

Don. Frier, looke too.

Fri. Now linny to your song.

Sings.

¶ Enter Marian, Robin.

mar. Pedler, what prettie toyes haue you to sell?

Fri. Linny, vnto our mistresse shewe your ware.

mar. Come in good woman.

Exit.

Fr. Master, looke here, and God giue care,
So mote I thee, to her and mee, if euer wee, Robin to
thee, that art so free, meane treachery.

Rob. On Pedler to thy packe,
If thou loue mee, my loue thou shalt not lacke.

Fri. Master, in brieve, there is a cheefe, that seekes
your grieffe, God send reliefe, to you in neede: for a soule
deede, if not with speede, you take good heede, there is
decreede.

In yonder brake, there lies a snake, that meanes to
take, out of his wodde, the yeoman good, calde Ro-
bin hoo.

Rob. Pedler, I pray thee be moze plaine: what brake?
what snake? what trappe? what traitor?

Fri. Robin, I am a holy Frier, sent by the Prior, who
did mee hire, for to conspire thy endlesse woe, and ouer-
throwe: but thou shalt knowe, I am the man, whome
little Iohn, from Nottingham, desir'd to be, a clarke to
thee; for hee to mee, saide thou wert free, and I did see,
thy honestie, from gallowe tree, when thou didst free
Scathlocke and Scarlet certaine.

Rob. Why then it seemes that thou art Frier Tucke.

Fri. Master, I am,

Ⓞ

Rob.

The down-fall of Robert

Rob. I pray thee frier say,
What treachery is meant to mee this day?
Fri. First winde your hozne; then drawe your sword:
hee windes his hozne.

For I haue giuen a friers worde,
To take your bodie prisoner:
And yeld you to sir Doncaster,
The enuious Priest of Hotherfield:
Whose power your bus his wodde doth shiede:
But I will die, ere you shall yeld,

¶ Enter lielle John, &c:

And sith your peomen doe appeare,
Ile giue the watchword without feare:
Take it I pray thee, though it be moze worth.
Rushe in Doncaster with his crue.

Don. Smite down, lay hold on outlawed Humington.
John. Soft hot spurd priest, tis not so quickly done.
Don. Now out alas, the frier and the maide
Haue, to false the eyes, sir Doncaster betraide.

¶ Enter John crowned, Queene Elianor, Chester, Sals-
bury, Lord Prior, sit downe all, Warman stands.

Ioh. As Gods Vicegerent, Iohn ascends this throne,
His head impal'd with Englands Diademe,
And in his hand the awful rodde of rule,
Giuing the humble, place of excellence,
And tot he lowe earth, casting downe the proude.

Qu. Such vpright rule, is in each Realme allowed.

Iohn. Chester, you once were Elies open friend,
And yet are doubtfull whether he deserue
A publicke triall for his priuate wrongs.

Chest. I still am doubtfull, whether it be fit
To punish priuate faults with publicke shame,
In such a person as Lord Ely is.

Prior,

Earle of Huntington.

Prior. Yes Honorable Chester, more it fits
To make apparant, sinnes of mightie men,
And on their persons sharply to correct
A litle fault, a very small defect;
Than on the poore, to practise chastisement,
For if a poore man die, or suffer shame,
Only the poore and vile respect the same:
But if the mightie fall, feare then belets
The proud hartes of the mightie ones, his mates:
They thinke the world is garnished with nets,
And trappes or dained to intrappe their states,
Which feare, in them, begets a feare of ill,
And makes them good, contrary to their will.

John. Your Lordship hath said right: Lord Salisbury,
Is not your minde as ours, concerning Ely?

Sal. I iudge him woorthy of repproofe and shame.

John. Warman, bying forth your prisoner, Ely the
And to him, bying the seale that he detains, (Chancellor,
Warman, why goest thou not?

War. Be good to mee my Lord.

John. What hast thou done?

War. Speake for mee my Lord Prior.

All my good Lords, increate his Grace for mee.

Ely, my Lord

John. Why where is Ely Warman?

War. Fled to day, this mornie morning he is fled away.

Io. Dudas, whom no friend, nor foe may trust,
Thinkest thou with teares and plaints to answer this?
Doe I not knowe thy heart: doe not I knowe,
That bribes haue purchast Ely this escape?
Neuer make anticke faces, neuer bende,
With fained humblesse, thy still crouching knee:
But with fixt eyes, vnto thy doome attend.
Willane, He plague thee for abusing mee:
Goe hence, and henceforth neuer set thy foote

The Down-fall of Robert

In house or felde, thou didst this day possesse.
Marke what I say, aduise thee to looke too't,
Or else be sure thou diest remediless.
Not from these houses see that thou receiue
So much as shall sustaine thee for an houer:
But as thou art, goe where thou canst get friends,
And hee that feedes thee, be mine enemy.

War. O my good Lord.

Ioh. Thou thy good Lord betrayest,
And all the world for money thou wilt sell.

War. What saies the Queene?

Q. Why thus I say:

Betray thy master, thou wilt all betray.

War. My Lords, of Chester and of Salisbury?

Both. Speake not to vs, all traitors we desie.

War. Good my Lord Priour.

Pri. Alas, what can I doe?

War. Then I desie the worlde: yet I desie
Your Grace would read this suppl. cation.

Iohn reads.

Ioh. I thought as much: but Warman dost thou thinke
There is one mouing line to mercie here?
I tellt' ee no; therefore away, away:
A shamefull death followes thy longer stay.

War. O poore poore man?

O miserable, miserablest wretch I am.

Exit.

Iohn. Confusion be thy guide: a baser slaue
Earth cannot beare, plagues followe him I craue.
Can any tell mee if my Lord of Yorke
Be able to sit vp.

Qu. The Archbishops Grace

Was reasonable well euen now, good Sonne.

Salf. And he desir'd mee that I should desie
Your Maiestie to send vnto his Grace,
If any matter did impoꝛt his presence.

Iohn.



Earle of Huntingdon.

Ioh. Will you will our sithers threpe in and will him.
Gether, and my good Lorde, will you attend us?
Prior. I gladly will attend your painfullie,
Ihoo. How good Lord helpe us.

When I saide good Lorde,
I meant not you Lord Bishop: Lorde I knowe you are:
But good, God knowes, you never meane to be,
Excuse Ihoo, Queene, Chester, Suffolke,

Prior. Ioh is in craft, and very much I doubt
That willane Warman hath accused mee,
About the scape of Ely: well, suppose he haue
What that is to mee? I am a Strange man,
And all his power, if der all extend,
Cannot preuaile against my holy order:
But the Archbishops Grace is now his friend,
And may perchance attempt to doe me ill.

Enter a serving man.

What newes with you sir?

Ser. Euen beaulte news my Lord: for the light fire
Falling in manner of a fire Dyke.

Upon a barne of yours, hath burnt his barne,
And not a strike of corne resten drom dust.
No hand could saue it, yet ten thousand hands,
Labourd their best, though none for loss of you,
For every tongue with bitter cursing hand,
Pour Lordshippe as the water of the land.
Prior. What meane the villanerie

Ser. Thus and thus they ride:

Upon this churle, this boorder vp of corne,
This spoyler of the Earle of Huntingdon,
This lust-bellied, mercelless fallie Prior,
Deauen ratgneth vengeance downe in Wape of her.
Old wines that scarce could with their crouches creep,
And little babes, that newly learnde to speake,
Pen matterlesse that chozough wane did weepe,

The down-fall of Robert

All in one voice, with a confus'd cry,
In execrations band you bitterly,
Plague followe plague, they cry, he hath vndone
The good Lord Robert, Earle of Huntingdon:
And then

40 vi: What then, thou villane? Get thee from my sight.
They that with plagues, plagues will vpon them light.

¶ Enter another seruant.

Pri. What are your tidings?

Ser. The Couent of Saint Maries are agreed,
And haue elected, in your Lordshippes place,
Olde father Ierome, who is stald Lord Prior,
By the newe Archbischoppe.

Pri. Of Yorke thou meanst.

A vengeance on him, he is my hopes foe.

Enter a Herald.

H: Gilbert de hood late Prior of Saint Maries,
Our Soueraigne Iohn commandeth thee by mee,
That presently thou leaue this blessed land,
Defiled with the burden of thy sinne.
All thy goods tempozall and spirituall,
(With free consent of Hubert Lozde Yorke,
Primate of England and thy Ordinary)
He hath suspended, and vow'd by heauen,
To hang thee vp, if thou depart not hence,
Without delaying or moze question:
And that he hath good reason for the same,
He sends this writing firm'd with Warmans hand,
And comes himselfe: whose presence if thou stay,
I feare this Sunne will see thy dying day.

Pri. O, Warman hath betraide mee: woe is mee.

¶ Enter Iohn, Queene, Chester, Salisbury.

Ioh. Hence with that Prior, strra do not speake,
By eyes are full of weath, my heart of wreake:
Let Lister come: his haulk hatt, I am sure,

Earle of Huntington.

Will cheeke the kingly course we undertake,

Exeunt cum Prior.

Enter *Lester*, drumme and Ancient.

Iho. Welcome from warre th'ice noble earle of *Lester*:
Unto our Court, welcome most valiant earle.

Lest. Your Court in England, & king Richard gone,
A king in England, and the king from home:
This sight and salutations are so strange,
That what I should, I know not how to speake.

Ioh. What would you say? speake boldly, we intreat.

Lest. It is not feare, but wonder barres my speach;
I muse to see a mother and a Queene,
Two Peeres, so great as *Salisbury* and *Chester*,
Sit and support proud vsurpation,
And see king Richards crowne, woꝛne by earle *Iohn*.

Qu. He sits as viceroy and a substitute.

Chest. He must and shall resigne when Richard comes.

Sal. *Chester*, he will without your must and shall.

Lest. Whether he will or no, he shall resigne.

Ioh. You knowe your own will *Lester*, but not mine.

Lest. Tell me among ye, where is reuerent *Ely*,
Left by our deade king, as his deputie?

Iohn. Banish't he is, as proud vsurpers should.

Lest. Pride then, belike, was enemy to pride:
Ambition in your selfe, his state enuied.

Where is *Fitzwater*, that old honoured Lord?

Ioh. Dishonourd and exil'd, as *Ely* is.

Lest. Exil'd he may be, but dishonourd neuer:
He was a fearelesse souldier, and a vertuous scholler,
But where is *Huntington*, that noble youth?

Chest. Undoone by rpot.

Lest. Ah, the greater ruth.

Iohn. *Lester*, you question more than doth become you:

On to the purpose, why you come to vs.

Lest. I came to *Ely*, and to all the State,

The down-fall of Robert

Sent by the king, who thre times sent befoze,
To haue his ransome brought to Austria:
And if you be elected deputie,
Doe as you ought, and send the ransome money.

Ioh. Letter, you see I am no deputie:
And Richard's ransome if you doe require,
Thus wee make answer: Richard is a king,
In Cyprus, Acon, Acres, and rich Palestine:
To get those kingdomes England lent him men,
And many a million of her substance spent,
The very entrails of her wombe was rent.
No plough but paid a share, no need by hand,
But from his pooze estate of penurie,
Unto his voyage offered more than mites,
And more, pooze soules, than they had might to spare:
Yet were they ioyfull. For still flying newes,
And tyng I perceiue them now to be,
Came of king Richard's glorious viceries,
His conquest of the Souldans, and such tales,
As blewe them vp with hope, when he recutnd,
He would haue scattered gold about the streets.

Lest. Doe Princes fight for gold? O leaden thought!
Your father knewe, that honour was the aime
Kings leuell at: by sweete Saint Iohn I swear,
You vrge mee so that I cannot forbeare.
What doe you tell of money lent the King,
When first he went into this holy warre?
As if he had extorted from the pooze,
When you, the Queene, and all that heare me speake,
Know with what zeale the people gaue their goods:
Olde wines tooke silver buckles from their belts,
Young maids the gilt pins that tuckt vp their traines,
Children their prettie whistles from their neckes,
And euery man what he did most esteeme,
Crying to souldiours; Weare these gifts of ours.

This

Earle of Huntington.

This prooves that Richard had no neede to wrong,
D^r force the people, that with willing hearts
Gave more than was desir'd. And where you say,
You guesse Richards victozies but lies:
I sweare he wan rich Cyprus with his sword:
And thence, more glorious than the guide of Greece,
That brought to huge a flecte to Tenedos,
He saild along the Mediterran sea:
Where on a Sunbright morning he did meete
The warlike souldiours, well prepared flecte.
O still mee thinkes I see king Richard stand,
In his guilt armour staine with Pagans blood,
Upon a gallies prow, like warres fierce God,
And on his crest, a Crucifix of golde.
O that dales honour can be neuer tolde:
Six times six leucall Bizigandines he boarded,
And in the greedie waues slung wounded Turkes,
And thzee times thzee the winged Gallies bankes,
(Wherein the Souldans sonne was Admirall)
In his owne person royall Richard smooch'd,
And left no heathen hand to be vyheard
Against the Christian souldiers.

John. Lester, so:

Did he all this?

Lest, I by God hee did,

And more than this; nay least at it Iohn:
I sweare hee did, by Lesters faith hee did,
And made the greene sea red with Pagan blood,
Leading to Ioppa, glorious victory,
And following feare that fled vnto the foe.

Iohn. All this hee did, per chance all this was so.

Lest. Holy God helpe mee, souldiers come away:

This carpet knight sits carping at our scarres,
And leasts at those most glorious well fought warres.

Ioh. Lester, you are too hot: stay, goe not yet:

The down-fall of Robert

We thinke, if Richard wonne these victozies,
The wealthie kingdomes, he hath conquered,
May better than poore England pay his ranome:
We left this Realme as a young orphane maid,
To Ely, the stepfather of this state,
That stript the virgin to her very skine:
And Lester, had not lohn more carefull bin (bin.
Than Richard, at this hower, Englad had not Englad
Therefore good warlike Lord, take this in brieve:
We wish king Richard well,
But can send no reliefe.

Lest. O, let not my heart breake wth inward grieffe.

Ioh. Yes let it Lester, it is not amisse,

That twenty such hearts breake, as your heart is.

Lest. Are you a mother: were you Englands Queene?

Were Henry, Richard, Gefferey (your sonnes)

All sonnes, but Richard, sunne of all those sonnes?

And can you let this little meteor,

This ignis Fatuus, this same wandring fire,

This Goblin of the night, this bzand, this sparke,

Seeme through a lanthorne, greater than he is?

By heauen you doe not well, by earth you doe not.

Chester, no; you, no; you eatle Salisbury,

Ye doe not, no yee doe not what yee should.

Q. Were this Beare loose, how he wold tear our mawes?

Che. Pale death & vengeance dwel within his tawes.

Sal. But we can muzzle him, and binde his pawes,

If king Iohn say we shall, wee will indeede.

Ioh. Doe if you can.

Lest. Its well thou hast some feare:

No curre, ye haue no teethe to baitte this Beare.

I will not bid mine ensigne bearer waue

By tottered colours in this worthlesse aire,

Whic^h your vile breathes vilely contaminate.

Beare, thou hast bene my Auncient bearer long,

Ans.

Earle of Huntington.

And borne by Letters Beare in fozen lands:
Yet now resigne these colours to my hands.
For I am full of griefe, and full of rage.
Iohn, looke vpon mee, thus did Richard take
The coward Austrias colours in his hand,
And thus he cast them vnder Acon walles,
And thus he trod them vnderneath his feete.
Rich colours, how I wrong ye by this wrong!
But I will right yee; Beare, take them againe,
And keepe them euer, euer them maintaine.
We shall haue vse for them I hope, ere long.

Ioh. Darest thou attempt thus proudly in our sight?

Lest. What ist a subiect dares, that I dare not?

Sals. Dare subiects dare, their Soueraigne being by?

Lest. O God, that my true Soueraigne were ny.

Qu. Lester, he is.

Lest. Had am, by God you ly.

Chett. A mannerd man.

Lest. A plague of reuerence,

Where no regard is had of excellence. Sounddrum.

But you will quit mee nowe; I heare your drummes,

Your principallitie hath stird vp men,

And now ye thinke to muzzle by this Beare:

Still they come nearer, but are not the neare.

Ioh. What drums are these?

Sals. I thinke some friends of yours

Prepare a power to resist this wrong.

Lest. Let them prepare; for Lester is preparede,

And thus he wooes his willing men to fight;

Souldiers, yee see king Richards open wrong,

Richard that led yee to the glorious East,

And made yee treade vpon the blessed land,

Where he, that brought all Christians blessednesse,

Was borne, liued, wrought his miracles, and died,

From death arose, and then to heauen ascended;

The down-fall of Robert

Whose true religious faith ye haue defended.
Ye fought, and Richard taught ye how to fight,
Against prophane men, following Mahomet:
But if ye note, they did their kings their right,
These moze than heathen, sacrilegious men,
Professing Christ, banish Christs champion hence,
Their lawfull Lord, their homeborne Soueraigne,
With peccie quarrels, and with slight pretence,

¶ Enter Richmond, souldiers.

O let me be as hozt as time is hozt,
For the arm'd foe is now within our sight.
Remember how gainst ten, one man did fight,
So hundreds against thousands, haue bozne head:
You are the men that euer conquered,
If multitudes oppresse ye that ye die,
Lets sell our liues, and leaue them valiantly:
Courage, vpon them, till wee cannot stand.

Ioh. Richmond is yonder.

Qu. Y, and soune, I thinke,
The king is not farre off.

Chest. Now heauen forsend.

Lest. Why smite ye not, but stand thus cowardly?

Rich. If Richmond hurt good Lester, let him die.

Lest. Richmond, O pardon mine offending eye,
That tooke thee for a foe; welcome dreare friend;
Where is my Soueraigne Richard? Thou and he
Were both in Austria: Richmond, comfort mee,
And tell mee where he is, and how he fares.
O, for his ransome, many thousand cares
Haue mee afflicted.

Rich. Lester, he is come to London,
And will himselfe to faithlesse Austria,
Like a true king, his promis'd ransome beare.

Lest. At London saist thou Richmond, is he there?
Farewell, I will not stay to tell my wrongs,



EARLE OF HUNTINGTON.

To these pale coloured, hartlesse, guiltie Lords.
Richmond, you shall goe with mee, doe not stay,
And I will tell you wonders by the way.

Rich. The king did doubt you had some injury,
And therefore sent this power to rescue yee.

Lest. I thanke his Grace. Adiam adieu, adieu,
He to your sonne, and leaue your shade with you.

Exeunt.

Ioh. Marke how he mocks mee, calling me your shade.
Chester and Salisbury, shall wee gather power,
And keepe what we haue got:

Chest. And in an hower,
Be taken, iudg'd, and headed with disgrace:
Salisbury, what say you?

Sal. My Lord, I bid your excellence adieu.
I, to king Richard, will submit my knee,
I haue good hope his Grace will pardon mee.

Chest. And Salisbury, He goe along with thee.
Farewell Queene mother, fare you well Lord Iohn.

Ioh. Mother, stay you,

Qu. Not I sonne, by Saint Anne,

Ioh. Will you not stay?

Qu. Goe with me: I will doe the best I may,
To beg my sonnes forgiveness of my sonne. Exit.

Iohn. Goe by your selfe. By heauen twas long of you,
I rose to fall so soone. Lester and Richmonds true,
They come to take me. Now too late I rue
My proud attempt: like falling Phaeton,
I perish from my guiding of the sunne.

Lest. I will goe backe yfaith once moze and see,
Whether this mock-king and the mother Queene,
And: who: heres neither Queene nor Lord:
What, king of Crickets, is there none but you? (right:
Come off, off: this crowne, this scepter are king Richards.

The down-fall of Rōbert

Beare thou them Richmond, thou art his true knight.
You would not send his ransome, gentle Iohn:
He's come to fetch it now. Come wily For,
Now you are stript out of the Lyons case,
What, dare you looke the Lyon in the face?
The English Lyon, that in Austria,
With his strong hand, puld out a Lyons heart.
Good Richmond tell it mee, for Gods sake doe:
Oh, it does mee good to heare his glories tolde.

Richm. Lester, I saw king Richard with his fist,
Strike deade the sonne of Austrian Leopold,
And then I sawe him, by the Dukes commaund,
Compass and taken by a troope of men,
Who led king Richard to a Lyons denne,
Opening the dooze and in a pained court,
The cowards left king Richard weaponlesse.
Anone comes foze the fier-eyde dreadfull beast,
And with a heart-amazing voice he roarde,
Opening (like hell) his iron toothed iawes,
And stretching out his fierce death-threatning pawes,
I tell thee Lester, and I smile thereat,
(Though then, God knowes, I had no power to smile)
I stoode by treacherous Austria all the while:
Who in a gallery, with iron grates,
Staid to beholde king Richard made a prey.

Lest. What wast, thou smilest at in Austria?

Rich. Lester, he shooke, so helpe me God, he shooke,
With very terrour, at the Lyons looke.

Lest. Ah coward: but goe on what Richard did?

Rich. Richard about his right hand wound a scarfe
(God quit her for it) giuen him by a maide,
Which endlesse good may that good deede be paid,
And thrust that arme downe the deuouring throat
Of the fierce Lyon, and withdrawing it,
Drewe out the strong heart of the monstrous beast,

And



Earle of Huntington.

And left the senselesse bodie on the ground.

Lest. O royall Richard/ Richmond, looke on Iohn:
Does he not quake in hearing this discourse?
Come, we will leaue him Richmond, let vs goe,
Iohn, make sute for grace, 'tis your means you knowe.

Exeunt.

Ioh. A mischiefe on that Lester: is he gone?
I were best goe too, leaue in some mad fit,
He turne againe, and leaue me prisoner.
Southward I dare not stie: faine faine I would,
To Scotlaud bend my course: but all the woodes
Are full of Outlawes, that in Bendall greene,
Followe the outlawed earle of Huntington,
Well, I will cloath my selfe in such a sute,
And by that meanes as well scape all pursuite,
As passe the daunger: threating Huntington:
For hauing many outlawes they thinke mee,
By my attire, one of their mates to be.

Exit.

Enter Scarlet, Iohn, and Frier Tucke.

Fri. Scarlet and Iohn, so God me saue,
Do minde vnto my beades I haue:
I thinke it be a lucklesse day:
For I can neither sing, nor say,
Nor haue I any power to looke,
On Portaffe, or on Martins booke.

Scar. What is the reason, tell vs Frier?

Fri. And would yee haue mee be no lper.

Ioh. No: God defend that you should lie,
A Churchman be a lper: he.

Fri. Then by this hallowed Crucifixe,
The holy water, and the pyre,
It greatly at my stomacke sticke,
That all this day we had no guelle,
And haue of meate so many a melle.

¶ 4.

¶ luck.

The down-fall of Robert

Much bring out *Ely*, like a country man with
a basket.

Much. Well: and ye be but a market, ye are but a market man.

Ely. I am sure sir, I doe you no hurt, doe I?

Scar. Wee shall haue company, no doubt:

My fellowe *Much* hath founde one out.

Fri. A for, a for: as I am *Frier*,
Much is well worthie of good hire.

Ioh. Say *Frier* soothly knowest thou him?

Fri. It is a wolfe in a sheepes skinne.

Goe call our master, little *Iohn*,

A glad man will he be anone:

It's *Ely* man, the Chancelor.

Ioh. Gods pittie looke vnto him, *Frier*. Exit *Iohn*.

Much. What, ha ye egges to sell old fellowe?

Ely. I sir, some fewe, and those my neede constraines
mee beare to Mansfield,

That I may sell them there, to buy me bread.

Scar. Alas good man: I pry the where dost dwell?

Ely. I dwell at Oxen sir.

Scar. I knowe the towne.

Much. Alas pooze fellow, if thou dwell with Oxen,
It's strange they doe not goze thee with their hoznes.

Ely. Pastors, I tell yee truly where I dwell,
And whether I am going; let mee goe:

Your master would be much displeas'd I knowe,

If he should heare, you hinder pooze men thus.

Fri. Father, one word with you before we part.

Much. *Scarlet*, the *Frier* will make vs haue anger all:
Farewell, and beare me witnessse, though I staid him,
I staid him not:

An olde fellowe, and a market man? Exit.

Fri. Whoop! In your riddles *Much*: then we shall ha't,

Scar. What dost thou *Frier*? pry thee let him goe.

fri.

Earle of Huntington.

Fri. I pray the Scarlet let vs two alone.

Ely. Frier, I see thou knowest me, let me goe:
And many a good turne I to thee will owe.

Fri. By masters seruice bids me answer no:
Yet loue of holy churchmen wils it so.

Well, good my Lord, I will doe what I may
To let your holinesse escape away:

¶ Enter Robin.

Here comes my master, if he question you,
Answer him like a plaine man, and you may passe.

Ely. Thankes frier.

Fri. O, my Lord thinkes mee an Ass.

Rob. Frier, what honest man is there with thee?

Fri. A silly man, good master. I will speake for you:
Stand you aloofe, for feare they note your face.
Waster in plaine, it were but in vaine, long to detaine,
with toyes & with bables, with fond fained fables: but
him that you see, in so mean degree, is the Lord Ely, that
helped to exile you, that oft did reuile you. Though in his
fall, his traine be but small, and no man at all, will giue
him the wall, nor Lord doth him call: Yet he did ride,
on Jennets pike, and knightes by his side, did foote it
each tide: O see the fall of pride.

Rob. Frier, enough.

Fri. I pray sir let him goe,
He is a very simple man in howe,
He dwelles at Oxen, and to vs doth say,
To Hansfield market he doth take his way.

Ioh. Frier, this is not Hansfields market day.

Rob. What would hee sell?

Fri. Egges sir, as he saies.

Rob. Scarlet, goe thy waies, take in this olde man,
Fill his skinne with venison:

And after giue him money for his egges.

Ely. No sir I thanke you, I haue promised them.

I

To

The down-fall of Robert

To master Bailtes wife of Mansfield, all.

Rob. Nay sir you doe me wrong:

No Bailly, nor his wife shall haue an egge.

Scarlet, I say, take his egges, and giue him money.

Ely. Pray sir,

Fri. Wuh, let him haue your egges.

Ely. Faith I haue none.

Fri. Gods pittie, then he will finde you soone.

Scar. Here are no egges, nor any thing but hay.

Nes by the masse, here's somewhat like a scale. (scale)

Rob. O God, my Princes scale, faire Englands ropall

Tell mee, thou man of death, thou wicked man,

How camst thou by this scale: wilt thou not speake?

Bring burning irons, I will make him speake.

For I doe knowe the pooze distressed Lord,

The kings Vicegerent, learned reuerend Ely,

Flying the furie of ambitious Iohn,

Is murdred by this peasant. Speake vile man,

Where thou hast done thrice Honozable Ely?

Ely. Why dost thou grace Ely with stiles of Grace,

Who thee with all his power sought to disgrace?

Rob. Belike his wisdom sawe some fault in mee.

Ely. No I assure thee Honozable earle:

It was his enuie, no defect of thine,

And the perswasions of the Prior of Nozke,

Which Ely now repents; see Huntington,

Ely himselfe, and pittie him, good sonne.

Rob. Alas for woe, alack that so greate state

The malice of this world should ruinate,

Come in great Lord, sit downe and take thy ease,

Receiue the scale and pardon my offence,

With me you shall be safe and if you please,

Till Richard come, from all mens violence:

Aged Firzwater, banished by Iohn,

And his faire daughter shall con uerse with you:

Earle of Huntington.

I and my men that me attend vpon,
Shall giue you all that is to Honour due.
Will you accept my seruice, noble Lorde
Ely. Thy kindnesse dzies me to such inward shame,
That for my life, I no reply can frame.
Goe, I will followe, blessed maist thou bee,
That thus releu'it thy foes in miserie. *Exeunt.*

Ioh. Skelton, a woꝛde oꝛ two beside the play.
Fri. Now sir Iohn Eltam, what ist you would say;
Ihon. We thinke I see no castis of Robin Hoode,
No merry Hoꝛices of Frier Tuck,
No pleasant Skippings vp and downe the wodde,
No hunting songs, no courling of the Backe:
Pray God this Play of ours may haue good lucke,
And the kings Patellie mislike it not.

Fri. And if he doe, what can we doe to that?
I promise him a Play of Robin Hoode,
His honozable life, in merry Sherewod;
His Patellie himselte suruaid the plat,
And had me boldly wyite it, it was good.
For merry leasles, they haue bene showne befoze,
As how the Frier fell into the Well,
For loue of Ianny that faire bonny bell:
How Greeneleafe robd the Shyene of Nottingham,
And other mirthfull matter, full of game.
Our play expzesses noble Roberts wrong,
His milde forgetting trecherous iniurie:
The Abbots malice, rak't in cinders long,
Breakes out at last with Robins Tragedie.
If these that heare the histoꝛe reheart,
Condemne my Play when it begins to spring,
Ile let it wither while it is a budde,
And neuer shewe the flower to the King.
Iohn. One thing beside; you fall into your vaine,
Of ribble rabble rimes, Skeltonicall,

The down-fall of Robert

So oft and stand so long, that you offend,

Fr. It is a fault I hardly can amend

O how I chaunge my tongue to talke these tearmes,

I doe forget oft times my friers part:

But pull mee by the sleue when I erre,

And you shall see mee mend that fault in deede.

¶ Therefore still sit you, both Skelton increate you,

While he facetè wil bycelsely reapeate you, the history al;

And tale tragical, by whose treachery, and base iniury,

Robin the good, calde Robin Hood, dicd in Sherewodde:

Which till you see, be rul'd by me, sit patiently, & giue

a plauidice, if any thing please yee.

Exeunt.

¶ Enter Warman.

War. Banisht from all, of all am I bereft,

No more than what I weare, vnto me left,

O wretched, wretched grieffe, deserfull fall:

Striuing to get all, I am rest of all:

Yet if I could a while my selfe relieue,

Till Ely be in some place settled,

A double restitution should I get,

And these sharpe sorowes that haue ioy supprest,

Should turne to ioy with double interest.

¶ Enter a gentleman, Warmans colin.

And in good time, here comes my colin Warman,

Whome I haue often pleasur'd in my time:

His house at Bingham I bestow'd on him:

And therefore doubt not, he will giue me house-roume.

Good euen good colin.

Col. O cousen Warman, what good newes with you?

War. Whether so farre a fode walk you in Sherewod?

Col. I came from Roheram, and by hither Farnsfield

My horse did tire, and I walke home a fode.

War. I doe beseech you cousen at some friends,

Or at your owne house for a weeke or two,

Giue me some succour.

Col.

Earle of Huntington.

Col. Ha: succour say you?

Ro. sir: I heard at Mansfield how the matter stands,
How you haue iustly lost your goods and lands,
And that the Princes indignation
Will fall on any that relieues your state:
Away from mee, your trecheries I hate.
You when your noble master was undoone
(That honout able minded Huncington)
Who forwarde than you, all to distraine:
And as a wolfe that chafeth on the plaine,
The harmelesse hind: so wolfe-like you pursued
Him and his seruants: vile ingratitude,
Damnd Iudaisme, false wrong, abhorred trechery,
Impious wickednesse, wicked impietie.
Out, out vpon thee, fo, I spit at thee.

War. Good colen.

Col. Away. He spurne thee if thou followe me. Exit.

War. O iust heauen, how thou plagu' it iniquitie!
All that he has, my hand on him bestowed:
My master gaue mee all I euer owed:
My maister I abus'd in his distresse:
In mine, my kinsman leaues me comfortlesse.

¶ Enter Iayler of Notingham, leading a dog.

Here comes another, one that yester day
Was at my seruice, came when I did call,
And him I made Iayler of Notingham,
Perchance some pittie dwelles within the man:
Iayler, well met, dost thou not know me man?

Iay. Yes, thou art Warman; euery kuane knowes thee.

War. Thou knowest I was thy master yester day.

Iay. I, but tis not as it was, farewell, goe by.

War. Good George relieue my bitter misery.

Iay. By this fleshe and bloode I will not,
So if I do, the diuell take me quicke.

I haue no money: begger balk the way.

War. I doe not aske thee money.

Iay.

The down-fall of Robert

Iay. Wouldst ha meate?

War. Would God I had a little bzeade to eate.

Iay. Soft, let me feele my bagge. O heare is meate,
That I put vp at Redford for my dogge,
I care not greatly if I giue him this.

War. I pze thee doe:

Yet let me searck my conscience for it first:
By dogge's my seruant, faithfull, trustie, true:
But Warman was a traitor to his Lord,
A reprobate, a rascall, and a Iewe,
Worse than dogges, of men to be abhorrd.
Hearue thererefoze Warman, dogge receiue thy due;
Followe me not, least I belabour you,
You halfe-fac't groat, you thicke-cheekt chittiface,
You Iudas, villane, you that haue vndoone
The honourable, Robert, earle of Huntington. Exie.

War. Worse than a dogge, the villane me respects,
His dogge hee sevede, mee in my neede reiects.

What shall I doe? ponder I see a shed,
A little cottage, where a woman dwelles,
Whose husband I from death deliuered:
If she denie mee, then I faint and die.
O goodwife Tomison:

Wo. What a noyle is there?

A foule shame on yee: is it you that knockt?

War. What, doe you knowe mee then?

Wo. Whoop, who knowes not you?

The beggerd banisht shreue of Notingham,
You that betraid your master, ist not you?
Yes, a shame on you: and forsooth ye come,
To haue some succour here, because you saue d,
By vnrhyst husband from the gallowe tree.
A por' vpon yee both: would both for me,
Were hang'd together; but soft, let mee see:
The man lookes faint: seelst thou in deede distresse?

War.



Earle of Huntington.

War. O doe not mocke me in my beautiesse.

Wo. Indeede I doe not: well I haue withyn,
A caudle made, I will goe fetch it him.

War. O blessed woman, comfozt able word:
Be quiet intrais, you shall be releen'd:

Wo. Here Warman, put this hēpen caudle oze thy head:

See downward, ponder is thy masters walke,

And like a Iudas, on some rotten tree,

Hang by this rotten trunke of miserte:

That goers by, thy wretched end may ser.

Stir it thou not villane: get thee from my boozes:

A plague vpon thee, haste and hang thy selfe,

Runne rogue away: tis thou that hast vndone

Thy noble master, earle of huntington.

War. Good counsell, and good comfozt by my faith:

Three Doctozs are of one opinion,

That Warman must make speede to hang himselfe:

The last hath giuen a caudle comfozt able,

That to recure my griefes is strong and able:

Ile take her medicine, and Ile chuse this way;

Wherein she saith my master hath his walke;

There will I offer life for trechery,

And hang, a wonder to all goers by.

But soft what sound hermonious is this?

What birds are these, that sing so cheerefully,

As if they did salute the flowring spring?

Fitter it were, with tunes moze dolefully

They shriekt out sorrowe; than thus cheerely sing.

I will goe seeke sad desperacions cell:

This is not it, for here are greene-leau'd trees.

Ah for one winter-bitten bared bough,

Whereon, a wretched life, a wretch would leese:

O here is one: thysce blessed be this tree,

If a man curses, may a blessing giue

¶ Enter old Fitzwater.

The down-fall of Robert

But out alas, yonder comes one to me,
To hinder death, when I detest to liue.

Fitz. What woefull voice heare I within this wood? *A*
What wretch is there complaines of wretchednesse?
War. A man, old man, hereau'd of all earths good,
And desperately seekes death in this distresse.

Fitz. Seeke not for that which will be here too soone,
At least if thou be guiltie of ill deedes.

Where art thou sonne? come and neerer sit,
Heare wholsome counsell, gainst unhallowed thoughts.

War. The man is blinde. Duffle the eye of day,
Ye gloomie clouds (and darker than my deedes,
That darker be than pitchie sable night)
Duffer together on these high topt trees,
That not a sparke of light thorough their sprays,
May hinder what I meane to execute.

Fitz. What dost thou mutter? heare mee wofull man.

¶ Enter Marian, with meate.

Mari. God morrowe father.

Fitz. Welcome louely maide,
And in good time, I trust you hither come:
Looke if you see not a distressefull man,
That to himselfe intendeth violence:
One such euen now was here and is not farre:
Seeke I beseech you, saue him if you may.

War. Alas here is, here is a man enrag'd,
Fastning a halter on a withered bough,
And stares vpon mee, with such frighted lookes,
As I am fearefull of his sharpe aspect. *(Des.)*

Fitz. What meane'st thou wretch? say, what ist thou wilt

War. As Iudas did, so I intend to doe.

For I haue done alreadie as he did:

His master he betrayd: so I haue mine.

Faire mistresse looke not on me with your blessed eyne.

From

From them as from some excellence diuine,
Sparkles sharpe iudgement, and commaunds to speede:
Faire, fare you well: foule fortune is my fate:
As all betraiers, I die desperate.

Fitz. Soft sir, goe Marian call in Robin Hoodet
Tis Warman woman, that was once his steward.

Mar. Alas, although it be, yet saue his life:
I will sende helpe vnto you presently. Exit.

Fitz. Nay Warman stay, thou shalt haue thy will.

War. Art thou a blinde man, and canst see my shame?
To hinder treachers, God restoreth sight,
And giueth infants tongues to cry aloude,
A wofull woe against the trecherous.

¶ Enter Much running.

Much. Hold, hold, hold. I heare say, my fellowe War-
man is about to hang himselfe, and I make some speede
to saue him a labour. O good master Justice Shyue,
haue you execution in hand, and is there such a murcen
among theeues and hangmen, that you play two parts
in one? For old inqaintance, I wil play one part: The
knot vnder the rare, the knitting to the tree: Good ma-
ster Warman, leaue that worke for mee.

War. Dispatch me Much, & I will pray for thee.

Much. Nay keepe your prayers, no bodie sees vs.
He takes the rope, and offers to clime.

Fitz. Downe sirra, downe: whether a kuaues name
clime you?

Much. A plague on ye for a blinde sinklanker: would
I were your watch: you are much blinde yfaith, can hit
so right.

¶ Enter little John.

John. What master Warman, are yee come to yielo
A true account for your false stewardshippe?

¶ Enter Sarles and Scathlocks.

Scath. Much, if thou meant to get a hundred pound,
Present vs to the shyue of Noringham.

Much

Much. Halfe, I thinke there was such a purclimation.
Come my small fellowe Iohn,
You shall haue halfe, and therefore bying in one.

Iohn. No, my big fellow, honest master Much,
Take all vnto your selfe, ile be no halfe.

Much. Then stand, you shall be the two theeues, and
I will be the presenter.

O master Shzieue of Noringham,
When eares vnto my tydings came

(Ile speake in prose, I misse this verse vilely that
Scathlock and Scarlet were arrested by Robin Hood my
master, and lictle Iohn my fellowe, and I Much his ser-
uant, and taken from you master Shzieue, being well
forward in the hanging way, wherein yee now are (and
God keepe yee in the same) & also y you master Shzieue
would giue any man in towne, citie, or contrey, a hun-
dred pound of lawfull arrant money of Englande, that
would bying y same two theeues, being these two: now
I, the laid Much, chalenge of you the laide Shzieue,
byingng them, the same money.

Scar. Faith, he can not pay thee, much.

Much. I, but while this end is in my hand, and that a-
bout his necke, he is bound to it.

Enter Robin, Ely, Marian.

War. Mock on, mock on: make me your leasting game,
I doe deserue much moze than this small shame.

Rob. Disconsolate and pooze detected man,
Cast from thy necke that shamesfull signe of death.
And liue for mee, if thou amende thy life,
As much in fauour as thou euer didst.

War. O worse than any death,
When a man, wrongd, his wronger pittiet.

Ely. Warman, be comfozted, rise and amend.
On my word Robin Hoode will be thy friend.

Rob. I will indeede: go in, heart-broken man.
Father Fiezwater, pray you leade him in.

EARLE OF HARTINGTON.

Blinde Marian, with sweete comforts comfort him,
And my tall yeomen, as you mee affect,
Upholde him not with his forpassed life.

Warman, goe in, goe in and comfort thee.

War. O God requite your Honours curtesie.

Mar, Scathlocke or Scarlet, helpe vs some of yee.

Exeunt Warman, Marian, Fitzwater, Scathlocke, Scarlet,
Much, Enter Frier Tucke in his trusse, without his weede.

Fri. Jesu benedicite, pittie on pittie, mercie on mercie,
miserie on misery; O such a sight, as by this light, doth
mee affright.

Rob. Tell vs the matter, prae thee holy Frier.

Fri. Sir Doncaster the Priest, and the proud Prior
Are stript and wounded in the way to Bawrey,
And if there goe not speedie remedie,
Theyll die, theyll die in this extremitie.

Rob. Alas, direct vs to that wretched place:
I loue mine vncke, though he hateth mee.

Fri. By weede I cast to keepe them from the colde,
And linny gentle girle toze all her smocke,
The bodie issue of their wounds to stoppe.

Rob. Will you goe with vs, my good Lord of Ely?
Ely. I will, and euer praise thy perfect charitie.

¶ Enter Prince Iohn, solus, in greene, bowe and arrowes,
Iohn. Why this is somewhat like, now may I sing,
As did the Wakefield Pinder in his note;
At Michaelmas commeth my couenant out,
By master giues me my fees

Then Robin He weare thy Wend all greene,
And wend to the greenewodde with thee.
But for a name now, Iohn it must not bee,
Alreadie little Iohn on him attends.

Greenelcafe? Nay surely there's such a one alreadie:
Well, He be Wodnet, hap what happen may.

Enter Scathlocke.

Here comes a greene cote (good lucke be my guide)
Some sodaine shift might helpe me to prouide.

Scath. What fellow William, did you meete our master?

John. I did not meete him yet my honest friend.

Scath. My honest friend? why, what a terme is here?
My name is Scathlocke, man, and if thou be
No other than thy garments shewe to mee,
Thou art my fellowe, though I knowe thee not.
What is thy name? when wert thou entertained?

Ioh. My name is Woodner, and this very day,
My noble master, earle of Huntington,
Did giue mee both my fee and liuerie.

Scath. Your noble master, earle of Huntington?
He lay a crowne you are a counterfeit,
And that you knowe, lacks money of a Noble.
Did you receiue your livery and fee,
And neuer heard our orders read vnto you?

What was the oath was giuen you by the Frier?

Ioh. Who? Frier Tuck? Enter Frier Tucke.

Scath. I doe not play the lyer:

For he comes here himselte to shiue.

John. Scathlocke farewell, I will away.

Scath. See you this arrowe? it saies nay.
Through both your liues shall fly this leacher,
If presently you come not hither.

Fri. Now heauens true liberalitie
Fall euer for his charitie,
Upon the heade of Robin Hoode,
That to his very foes doth good.
Lord God, how he laments the Prior,
And bathes his wounds against the fier:
Faire Marian, God requite it her,
Doth euen as much for Doncaster,
Whome newly he hath laine in bed,
To rest his weary wounded head.

Scath. Ho Frier Tuck, knowe you this mate?



EARLE OF HUNTINGTON.

Fri. Whats hee?

Scath. He saith my master late,
Gave him his fee and liuery.

Fri. It is a leasing, credit mee.
How chance sir then you were not swoznes?

John. What meane this groome and lozell Frier,
So stricly matters to inquire?
Had I a swozd and buckler here,
You should aby these questions deare.

Fri. Saist thou me so lad? lend him thine,
For in this bush here lyeth mine:
Now will I cry this newcome guest.

Scath. I am his first man, Frier Tuck,
And if I faile and haue no lucke,
Then thou with him shalt haue a plucke.

Fri. Be it so Scathlocke: holde thee tad,
No better weapons can be had:
The dewe doth them a little rust:
But heare yee, they are tooles of trust.

John. Oramercy Frier for this gift,
And if thou come vnto my wifft,
Ile make thee call those fellows fooles
That on their foes bestowe such tooles.

Scath. Come let vs too't.

Fight, and the Frier lookes on.

Fri. The youth is deliust and light,
He presseth Scathlocke with his might:
Now by my beades to doe him right,
I thinke he be some tryed knight.

Scath. Stay, let vs bzeath.

Ioh. I will not stay:

If you leane, Frier, come away.

Scath. I pre the Frier holde him play.

Fri. Frier Tuck will doe the best he may.

Fight. Enter Marian,

Mar. Why, what a noyle of swozdes is here?

THE GOVERNOR OF ROBERT
knewes, and fight our bowler so neere?
Scath. Distresse, he is no man of yours,
That fightes so fast with Frier Tucke:
But on my worde he is a man,
As good for strength as any can.

Mar. Indeede hee's moze than common men can be,
In his high heart there dwels the bloode of kings,
Goe call my Robin, Scathlock: tis Prince Iohn.

Scath. Distresse I will, I pray part the fray. Exit.

Mar. I pray thee goe, I will doe what I may.

Frier I charge thee holde thy hand.

Fri. Pay yonker, to your tackling stand.

What all amozt, wil you not fight?

Ioh. I yeld, vnaconquered by thy might:
But by Matildas gloriouse sight.

Fri. Distresse, he knowes you: what is hee?

Ioh. Like to amazing wonder she appeares,
And from her eye, flies loue vnto my heart,
Attended by suspicious thoughts and feares,
That namme the vigoz of each outward part:
Only my sight hath all sacietie,
And fulnesse of delight, viewing her dettie.

Mar. But I haue no delight in you Prince Iohn.

Fri. Is this Prince Iohn?

Giue me thy hand, thou art a proper man,
And for this mornings worke, by Saints above,
Be euer sure of Frier Tucks true loue.

Ioh. Be not offended that I touch thy Gyne
Take this hand happie, let it folde in thine.

¶ Enter Robin Hoode, Fitzwater, Ely, Warman.

Rob. What sawte wodman Marian stands so neere?

Ioh. A wodman Robin, that would strike your deere,
With all his heart. Pay neuer looke so strange,
You see this fickle worlde, is full of change:
Iohn is a ranger, man, compeld to range.

Fitz,



Earle of Huntington.

Fitz. You are young, wilde Lord, & wel may trauel bear.

Ioh. What, my olde friende Fitzwater, are you there?

And you Lord Ely? and old best betrutt?

Then I perceiue that to this geere we must.

A messe of my good friends, which of you soure

Will purchase thanks by yielding to the King,

The bodie of the rash rebellious Iohn?

Will you Fitzwater?

Fitz. No Iohn, I desire,

To stain my old hands in thy youthfull bloode.

Ioh. You will Lord Ely, I am sure you will.

Ely. Be sure young man, my age means thee no ill.

Iohn. O you will haue the praise, braue Robin Hood:

The lustie outlawe, Lord of this large wodde,

Hee'l lead a kings sonne, prisoner to a king,

And bid the brother smite the brother deade.

Rob. By purpose you haue much misconstrued.

Prince Iohn, I would not for the wide worlde wealth

Incense his Palestie; but doe my best,

To mitigate his wrath, if he be mou'd.

Ioh. Will none of you? then here's one I dare say,

That from his childehoode, knowes how to betray:

Warman, will not you helpe to hinder all you may.

War. With what I haue beene, twit me not my Lord.

By olde sins at my soule I doe detest.

Ioh. Then that he came this way, prince Iohn was blest.

Forgiue me Ely, pardon mee Fitzwater:

And Robin, to thy hands my selfe I yield.

Rob. And as my heart, from hurt I will thee shield:

¶ Enter Much, running.

Mu. Hasted by, hide ye mistresse, we al shall be taken.

Rob. Why, whats the matter? (of horses.

Much. The king, the king, & twelue and twenty scoze

Rob. Peace foole. We haue no cause from him to fly,

¶ Enter Scarlet, litle Iohn.

Ioh. Scarlet and I were hunting on the plains.

THE DOWN-FALL OF ROBIN HOODE.

So vs came royall Richard from his traine
 (For a great traine of his is hard at hand)
 And questiond vs, if we seru'd Robin Hoode:
 I saide wee did: and then his Maiestie,
 Putting this massie chaine about my necke,
 Said what I thame to say, but ioyde to heare:
 Let Sarlee tell it, it befits not mee.
 Scar. Quoth our good king, thy name is little Iohn,
 And thou hast long time seru'd earle Huntington:
 Because thou leftst him not in miserie,
 A hundred markes I giue thee yearelie fee,
 And from henceforth, thou shalt a squier bee.
 Much. O Lord what luck had I to runne away?
 I should haue bene made a knight, or a lady sure.
 Scar. Goe, said the king, and to your master say,
 Richard is come to call him to the court.
 And with his kingly presence chase the clouds
 Of grieffe and sorow, that in mistie shades,
 Haue vaild the honour of earle Huntington.
 Rob. Now God p̄serue him, h̄ye you backe againe,
 And guide him, leass in by-paths he mistake.
 Much, fetch a richer garment for my father:
 Good Friar Tuck, I p̄e thee rouse thy wits.
 Warman, visit myne vncke and sir Doncaster,
 See if they can come forth to grace our thowe.
 Gods pittie marian, let your Inny waite,
 Thankes my Lord Chancelloz: you are well prepar'd,
 And good Prince Iohn, since you are all in greene,
 Disdaine not to attend on Robin Hoode:
 Frolick I pray, I trust to doe yee good.
 Welcome good vncke, welcome sir Doncaster,
 Say, will yee sit, I feare yee cannot stand.
 Pri. Yes, very well.
 Rob. Why, cheerely cheerely then.
 The trumpet, sounds, the king is now at hand:
 Lords, yemen, maids, in decent order stand.

The trumpets sound, the while *Robin* places them.
Enter first, bare-headed, little *Iohn* and *Scarlet*; likewise
Chester, and *Lester*, bearing the sword and scepter; the
King follow crowned, clad in green: after him *Queene*
mother, after her *Salisbury* and *Richmond*, *Scarlet* and
Scathlocke turne to *Robin Hood*; who with all his com-
pany kneele downe and cry.

All. God save King Richard, Lord preserve your Grace.

King. Thanks all, but chiefly, *Huntington*, to thee.

Arise poore earle, stand by, my late lost soune,
And on thy shoulders let me rest my armes,
That have bene toyled long with heathen warres:
True pillar of my state, right Lord indeede,
Whose honour shineth in the denne of neede,
I am euen full of ioy, and full of woe;

To see thee, glad: but sad to see thee so.

Rob. That I could powze out my soule in prayers,

And prailes for this kingly curtesie,

Doe not, vnzad Lord, grieue at my lowe estate:

Neuer so rich, neuer so fortunate,

Was *Huntington* as now himselfe he findes.

And to approue it, may it please your Grace,

But to accept such presents at the hand

Of your poore seruant, as he hath prepar'd,

You shall perceiue, the Emperour of the East,

Whom you contended with at *Babilon*,

Had not such presents to present you with.

King. Art thou so rich? Sweet let me see thy gifts.

Rob. First take againe this Jewell you had lost,

Aged Fitzwater, banished by *Iohn*.

King. A iemme indeede: no Prince hath such a one.

Good, good old man, as welcome vnto mee,

As coole fresh ayze, in heats extremitie.

Fiez. And I as glad to kisse my Soueraignes hand,

As the wrackt swimmer, when he seeles the land.

Qu. Welcome *Fitzwater*, I am glad to see you.

Fitz. I thanke your Grace: but let me hug these twain,
Lester and Richmond, Chyffes swozne champions,
That follow'd Richard in his holy warre.

Richm. Noble Fitzwater, thanks, & welcome both.

Lest. O God how glad I am to see this Lord!

I cannot speake: but welcome at a worde.

Rob. Next take good Ely in your royall hands,
Who fled from death, and most vnciuill bands.

Kin. Robin, thy gifts exceede: Moorton my Chancellour!
In this man giue thou holinesse and honour.

Ely. Indeede he giues me, and he gaue me life,
Preseruing me from fierce pursuing foes,
When I too blame, had wrought him many woes:
With me he likewise did preserue this seale,
Which I surrender to your maiestie.

Kin. Keepe it good Ely, keepe it still for me.

Rob. The next faire Jewell that I will presente
Is richer than both these, yet in the soyle,
By gracious Lord, it hath a soule default:
Which if you pardon, boldly I protest,
It will in value farre exceede the rest.

Ioh. That's me hemeanes, ysaich my turne is next.
He calles me foile, I saich I leare a foile.

Well, tis a mad Lord, this same huntington!

Rob. Here is Prince Iohn your brother, whose reuolt,
And folly in your absence, let me craue,
With his submission may be buried.
For he is now no more the man he was,
But duetifull in all respects to you.

Kin. Pray God it prouue so. Wel good huntington,
For thy sake pardon'd is our brother Iohn,
And welcome to vs in all heartie loue.

Rob. This last I giue, as tenants do their lands,
With a surrender, to receiue againe,
The same into their owne possession:
No marian, but Fitzwaters chaff Matilda:

The

The precious Jewell that poore huntington,
Doth in this world, hold as his best esteeme.
Although with one hand I surrender her,
I holde the other, as one looking still,
Richard returnes her: so I hope he will.

Kin. Els God forbid: receiue thy Marian backe,
And neuer may your loue be separate,
But forth fairely to the vtmost date.

Rob. Now please my king to enter Robins bower,
And take such homely welcome as he findes,
It shall be reckened as my happinelle.

Kin. With all my heart: then as combined friends,
Goe we togither, here all quarrelles ends. *Exeunt.*

Manet Sir Iohn Eltam, and Skelton.

S. Ioh. Then Skelton here I see you will conclude,
Skel. And reason good: haue we not held too long?

S. Ioh. No in good sadnesse, I dare gage my life,
Highnesse will accept it very kindly.

But I assure you, he expects withall,
To see the other matters tragicall,
That followe in the procelle of the stoie,
Wherein are many a sad accident,
Able to make the strictest minde relent:
I neede not name the points, you knowe them all.
From Marians eye shall not one teare be shed?
Skelton, pfaith tis not the fashion,
The King must greeue, the Queene must take it ill:
Ely must mourne, aged Fitzwater weepe,
Prince Iohn, the Lords: his peomen must lament,
And wyng their wofull hands, for Robins woe.
Then must the sicke man fainting by degrees,
Speake hollowe words, and yeld his Marian,
Chast maid Matilda, to her fathers hands:
And giue her, with king Richards full consent,
His lands, his goods, late leazd on by the Pior,
Now by the Priors treason made the kings.

Skelton, there are a many other things,
 That aske long time to tell them lineally:
 But ten times longer will the action be.
 Skel. Sir Iohn, yfaith I knowe not what to doe:
 And I confesse that all you say is true.
 Will you doe one thing for me, craue the king
 To see two parts: say tis a prettie thing:
 I know you can doe much, if you excuse mee,
 While Skelton liues, Sir Iohn be bolde to vse mee.
 S. Ioh. I will perswade the king: but how can you
 Perswade all these beholders to content?
 Skel. Stay sir Iohn Elcam; what to them I say,
 Deliuer to the king, from mee, I pray.
 Well iudging bearers, for a while suspence
 Your censures of this Plaines vnfinisht end:
 And Skelton promises for this offence,
 The second part shall presently be pend:
 There shall you see, as late my friend did note,
 King Richards reuels at earle Roberts bower,
 The purpos'd mirch, and the perfozmed mone,
 The death of Robin, and his murderers.
 For interest of your stay, this will I add:
 King Richards voyage backe to Austria:
 The swift returned tydings of his death,
 The manner of his royall funerall.
 Then Iohn shall be a lawfull crowned king,
 But to Matilda beare vnlawfull loue,
 Aged Fitzwaters small banishment:
 Dispitious end, of power teares to moue
 From marble pillers. The Catastrophe
 Shall she we you faire matildas Tragedie,
 Who (Hunning Iohns pursute, became a Nunne,
 At Dumwood Abbey, where she constantly
 Chose death to saue her spotlesse chastitie.
 Take but my word, and if I faile in this,
 Then let my paines be baffled with a hisse.

FINIS.









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2719 The downfall of Robert,
M6D6 Earl of Huntingdon
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