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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Ferrer and Worrey
Ferrey and Worrey

BY

THOMAS SACKVILLE AND THOMAS NORTON

Date of Representation, Christmas Revels 1561-2

Date of Authorised Edition, 1570-1

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

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[or Gorboduc]

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Vol. 25.3

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Ferrex and Porrex

[or Gorboduc]

BY

THOMAS SACKVILLE AND THOMAS NORTON

1570-1

Issued for Subscribers by

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Ferrex and Porrex

[or Corboduic]

BY THOMAS SACKVILLE AND THOMAS NORTON

The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum (Press-mark C. 34, a. 6). It is dated in the Catalogue " [1570]."

An earlier and unauthorised edition appeared in 1565, the circumstance being alluded to in "The P to the Reader" in the authorised edition.

The authors are exhaustively dealt with in "The Dictionary of National Biography."

The play has been frequently reprinted in modern times, but never before in facsimile. Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum after comparing this facsimile with the original says, "It is most excellently reproduced, and I have found practically no excuse for even the minutest fault-finding."

The text is complete, but the Museum Catalogue remarks that their copy is "wanting last leaf of Sig. D, blank."

JOHN S. FARMER.

¶ The Tragidie of Ferrex
and Porrex,

Set forth without addition or alte-
ration but altogether as the same was shewed
on stage before the Queenes Maiestie,
about nine yeares past, *vz.* the
xviij. day of Ianuarie. 1561.
by the gentlemen of the
Inner Temple.

Seen and allowed, &c.

Imprinted at London by
Iohn Daye, dwelling ouer
Aldersgate.

The argument of the Tragedie.

Corboduë king of Brittain, diuided his realme in his life time to his sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex. The sonnes fell to discention. The yonger killed the elder. The mother that more dearely loued the elder, for reuenge killed the yonger. The people moued with the crueltie of the fact, rose in rebellion and slew both father and mother. The nobilitie assembled and most terribly destroyed the rebels. And afterwardes for want of issue of the pzince whereby the succession of the crowne became vncertaine, they fell to ciuill warre, in which both they and many of their issues were slaine, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

¶ The P. to the Reader.

W

Here this Tragedie was for furniture of part of the grand Christmasse in the Inner Temple first written about nine yeares agoe by the right honourable Thomas now Lorde Buckherk, and by T. Doxton, and after shewed before her Maestie, and neuer intended by the authoꝝ thereof to be published: yet one W. G. getting a copie thereof at some youngmans hand that lacked a litle money and much discretion, in the last great plague. an. 1565. about v. yeares past, while the said Lord was out of England, and T. Doxton farre out of London, and neither of them both made prouise, put it forth exceedingly corrupted: euen as if by meanes of a broker for hire, he should haue entred into his house a faire maide and done her villanie, and after all to bescratched her face, tozned her apparel, beraped and disfigured her, and then thrust her out of doores dishonestly. In such plight after long wandring she came at length home to the sight of her frendes who scant knew her but by a few tokens and markes remanynge. They, the authoꝝ I meane, though they were very much displeas'd that she so ranne abroad without leaue, whereby she caught her shame, as many wantons do, yet scing the case as it is remediable, haue for common honestie and shamefastnesse new apparelled, trimmed, and attired her in such forme as she was before. In which better forme since she hath come to me, I haue harbored her for her frendes sake and her owne, and I do not dout her parentes the authoꝝ will not now be discontent that she goe abroad among you good readers, so it be in honest companie. For she is by my encouragement and others somewhat lesse ashamed of the dishonestie done to her because it was by fraude and force. If she be welcome among you and gently entertained, in fauor of the house from whence she is descended, and of her owne nature courteously disposed to offend no man, her frendes will thanke you for it. If not, but that she shall be still reproched with her former mischance, or quarrelled at by enuious persons, she poore gentlewoman will surely play Lucreces part, & of her self die for shame, and I shall wishe that she had taried still at home with me, where she was welcome: for she did neuer put me to more charge, but this one poore blacke goarne lined with white that I haue now geuen her to goe abroad among you withall.

A.ij.

¶ The

¶ The names of the Speakers.

- Gorboduc, King of great Brittain.**
Videna, Queene and wife to king Gorboduc.
Ferrex, elder sonne to king Gorboduc.
Porrex, yonger sonne to king Gorboduc.
Cloyton, Duke of Loznewall.
Fergus, Duke of Albanie.
Mandud, Duke of Loggris.
Gwenard, Duke of Cumberland.
Eubulus, Secctarie to the king.
Arostus, a counsellor to the king.
**Dordan, a counsellor assigned by the king to his eldest
sonne Ferrex.**
**Philander, a counsellor assigned by the king to his yonger
sonne Porrex.**
**Both being of the olde
kinges counsell before.**
Hermon, a parasite remaining with Ferrex.
Tyndar, a parasite remaining with Porrex,
Nuntius, a messenger of the elder brothers death.
Nuntius, a messenger of Duke Fergus rising in armes.
Marcella, a lady of the Queenes privie chamber.
Chorus, foure auncient and sage men of Brittain.

¶ The

**The order of the Donne shew
before the first act, and the sig-
nification therof.**

- **F**irst the Musicke of Triolenz began to play, during which came in vpon the stage sixe wilde men clothed in leaues. Of whom the first bare in his necke a fagot of small stiches, which they all both seuerally and together assayed with all their strengthes to bzeake, but it could not be broken by them. At the length one of them plucked out one of the stiches and brake it: And the rest plucking out all the other stiches one after an other did easely bzeake them, the same being seuered: which being conioyned they had before attempted in vaine. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the Musicke ceased. Whereby was signified, that a state knit in vnitie doth continue strong against all force. But being diuided, is easely destroyed. As befell vpon Duke Gorboduc diuiding his land to his two sonnes which he before held in Monarchie. And vpon the discentisone of the brethren to whom it was diuided.

A.ij. Actus

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Viden. Ferrex.



Iden. The silent night, that brings
the quiet pause,
From painfull traiailes of the
wearie day,
Prolonges my carefull thoughts,
and makes me blame
The slowe Aurore, that so for loue or shame
Doth long delay to shewe her blushing face,
And now the day renews my grieffull plaint.

Ferrex. My gracious lady and my mother deare,
Pardon my griefe for your so grieued minde,
To aske what cause tormenteth so your hart.

Viden. So great a wrong, and so vniust despite,
Withont all cause, against all course of kinde!

Ferrex. Such causelesse wrong and so vniust despite,
May haue redresse, or at the least, reuenge.

Viden. Neither, my sonne: such is the stoward will,
The person such, such my mischappe and thine.

Ferrex. Mine know I none, but grief for your distresse.

Viden. Yes: mine for thine my sonne: A father? no:
In kinde a father, not in kindnesse.

Ferrex. My father? why? I know nothing at all,
wherein I haue misdone vnto his grace.

Viden. Therefore, the more vnkinde to thee and mee.
For, knowing well (my sonne) the tender loue

That

That I haue euer borne and beare to thee,
He greued thereat, is not content alone,
To spoile thee of my sight my chiefest ioye,
But thee, of thy birthright and heritage
Causelesse, unkindly, and in wrongfull wise,
Against all lawe and right, he will bereaue:
Halfe of his kingdome he will geue away.

Ferrex. To whom?

Viden. Euen to Porrex his younger sonne,
Whose growing pride I do so sore suspect,
That being raised to equall rule with thee,
Hee thinks I see his enuious hart so swell,
Filled with disdain and with ambitious hope,
The end the Goddess do know, whose altars I
Full oft haue made in vaine, of cattell flaine
To send the sacred smoke to heauens throne,
For thee my sonne, if thinges do so succede,
As now my ielous minde misdemeeth soze.

Ferrex. Madame, leaue care & carefull plaint for me,
Just hath my father bene to euery wight:
His first vniustice he will not extend
To me I trust, that geue no cause therof:
My brothers pride shall hurt him selfe, not me.

Viden. So graunt the Goddess: But yet thy father so
Hath firmly fixed his vnmooued minde,
That plaintes and prayers can no whit auail,
For those haue I assaid, but euen this day,
He will endeuour to procure assent
Of all his counsell to his sonde deuis.

Ferrex. Their ancestors from race to race haue borne
True fayth to my forefathers and their seede:
I trust they eke will beare the like to me.

A.iii. Viden.

Viden. There reſteth all. But if they faile thereof,
And if the end bring forth an ill ſucceſſe:
On them and theirs the miſchiefe ſhall befall,
And ſo I pray the Goddes requite it them,
And ſo they will, for ſo is wont to be.
When lordes, and truſted rulers vnder kinges,
To pleaſe the preſent fancie of the priuce,
With wrong tranſpoſe the courſe of gouernance,
Murders, miſchiefe, or ciuill ſword at length,
Or mutuall treaſon, or a iuſt reuenge,
When right ſucceeding line returns againe,
By Ioues iuſt iudgement and deſerued wrath,
Bringes them to cruell and reprochfull death,
And rootes their names and kindredes from the earth.

Ferrex. Another, content you, you ſhall ſee the end.

Viden. The end? thy end I feare, Ioue end me firſt.

Actus primus. Scena ſecunda.

Gorboduc. Aroſtus. Philander. Eubulus.

Gorb. My lords, whoſe graue aduiſe & faithfull aide,
Haue long vpheld my honour and my realme,
And brought me to this age from tender yeres,
Guiding ſo great eſtate with great renowne:
Nowe moze importeth mee, than erſt, to vſe
Your fayth and wiſedome, whereby yet I reigne:
That when by death my life and rule ſhall ceaſe,
The kingdome yet may with vnbroken courſe,
Haue certayne priuce, by whoſe vndoubted right,
Your wealth and peace may ſtand in quiet ſtay,
And eke that they whome nature hath prepared,
In time to take my place in princely ſeate,

while

rohile in their fathers tyme their pliant youth
 Yeldes to the frame of skilfull gouernance,
 Shave so be taught and trayned in noble artes,
 As what their fathers which haue reigned before
 Haue with great fame deriued downe to them,
 With honour they may leaue vnto their seedes:
 And not be thought for their vnworthy life,
 And for their lawlesse swarthyng out of kinde,
 worthy to lose what lawe and kind them gaue:
 But that they may preserue the common peace,
 The cause that first began and still mainteines
 The hincall course of kinges inheritance.
 For me, for myne, for you, and for the state,
 whereof both I and you haue charge and care,
 Thus do I meane to vse your wonted fayth
 To me and myne, and to your natie lande.
 My lordes be playne without all waiie respect
 Or poysonous craft to speake in pleasynge wise,
 Lest as the blame of yll succeeding thinges
 Shall light on you, so light the harmes also.

Arostus. . . Your good acceptance to (most noble king)
 Of suche our faythfulnesse as heretofore
 We haue employed in dueties to your grace,
 And to this realme whose worthy head you are,
 Well proues that neyther you mistrust at all,
 Nor we shall neede in boasting wise to shewe,
 Our tructh to you, nor yet our wakefull care
 For you, for yours, and for our natie lande.
 wherefore (O kyng) I speake as one for all,
 Sithe all as one do beare you egall fayth:
 Doubt not to vse our counsellis and our aides,
 whose honours, goods and lyues are whole auowed
 To serue, to ayde, and to defende your grace.

Gorb. My lordes, I thanke you all. This is the case.

Ye know, the Gods, who haue the soueraigne care
For kings, for kingdomes, and for common weales,
Haue me two sonnes in my more lusty age,
Who nowe in my decayeng yeres are growen
well towarde ryper state of minde and strength,
To take in hande some greater princely charge.
As yet they lyue and spende hopefull daies,
With me and with their mother here in courte.
Their age nowe asketh other place and trade,
And myne also doth aske an other chaunge:
Theirs to more trauaile, myne to greater ease,
Whan fatall death shall ende my mortall life,
My purpose is to leaue vnto them twaine
The realme diuided into two sondry partes:
The one Ferre x myne elder soune shall haue,
The other shall the yonger Porrex rule.
That both my purpose may more firmly stande,
And eke that they may better rule their charge,
I meane forthwith to place them in the same:
That in my life they may both learne to rule,
And I may ioy to see their ruling well.
This is in summe, what I woulde haue ye wey:
First whether ye allowe my whole deuise,
And thinke it good for me, for them, for you,
And for our countrey, mother of vs all:
And if ye lyke it, and allowe it well,
Then for their guydinge and their gouernance,
Shew forth such meanes of circumstance,
As ye thinke meete to be both knowne and kept.
Loe, this is all, now tell me your aduise.

Aros. And this is much, and asketh great aduise,
But for my part, my soueraigne lord and kyng,
This do I thinke. Your maiestie doth know,
How vnder you in iustice and in peace,
Great wealth and honour, long we haue enioyed,

So as we can not seeme with greedie mindes
To wishe for change of Iouice or gouernaunce:
But if we lyke your purpose and deuise,
Our lyking must be deemed to proceede
Of rightfull reason, and of heedfull care,
Not for our selues, but for the common state,
Suche our owne state doth neede no better change:
I thinke in all as erst your Grace hath saide.
Firske when you shall vnlode your aged mynde
Of heuie care and troubles manifolde,
And laye the same vpon my Lordes your sonnes,
whose growing yeres may beare the burden long,
And long I pray the Goddes to graunt it so,
And in your life while you shall so beholde
Their rule, their vertues, and their noble deedes,
Suche as their kinde behighteth to vs all,
Great be the profites that shall growe therof,
Your age in quiet shall the longer last.
Your lasting age shalbe their longer stay,
For cares of kynges, that rule as you haue ruled,
For publique wealth and not for priuate ioye,
Do wast mannes lyfe, and hasten crooked age,
with furrowed face and with enfebled hymnes,
To draw on creepying death a swifter pace.
They two yet yong shall beare the parted reigne
with greater ease, than one, notwe olde, alone,
Can welde the whole, for whom muche harder is
with lessened strength the double wright to beare.
Your eye, your counsell, and the graue regarde
Of father, yea of such a fathers name,
Nowe at beginning of their sondred reigne,
when is the hazarde of their whole success,
Shall brydle so their force of youthfull heates,
And so restraine the rage of insolence,
whiche most assailes the yonge and noble mindes,

And so shall guide and traine in tempred stay
 Their yet greene bending wittes with reuerent awe,
 As now inured with vertues at the first,
 Custome (O King) shall bring delightfullnesse,
 By vse of vertue, vice shall growe in hate,
 But if you so dispose it, that the daye,
 Which endes your life, shall first begin their reigne,
 Great is the perill what will be the ende,
 When such beginning of such libertics
 Cloide of suche stayes as in your life do lye,
 Shall leaue them free to randon of their will,
 An open praie to traiterous flatterie,
 The greatest pestilence of noble youthe.
 Whiche perill shalbe past, if in your life,
 Their tempred youthe with aged fathers awe,
 Be brought in vye of skilfull stayednesse,
 And in your life their liues disposed so,
 Shall length your noble life in ioyfullnesse,
 Thus thinke I that your grace hath wisely thought,
 And that your tender care of common weale,
 Hath bred this thought, so to diuide your lande,
 And plant your sommes to beare the present rule,
 While you yet liue to see their rulinge well,
 That you may longer lye by ioye therein.
 What furder meanes behouefull are and meete
 At greater leisure may your grace deuise,
 When all haue said, and when we be agreed
 If this be best to part the realme in twaine,
 And place your sommes in present gouernement,
 wherEOF as I haue plainly said my mynde,
 So woulde I here the rest of all my Lordes.

Philand. In part I thinke as hath bene said befoze,
 In parte agayne my minde is otherwise.
 As for diuiding of this realme in twaine,
 And lotting out the same in egall partes,

To either of my lordes your graces sonnes,
 That thinke I best for this your realmes behofe,
 For profite and aduancement of your sonnes,
 And for your comforte and your honour eke,
 But so to place them, while your life do last,
 To yelde to them your royall gouernaunce,
 To be aboue them onely in the name
 Of father, not in kingly state also,
 I thinke not good for you, for them, nor vs.
 This kingdom since the blondie euill fielde
 Where Morgan flaine did yeld his conquered parte
 Vnto his cousins sworde in Camberland,
 Conteineth all that whilome did suffice
 Three noble sonnes of your forefather Brute.
 So your two sonnes, it maye suffice also.
 The more, the stronger, if they grece in one.
 The smaller compasse that the realme doth holde,
 The easier is the swey thereof to weldc,
 The nearer Justice to the wronged poore,
 The smaller charge, and yet yuoughe for one.
 And whan the region is diuided so,
 That brethren be the lordes of either parte,
 Such strength doth nature knit betwene them both,
 In sondrie bodics by conioyned loue,
 That not as two, but one of doubled force,
 Eche is to other as a sure defence.
 The noblenesse and glozy of the one
 Doth sharpe the courage of the others mynde,
 With vertuous cruic to contende for prauic.
 And suche an egalnesse hart nature made,
 Betwene the brethren of one fathers seede,
 As an vnkindly wrong it seemes to bee,
 To throwe the brother subiect vnder secte
 Of him, whose peere he is by counse of kinde,
 And nature that did make this egalnesse,

Ofte so repineth at so great a wrong,
 That ofte she rayseth vp a grudginge griefe,
 In younger brethren at the elders state:
 Wherby both towncs and kingdomes haue ben raised,
 And famous stockes of copall bloud destroied:
 The brother, that shoulde be the brothers aide,
 And haue a wakefull care for his defence,
 Gapes for his death, and blames the lingering yeres
 That draw not forth his ende with faster course:
 And oft impatient of so longe delayes,
 With harsfull slaughter he preuentes the fates,
 And heapes a iust rewarde for brothers bloodde,
 With endlesse vengeance on his stocke for aye.
 Suche mischiefes here are wisely mette withall,
 If egall state maye nourishe egall loue,
 Where none hath cause to grudge at others good.
 But nowe the head to stoupe beneath them bothe,
 No kinde, ne reason, ne good ordre beares.
 And oft it hath ben seene, where natures course
 Hath ben peruerced in disorderd wise,
 When fathers ceale to know that they should ruie,
 The children cease to know they should obey.
 And often ouerkindly rendernesse
 Is mother of vnkindly stubbornesse.
 I speake not this in enuie or reproche,
 As if I grudged the glorie of your sonnes,
 Whose honore I beseech the Goddes encrease:
 Nor yet as if I thought there did remaine,
 So filthie cankers in their noble brestes,
 Whom I esteeme (which is their greatest praise)
 Vndoubted children of so good a kyng.
 Dulcie I meane to shewe by certeine rules,
 Whiche kinde hath graft within the mind of man,
 That nature hath her ordre and her course,
 Which (being broken) doth corrupt the state

Of myndes and thinges, euen in the best of all,
 My lordes your sonnes may learne to rule of you,
 Your owne example in your noble court
 Is fittest guyder of their youthfull yeares.
 If you desire to see some present ioye
 By sight of their well rulyng in your lyfe,
 See them obey, so shall you see them rule,
 Who so obeyeth not with humblenesse
 Will rule with outrage and with insolence.
 Longe maye they rule I do beseeche the Goddess,
 But longe may they learne, ere they begyn to rule.
 If kinde and fates woulde suffre, I would wissh
 Them aged princes, and immortall kinges.
 Wherfore most noble kynge I well assent,
 Betwene your sonnes that you diuide your realme,
 And as in kinde, so match them in degrec.
 But while the Goddess prolong your royall list,
 Prolong your reigne: for thereto lyue you here,
 And therfore haue the Goddess so long forborne
 To ioyne you to them selues, that still you might
 Be prince and father of our common weale.
 They when they see your children ripe to rule,
 Will make them roune, and will remoue you hence,
 That yours in right ensuyng of your life
 Maye rightly honour your immortall name.

Eub. Your wonted true regarde of faithfull hartes,
 Makes me (O kinge) the bolder to presume,
 To speake what I conceiue within my brest,
 Although the same do not agree at all
 With that which other here my lordes haue said,
 Nor which your selfe haue seemed best to lyke.
 Pardon I craue, and that my wordes be demed
 To flowe from hartie zeale vnto your grace,
 And to the safetie of your common weale.
 To parte your realme vnto my lordes your sonnes,

I thinke not good for you, ne yet for them,
But worste of all for this our native lande,
Within one land, one single rule is best:
Diuided reignes do make diuided hartes.
But peace preserues the countrey and the prince.
Suche is in man the greedy minde to reigue,
So great is his desire to climbe alofte,
In worldly stage the sterclicst partes to beare,
That faith and iustice and all kindly loue,
Do yelde vnto desire of soueraignie,
where egall state doth raise an egall hope
To winne the thing that either wold attaine.
Your grace remembereth how in passed yeres
The mightie Brute, first prince of all this lande,
Possessed the same and ruled it well in one,
He thinking that the compasse did suffice,
For his three sonnes three kingdoms eke to make,
Cut it in thre, as you would now in twaine.
But how much Brittilsh blood hath since bene spilt,
To loyne againe the sondred vnitie?
what princes slaine before their timely houre?
what wast of townes and people in the lande?
what treasons heaped on murders and on spoiles?
whose iust renenge euen yet is scarcely ceased,
Ruthesfull remembraunce is yet rawe in minde.
The Gods forbyd the like to chaunce againe:
And you (O King) geue not the cause therof.
My Lord Ferrex your elder sonne, perchappes
Whome kinde and custome geues a rightfull hope
To be your heire and to succede your reigne,
Shall thinke that he doth suffice greater wrong
Than he perchance will beare, if power serue,
Porrex the younger so bpraised in state,
Perchappes in courage will be raysed also.
If flatterie then, which sayles not to assaile

The

The tendre mindes of yet vnskillfull youth,
 In oite shall kinde and encrease disdain,
 And euine in the others harte enflame,
 This fire shall waffe their loue, their liues, their land,
 And ruthfull ruine shall destroy them both,
 I wishe not this (O kyng) so to befall,
 But feare the thing, that I do most abhorre,
 Hence no beginning to so dreadfull ende.
 Kepe them in order and obedience:
 And let them both by now obeying you,
 Learne such behauiour as becomes their state,
 The elder, mylde nesse in his gouernance,
 The yonger, a yelding contentednesse.
 And kepe them neare vnto your presence still,
 That they restrayned by the awe of you,
 May liue in compassse of well tempred staye,
 And passe the perilles of their youthfull yeares.
 Your aged life drawes on to febler tyme,
 wherein you shall lesse able be to beare
 The trauailes that in youth you haue susteyned,
 Both in your persones and your realmes defence.
 If planting now your sonnes in furder partes,
 You sende them furder from your present reach,
 Lesse shall you know how they them selues demeanes
 Traiterous corrupters of their plyant youth,
 Shall haue vnspied a muche more free access,
 And if ambition and inflamed disdain
 Shall arme the one, the other, or them both,
 To ciuill warre, or to vsurping pride,
 Late shall you rue, that you ne recked before.
 Good is I graunt of all to hope the best,
 But not to liue still dreadlesse of the worst.
 So truste the one, that the other be forscene.
 Arme not but skillfulnesse with princely power.
 But you that long haue wisely ruled the reignes

Of royaltie within your noble realme,
So holde them, while the Gods for our anayles
Shall stretch the thred of your prolonged daies,
To soone he clambe into the flaming carre,
Whose want of skill did set the earth on fire,
Tyme and example of your noble grace,
Shall teach your sonnes boch to obey and rule,
When tyme hath taught them, tyme shal make the place,
The place that now is full; and so I pray
Long it remaine, to comforte of vs all.

Corboduc. I take your faithfull harts in thankfull part,
But sithe I see no cause to draw my minde,
To feare the nature of my louing sonnes,
Or to misdeme that enuie or disdaine,
Can there worke hate, where nature planteth loue:
In one selfe purpose do I still abide.
My loue extendeth egally to boch,
My lande sufficeth for them boch also.
Humber shal parte the marches of theyr realmes:
The Sotherne part the elder shal possesse:
The Notherne shal Porrex the yonger rule:
In quiet I will passe mine aged dayes,
Free from the trauaile and the painfull cares,
That hasten age vpon the worthiest kinges.
But lest the fraude, that ye do seeme to feare,
Of flattering tongues, corrupt their tender youth,
And wythe them to the wayes of youthfull lust,
To climyng pride, or to reuenging hate,
Or to neglecting of their carefull charge,
Lewdely to lyue in wanton recklesnesse,
Or to oppressing of the rightfull cause,
Or not to wreke the wronges done to the poore,
To treade downe truth, or fauour falsie deceite;
I meane to ioyne to epyther of my sonnes
Some one of those, whose long appoynted faith

And wisdom tried, may well assure my harte:
That mytynge fraude shall finde no way to crepe
Into the seused eares with graue aduise.
This is the ende, and so I pray you all
To heare my sonnes the loue and loyaltie
That I haue founde within your faithfull brestes.

Arculus. You, nor your sonnes, our soueraign lord shall
Our faith and seruice while our liues do last. (Waur,

Chorus. When settled stay doth holde the royall throne
In stedfast place, by knowen and doubtles right,
And chiefly when dissent on one alone
Makes single and vnparted reigne to light:
Eche chaunge of course vniouys the whole estate,
And yeldes it th:all to ruyne by debate.
The strength that knit by faste accorde in one,
Against all forreyn power of mightie foes,
Could of it selfe defende it selfe alone,
Disioyned once, the former force doth lose.
The stickes, that sondred brake so soone in twaine,
In saggot bounde attempted were in vaine.
Of tender munde that leades the parriall eye
Of erring parentes in their childrens lone,
Destroyes the wrongly loued childe therby.
This doth the proude sonne of Apollo proude,
Who rashly set in chariot of his fire,
Inflamed the parched earth with heauens fire.
And this great king, that doth deuide his land,
And chaunge the course of his disending crowne,
And yeldes the reigne into his childrens hande,
From blisfull state of ioye and great renoune,
A myrrour shall become to Princes all,
To learne to shunne the cause of such a fall.

C.ij. C The

C The order and signification
of the donne shew befoze the se-
cond acte.

First the Musicke of Cornettes began to playe, during which came in vpon the stage a King accompanied with a nombre of his nobilitie and gentlemen. And after he had placed him self in a chaire of estate prepared for him: there came and kneeled befoze him a graue and aged gentelman and offered by a cuppe vnto him of wyne in a glasse, which the the King refused. After him commes a braue and lustie pong gentleman and presentes the King with a cup of golde filled with popson, which the King accepted, and drinking the same, immediately fell downe dead vpon the the stage, and so was carried thence away by his Lordes and gentlemen, and then the Musicke ceased. Whereby was signified, that as glasse by nature holdeth no popson, but is clere and may easily be seen through, ne boweth by any arte: So a faithfull counsellour holdeth no treason, but is playne and open, ne ysideth to any vndiscrete affection, but geueth hoisome counsell, which the yll aduised Prince refuseth. The delightfull golde filled with popson betokeneth flattery, which vnder faire seeming of picafaunt wordes beareth deadly popson, which destroyed the Prince that recepueth it. As befell in the two brethren Ferrex and Porrex, who refusing the holisome aduise of graue counsellours, credited these pong Hararices, and brought to them selues death and destruction therby.

Actus secundus. Scena prima.

Ferrex. Hermon. Dordan.

Ferrex. I meruaile much what reason ledde the king
My Father, thus without all my desert,
To reue me halfe the kingdome, which by course

Of

Of law and nature should remayne to me.

Hermon. If you with stubborne and vntamed pyde
Had stood against him in rebelling wife,
Or if with grudging minde you had euued
So slow a slidyng of his aged yeres,
Or sought before your tyme to haste the course
Of fatall death vpon his royall head,
Or stained your stocke with murder of your kyn:
Some face of reason might perhaps haue seemed,
To yelde some likely cause to spoyle ye thus.

Ferrex. The wretched Gods powre on my cursed head
Eternall plagues and neuer dying woes,
The hellish pyns, adiudge my dampned ghost
To Tantaless thirst, or proude Ixions wheele,
Or cruell gripe to gnaw my growning harte,
To durting tormentes and vnquenched flames,
If euer I conceyued so foule a thought,
To wish his ende of life, or yet of reigne.

Dordan. He yet your father (O most noble Prince)
Did euer thinke so fowle a thing of you.
For he, with more than fathers tendre loue,
While yet the fates do leude him life to rule,
(who long might lyue to see your ruling well)
To you my Lorde, and to his other soune:
Lo he resignes his realme and royaltie:
Which neuer would so wise a Prince haue done,
If he had once misdemed that in your harte
There euer lodged so vnkinde a thought.
But tendre loue (my Lorde) and selde truste
Of your good nature, and your noble murde,
Made him to place you thus in royall throne,
And now to geue you half his realme to guide,
Yea and that halfe which in abounding store

Of things that serue to make a welthy realme,
In stately cities, and in fentfull toyle,
In temperate breathing of the milder heauen,
In thinges of needefull vse, which friendly sea,
Transportes by traffike from the fozeine partes,
In flowing wealth, in honour and in force,
Doth passe the double value of the parte,
That Porrex hath allotted to his reigne,
Such is your case, such is your fathers loue. (loues.

Ferrex. Ah loue, my frendes? loue wrongs not whō he
Dordan. He yet he wrongerth you, that geueth you
So large a reight, ere that the course of time
Bring you to kingdome by disceded right,
Which time perhaps might end your time before.

Ferrex. Is this no wrong, say you, to reauē from me
My natine right of halfe so great a realme?
And thus to mathe his yonger sonne with me
In egall power, and in as great degree?
Yea and what sonne? the sonne whose swelling pride
woulde neuer yelde oſc point of reuerence,
whan I the elder and apparaunt heire
Stoode in the likelihode to possesse the whole,
Yea and that sonne which from his childish age
Enuieſh myne honour and doth hate my life.
What will he now do, when his pride, his rage,
The mind:full mal:ce of his grudging harte,
Is armed with force, with weaith, and kingly state?

Hermon. Was this not wrong, yea yll aduised wrong,
To giue so mad a man ſo sharpe a ſwozde,
So ſo great perill of ſo great miſſehappe,
Wide open thus to ſet ſo large a waye?

Dordan. Alas my Lord, what griefull thing is this,

It has

That of your brother you can thinke so ill?
I neuer saw him vtter likelic signe,
Whereby a man might see or once misdeme
Such hate of you, ne such vnpelding pride.
All is their counsell, shamefull be their ende,
That rayling such mistrustfull feare in you,
Sowing the seede of such vnkindly hate,
Trauaile by treason to destroy you both.
Wise is your brother, and of noble hope,
Worthie to weld a large and mightie realme.
So much a stronger frende haue you therby;
Whose strength is your strength, if you gree in one.

Hermon. If nature and the Goddess had pinched so
Their flowing bountie, and their noble gistes
Of princelic qualities, from you my Lorde,
And powde them all at ones in wastfull wise
Tipon your fathers yonger sonne alone:
Perhappes there be that in your preiudice
Would say that birch should yeld to worthinesse.
But siche in eche good gift and princelic arte
Ye are his matche, and in the chiefe of all
In mildenesse and in sobre gouernaunce
Ye farre surmount: And sith there is in you
Sufficing skill and hopefull towardnesse
To weld the whole, and match your elders prayse:
I see no cause why ye should loose the halfe.
Ne would I wishe you yelde to such a losse:
Lest your milde sufferance of so great a wronge,
Be deemed cowardishe and simple drcade:
Which shall geue courage to the fierie head
Of your yonge brother to inuade the whole.
While yet therfoze stikes in the peoples minde
The lothed wrong of your disheritaunce,
And ere your brother haue by settled power,

By guile full cloke of an alluring showe,
 Got him some force and fauour in the realme,
 And while the noble Queene your mother liues,
 To worke and practise all for your auaille,
 Attempt redresse by armes, and wreake your self
 Upon his life, that gayneth by your losse,
 Who nowe to shame of you, and griefe of vs,
 In your owne kingdome triumphes ouer you,
 Shew now your courage meete for kingly state,
 That they which haue allowed to spend theyr goods,
 Their landes, their liues and honours in your cause,
 May be the bolder to mainteyne your parte,
 When they do see that cowarde feare in you,
 Shall not betray ne faile their faithfull hartes.
 If once the death of Porrex ende the strife,
 And pay the price of his vsurped reigne,
 Your mother shall perswade the angry kyng,
 The Lords your friends eke shall appeale his rage,
 For they be wise, and well they can forsee,
 That ere longe time your aged fathers death
 Will bying a time when you shall well requite
 Their frendlic fauour, or their hatefull spue,
 Yea, or their slackenelle to anaunce your cause,
 „ Wise men do not so hang on passing state
 „ Of present Princes, chiefly in their age,
 „ But they will further cast their reaching eye,
 „ To viewe and weye the times and reignes to come,
 „ For is it likely, though the kyng be wrothe,
 That he yet will, or that the realme will beare,
 Extreme reuenge vpon his onely soune,
 Or if he woulde, what our is he that dare
 Be minister to such an enterpryse?
 And here you be now placed in your owne,
 Amyd your frendes, your vassalles and your strength.
 We shall defende and kepe your person safe,

Till either counsell turne his tender minde,
Or age, or sorrow end his woeie dapes.
But if the feare of Goddes, and secrete grudge
Of natures law, repining at the fact,
Withholde your courage from so great attempt:
Know ye, that lust of kingdomes hath no law.
The Goddes do beare and well allow in kinges,
The thinges they abhorre in rascall routes.
, when kinges on slender quarrells runne to warres,
, And then in cruell and unkindely wise,
, Commaund thetes, rapes, murders of innocentes,
, The spoile of towne, ruines of mighty realmes;
, Thinke you such princes do suppose them selues
, Subiect to lawes of kinde, and feare of Gods?
Murders and violent thetes in priuate men,
Are haitous crimes and full of foule reproch,
Yet none offence, but deckt with glorious name
Of noble conquestes, in the handes of kinges.
But if you like not yet so hore deuise,
He list to take such vauantage of the tme,
But though with perill of your owne estate,
You will not be the first that shall invade:
Assemble yet your force for your defence,
And for your safetie stand vpon your garde.

Dordan. O heauen was there euer heard of known,
So wicked counsell to a noble prince:
Let me (my Lorde) disclose vnto your grace
This hauious tale, what mischief it containes,
Your fathers death, your brothers and your owne,
Your present murder and eternall shame.
Heare me (O king) and suffer not to sinke
So high a treason in your princely brest.

Ferrex. The mightie Goddes forbid that euer I
Should once conceaue such mischief in my hart.

D. i. Although

Although my brother hath bereft my realme,
 And beare perchappes to me an hatefull minde:
 Shall I reuenge it, with his death therfore?
 Or shall I so destroy my fathers life
 That gaue me life? the Gods forbid, I say.
 Cease you to speake so any more to me.
 He you my friend with answer once repeats
 So foule a tale. In silence let it die.
 What lord or subiect shall haue hope at all,
 That vnder me they safely shall enioye
 Their goods, their honours, landes and liberties,
 With whom, neither one onely brother deare,
 Ne father dearer, could enioye their liues?
 But sith, I feare my yonger brothers rage,
 And sith perchappes some other man may geue
 Some like aduise, to moue his grudging head
 At mine estate, which counsell may perchance
 Take greater force with him, than this with me,
 I will in secrete so prepare my selfe,
 As if his malice or his lust to reigne
 Breake forth in armes or sodaine violence,
 I may withstand his rage and keepe mine owne.

Dordan. I feare the fataill time now draweth on,
 When ciuil hate shall end the noble line
 Of famous Brute and of his royall seede.
 Great Ioue defend the mischiefes now at hand.
 O that the Secretaries wise aduise
 Had erst bene heard when he besought the king
 Not to diuide his land, nor send his sonnes
 To further partes from presence of his court,
 Ne yet to yelde to them: his goneruance.
 No such are they now in the royall throne
 As was rash Phaeon in Phebus carre.
 Ne then the fiery stedes did draw the flame

With

With wilder randon through the kindled skies,
Than traitorous counsell now will whirle about
The youthfull heades of these vnl kildfull kinges,
But I hercof their father will enforce.
The reuerence of him perhappes shall stay
The growing mischiefes, while they yet are greene,
If this helpe not, then woe vnto them selues,
The prince, the people, the diuided land.

Actus secundus. Scena secunda.

Porrex. Tyndar. Philander.

PORREX. And is it thus? And doth he so prepare,
Against his brother as his mortall foe?
And now while yet his aged father liues?
Neither regardes he him? nor feares he me?
Warre would he haue? and he shall haue it so.

Tyndar. I saw my selfe the great prepared store
Of horse, of armour, and of weapon there,
As bring I to my lord reported tales
Without the ground of seen and searched trowth,
Loe secreete quarrels runne about his court,
To bring the name of you my lord in hate,
Ech man almost can now debate the cause,
And aske a reason of so great a wrong,
Why he so noble and so wise a prince,
Is as vnworthy rest his heritage?
And why the king, misselede by craftie meanes,
Diuided thus his land from course of right?
The wiser sort holde downe their grieffull heades,
Eche man withdrawes from talkc and company,
Of those that haue bene knowne to fauour you.

D. 4.

20

To hide the mischief of their meaning there,
Rumours are spread of your preparing here.
The rascall numbers of vnkilfull sort
Are filled with monstrous tales of you and yours.
In secrete I was counsell'd by my frendes,
To haue me thence, and brought you as you know
Letters from those, that both can truly tell,
And would not write vnlesse they knew it well.

Philand. My lord, yet ere you moue vnkindly warre,
Send to your brother to demaund the cause.
Perhaps some traitorous tales haue filled his cares
With falsc reportes against your noble grace:
Which once discioied, shall end the growing strife,
That els not stay'd with wise foresight in time
Shall hazarde both your kingdomes and your liues.
Send to your father eke, he shall appease
Your kindled mindes, and rid you of this feare.

Porrex. Widdo me of feare? I feare him not at all:
He will to him, ne to my father send,
If danger were for one to tary there,
I thinke ye it safer to retorne againe?
In mischiefes, such as Ferrex now intendes,
The wonted courteous lawes to messengers
Are not obserued, which in iust warre they vse.
Shall I so hazard any one of mine?
That I betray my trusty frendes to him,
That haue disclosed his treason vnto me?
Let him entreate that feares, I feare him not.
Or shall I to the king my father send?
Yea and send now, while such a mother liues,
That loues my brother, and that hateth me?
Shall I geue leasure, by my sonde delays,
To Ferrex to oppresse me all vntoate?
I will not, but I will inuade his realme,

And

And seeke the traitour prince within his court,
Mischiefe for mischief is a due reward.
His wretched head shall pay the worthy price
Of this his treason and his hate to me.
Shall I abide, and treat, and send and pray,
And holde my yelden throate to traitours knife?
While I with valiant munde and conquering force,
Might rid my selfe of foes: and winne a realme?
Yet rather, when I haue the wretches head,
Then to the king my father will I send,
The bootlesse case may yet appeale his wrath:
If not, I will defend me as I may.

Philand. Lo here the end of these two youthful kings,
The fathers death, the ruine of their realmes.
,, O most unhappy state of counsellers,
,, That light on so vnhappy lordes and times,
,, That neither can their good aduise be heard,
,, Yet must they beare the blames of ill successe.
But I will to the king their father haste,
Ere this mischief come to the likely end,
That if the myndfull wrath of wretched Gods,
Since mightie Ilions fall not yet appeald
With these pooze remnautes of the Trojan name,
Haue not determined by vnioued fate
Out of this realme to rase the Britische line,
By good aduise, by awe of fathers name,
By force of wiser lordes, this kindled hate
May yet be quentched, ere it consume vs all.

Chorus. When youth not baidled with a guiding stay
Is left to randon of their owne delight,
And welds whole realmes, by force of foueraign sway,
Great is the daunger of vnmastred might,

Lest skilleffe rage thowtwe downe with headlong fall
 Their lands, their states, their liues, their selues & al.
 When growing pride doth fill the swelling brest,
 And greedy lust doth rayse the climbing minde,
 Oh hardlie maye the perill be repress,
 The feare of angric Goddes, ne lawes kinde.
 The countries care can fierced hartes restrayne,
 When force hath armed enuie and disdain
 When kinges of foreserte will neglect the rede
 Of best aduise, and yelde to pleasing tales,
 That do their fancies noysome hynour feede,
 The reason, no; regarde of right auailles.
 Succeeding heapes of plagues shall reach to late,
 To learne the mischiefes of misguided state.
 Fowle fall the traitour false, that vndermines
 The loue of brethren to destroye them both.
 Woe to the prince, that pliant eare enclynes,
 And yeldes his mind to peyssonous tale, that floweth
 From flattering mouth. And woe to wretched land
 That wastes it selfe with ciuil sward in hand.
 Doe, thus it is, peysson in golde to take,
 And holisome drinke in homely cuppe forlake.

C The order and signification of the donne she we befoze the thirde act.

C Firste the musicke of flutes began to playe, during which
 came in vpon the stage a company of mourners all clad in
 blacke betokening death and sorrowe to ensue vpon the ill ad-
 uised misgouernement and discention of brethrenne, as befell
 vpon the murderer of Ferre; by his yonger brother. Af-
 ter the mourners had passed thysle about the stage, they de-
 parted, and than the musicke ceased.

Actus

Gorboduc. Eubulus. Aroftus. Philander. Nuntius,

GOrb: O cruell fates, O mindful wrath of Goddess,
Whose vengeance neither Simois stayned streames
Flowing with blood of Troian princes slaine,
Nor Phrygian fieldes made ranc with corpes dead
Of Asian kynges and lordes, can yet appeale,
The slaughter of unhappie Pryams race,
Nor Ilions fall made lenell with the soile,
Can yet suffice: but still continued rage
Pursues our lynes, and from the farthest seas
Doth chase the illnes of destroyed Troye.
„ Oh no man happie, till his ende be seene,
If any flowing wealth and seemyng ioye
In present yerres might make a happy wight,
Happie was Hecuba the wofullest wretch
That euer lyued to make a myrrour of,
And happie Pryam with his noble sonnes,
And happie I, till nowe alas I see
And feele my most unhappy wretchednesse.
Beholde my lordes, read ye this letter here.
Loe it contains the ruine of our realme,
If timely speede prouide not hastie helpe.
Yet (O ye Goddess) if euer wofull kyng
Might moue ye kings of kinges, wicke it on me
And on my sonnes, not on this guiltlesse realme.
Send down your washing flames frō wrathful skies,
To reue me and my sonnes the hatefull breath.
Read, read my lordes: this is the matter why
I called ye nowe to haue your good aduise,

C The letter from Dordan the Coun-
sellour of the elder prince.

Eubulus readeth the letter.

My soueraigne lord, what I am loth to write,
But lothest am to see, that I am forced
By letters nowe to make you vnderstande.
My lord Ferrex your eldest sonne misledde
By traitorous fraude of pong vntempered wittes,
Assembleth force agaynst your younge sonne,
He can my counsell yet withdrawe the heate
And furyous panges of hys enflamed head.
Disdaine (sayth he) of his disheritance
Armes him to wicke the great pretended wrong,
With ciuill sword vpon his brothers life.
If present helpe do not restraine this rage,
This flame will wast your sonnes, your land, & you.

Your maiesties faithfull and most
humble subiect Dordan.

ARostus. O king, appease your griefe and stay your
Great is the matter, and a wofull case. (plaint.
But timely knowledg may bring timely helpe.
Sende for them both vnto your presence here.
The reuerence of your honourage, and state,
Your graue aduice, the awe of fathers name,
Shall quicklie knit agayne this broken peace.
And if in either of my lordes your sonnes,
Be suche vntamed and vnyelding pride,
As will not bende vnto your noble helles:
If Ferrex the elder sonne can beare no peere,
Or Porrex not content, aspires to more

Then

That you him gaue aboue his iustitie right:
Ioyne with the iuster side, so shall you force
Them to agree, and holde the lande in stay.

Eub. What meaneth this? Loe yonder comes in haſt
Philander from my lord your yonger sonne.

Gorb. The Goddes sende ioyfull newes.

Phil. The mightie Loue
Preferue your maiestie, O noble king.

Gorb. Philander, welcome: but how doth my sonne?

Phil. Your sonne, sir, lyues, and healthie I him left.
But yet (O king) the want of lustfull health
Could not be halfe so grieifull to your grace,
As these most wretched tidynge that I bring.

Gorb. O heauens, yet more? not ende of woos to mee?

Phil. Tyndar, O king, came lately from the court
Of Ferrex, to my lord your yonger sonne,
And made repoite of great prepared store
For warre, and sayth that it is wholly ment
Agaynst Porrex, for high disdayne that he
Lyues now a king and egall in degree
With him, that clauneth to succede the whole,
As by due title of discending right.

Porrex is now so set on slaying fire,
Partely with kindled rage of cruell wrath,
Partely with hope to gaine a realme thereby,
That he in haſt prepareth to invade
His brothers land, and with unkindely warre
Threatens the murder of your eldēt sonne.
He could I him perswade that first he should
Send to his brother to demaunde the cause,
For yet to you to staie this hatefull strife.

E. i. wherfore

wherfoze lithe there no moze I can be hearde,
I come my felfe now to enforme your grace,
And to befeche you, as you loue the life
And faferie of your children and your realme,
Now to employ your wifdome and your foze
To flay this mifchiefe ere it be to late.

Gorb. Are they in armes? would he not fende to me?
Is this the honour of a fathers name?
In vaine we trauaile to affwage their mindes,
As if their hartes, whome neither brothers loue,
Nor fathers awe, nor kingdomes cares, can moue,
Our counfels could withdraw from raging heat.
Loue flay them both, and end the curfed line.
For though perhappes feare of fuch mightie foze
As I my lordes, ioyned with your noble aides,
Maye yet raile, fhall reffe their prefent heate,
The fecret grudge and malice will remaine,
The fire not quenched, but kept in clofe restraint,
Fedde ftill within, breakes forth with double flame.
Their death and myne muft peaze the angrie Gods

Phil. Yelde not, O king, fo much to weake difpeire.
Your fonnes yet lyue, and long I truff, they fhall.
If fates had taken you from earthly life,
Before beginning of this ciuill strife:
Perhaps your fonnes in their vnmaitered youth,
Loofe from regarde of any luying wight,
would runne on headlong, with vbridled race,
To their owne death and ruine of this realme.
But fith the Gods, that haue the care for kinges.
Of thinges and times difpofe the order fo,
That in your life this kindled flame breakes forth,
while yet your lye, your wifdome, and your power,
May flay the growing mifchiefe, and reffe
The fierie blaze of their inkindled heate:

It seemes, and so ye ought to deeme thereof,
That loupng loue hath tempred so the time
Of this debate to happen in your dayes,
That you yet lyuing may the same appeaze,
And adde it to the glory of your latter age,
And they our sonnes may learne to liue in peace.
Beware (O king) the greaest haine of all,
Lest by your waylesfull plaints your hastned death
Yelde larger tounne vnto their growng rage.
PREFERRE your life, the onely hope of stay.
And if your highnes herein list to vse
wisdomme or force, counsell or knightly aide:
Loe we, our persons, powers and lyues are yours,
Till vs tyll death, O king, we are your owne.

Eub. Loe here the perill that was erst foresene,
When you, (O king) did first deuide your lande,
And yelde your present reigne vnto your sonnes,
But now (O noble prince) now is no time
To walle and plain, and wast your wofull life.
Now is the time for present good aduise.
Sorrow doth darke the iudgement of the wytt.
,, The hart vnbroken and the courage free
,, From feble faintnesse of bootelesse despeire,
,, Doth either ryle to safetie or renowne
,, By noble valoure of vnuanquishd minde,
,, Or yet doth perishe in moze happy sort.
Your grace may send to either of your sonnes
Some one both wise and noble personage,
Which with good counsell and with weightie name,
Of father, shall present before their eyes
Your best, your life, your safetie and their owne,
The present mischiefe of their deadly strife,
And in the while, assemble you the force
Which your commaundement and the speedy hast

Of all my lordes here present can prepare.
The terrour of your mightie power shall stay
The rage of both, or yet of one at leſt.

Nun. O King the greateſt grieſe that euer prince dyd
That euer woſull meſſenger did tell, (heare,
That euer wretched lande hath ſene before,
I bring to you. Porrex your yonger ſonne
With ſoden force, inuaded hath the lande
That you to Ferrex did allotte to rule,
And with his owne moſt bloody hand he hath
His brother ſtaine, and doth poſſeſſe his realme.

Gorb. O heauens ſend down the flames of your re-
Deſtroy I ſay with ſlaſh of wreakefull fier (uenge,
The traitour ſonne, and then the wretched ſire,
But let vs go, that yet perchappes I may
Die with reuenge, and peaze the hatefull gods.

Chor. The luſt of kingdome knowes no ſacred faith,
No rule of reaſon, no regarde of right,
No kindly loue, no feare of heauens wrath:
But with contempt of Goddes, and mans deſpite,
Through blodie ſlaughter, doth prepare the waies
To ſatall ſcepter and accuſed reigne.
The ſonne ſo lothes the fathers lingering daies,
He dreades his hand in brothers blode to ſtaine.
O wretched prince, ne doeſt thou yet recoꝛde
The yet freſh murders done within the lande
Of thy forefathers, when the cruell ſworde
Bereft Morgan his life with coſyns hand?
Thus ſatall plagues purſue the guiltie race,
Whoſe murderous hand imbued with guileſſe blood
Akes vengeance ſtill before the heauens face,
With endleſſe miſchiefes on the curſed broode.

The

The wicked childe thus brings to wofull fire
 The mournfull plaintes, to wast his very life.
 Thus do the cruell flames of ciuill fire
 Destroy the parted reigne with hatefull strife,
 And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow
 The dead black streams of mourning, plaints & woe.

C The order and signification
 of the donne shew befoze the fourth act.

C First the musicks of yowbeies begā to plaie, during which
 there came from vnder the stage, as though out of hell three
 furies. Flecto, Hegera, and Ctesiphone, clad in black gar-
 ments sprinkled with blood and flames, their bodies girt
 with snakes, their heads spred with serpentes in stead of
 heare, the one bearing in her hand a Snake, the other a
 whip, and the thirde a burning firebrand: ech driving befoze
 them a king and a queene, which moued by furies vnnatu-
 rally had slaine their owne children. The names of the kings
 and queenes were these. Tantalus, Hebea, Athamas, Ino,
 Cambises, Althea, after what the furies and these had pas-
 sed about the stage thise, they departed and than the mu-
 sicke ceased: hereby was signified the vnnaturall murders to
 follow, that is to say. Doyrex slaine by his owne mother. And
 of king Sozboduc and queene Viden, killed by their owne
 subiectes.

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Viden sola.

Vid. why should I lye, and linger forth my time
 In longer life to double my distresse?
 O me most wofull wight, whom no mishappe
 Long

Long

Long

Long ere this day could haue bereued hence.
Sought not these handes by fortune, or by fate,
Haue perst this brest, and life with iron reft:
O? in this palace here, where I so long
Haue spent my daies, could not that happie houre
Duce, once haue hapt in which these hugie frames
With death by fall might haue oppressed me?
O? should not this most hard and cruell soile,
So oft where I haue prest my wretched steps,
Sometime had ruthe of myne accursed life,
To rende in twayne swallow me therein?
So had my bones possessed now in peace
Their happie graue within the closed grounde,
And greedie wormes had gnawen this pyned hart
Without my feeling payne: so should not now
This lyuing brest remayne the ruthfull tombe,
Wherin my hart yelden to death is graued:
No? diery thoughts with panges of pining griefe
My dolefull minde had not afflicted thus.
O my beloued sonne: O my swete childe,
My deare Ferrex, my ioye, my lynes delyght,
Is my beloued sonne, is my sweete childe,
My deare Ferrex, my ioye, my lynes delight.
Murdered with cruell death? O hatefull wretch,
O heynous traitour both to heauen and earth.
Thou Porrex, thou this damned dede hast wrought,
Thou Porrex, thou shalt deavely bye the same.
Traitor to kinne and kinde, to sire and me,
To thine owne fleshe, and traitour to thy selfe.
The Gods on thee in hell shall wreke their wrath,
And here in earth this hand shall take reuenge,
On thee Porrex, thou false and cairife wight.
If after bloud, so eigre were thy thirst,
And murderous minde had so possessed thee,
If such hard hart of rocke and stonie flint

Liued

Lived in thy brest, that nothing els could like
 Thy cruell tyrantes thought but death and bloud:
 Wilde sauage beasts, mought not their slaughter serue
 To fede thy greedie will, and in the midst
 Of their currailes to staine thy deadly handes
 With bloud deserued, and drinke thereof thy fill:
 O: if nought els but death and blond of man
 Mought please thy lust, could none in Brittain land,
 whose hart betozone out of his panting brest
 With thine owne hand, or worke what death thou
 Suffice to make a sacrifice to peaze (wouldst,
 That deadly minde and murderous thought in thee?
 But he who in the selfe same wombe was wrapped,
 where thou in dismall hower receiuedst life?
 O: if nedes, nedes, thy hand must slaughter make,
 Moughtest thou not haue reached a mortall wound,
 And with thy sword haue pearced this cursed wombe,
 That the accursed Porrex brought to light,
 And geuen me a iust reward therefore?
 So Ferrex yet sweete life mought haue enjoyed,
 And to his aged father comfort brought,
 With some yong sonne in whom they both might liue.
 But wherunto waste I this ruthfull speche,
 To thee that hast thy brothers blond thus shed?
 Shall I still thinke that frō this wombe thou sprung?
 That I thee bare? or take thee for my sonne?
 No traitour, no: I thee refuse for mine,
 Murderer I thee renounce, thou art not mine.
 Neuer, O wretch, this wombe conceiued thee,
 Nor neuer bode I painfull throwes for thee.
 Changeling to me thou art, and not my childe,
 Nor to no wight, that sparke of pitie knew.
 Ruthlesse, unkinde, monster of natures worke,
 Thou neuer suckt the milke of womans brest,
 But from thy birth the cruell Tigers teates

Haue nursed thee, nor yet of fleshe and bloud
Founde is thy hart, but of hard iron wrought,
And wilde and desert woods bredde thee to life.
But canst thou hope to scape my iust reuenge?
Or that these handes will not be wrooke on thee?
Doeft thou not know that Ferrex mother liues
That loued him more dearly than her selfe?
And doth she liue, and is not venged on thee?

Actus quartus. Scena secunda.

Gorboduc. Aroftus. Eubulus. Porrex. Marcella.

GOrb. We maruell much wherto this lingring stay
Falles out so long: Porrex vnto our court
By order of our letters is returned,
And Eubulus receaued from vs by hest
At his arrinall here to geue him charge
Before our presence straight to make repaire,
And yet we haue no worde whercof he staves.

Aroftus. Lo where he commes & Eubulus with him.

Eubulus. According to your highnesse hest to me,
Here haue I Porrex brought euen in such foze
As from his wried horse he did alight,
For that your grace did will such hast therein.

Gorboduc. We like and praise this speedy will in you,
To worke the thing that to your charge we gaue.
Porrex, if we so farre should swaue from kinde,
And from those boundes which lawe of nature sets,
As thou hast done by vile and wretched deede,
In cruell murder of thy brothers life,
Our present hand could stay no longer time,
But straight should bathe this blade in bloud of thee
As

As iust reuenge of thy detested crime.
No: we should not offend the lawe of kinde,
If now this sworde of ours did slay thee here:
For thou hast murdered him, whose heinous death
Euen natures force doth moue vs to reuenge
By bloud againe: and iustice forceth vs
To measure death for death, thy due desert.
Yet sithens thou art our childe, and sith as yet
In this hard case what worde thou canst alledge
For thy defence, by vs hath not bene heard,
We are content to slaye our will for that
which iustice biddes vs presently to worke,
And geue thee leaue to vie thy speche at full
If ought thou haue to lay for thine excuse.

PORTER. Neither O king, I can or will denie
But that this hand from ^{Ferrex} life hath rest:
which fact how much my dolefull hart doth waile,
Oh would it mought as full appeare to sight:
As inward griefe doth poure it forth to me,
So yet perchappes if euer ruthfull hart
Melting in teares within a manny breast,
Through depe repentance of his bloody fact,
If euer griefe, if euer wofull man
Might moue regreite with sorrowe of his fault,
I thinke the torment of my mournfull case
Knowne to your grace, as I do feele the same,
would force euen wretch her selfe to pitie me.
But as the water troubled with the mudd
Shewes not the face which els the eye should see,
Euen so your wofull minde with sturred thought,
Can not so perfectly discern my cause.
But this unhappe, amongst so many heapes,
I must content me with, most wretched man,
That to my selfe I must referre my woe

In pining thoughtes of mine accursed fact,
 Since I may not shewe here my smallest grieft
 Such as it is, and as my best endures,
 Which I esteeme the greatest miserie
 Of all mischappes that fortune now can send,
 Not that I rest in hope with plaint and teares
 To purchase life: for to the Goddess I clepe
 For true recorde of this my faithfull speche,
 Neuer this hart shall haue the thoughtfull dread
 To die the death that by your graces done
 By iust desert, shall be pronounced to me:
 For neuer shall this tongue once spend the speche
 Hardon to crane, or seeke by sute to liue.
 I meane not this, as though I were not touchde
 With care of dreadfull death, or that I helde
 Life in contempt: but that I know, the minde
 Stoupes to no dread, although the flesh be fraile,
 And for my guilt, I yeide the same so great
 As in my selfe I finde a feare to sue
 For graunt of life.

Gorboduc. In vaine, O wretch, thou shewest
 A wofull hart, Ferrex now lies in graue,
 Slaine by thy hand.

Porrex. Yet this, O father, heare:
 And then I end, Your maiestic well knowes,
 That when my brother Ferrex and my selfe
 By your owne best were ioyned in gouernance
 Of this your graces realme of Brittain land,
 I neuer sought nor trauailed for the same,
 Nor by my selfe, nor by no frend I wrought,
 But from your highnesse will alone it sprong,
 Of your most gracious goodnesse bent to me.
 But how my brothers hart euen then repined
 With swollen dūdaine aganst mine egall rule,
 Seing

Seeing that realme, which by descent should growe
wholly to him, allotted halfe to me?
Euen in your highnesse court he now remaines,
And with my brother then in nearest place,
Who can recorde, what prooffe thereof was shewde,
And how my brothers enuious hart appearede,
Yet I that iudged it my part to seeke
His fauour and good will, and loth to make
Your highnesse know, the thing which should haue
Brieff to your grace, & your offence to him, (brought
Hoping my earnest sute should soone haue wounde
A louing hart within a brothers brest,
wrought in that sort that for a pledge of lone
And faithfull hart, he gaue to me his hand,
This made me thinke, that he had banisht quite
All rancour from his thought and bare to me.
Such hartie loue, as I did owe to him.
But after once we left your graces court,
And from your highnesse presence liued apart,
This egall rule still, still, did grudge him so
That now those enuious sparkes which erst lay raked
In liuing cinders of dissembling brest,
Kindled so farre within his hart diuaine,
That longer could he not refraine from prooffe
Of secreete practise to depprue me life
By poplons foze, and had bereft me so,
If mine owne seruant hired to this fact
And moued by trowth with hate to worke the same,
In time had not betrayed it vnto me.
When thus I sawe the knot of lone vnknitte,
All honest league and faithfull promise broke,
The law of kinde and trowth thus rent in twaine,
His hart on mischief set, and in his brest
Blacked treason hid, then, then did I despeire
That euer time could wunne him friend to me.

H. V.

Then

Then saw I how he smiled with slaying knife
 Wrapped vnder cloke, then saw I depe deceite
 Lucke in his face and death prepared for me:
 Euen nature moued me than to holde my life
 More deare to me than his, and had this hand,
 Since by his life my death must nedes ensue,
 And by his death my life to be preserued,
 To shed his blood, and seeke my safetie so.
 And wisdomed willed me without protract
 In spedie wise to put the same in vze.
 Thus haue I tolde the cause that moued me
 To worke my brothers death and so I yeld
 My life, my death, to iudgement of your grace.

Corb. Oh cruell wight, should any cause puenale
 To make thee staine thy hands with brothers blood?
 But what of thee we will resolute to doe,
 Shall yet remaine vnknown: Thou in the means
 Shalt from our royall presence banisht be,
 Untill our princely pleasure furder shall
 To thee be shewed. Depart therefore our sight
 Accursed childe. What cruell destenie,
 What froward fate hath sorted vs this chauce,
 That euen in those where we should comfort find,
 Where our delight now in our aged dayes
 Should rest and be, euen there our onely griefe
 And depest sorrowes to abridge our life,
 Most pynning cares and deadly thoughts do grow:

Aros. Your grace should now in these graue yeres of
 Haue found ere this þ price of mortall ioyes, (yours
 How short they be, how fading here in earth,
 How full of change, how brittle our estate,
 Of nothing sure, saue onely of the death,
 To whom both man and all the world doth owe
 Their end at last, neither should natures powce

In other sort against your hart p̄uaile,
Thau as the naked hand whose stroke assayes
The armed brest where force doth light in vaine.

Gorbod. Many can yelde right sage and graue aduise
Of patient sprite to others wrapped in woe,
And can in speche both rule and conquere kinde,
Who if by prooffe they might feele natures force,
Would shew them selues men as they are in dede,
Which now wil nedes be gods. But what doth meane
The soyr chere of her that here doth come?

Marcella. Oh where is ruth? or where is pitie now?
Whether is gentle hart and mercy fled?
Are they exiled out of our stony brestes,
Neuer to make returne? is all the world
Drowned in blood, and soncke in crueltie?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not (alas) within the mothers brest,
To her owne childe, to her owne fleſhe and blood,
If ruth be banished thence, if pitie there
May haue no place, if there no gentle hart
Do liue and dwell, where should we seeke it then?

Gorb. Madame (alas) what meanes your woeful tale?

Marcella. O fillie woman I, why to this houre
Haue kinde and fortune thus deferred my breath,
That I should liue to see this dolcfull day?
Will cuer wight helcne that such hard hart
Could rest within the cruell mothers brest,
With her owne hand to slay her oncly sonne?
But out (alas) these eyes behelde the same,
They saw the duery sight, and are become
Most ruthfull recordes of the bloody fact.
Porrex (alas) is by his mother slaine,
And with her hand, a woeful thing to tell,

While slumbring on his carefull bed he restes
His hart stabde in with kniue is rest of life.

Gorboduc. O Eubulus, oh draw this sword of ours,
And pearce this hart with speed. O hatefull light,
O lothsome life, O sweete and welcome death.
Deare Eubulus worke this we thee besech,

Eubulus. Patient your grace, perchappes he liueth yet,
With wound receaued, but not of certaine death.

Gorboduc. O let vs then repayre vnto the place,
And see if Porrex liue, or thus be slaine.

Marcella. Alas he liueth not, it is to true,
That with these eyes of him a percelle prince,
Sonne to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Euen with a twinke a senselesse stocke I saw.

Aroflus. O damned deede.

Marcella. But heare hys ruthesfull end.
The noble prince, pearst with the fodeine wound,
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,
Whose strength now fayling straight he ouerthrew,
When in the fall his eyes euen new vncloused
Behelde the Queene, and cryed to her for helpe,
We then, alas, the ladies which that time
Did there attend, seing that heynous deede,
And hearing him oft call the wretched name
Of mother, and to crye to her for aide,
Whose dirctfull hand gaue him the mortall wound,
Dirying (alas) for nought els could we do)
His ruthesfull end, ranne to the wofull bedde,
Dispoled straight his brest, and all we might
Wiped in vaine with napkins next at hand,
The fodeine streames of blond that flushed fast
Out of the gaping wound, O what a looke,
O what

O what a ruthfull stedfast eye me thought
He set vpon my face, which to my death
Will neuer part fro me, when with a braide
A deepe set sigh he gaue, and there withall
Clasping his handes, to heauen he cast his sight,
And straight pale death pressing within his face
The flying ghost his mortall corpes forsooke.

Arosius. Neuer did age bring forth so vile a fact.

Marcella. O hard and cruell happc, that thus assigned
Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end:

But most hard cruell hart, that could consent
To lend the hatefull deskenies that hand,
By which, alas, so heynous crime was wrought.

O Queene of adanant, O marble brest.

If not the fauour of his comely face,
If not his princely chere and countenance,
His valiant actiue armes, his manly brest,

If not his faire and seemely personage,
His noble limmes in such proportion cast
As would haue wrapt a sillie womans thought,
If this mought nor haue moued thy bloody hart.

And that most cruell hand the wretched weapon
Euen to let fall, and kisse him in the face,
With teares for ruth to reauic such one by death:
Should nature yet consent to slay her sonne?

O mother, thou to murder thus thy childe?

Euen loue with iustice must with lightning flames
Fro beauen send downe some strange reuenge on thee.

Ah noble prince, how oft haue I beheld
Thee mounted on thy fierce and traumpling steed,
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,

And with thy mistresse steue tied on thy helme,
And charge thy staffe to please thy ladies eye,
That bowed the head peece of thy friendly foe?

How

How oft in armes on horse to bend the necke?
How oft in armes on foote to breake the sword,
which neuer now these eyes may see againe.

Aroflus. Madame, alas, in vaine these plaints are shed,
rather with me depart, and helpe to swage,
The thoughtfull griefes that in the aged king
Must needs by nature growe, by deareh of this
His onely sonne, whom he did holde so deare.

Marcella. What wight is that which sawe y^e I did see,
And could retrainie to waile with plaint and teares?
Not I, alas, that hart is not in me.
But let vs goe, for I am greued anew,
To call to minde the wretched fathers woe.

Chorus. When greedy lust in royall seat to reigne
Hath rest all care of Goddes and eke of men,
And cruell hart, wrath, treason, and disdaine
Within ambitious brest are lodged, then
Beholde how mischief wide her selfe displays,
And with the brothers hand the brother slayes.
When blood thus shed, doth staine the heauens face,
Crying to Ioue for vengeance of the deepe,
The mightie God euen moueth from his place,
With wrath to wrake: then sendes he forth with speede
The dreadfull furies, daughters of the night,
With Serpentes girt, carrying the whip of ire,
With heare of stinging Snakes, and shining bright
With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire.
Theise for reuenge of wretched murder done,
Do make the mother kill her onely sonne.
Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite.
Ioue by his iust and cuerlasting doine
Justly hath euer so required it.

The

The times before recorde, and times to come
 Shall finde it true, and so doth present pzoofe
 Present befoze our eyes for our behoofe.
 O happy wight that suffres not the snare
 Of murderous minde to tangle him in blood.
 And happy he that can in time beware
 By others harmes and turne it to his good,
 But wo to him that fearing not to offend
 Doth serue his lust, and will not see the end,

CThe order and signification
 of the drumme shew befoze the fifth act.

First the drummes & suites, began to sound, during which
 there came forth vpon the stage a company of Hargabusters
 and of Armed men all in order of battaile. These after their
 peeces discharged, and that the armed men had three times
 marched about the stage, departed, and then the drummes and
 suites did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions,
 armes and ciuill warres to follow, as fell in the realme of
 great Britayne, which by the space of fiftie yeares & moze
 continued in ciuill warre betwene the nobilitie after the death
 of king Soboduc, and of his issues, for want of certayne li-
 mitation in succession of the crowne, till the time of Dunwallo
 Holmstus, who reduced the land to monarchie.

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Clotyn, Mandud, Gwenard, Fergus, Eubulus.

Clot. Did euer age bring forth such tyrants hearts?
 The brother hath bereft the brothers life,
 The mother she hath died her cruell handes
 In blond of her owne sonne, and now at last
 The people loe forgetting trowth and loue,

B. J. Con-

Contemning quite both law and loyall hart,
Euen they haue slaine their foueraigne lord & queene.

Mand. Shall this their traitorous crime unpunished
Euen yet they cease not, carped on with rage, (rest)
In their rebellious routes, to threaten still
A new blond shed vnto the princes kinne,
To slay them all, and to vproote the race
Both of the king and queene, so are they moued
With Porrex death, wherein they falsely charge
The gilelesse king without desert at all,
And traitorously haue murdered him therfore,
And eke the queene.

Gwena. Shall subiectes dare with force
To worke reuenge vpon their princes fact?
Admit the worst that may, as sure in this
The dede was fowle, the queene to slay her sonne,
Shall yet the subiect seeke to take the sward,
Arise agaynst his lord, and slay his king?
O wretched state, where those rebellious hartes
Are not rent out euen from their liuing breastes,
And with the body thowen vnto the foules
As carrion foode, for terrour of the rest.

Ferg. There can no punishment be thought to greas
For this so greuous cryme: let spede therfore
Be vsed therein for it behoueth so.

Eubulus. Ye all my lordes, I see, consent in one
And I as one consent with ye in all.
I holde it more than neede with sharpest law
To punish this tumultuous bloody rage,
For nothing more may shake the common state,
Than sufferance of vproares without redresse,
Wherby how some kingdomes of mightie power
After great conquestes made, and flourishing

In fame and wealth, haue ben to ruine brought,
I pray to loue that we may rather wayle
Such happe in them than witnesse in our selues.
The fully with the duke my minde agrees,
Though kinges forget to gouerne as they ought,
Yet subiectes must obey as they are bounde.
But now my lordes, before ye farther wade,
O! spend your speech, what sharpe reuenge shall fall
By iustice plague on these rebellious wightes,
We thinke ye rather should first search the way,
By which in time the rage of this vproare
Mought be repressed, and these great tumults ceased,
Euen yet the life of Brittain land doth hang
In traitours balance of vnegall weight.
Thinke not my lordes the death of Gorboduc,
Nor yet Videnaes blond will cease their rage:
Euen our owne lynes, our wiues and children deare,
Our countrey dearest of all, in daunger standes,
Now to be spoiled, now, now made desolate,
And by our selues a conquest to ensue.
For geue once sway vnto the peoples lustes,
To rush forth on, and stay them not in time,
And as the streame that rowleth downe the hyll,
So will they headlong runne with raging thoughtes
From blond to blond, from mischief vnto moc,
To ruine of the realme, them selues and all,
So giddy are the common peoples mindes,
So glad of change, more wauering than the sea.
Ye see (my lordes) what strength these rebelles haue,
What hugie nombre is assembled still,
For though the traiterous fact, for which they rose
Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in field
So that how farr their furies yet will stretch
Great cause we haue to dreade. That we may seeke
By present battaile to repress their power,

Speede must we vse to leuie force therfore.
For either they forthwith will mischief worke,
Or their rebellions cares forthwith will cease.
These violent things may haue no lasting long.
Let vs therfore vse this for present helpe,
Perswade by gentle speach, and offre grace
With gift of pardon saue vnto the chiefe,
And that vpon condicou that forthwith
They yelde the captaines of their enterprise,
To beare such guerdon of their traiterous fact,
As may be both due vengeance to them selues,
And holtsome terrour to posteritie.
This shall, I thinke, scatter the greatest part,
That now are holden with desire of home,
Woried in field with cold of winters nightes,
And some (no doubt) striken with dread of law.
Whan this is once proclaimed, it shall make
The captaines to mistrust the multitude,
Whose safetie biddes them to betray their heads,
And so much more bycause the rascall routes,
In thinges of great and perillous attemptes,
Are neuer trustie to the noble race.
And while we treat and stand on termes of grace,
We shall both stay their furies rage the while,
And eke gaue time, whose onely helpe sufficeth
Withouten warre to vanquish rebelles power
In the meane while, make you in redynes
Such band of horsemen as ye may prepare.
Horsemen (you know) are not the common strength,
But are the force and store of noble men,
Wherby the vnchosn and vnarmed sort
Of skiltesse rebelles, whome none other power
But nombre makes to be of dreadfull force,
With sodayne brunt may quickely be opprest.
And if this gentle meane of proffered grace,

with

With stubborne hartes cannot so farre auayle,
As to allwaige their desperate courages.
Then do I wish such slaughter to be made,
As present age and eke posteritie
May be adrad with hozour of reuenge,
That iustly then shall on these rebell's fall.
This is my lord the summe of mine aduise.

Clotyn. Neither this case admittes debate at large,
And though it did, this speach that hath ben sayd
Hath well abridged the tale I would haue tolde.
Fully with Eubulus do I consent
In all that he hath sayd: and if the same
To you my lordes, may seeme for best aduise,
I wish that it should streight be put in vie.

Mandud. My lordes than let vs presently depart,
And follow this that liketh vs so well.

Fergus. If euer time to gaine a kingdome here
Were offered man, now it is offered mee.
The reahne is rest both of their king and queene,
The offspring of the prince is slaine and dead,
No issue now remaines, the heire vnknownen,
The people are in armes and mutynes,
The nobles they are busied how to cease
These great rebellions tumultes and vproares,
And Brittainne land now defect left alone
Amyd these broyles vncertayne where to rest,
Offers her selfe vnto that noble hart
That will or dare pursue to beare her crowne.
Shall I that am the duke of Albanie
Discended from that line of noble blond,
Which hath so long flourishd in worthy same,
Of valiaunt hartes, such as in noble brestes
Of right should rest aboue the the balce tozt,

Refuse to venture life to winne a crowne?
 Whom shall I finde enimies that will withstand
 My fact herein, if I attempt by armes
 To seeke the same now in these times of boyles?
 These dukes power can hardly well appeale
 The people that already are in armes.
 But if perhappes my force be once in field,
 Is not my strength in power above the best
 Of all these lordes now left in Brittain land?
 And though they should match me with power of me,
 Yet doubtfull is the chaunce of battailles ioyned.
 If victors of the field we may depart,
 Ours is the scepter then of great Brittain.
 If slayne amid the playne this body lye,
 Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this,
 But that I dyed geuing the noble charge
 To hazarde life for conquest of a crowne.
 Forthwith therefore will I in post depart
 To Albanie, and raise in armour there
 All power I can: and here my secret friends,
 By secret practise shall sollicite skill,
 To seeke to wyne to me the peoples hartes.

Actus quintus.

Scena secunda.

Eubulus. Clotyn. Mandud. Gwenard. Arostus. Nuntius.

Ev. O Ioue, how are these peoples harts abused:
 What blind fury, thus headlong carries them?
 That though so many booke, so many rolles
 Of auncient time recorde, what greuous plagues
 Light on these rebelles eye, and though so oft
 Their eares haue heard their aged fathers tell,
 What

What iuste reward these traitours still receiue,
 Yea though them selues haue sene depe death & bloud,
 By strangling cord and slaughter of the sword,
 So such assigned, yet can they not beware,
 Yet can not stay their lewde rebellious handes,
 But suffering loe fowle treason to distaine
 Their wretched myndes, forget their loyall hart,
 Reiect all truch and rise against their prince.
 A ruthfull case, that those, whom duties bond,
 Whom grafted law by nature, truch, and faith,
 Bound to preserue their countrey and their king,
 Borne to defend their common wealth and prince,
 Euen they should geue consent thus to subuert
 Thee Brittain land, & from thy wombe should spring
 (O native soile) those, that will needs destroy
 And ruine thee and eke them selues in fine.
 For lo, when once the dukes had offered grace
 Of pardon sweete, the multitude missede
 By traitorous fraude of their vngacious heades,
 One sort that saw the dangerous successe
 Of stubbozne standing in rebellious warre,
 And knew the difference of princes power
 From headlesse nombre of tumultuous routes,
 Whom common countreies care, and priuate feare,
 Taught to repent the errour of their rage,
 Layde handes vpon the captaines of their band,
 And brought them bound vnto the mightie dukes.
 And other sort not trusting yet so well
 The truch of pardon, or mistrusting more
 Their owne offence than that they could conceiue
 Such hope of pardon for so foule misdeede,
 Or for that they their captaines could not yeld,
 Who fearing to be yeldeo fled before,
 Stale home by silence of the secret night,
 The thirde vnhappy and enraged sort

Of desperate hartes, who stained in princes bloud
From trayterous furour could not be withdrawen
By loue, by law, by grace, ne yet by feare,
By proffered life, ne yet by threathned death,
With mindes hopelesse of life, dreadlesse of death,
Carelesse of country, and awelesse of God,
Stood bent to fight, as furies did them moue,
With violent death to close their trayterous life.
These all by power of horsmen were opprest,
And with reuenging swordes slayne in the field,
Or with the strangling cord hangd on the tree,
Where yet their carryen carcasses do preach
The fruites that rebelles reape of their vproares,
And of the murder of their sacred prince.
But loe, where do approche the noble dukes,
By whom these tumults haue ben thus appaisd.

Clotyn. I thinke the world will now at length beware
And feare to put on armes agaynst their prince.

Mand. If not: those trayterous hartes that dare rebell,
Let them beholde the wide and huge fieldes
With bloud and bodies spread of rebelles slayne,
The lofty trees clothed with the corpses dead
That strangled with the corde do hang thereon.

Aroflus. A iust reward, such as all times befoze
Haue euer lotted to those wretched folkes.

Gwen. But what meanes he that commeth here so fast?

Nun. My lordes, as dutie and my trowth doth moue
And of my countrey worke a care in mee,
That if the spending of my breath auailed
To do the seruice that my hart desires,
I would not shunne to embrace a present death:
So haue I now in that wherein I thought

My trauaile mought performe some good effect,
Centred my life to bring these rydings here,
Fergus the mightie duke of Albanyc
Is now in armes and lodgeth in the fielde
With tweneie thousand men, heether he bendes
His speedy marche, and mundes to invade the crowne.
Dayly he gathereth strength, and spreads abroad
That to this realme no certene heire remaines,
That Britayne land is left without a guide,
That he the scepter seekes, for nothing els
But to preserue the people and the land,
Which now remaine as ship without a sterne,
Loe this is that which I haue here to say.

Cloyton. Is this his sayth? and shall he falsly thus
Abuse the vantage of unhappie times?
O wretched land, if his outrageous pride,
His cruell and vntempered wilfulnesse,
His deepe dissembling shewes of false pretence,
Should once attaine the crowne of Britaine land.
Let vs my lordes, with timely force resist
The new attempt of this our common foe,
As we would quench the flames of common fire.

Mand. Though we remaine without a certaint prince,
So wold the realme or guide the wandring rule,
Yet now the common mother of vs all,
Our native land, our countrey, that containes
Our wiues, children, kindred, our selues and all
That euer is or may be deare to man,
Cries vnto vs to helpe our selues and her.
Let vs aduance our powers to repress
This growing foe of all our liberties.

Gwenard. Yea let vs so, my lordes, with hasty speede,
And ye (O Goddess) send vs the welcome death,

D. J. To

To shed our blood in field, and leaue vs not
In lothesome life to lenger out our dayes,
To see the hugie heapes of these vnhappyes,
That now roll downe vpon the wretched land,
Where emptie place of princely gouernaunce,
No certaine stay now left of doublesse heire,
Thus leaue this guidelesse realme an open pray,
To endlesse stormes and waste of ciuill warre.

Arostus. That ye (my lordes) do so agree in one,
To saue your countrey from the violent reigne
And wrongfully vsurped tyrannie
Of him that threatens conquest of you all,
To saue your realme, and in this realme your selues,
From fozeine thraldome of so proud a prince,
Much do I prayse, and I besech the Goddes,
With happy honour to requite it you.
But (O my lordes) sith now the heaucns wrath
Hath rest this land the issue of their prince,
Sith of the body of our late soueraigne lorde
Remaines no moe, since the yong kinges be slaine,
And of the title of descended crowne
Uncertainly the diuerse mindes do thinke
Euen of the learned sort, and moze vncertainly
Will parciall fancie and affection decline:
But most vncertainly will climbing pride
And hope of reigne withdraw to sundry partes
The doubtfull right and hopefull lust to reigne:
When once this noble seruice is atchieued
For Britaine land the mother of ye all,
When once ye haue with armed force repress
The proude attemptes of this Albanian prince,
That threatens thraldome to your native land,
When ye shall vanquishers returne from field,
And finde the princely state an open pray

To greedie lust and to vsurping power,
 Then, then (my lordes) if euer kindly care
 Of auncient honour of your auncesters,
 Of present wealth and nobleste of your stockes,
 Yea of the liues and safetie yet to come
 Of your deare wiues, your children, and your selues,
 Might moue your noble hartes with gentle ruth,
 Then, then, haue pitie on the tozne estate,
 Then helpe to salue the welneare hopelesse sore
 Which ye shall do, if ye your selues withhold
 The slaying knife from your owne mothers throat,
 Her shall you saue, and you, and yours in her,
 If ye shall all with one assent forbear
 Once to lay hand or take vnto your selues
 The crowne, by colour of pretended right,
 Or by what other meanes so euer it be,
 Till first by common counsell of you all
 In Parliament the regall diademe
 Be set in certaine place of gouernance,
 In which your Parliament and in your choise,
 I preferre the right (my lordes) with respect
 Of strength or frendes, or what soeuer cause
 That may set forward any others part.
 For right will last, and wrong can not endure.
 Right meanes I his or hers, vpon whose name
 The people rest by meane of natiue line,
 Or by the vertue of some former lawe,
 Already made their title to aduance.
 Such one (my lordes) let be your chosen king,
 Such one so borne within your natiue land,
 Such one preferre, and in no wise admitte
 The heauie yoke of fozeine gouernance,
 Let fozeine titles yelde to publike wealth.
 And with that hart wherewith ye now prepare
 Thus to withstand the proude inuading foe,

With that same hart (my lordes) keepe out also
Unnaturall thalldome of strangers reigue,
Ne suffer you against the rules of kinde
Your mother land to serue a foireine prince.

Eubulus. Loe here the end of Brucus royall line,
And loe the entry to the woofull wracke,
And vnter ruine of this noble realme.
The royall king, and eke his soymes are slaine,
No ruler restes within the regall icate,
The heire, to whom the scepter lences, vnknowne,
That to eche force of foireine princes power,
Whom vauantage of our wretched state may moue
By sodaine armes to gaine so riche a realme,
And to the proud and greedie minde at home,
Whom bliinded lust to reigne leades to aspire,
Loe Brittain realme is left an open pray,
A present spoyle by conquest to enioye.
Who seech not now how many riling mindes
Do feede their thoughts, with hope to reach a realme?
And who will not by force attempt to winne
So great a gaine, that hope periwades to haue?
A simple colour shall for title serue.
Who winnes the royall crowne will want no right,
For such as shall display by long dissent
A lineall race to proue him lawfull king.
In the meane while these ciuil armes shall rage,
And thus a thousand mischiefes shall vnfolde,
And fare and neave spread thce (O Brittain land)
All right and lawe shall cease, and he that had
Nothing to day, to morrowe shall enioye
Great heapes of golde, and he that showed in wealth,
Loe he shall be bereft of life and all,
And happiest he that then possesseth least,
The viues shall suffer rape, the maides deflowred,
And

And children fatherlesse shall weepe and waille,
 With fire and sword thy native folke shall perishe,
 One kinsman shall bereave an others life,
 The father shall unwitting slay the sonne,
 The sonne shall slay the fire and know it not,
 Women and maides the cruell souldiers sword
 Shall perse to death, and fillie children loe,
 That play in the streeces and fieldes are found,
 By violent hand shall close their latter day.
 Whom shall the fierce and blondy souldier
 Reserve to life? whom shall he spare from death?
 Euen thou (O wretched mother) halfe aliue,
 Thou shalt beholde thy deare and onely childe
 Slaime with the sworde while he yet suckes thy brest,
 Loe, gentleesse blond shall thus eche where be shed,
 Thus shall the wasted soile yelde forth no fruite,
 But dearth and famine shall possesse the land.
 The townes shall be consumed and burnt with fire,
 The peopled cities shall waye desolate,
 And thou, O Britaine, whilome in renowne,
 Whilome in wealth and fame, shalt thus be torne,
 Dismembred thus, and thus be rent in twaine,
 Thus wasted and defaced, spoyled and destroyed,
 These be the fruites your civil warres will bring.
 Hereto it commes when kinges will not consent
 To graue aduise, but followe willfull will.
 This is the end, when in soude princes hartes
 Flattery preuailes, and sage rede hath no place.
 These are the plagies, when murder is the meane
 To make new heires vnto the royall crowne.
 Thus wreek the Gods, when that the mothers wrath
 Thought but the blond of her owne childe may swage.
 These mischertes spring when rebels will arise,
 To worke reuenge and iudge their princes fact.
 This, this ensues, when noble men do faile

In loyall trowth, and subiectes will be kinges,
And this doth growe when loe vnto the prince,
Whom death or sodaine happe of life bereaues,
No certaine heire remaines, siche certaine heire,
As not all onely is the rightfull heire,
But to the realme is so made knowen to be,
And trowth therby vested in subiectes hartes.
To owe sayth there where right is knowen to rest.
Alas, in Parliament what hope can be,
Wher is of Parliament no hope at all?
Which, though it be assembled by consent,
Yet is not likely with consent to end,
While eche one for him selfe, or for his frend,
Against his foe, shall trauaile what he may.
While now the state left open to the man,
That shall with greatesse force invade the same,
Shall fill ambitious mindes with gaping hope,
When will they once with yelding hartes agree?
Or in the while, how shall the realme be vsed?
No, no: then Parliament should haue bene holden,
And certaine heires appointed to the crowne,
To stay the title of established right,
And in the people plant obedience,
While yet the prince did liue, whose name and power
By lawfull summons and authoritie
Might make a Parliament to be of force,
And might haue set the state in quiet stay.
But now O happie man, whom speedie death
Deprives of life, he is enforced to see
These hugie mischiefes and these miseries,
These ciuil warres, these murders & these wronges.
Of iustice, yet must God in fine restore
This noble crowne vnto the lawfull heire:
For right will alwayes liue, and rise at length,
But wrong can neuer take deepe roote to last.



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