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THE LIFE OF  
SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE  
1600

THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS  
1908

This reprint of the first quarto of *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, has been prepared by Percy Simpson and checked by the General Editor.

*Nov.* 1908.

W. W. Greg.

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cop. 2

THE following entry appears in the Stationers' Register:

11 Augusti [1600] . . . .

Entred for his copies vnder the handes of master vicars and the wardens. Thomas pavier  
These iij copies . . . . . viz.

The first parte of the history of the life of Sir John oldcastell lord Cobham.

Item the second and last parte of the history of Sir John oldcastell lord Cobham with his martyrdome

Item ye history of the life and Deathe of Captaine Thomas Stucley, with his Mariage to alexander Curtis his daughter, and his valiant endinge of his life at the battell of Alcazar . . . . . xvij<sup>d</sup>

[Arber's Transcript, III. 169.]

The first part appeared in quarto, printed by V. S., i.e., Valentine Simmes, for Pavier, and bearing the date 1600. A second quarto, printed with some alterations from the first, was issued with the addition of Shakespeare's name as author. In this Pavier's name again figured, but without mention of the printer: the date given was likewise 1600, but it has been suggested that this was not the real date of printing (see the *Library*, ix. 113). The play was included among the additions made to the third folio of Shakespeare's works in 1664. This edition was printed from the second quarto, and that in the fourth folio of 1685 from the previous folio.

The following allusions to the piece occur in Henslowe's Diary in the accounts of the Admiral's men:

[fol. 65] this 16 of october [15]99 Receved by me Thomas downton of phillipp Henschlow to pay m<sup>r</sup> monday m<sup>r</sup> drayton & m<sup>r</sup> wilsson & haythway for the first pte of the lyfe of S<sup>r</sup> Iohn Ouldcastell & in earnest of the Second pte for the vse of the company ten pownd I say receved . . . 10<sup>ll</sup>

Receved [by Samuel Rowley] of M<sup>r</sup> Hincheloe [between 1 and 8 Nov. 1599] for M<sup>r</sup> Mundaye & the Reste of the poets at the playnge of S<sup>r</sup> Iohn oldcastell the ferste tyme as a gefte . . . . . x<sup>s</sup>

[fol. 66<sup>v</sup>] Receued of m<sup>r</sup> Henschlow for the vse of the Company [between 19 and 26 Dec. 1599] to pay m<sup>r</sup> drayton for the second pte of S<sup>r</sup> Iohn ould Casell foure pownd I say receud . . . . . iiij<sup>ll</sup>  
p me Thomas Downton

1234530

[fol. 68] dd vnto the littell tayller at the apoyntment of Robert shawe the 12 of marche 1599 [i.e. 1600] to macke thinges for the 2 pte of owld castell some of . . . . . xxx<sup>s</sup>

while in the accounts of Worcester's men we find :

[fol. 115] Lent vnto the companye the 17 of aguste 1602 to paye vnto thomas deckers for new a dicyons in owldcastelle the some of . . . . . xxx<sup>s</sup>

Lent vnto Iohn ducke & Iohn thayer the 21 [?] of aguste 1602 to bye a sewt for owld castell & a sewt & a dublet of satten the some of . . . . . xij<sup>ll</sup>

Lent vnto Iohn ducke to paye for the turckes head & ij wemens gownes mackenge & fresh watr for owld castell & the merser bill & hary chettell in earneste of a tragedie called [?] y<sup>e</sup> 24 of aguste 1602 . . . . . 3<sup>ll</sup> x<sup>s</sup>

[fol. 116] Lente vnto Iohn thare the 7 of septmbꝝ 1602 to geue vnto Thomas deckers for his adicions in owld castell the some of . . . . . x<sup>s</sup>

It should be remarked that Downton, Rowley, Shaw, Thare and Duke were players representing the companies; Freshwater was a tradesman. The original authors paid were Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, Robert Wilson and Thomas Hathway. The first part was delivered not later than 16 October, and performed not later than 8 November 1599. Part II seems to have been completed by 26 December 1599, but was probably not acted before 12 March 1600. The first part was published within the year. The players may have succeeded in preventing the issue of Part II: they stayed the publication of *Patient Grissel* on 18 March 1600. Probably at some date after the publication of the 1600 quarto the Admiral's company parted with their rights to Worcester's men. These, in August and September 1602, employed Dekker on a revision of the piece. It is possible that the work for which he was paid fifty shillings was the amalgamation of the two parts into a single play: there is no mention of separate parts in these later entries. No edition of the second part is known.

Of the first edition of *Sir John Oldcastle* copies are

preserved in the British Museum (C. 34. l. 2) and Bodleian libraries. The former wants the title-page, which has been supplied in facsimile. Both have been used in the preparation of the present reprint. The copies differ in certain readings, that in the British Museum having an uncorrected sheet F, and that in the Bodleian an uncorrected sheet G. The variants are given below. The quarto is printed in an ordinary roman type closely approximating in size to modern Pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). The second quarto is much commoner: copies are found in the British Museum (C. 34. l. 1 and C. 12. g. 23), Bodleian, Dyce, Trinity College Cambridge, and other libraries. The type is the same as that of the first quarto. Since the differences between the quartos are often of interest, a complete list of the variant readings of the second is given below. It has not been thought necessary to give more than a few of the readings of the folios, since they do not differ materially from those of the second quarto, and are of no independent authority.

For the authorship Henslowe's Diary is first-rate evidence, and though it does not necessarily follow that the list of collaborators there given is exhaustive, there is no reason in the present case to suppose that it is not. The division of the shares assignable to the various writers is, however, very obscure, the only clues apparently being certain inconsistencies between various parts of the play, for instance the substitution of Winchester for Rochester in V. xi. The relation between the quartos is interesting. The 'V. S.' quarto is proved to be the earlier by the fact that its catchwords are sometimes wrongly preserved in the other. With regard to the alterations three points may be noticed: the disappearance of certain dramatic touches of detail (e.g. line

2017); a marked reduction in the number of oaths (the statute against profanity in plays did not come into force till 1606); a few textual corrections (e.g. line 2408).

In the present reprint the acts and scenes have been marked in the margin according to the division adopted by Malone in his edition of 1780, with the addition of IV. v. Malone, printing from Q<sub>2</sub>, missed the exit clearly indicated in Q<sub>1</sub> at line 2022. It should be noticed that there is a transposition of the text in Act V. Lines 2289 to 2372 belong between lines 2147 and 2148.

### LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS OF THE FIRST QUARTO

(Including the variants between the British Museum and Bodleian copies)

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>22. e tha ka naues name,<br/>58. <i>enters</i><br/>76. them,<br/>81. pe pufe<br/>83. ka naue,<br/>93. ynow,<br/>169. s'bloud (<i>apostrophe doubtful</i>)<br/>196. me,<br/>197 s.d. (<i>belongs to 198</i>)<br/>208. fhal,<br/>212. <i>Suf</i><br/>246. liege.)<br/>270. ont,<br/>330. worfe<br/>367. houfe,<br/>383. (<i>not indented</i>)<br/>477. <i>Ente r</i> (?)<br/>488. fir.<br/>495. welcome<br/>545. <i>Harp</i><br/>552. thee<br/>562 c.w. <i>harp</i>.<br/>584. (<i>assign to Harpoole.</i>)</p> | <p>585. (<i>assign to Sumner.</i>)<br/>597. sheepskins, (<i>sheepskin's?</i>)<br/>598 c.w. <i>harp</i>.<br/>618. seruingmaan.<br/>623. hue to<br/>646. <i>Con.</i> (<i>Aleman</i>)<br/>651. <i>Con.</i> (<i>Aleman</i>)<br/>687. od (old?)<br/>729. arrant,<br/>776. vs, (<i>comma doubtful</i>)<br/>790. foureteenth (<i>first e doubtful</i>)<br/>819. pound's (<i>apostrophe doubtful</i>)<br/>843. fatisfied,<br/>959 s.d. (<i>belongs to 960</i>)<br/>978. thofe (of thofe)<br/>986. firft (fifth?)<br/>1066 c.w. where<br/>1165. <i>cobh</i>.<br/>1181. Harpoole, (<i>the l doubtful</i>)<br/>1183. presently<br/>1188. Amen, (?)<br/>1198. Mault-men, (<i>comma doubtful</i>)<br/>1208. wee'l (<i>apostrophe doubtful</i>)</p> |
|---|---|



1222. in't (*apostrophe doubtful*)  
 1236. bofome, (*comma doubtful*)  
 1240. mer-|cy vs (on vs)  
 1290. Sir Old-caftle, what if he  
       come not Iohn? (*B.M.*)  
 1292. fuppie (*B.M.*)  
 1300. no walks within forty (*B.M.*)  
 1306. me that (*B.M.*)  
 1308. thers (*B.M.*)  
 1317. wench; (*B.M.?*)  
 1339. f peede.  
 1372. know (not know?)  
 1391. *fir. Iohn*  
 1406. kill man. (*B.M.*)  
 1417. villainons  
 1421. sworne, (*B.M.*)  
 1423. yfaith, (*B.M.*)  
 1437. hewill  
 1438. me a alone. (*B.M.*)  
 1446. beuer this (*B.M.*)  
 1449. Fickle (*B.M.*)  
 1450. Kenr (*B.M.*)  
 1475. reft,  
 1497. *the*  
 1539. mens, crownes when (*B.M.*)  
 1569 c.w. with  
 1572. boate, (*Bodl.*)  
 1581. befide, (*Bodl.*)  
 1618. hm  
 1641 c.w. *Har*  
 1647. bemore  
 1684. *Mur*  
 1689. *Mar.*  
 1694. King, (*Bodl.*)  
 1725. ynto (*Bodl.*)  
 1728. felfe false (*Bodl.*)  
 1730. prince your grace miftakes.  
       (*Bodl.*)  
 1742. warres (*B.M.*)  
 1747. rebellion, (*Bodl.*)  
 1749. *Mur*,  
 1806. thererefore  
 1824. gentleman,  
 1825. Peace he (*Bodl.*)

1828-9. (*omit I at beginning of these  
 lines—Bodl.*)  
 1836. Croomes. (*Bodl.*) (*read 'Cro-  
 mer?'*)  
 1844. late, (*Bodl.*)  
 1846. art the (*Bodl.*)  
 1847. Shewt  
 1851. royall (loyall)  
 1871. god  
 1877. M Shricue,  
 1879. *whifpers*  
 1939. *Oldca.* (*period doubtful*)  
       charitie,  
 1940. Too'th  
 1952. to'th  
 1999. *Harp*  
 2013. pound,  
 2031. *Harp*  
 2045. *Bifh.* (*Old-ca.*)  
 2058. *Roch*  
 2105. excellent,  
 2110. to (fo)  
 2136. me, oh (?)  
 2228. (*assign to Conftable?*)  
 2242. foord-dayes,  
 2248. a bo-|mination  
 2268. ome,  
 2277. too  
 2284. huy  
 2303. left him thrice,  
 2357. *Club* (possibly a line lost)  
 2393. horrifon,  
 2408. Flowes (Folowes)  
 2439. imperfectoin  
 2440. inferts (inferts?)  
 2448. *sleepes.*  
 2449. *mcn*  
 2468. gate  
 2472. done,  
 2599. fecr etly,  
 2620. boudy  
 2679. attained (attainted)  
 2687. Lordfhip,  
 2707. though

Also the period at the end of the running title is wanting on D<sub>4</sub>, E<sub>3</sub>, F<sub>4</sub>, G<sub>4</sub>, H<sub>2</sub>, I<sub>4</sub> and K<sub>1</sub>. As a rule speakers' names are only followed by a period when abbreviated; there is frequently no capital to the prefixed *sir*, and *Iohn* is sometimes spelt *Ihon*.

### VARIANT READINGS OF THE SECOND QUARTO

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 22. Downe with a kanaues                          | 347. <i>omit</i> is                         |
| 30. <i>As they are fighting, enter</i>            | 358. filthy knaues.                         |
| . . . <i>Hereford, his</i>                        | 362. they'l                                 |
| 38. ceremonies                                    | 363-5. <i>omit s.d.</i>                     |
| 53. Coffoon, her will liue                        | 377. <i>omit</i> O Lord,                    |
| 56. <i>company cry for clubs:</i>                 | 385. your fir.                              |
| 57-8. <i>Goughand Herbertsfactionare</i>          | 386-7. beggarly that you can scarfe         |
| <i>busie about him. Enter the 2. Iudges,</i>      | giue a bit of bread at your doore:          |
| 65. <i>Exit L. Herbert</i>                        | 389. <i>omit</i> amongst                    |
| 66. Sheriffe                                      | 395. <i>omit</i> yea,                       |
| 76. of them.                                      | help ye . . . <i>omit</i> yfaith,           |
| 80. Lord  | 396. mother: O God bee                      |
| 83-7. <i>omit bracket and s.d.</i>                | 402. <i>Har. I, I am . . . youle</i>        |
| 116. And tis                                      | 412. <i>omit and sbrowde himselfe.</i>      |
| 117. Sheriffe,                                    | 417. hates                                  |
| 141 <i>s.d. Bayliffe</i>                          | 420-3. <i>divide as verse after God.</i>    |
| 162. <i>Henry</i>                                 | . . . comming, . . . he be.                 |
| 176. Au   | 452. against                                |
| 186. <i>Hertford</i>                              | 477-8. <i>one line, preceded by s.d.</i>    |
| 200. me(my Lords)the Clergy doth                  | 481. <i>omit</i> I                          |
| 208. <i>omit</i> ye . . . <i>omit</i> but         | 487. bhcke . . . the walke.                 |
| 220. bene   | 488. y'are                                  |
| 226. <i>divide after Suffolke,</i>                | 489. <i>Po. Gramercy</i>                    |
| 237-8. <i>one line</i>                            | 492. <i>omit Maister</i>                    |
| 247. What if                                      | 503. what ayle ye                           |
| 268. My Lord, he cannot in                        | 505. came one to                            |
| 289. <i>Bish. I, I, fir</i>                       | 510. robd                                   |
| 295. fo ye  | 513. weel                                   |
| 324 <i>s.d. omit three or</i>                     | 518. a processe . . . were he               |
| 329. <i>Oldman. I, house-keeping</i>              | 522. if I cannot speak . . . <i>omit</i> my |
| 331. command, That                                | 523. <i>omit</i> if not,                    |
| 332. and has fet downe an order                   | 524. bad                                    |
| 334. for our                                      | 543. fcite                                  |
| 337. man aske at doore for                        | 549. <i>omit</i> you                        |
| 342. can but crawle                               | 550. Zounds                                 |
| 344. at Shrewsbury battel,                        | 552. thou know                              |
| 346. <i>omit second</i> to . . . <i>omit</i> that | 553. I, on fir                              |

566. *omit* this  
 576. *omit* but  
 579. till  
 580 *s.d.* *omit* *he*  
 584. *omit* of the  
 586. tis wholsome Rogue,  
 589. *omit* Sbloud  
 599. ye shall . . . *omit* fo  
 603. *omit s.d.*  
 614. I do know  
 618. be w'ye . . . feruingman, *Exit*  
 620. *omit* God  
 623. hue and cry  
 625. *omit* for  
 630. *omit* which are  
 631. *omit* an honest Constable,  
 634. *omit* come neere a Gods name,  
 635. y'are  
 641. Priest, cal'd fir  
 643. *omit* he  
 645. is she heere  
 654. good fir, and  
 657. mee, Doll.  
 659. *omit the second* yfaith  
 665. ferke  
 683. Cuds bores . . . Ile  
 686. Berlady  
 690 &c. Priest *or* Pri. *substituted*  
*for* Wrotham.  
 696. *omit* Ah  
 700. Cotsoll.  
 701. Zounds  
 709. *omit to the Priest*  
 719. *omit* ifaith  
 720. maddest . . . that ere  
 724. ferueth  
 732. *omit* Knight  
 733. *omit* eqquires,  
 752. (Gentlemen)  
 758. Sheriffe?  
 799. ali one:  
 803. *omit the second* and  
 804. *omit the second* and  
 823. *omit* out

823. flaxe, flaxe and flame.  
 825. Axletree  
 836. *omit and*  
 838 &c. King *or* Kin. *or* K.  
*substituted for* Harry.  
 859. you,  
 876-7. *omit s.d.*  
 878. pretended  
 880. *s.d. transferred to* 879.  
 896. bene  
 898. fcite  
 911. my Liege.  
 915. durst not . . . bene  
 927, 928. *lines transposed.*  
 944. Orwho's  
 953. ferch  
 959. *s.d. transferred to* 960.  
 966. eueti  
 981. By fortune  
 1003. fetch  
 1015. perswade you,  
 1027. Chartres  
 1042. *s.d. placed after* 1043.  
 1056-7. businesse should | Let you  
 to be merry?  
 1058. Yet this  
 1067. among  
 1119. in plaine  
 1121. And haue bene highly fa-  
 uoured  
 1125. traine laide to  
 1136. one; O, heere  
 1140-3. *as prose.*  
 1142. words,  
 1155. farwel. *Exit*  
 1161. burthen'd  
 1165. Y'are  
 1167. disturbs  
 1183. *Exit*  
 1206. we are  
*omit* I hope . . . *omit* for our  
 manhood, our bucklers, and  
 1207-8. witnesse: this little . . .  
 before

1210. I'me  
 1226. burlady,  
 1240. vpon vs.  
 1241. gold  
 1267. *omit* But  
 1297. *Enter Priest* and  
 1304. knowst . . . *omit* fir Iohn,  
 1306. haft: and I will  
 1307. ha bin,  
 1314. merrily come, merily  
 1321. I like not that, yon  
 1324. *omit* Ah  
 1326. leaue behind  
 1327. *Exit*.  
 1342. Sheriffes  
 1358. *Exit Butler*.  
 1364. *Enter Priest*.  
 1365 &c. *Pri. substituted for Sir Iohn*.  
 1368. *omit* the first I see  
 1377. *omit* drie  
 1382. it is:  
 1384. *omit* that were wont to  
     keepe this walke?  
     that villaine  
 1398. th'art  
 1399. think thou mightst  
 1407. do't.  
 1413. indeede h'as  
 1414. in's . . . tell that he  
 1417. villainous  
 1425. Harry  
 1429. beene  
 1437. and they will  
 1444. God a mercy,  
 1447. God a mercy  
 1448. ha paide  
 1477. beene  
 1481. *omit* Hee's  
 1495. *omit s.d.*  
 1496-7. *one line. omit s.d.*  
 1504. *Enter Priest*.  
 1505 &c. *Pri. substituted for Sir Iohn*.  
 1508. what? ye are  
 1513. *omit* thou

1514. *Pri.* More? what  
 1519. Faith  
 1521. offerings  
 1534. *Pri.* Sir, pay  
 1537 &c. King or Kin. *substituted*  
     *for Harry in most speeches.*  
 1539. Frenchmens  
 1540. kings  
 1546. casting's  
 1561. diuel giue ye . . . you haue  
 1592-3. *As they proffer, enter Butler,*  
     *and drawes his sword to part them.*  
 1594. villaine . . . d'ye  
 1598. Pleafe your Maiefty, it's  
 1610. *omit* by this light  
 1611. Wrotham is.  
 1621. *omit* therfore faue my life,  
 1622. me to dye,  
 1638. *omit* of Wrotham  
 1640. *An alarun, enter King,*  
 1651. *omit* the second thy  
 1658. you  
 1672. world is  
 1684. Fie pualtry,  
 1689. *omit* none  
 1690. a part . . . *s.d. precedes.*  
 1695. *omit* caitiue  
 1696. among  
 1697. into  
 1711. *omit* Bifhop,  
 1721. if he were,  
 1742. offered  
 1743. *kin.* Speake  
 1750. didst thou not  
 1751. purposed  
 1760. know was not faulty,  
 1767. Ist possible?  
 1782. nere  
 1789. knight, eene tak't your selfe.  
 1798. *omit* the second to,  
 1800. you  
 1823. Sheriffe.  
 1824-5 *s.d. Enter Harpoole and*  
     *Oldcastle. (after 1825.)*

- 1826 &c. Cob. *substituted for Old-castle.*
- 1832-3. *omit* one of them &c.
1835. *omit* maiefties
1837. *omit* sbloud
1838. *omit* still
1839. me of Treafon M. Sheriffe?
1847. Shew him
1862. atSouthampton
1863. *omit* it were . . . God, that
1864. miles
1865. *omit* euer
1867. *omit* my
- 1878-9. *They both entreat for him.*
- 1906-7. *omit s.d.*
1928. ye wrong me
1932. before Whitfontide.
1944. I my . . . s.d. *omit the*
1951. *omit* And  
All Englifh, no not
1956. withal
1960. *Exit*
1967. *omit.*
1972. your honor
1973. *omit.*
1975. *omit* I warrant you,  
before he'l go.
1978. *Exit*
1982. *Liou.*
1990. *omit.*
2000. it is . . . wil efcape.
2002. to you . . . *omit* of his higheffe  
moft honorable
2003. the Counfell, . . . *omit* yet
2004. *omit* conforming . . . church.
2015. *omit* for if you do, you die:
- 2017-9. enough: and as for you,  
He bind you furely
2021. *omit* Harpoole.
2022. *omit.*
2023. *feruingmen*
2034. *omit.*
2035. *omit* Heare me my Lord,
2037. to get hence.
2043. *divide as verfe after* libertie,  
You part
2047. *omit s.d.*
2048. *omit.*
2049. Out you . . . Cobh. *efcapes.*
2058. *omit* Roch *within.*
2059. on
2062. *divide as verfe after* fpeed,  
For now's
2063. *omit* for me . . . *omit* away.
2071. on
2084. through
2103. winds
2105. then were it
2110. And fo . . . in his
- 2114-5. *The King fteps in vpon them*  
*with his Lordes.*
2119. the king,
2122. to
2130. But fomewhat  
*omit* might I fpeake my mind,
2131. *omit.*
2132. came verie neere
2135. *omit.*
2140. *omit s.d.*
- 2142-3. *omit s.d.*
2147. *Exit.*
2148. *L. Cobham,*
2149. y'are . . . as is heere
2150. *omit* by the mafie
2154. *omit* In
2161. introth.
2163. although
2164. I prethee
2165. cleane fheets,
2167. nere layen
2186. although
2193. *omit* *heere is heard* . . . *omit*  
*great*
2196. tell vs where
2203. *omit* is
2207. *omit* Lord Cobham
2210. *ftcaling in his gowne.*
2216. zounds

2217. *omit* was  
 2221. scape.  
 2222. omit *A* . . . omit *again*  
 2242. farre-dayes,  
 2243. Who goes  
 2245. ope  
 2248-50. *divide after* ostler . . .  
     boies : . . . end,  
 2252-4. *divide after* ghefts? . . . ha?  
 2256. *divide after* haue?  
 2258. the woman  
 2266. omit *the* . . . omit *lord*  
 2269. foreweare  
 2277. *omit* now the . . . too too  
 2281. bin  
 2283. *omit* villaine  
 2284. escapt . . . *omit* out  
 2288. *Exit*  
 2290 &c. Pri. *substituted for* Sir  
     Iohn.  
 2298. till . . . *omit* that you might,  
 2299. beene . . . *omit* I . . . Cobham.  
 2300. *omit* ile none of that,  
 2304. *omit* Faith fir Iohn,  
 2308-10. *omit* to buy . . . fleece,  
 2310. & money we will haue I  
     warrant  
 2312. *omit s.d.*  
 2313. man, and nowe is rifling on  
     him,  
 2315. *Enter the Irishman with his*  
     *dead master, and rifles him.*  
 2316. *Irish.* Alas  
 2317. dy golde  
 2318. dee well, . . . kill dee,  
 2322. y'are . . . damn'd . . . kild  
 2324. *omit* Irish  
 2325-7. *omit* firra . . . barke.  
 2325. dog,      *robs him*  
 2328. my mester  
 2329. fhain  
 2330. *omit.*  
 2332. *omit* madde  
 2333. *omit* hey  
 2336. *of the house* . . . *Irishman.*  
 2340. Faith fellow  
 2341. *omit* that I may not difapoint,  
 2342. haue as much as  
 2344. tanke . . . *omit* de strow is  
     good bed for me.  
 2348. to  
 2349. *omit.*  
 2351. *omit* Ho,  
 2352. Vds hat  
 2357. *omit Club* Ho  
 2360. God a mercy . . . where is  
 2362. Tom's . . . *omit* O  
 2364. Vds hat  
 2365. yonders . . . abomination  
 2366. as was neuer  
 2367. Vds hat  
 2368. bin  
 2372. *omit* and Ile . . . *exeunt.*  
 2373. *Enter Cobham*  
 2374 &c. Cob. *substituted for* Oldca.  
 2378. Rochester.  
 2379-80. *one line.*  
 2385-6. *one line.*  
 2398-9. *s.d. precedes* 2398.  
 2408. Followes  
 2410. ore-flying  
 2427. Makes  
 2431-2. *omit.*  
 2433-4. *one line.*  
 2439. imperfection  
 2443. happen'd?  
 2448 *s.d. Fal asleep.*  
 2465. wood-kernes  
 2468. *omit.*  
 2470. And which  
 2479. was knowne.  
 2498. were there  
 2500. *omit.*  
 2501. To Hartford with them,  
     where  
 2504. *omit s.d.*  
 2505. *omit bishop of*  
     *with Priest, Doll, and*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2511-13. <i>divide as verse after Irish,</i><br/> . . . so,<br/> 2512. <i>omit</i> altogether<br/> 2513. <i>omit</i> Seemes to be<br/> 2515. be me . . . Lort Cobham,<br/> 2519&amp;c. Pri. <i>substituted for</i> fir Iohn.<br/> 2519-21. <i>divide as verse after Eng-</i><br/> lish, . . . triall:<br/> 2519. <i>omit</i> my<br/> 2521. <i>omit</i> be decided by<br/> 2527. faires<br/> 2536. we shall beare<br/> 2540. <i>omit.</i><br/> 2541. <i>omit and his man,</i><br/> 2551. <i>La. Cobham</i><br/> 2563-4. No, if we dye let this our<br/> comfort bee,<br/> 2566. I, I, my<br/> 2569-71. <i>omit.</i><br/> 2573. <i>omit two</i><br/> 2574. <i>omit the second</i> and<br/> 2577. vs to the<br/> 2581. lay waite<br/> 2585. you<br/> 2591. yon prifners<br/> 2594-5. suspected for this murder?</p> | <p>2598. Meane time<br/> 2620. bloody<br/> 2623. But how came your sharp<br/> edgd kniues vnsheathd<br/> 2626. you<br/> 2638. <i>Enter Constable with the</i><br/> <i>Irishman, Priest,</i><br/> 2646. Lord,<br/> 2655. Rochester. <i>Deliuers them.</i><br/> 2659-61. <i>omit</i> foule . . . of this:<br/> 2661. Wer't not that the Law<br/> 2666. <i>omit.</i><br/> 2676. <i>omit</i> And . . . deseru'd,<br/> 2676-7. Yet vpriht law will not<br/> hold you excusde,<br/> 2679. attainted<br/> 2682. <i>omit</i> he repents,<br/> 2685. Rochester<br/> 2689-90. <i>one line to</i> liberty.<br/> 2690. <i>omit</i> paying their fees.<br/> 2691-4. <i>omit.</i><br/> 2697. I giue these few Crownes.<br/> <i>omit</i> more for them to drinke.<br/> 2697-8. <i>omit s.d.</i><br/> 2699. <i>and Cobham.</i></p> |
|---|--|

### CHIEF VARIANTS OF THE FOLIO TEXTS WITH A FEW CONJECTURES OF MALONE

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>130. Oldcastle's<br/> 304. golden ruddocks.<br/> 452. against this<br/> 473. take the vantage<br/> 501. In good health,<br/> 562. marry is it.<br/> 646. <i>Ale-m.</i><br/> 651. <i>Ale-m.</i><br/> 906. whereby this matter<br/> 978. of those<br/> 1113. the like,</p> | <p>1166. unquiet<br/> 1364. <i>John and Doll.</i> (<i>M.</i>—cf. 1570.)<br/> 1446. bower. (<i>M.</i>—cf. 2333.)<br/> 1706. Lord,<br/> 1755. <i>omit.</i><br/> 1793. it's impossible<br/> 1836. <i>Cromer?</i><br/> 1958. Ellenor Rumming, (<i>M.</i>)<br/> 2069. 1 <i>Ser.</i> And I—(<i>M.</i>)<br/> 2120. can furnish ye;<br/> 2242. two fair dayes,</p> |
|---|--|

Besides variants of this description there are also a number of passages in the folios in which a single word has dropt out.

LIST OF CHARACTERS,  
in the order of their entrance.

<p>Lord HERBERT.            GOUGH, his man.            Lord POWIS.            DAVY } his men.            OWEN }            The Sheriff of Hereford.            a Bailiff.            The Mayor of Hereford.            a Sergeant.            two Judges of Assize.            The Duke of SUFFOLK.            The Bishop of ROCHESTER.            BUTLER, (a gentleman of the Privy Chamber.—Fol.)            Sir JOHN, the parson of Wrotham.            HENRY the Fifth, King of England.            The Earl of HUNTINGTON.            3 Soldiers }            old man } beggars.            Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE, Lord Cobham.            HARPOOLE, his steward.            CLUN, the Bishop's Sumner.            Butler to Lord Cobham.            a Constable of Kent.            an Aleman.            DOLL, the parson's wench.            Sir ROGER ACTON            BOURNE            BEVERLEY            WILLIAM MURLEY              the brewer of Dunstable</p>	<p>The Earl of CAMBRIDGE.            Lord SCROOP.            Sir THOMAS GRAY.            CHARTRES, agent of the              King of France. } conspirators.            Lady COBHAM.            Lady POWIS.            DICK }            TOM } Murley's men.            The Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.            CROMER, Sheriff of Kent.            three Servants of the Bishop.            The Lieutenant of the Tower.            MACCHANE, an Irishman.            Host of the Bell at St. Albans.            ROBIN, a drawer (?) at the Bell.            CLUB, a Lancashire carrier.            KATE OWDHAM, his niece.            The Ostler of the Bell.            The Mayor of St. Albans.            a Constable of St. Albans.            Officer of the Watch.            Sir RICHARD LEE.            two Servants of Sir Richard.            the Gaoler of St. Albans.            a Judge.            two Justices (of the Peace).</p>
<p>The Sheriff of Hereford's man, Officers and Townsmen; a messenger (l. 172); attendants of the King, the Lord Warden and the Sheriff of Kent; the Lieutenant of the Tower's guard; the Watch at St. Albans and the Gaoler's men.</p> <p>The Sumner is not named till l. 1952, the Irishman not till l. 2516; Kate's name is given as Owdham, i.e. Oldham, at l. 2286.</p>	



v 1538

The first part

Of the true and hono-  
*urchased 1827*

rable historie, of the life of Sir

*John Old-castle, the good*

Lord Cobham.

*As it hath been lately acted by the right  
honorable the Earle of Nottingham  
Lord high Admirall of England his  
seruants.*



L O N D O N

Printed by V.S. for Thomas Pauier, and are to be solde at  
his shop at the signe of the Catte and Parrots  
neere the Exchange.

1600.



## The Prologue.



*He doubtfull Title (Gentlemen) prefixt  
Upon the Argument we haue in hand,  
May breede suspence, and wrongfully disturbe  
The peacefull quiet of your serled thoughts:  
To stop which scruple, let this brieft suffice.  
It is no pamperd glutton we present,  
Nor aged Councillor to youthfull sinne,  
But one, whose vertue shone about the rest,  
A valiant Martyr, and a vertuous peere,  
In whose true faith and loyaltie exprest  
Unto his soueraigne, and his countries weale:  
We strue to pay that tribute of our Loue,  
Your fauours merite, let faire Truth be grac'te,  
Since forg'd inuention former time defac'te.*

A 2



The true and honorable Historie, of  
*the life of Sir Iohn Oldcastle, the*  
good Lord Cobham.

*In the fight, enter the Sheriffe and two of his men.*

*Sheriffe.*



Y Lords, I charge ye in his Highnesse name,  
To keepe the peace, you, and your followers.

*Herb.* Good M. Sheriffe, look vnto your self.

*Pow.* Do so, for we haue other businesse.

*Proffer to fight againe*

*Sher.* Will ye disturbe the Iudges, and the Assise?

Hearre the Kings proclamation, ye were best.

*Pow.* Hold then, lets heare it.

*Herb.* But be briefe, ye were best.

*Bayl.* O yes.

*Dauy* Cossone, make shorter O, or shall marre your Yes.

*Bay.* O yes.

*Owen* What, has her nothing to say but O yes?

*Bay.* O yes.

*Da.* O nay, pye Cosse plut downe with her, downe with her,

A Pawesse a Pawesse.

*Gough* A Herbert a Herbert, and downe with Powesse.

*Helter skelter againe.*

*Sher.* Hold, in the Kings name, hold.

*Owen* Downe e tha ka naues name, downe.

A 3

Is



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Of the true & hono-  
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Written by William Shakespeare.



*London printed for T. P.*  
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To stop which scruple, let this breefe suffice.  
It is no pamper'd Glutton we present,  
Nor aged Councillour to youthfull sinne;  
But one, whose vertue shone above the rest,  
A valiant Martyr, and a vertuous Peere,  
In whose true faith and loyalty exprest  
Vnto his Soueraigne, and his Count:ies weale:  
we strue to pay that tribute of our loue  
Your fauours merit: Let faire Truth be grac'd,  
Since forg'd inuention former time defac'd.

A 2



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*Sheriffe.*



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To keepe the peace, you, and your followers.  
*Her.* Good M. Sheriffe, look vnto your self.  
*Pow.* Do so, for we haue other businesse.

*Proffer to fight againe.*

*Sher.* Will ye disturbe the Iudges, and the Assize?  
Heare the Kings proclamation, ye were best.

*Pow.* Hold then, let's heare it.

*Her.* But be breese, ye were best.

*Bayl.* O yes.

*Dany.* Cossone, make shorter O, or shal marre your Yes.

*Bayl.* O yes.

*Owyn.* What, has her nothing to say, but O yes?

*Bay.* O yes.

*Da.* O nay, py cosse plut downe with hir, downe with hir.

*A Pawesse, a Pawesse.*

*Gough.* A *Herbert a Herbert*, and downe with *Powesse.*

*Helter skelter againe.*

*Sher.* Hold, in the Kings name, hold.

*Owyn.* Downe with a kanaues name, downe.

A 3

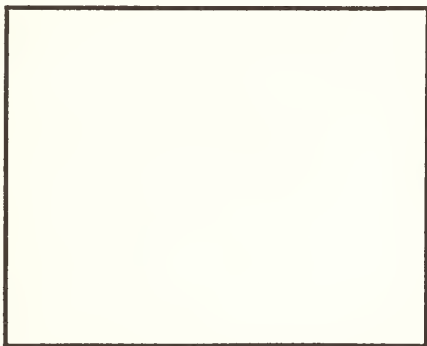
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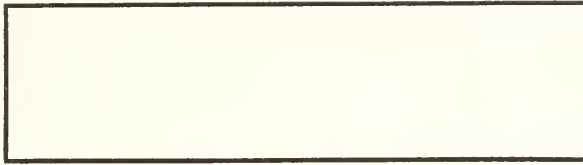
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Unto his soueraigne, and his countries weale:  
We striue to pay that tribute of our Loue,  
Your fauours merite, let faire Truth be grac'te,  
Since forg'de inuention former time defac'te.*

10





The true and honorable Historie, of  
*the life of Sir Iohn Oldcastle, the*  
good Lord Cobham.

*In the fight, enter the Sberiffe and two of his men.*

*Act I*  
*sc. i*

*Sberiffe.*

**M**

Y Lords, I charge ye in his Highnesse name,  
To keepe the peace, you, and your followers.

*Herb.* Good M. Sberiffe, look vnto your self.

*Pow.* Do so, for we haue other bufinesse.

*Proffer to fight againe*

*Sber.* Will ye disturbe the Iudges, and the Affise?

Heare the Kings proclamation, ye were best.

*Pow.* Hold then, lets heare it.

10

*Herb.* But be briefe, ye were best.

*Bayl.* O yes.

*Dauy* Coffone, make shorter O, or shall marre your Yes.

*Bay.* O yes.

*Owen* What, has her nothing to fay but O yes?

*Bay.* O yes.

*Da.* O nay, pye Coffe plut downe with her, down with her,

A Paweffe a Paweffe.

*Gough* A Herbert a Herbert, and downe with Poweffe.

*Helter skelter againe.*

20

*Sber.* Hold, in the Kings name, hold.

*Owen* Downe e tha ka naues name, downe.

A 3

*In*

## The first part of

*In this fight, the Bailiffe is knocked downe, and the Sberiffe  
and the other runne away.*

*Herb.* Powesse, I thinke thy Welsh and thou do smart.

*Pow.* Herbert, I thinke my sword came neere thy heart.

*Herb.* Thy hearts best blood shall pay the losse of mine.

*Gough* A Herbert a Herbert.

*Dauy* A Pawesse a Pawesse.

30 *As they are lifting their weapons, enter the Maior of Hereford, and his Officers and Townes-men with clubbes.*

*Maior* My Lords, as you are liege men to the Crowne,  
True noblemen, and subiects to the King,

Attend his Highnesse proclamation,

Commaunded by the Iudges of Assise,

For keeping peace at this assemblie.

*Herb.* Good M. Maior of Hereford be briefe.

*Mai.* Serieant, without the ceremonie of O yes.

Pronounce alowd the proclamation.

40 *Ser.* The Kings Iustices, perceiuing what publique mischief may ensue this priuate quarrel: in his maiesties name do straightly charge and commaund all persons, of what degree foeuer, to depart this cittie of Hereford, except such as are bound to giue attendance at this Assise, and that no man presume to weare any weapon, especially welsh-hookes, Forrest billes.

*Owen* Haw, no pill nor wells hoog? ha?

*Ma.* Peace, and heare the proclamation.

50 *Ser.* And that the Lord Powesse do presently disperse and discharge his retinue, and depart the cittie in the Kings peace, he and his followers, on paine of imprisonment.

*Dauy* Haw? pud her Lord Pawesse in prison, A Pawes  
A Pawesse, coffone liue and tie with her Lord.

*Gough* A Herbert a Herbert.

*In this fight the Lord Herbert is wounded, and fals to the ground, the Maior and his company goe away crying clubbes, Powesse runnes away, Gough and other of Herberts faction busie themselves about Herbert: enters the two Iudges in their robes,*  
the

## *Sir John Old-castle.*

*the Sheriffe and his Bailiffes afore them, &c.*

1. *Iud.* Where's the Lord Herbert? is he hurt or flaine? 60

*Sher.* Hee's here my Lord.

2. *Iud.* How fares his Lordshippe, friends?

*Gough* Mortally wounded, speechlesse, he cannot liue.

1. *Iud.* Conuay him hence, let not his wounds take ayre,  
And get him drefs'd with expedition, *Ex. Herb. & Gough*

*M.* Maior of Hereford, *M.* Shriue o'th shire,

Commit Lord Powesse to safe custodie,

To answer the disturbance of the peace,

Lord Herberts perill, and his high contempt

Of vs, and you the Kings commissioners, 70

See it be done with care and diligence.

*Sher.* Please it your Lordship, my Lord Powesse is gone,  
Past all recouery.

2. *Iud.* Yet let search be made,  
To apprehend his followers that are left.

*Sher.* There are some of them, sirs, lay hold on them,

*Owen* Of vs, and why? what has her done I pray you?

*Sher.* Difarme them Bailiffes.

*Ma.* Officers assist.

*Dauy* Heare you Lor shudge, what reffon is for this? 80

*Owen* Coffon pe puse for fighting for our Lord?

1. *Judge* Away with them.

*Dauy* Harg you my Lord. (shitten ka naue,)

*Owen* Gough my Lorde Herberts man's a

*Dauy* Ise liue and tie in good quarrell.

*Owen* Pray you do shuftice, let awl be prefon.

*Dauy* Prifon no,

Lord shudge I wooll giue you pale, good fuerty.

2. *Judge* What Bale? what fuerties?

*Dauy* Her coozin ap Ries, ap Euan, ap Morrice, ap Mor- 90  
gan, ap Lluellyn, ap Madoc, ap Meredith,

ap Griffen, ap Dauy, ap Owen ap Shinken Shones.

2. *Judge.* Two of the most, sufficient are ynow,

*Sher.* And't please your Lordship these are al but one.

1. *Judge.*

## *The first part of*

1. *Judge* To layle with them, and the Lord Herberts men,  
Weele talke with them, when the Affise is done, *Exeunt.*  
Riotous, audacious, and vnruely Groomes,  
Must we be forced to come from the Bench,  
To quiet brawles, which euery Constable  
100 In other ciuill places can suppress?

2. *Judge* What was the quarrel that causde all this stirre?

*Sher.* About religion (as I heard) my Lord.  
Lord Powesse detracted from the power of Rome,  
Affirming Wickliffes doctrine to be true,  
And Romes erroneous: hot reply was made  
By the lord Herbert, they were traytors all  
That would maintaine it: Powesse answered,  
They were as true, as noble, and as wise  
As he, that would defend it with their liues,  
110 He namde for instance sir Iohn Old-castle  
The Lord Cobham: Herbert replide againe,  
He, thou, and all are traitors that so hold.  
The lie was giuen, the feuerall factions drawne,  
And so enragde, that we could not appease it.

1. *Judge* This case concernes the Kings prerogatiue,  
And's dangerous to the State and common wealth.  
Gentlemen, Iustices, maister Maior, and maister Shrieue,  
It doth behoue vs all, and each of vs  
In generall and particular, to haue care  
120 For the suppressing of all mutinies,  
And all assemblies, except souldiers musters  
For the Kings preparation into France.  
We heare of secret conuenticles made,  
And there is doubt of some conspiracies,  
Which may breake out into rebellious armes  
When the King's gone, perchance before he go:  
Note as an instance, this one perillous fray,  
What factions might haue growne on either part,  
To the destruction of the King and Realme,  
130 Yet, in my conscience, sir Iohn Old-castle

Innocent



## *sir Iohn Old-castle.*

Innocent of it, onely his name was vsde.  
We therefore from his Highnesse giue this charge.  
You maister Maior, looke to your citizens,  
You maister Sherife vnto your shire, and you  
As Iustices in euery ones precinct  
There be no meetings. When the vulgar fort  
Sit on their Ale-bench, with their cups and kannes,  
Matters of state be not their common talke,  
Nor pure religion by their lips prophande.  
Let vs returne vnto the Bench againe, 140  
And there examine further of this fray. *Enter a Bailly and*

*Sber.* Sirs, haue ye taken the lord Powesse yet? *a Serieant*  
*Ba.* No, nor heard of him.

*Ser.* No, hee's gone farre enough.

2. *Iu.* They that are left behind, shall answer all. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Suffolke, Bishop of Rochester, Butler, parson of Wrotham.* *Act I*

*Suffolke* Now my lord Bishop, take free liberty *sc. ii*  
To speake your minde: what is your fute to vs?

*Bishop* My noble Lord, no more than what you know,  
And haue bin oftentimes inuested with: 150

Griuous complaints haue past betweene the lippes  
Of enuious persons to vpbraide the Cleargy,  
Some carping at the liuings which we haue,  
And others spurning at the ceremonies  
That are of auncient custome in the church.  
Amongst the which, Lord Cobham is a chiefe:  
What inconuenience may proceede hereof,  
Both to the King and to the common wealth,  
May easily be discernd, when like a frensie  
This innouation shall possesse their mindes. 160  
These vpstarts will haue followers to vphold  
Their damnd opinion, more than Harry shall  
To vndergoe his quarrell gainst the French.

*Suffolke* What prooffe is there against them to be had,  
That what you say the law may iustifie?

*Bishop* They giue themselues the name of Protestants,

B

And

## The first part of

And meete in fields and solitary groues.

*Sir Iohn* Was euer heard (my Lord) the like til now?

That theeues and rebells, s'bloud heretikes,

170 Playne heretikes, Ile stand toote to their teeth,

Should haue to colour, their vile practifes,

A title of such worth, as Protestant? *enter one wyth a letter.*

*Suf.* O but you must not sweare, it ill becomes

One of your coate, to rappe out bloody oathes.

*Bish.* Pardon him good my Lord, it is his zeale,

An honest country prelate, who laments

To seee such foule disorder in the church.

*Sir Iohn* Theres one they call him Sir Iohn Old-castle,

He has not his name for naught: for like a castle

180 Doth he encompasse them within his walls,

But till that castle be subuerted quite,

We ne're shall be at quiet in the realme.

*Bish.* That is our fute, my Lord, that he be tane,

And brought in question for his heresie,

Befide, two letters brought me out of Wales,

Wherin my Lord Herford writes to me,

What tumult and sedition was begun,

About the Lord Cobham, at the Sifes there,

For they had much ado to calme the rage,

190 And that the valiant Herbert is there slaine.

*Suf.* A fire that must be quencht; wel, say no more,

The King anon goes to the counsell chamber,

There to debate of matters touching France:

As he doth passe by, Ile informe his grace

Concerning your petition: Master Butler,

If I forget, do you remember me,

*But.* I will my Lord.

*Offer him a purse.*

*Bish.* Not for a recompence,

But as a token of our loue to you,

200 By me my Lords of the cleargie do present

This purse, and in it full a thousand Angells,

Praying your Lordship to accept their gift.

*Suf.*

## *sir John Old-castle.*

*Suf.* I thanke them, my Lord Bishop, for their loue,  
But will not take their mony, if you please  
To giue it to this gentleman, you may.

*Bish.* Sir, then we craue your furtherance herein.

*But.* The best I can my Lord of Rochester.

*Bish.* Nay, pray ye take it, trust me but you shal,

*sir John* Were ye all three vpon New Market heath,  
You should not neede fraine curtsie who should ha'te, 210  
Sir Iohn would quickly rid ye of that care.

*Suf.* The King is comming, feare ye not my Lord,  
The very first thing I will breake with him,  
Shal be about your matter. *Enter K. Harry and Hunting-*

*Har.* My Lord of Suffolke, *ton in talke.*

Was it not faide the Clergy did refuse  
To lend vs mony toward our warres in France?

*Suf.* It was my Lord, but very wrongfully.

*Har.* I know it was, for Huntington here tells me,  
They haue bin very bountifull of late. 220

*Suf.* And still they vow my gracious Lord to be so,  
Hoping your maiestie will thinke of them,  
As of your louing subiects, and suppressse  
All such malitious errors as begin  
To spot their calling, and disturb the church.

*Har.* God else forbid: why Suffolke, is there  
Any new rupture to disquiet them?

*Suf.* No new my Lord, the old is great enough,  
And so increasing, as if not cut downe, 230  
Will breede a scandale to your royall state,  
And set your Kingdome quickly in an vproare,  
The Kentish knight, Lord Cobham, in despite  
Of any law, or spirituall discipline,  
Maintaines this vpstart new religion still,  
And diuers great assemblies by his meanes  
And priuate quarrells, are commenst abroad,  
As by this letter more at large my liege,  
Is made apparant.

## The first part of

- Har.* We do find it here,  
240 There was in Wales a certaine fray of late,  
Betweene two noblemen, but what of this?  
Followes it straight Lord Cobham must be he  
Did cause the same? I dare be sworne (good knight)  
He neuer dreamt of any such contention.
- Bish.* But in his name the quarrell did begin,  
About the opinion which he held (my liege.)
- Har.* How if it did? was either he in place,  
To take part with them, or abette them in it?  
If brabling fellowes, whose inkindled bloud,  
250 Seethes in their fiery vaines, will needes go fight,  
Making their quarrells of some words that paist,  
Either of you, or you, amongst their cuppes,  
Is the fault yours, or are they guiltie of it?
- Suffolke* With pardon of your Highnesse (my dread lord)  
Such little sparkes neglected, may in time  
Grow to a mighty flame: but thats not all,  
He doth beside maintaine a strange religion,  
And will not be compelld to come to masse.
- Bish.* We do beseech you therefore gracious prince,  
260 Without offence vnto your maiesty  
We may be bold to vse authoritie.
- Harry* As how?
- Bishop* To summon him vnto the Arches,  
Where such offences haue their punishment.
- Harry* To answere personally, is that your meaning?
- Bishop* It is, my lord.
- Harry* How if he appeale?
- Bishop* He cannot (my Lord) in such a case as this.
- Suffolke* Not where Religion is the plea, my lord.
- 270 *Harry* I tooke it alwayes, that our selfe stooode ont,  
As a sufficient refuge, vnto whome  
Not any but might lawfully appeale.  
But weele not argue now vpon that poynt:  
For fir Iohn Old-castle whom you accuse,

## *sir Iohn Old-castle.*

Let me intreate you to dispence awhile  
With your high title of preheminece. *in scorne.*  
Report did neuer yet condemne him so,  
But he hath alwayes beene reputed loyall:  
And in my knowledge I can say thus much,  
That he is vertuous, wise, and honourable: 280  
If any way his conscience be seduc'de,  
To wauer in his faith: Ile send for him,  
And schoole him priuately, if that serue not,  
Then afterward you may proceede against him.  
Butler, be you the messenger for vs,  
And will him presently repaire to court. *exeunt.*

*sir Iohn* How now my lord, why stand you discontent?  
In sooth, me thinkes the King hath well decreed.

*Bishop* Yea, yea, sir Iohn, if he would keepe his word,  
But I perceiue he fauours him so much, 290  
As this will be to small effect, I feare.

*sir Iohn* Why then Ile tell you what y'are best to do:  
If you suspect the King will be but cold  
In reprehending him, send you a proceffe too  
To serue vpon him: so you may be sure  
To make him answer't, howsoere it fall.

*Bishop* And well remembred, I will haue it so,  
A Sumner shall be sent about it strait *Exit.*

*sir Iohn* Yea, doe so, in the meane space this remaines  
For kinde sir Iohn of *Wrotham* honest Iacke. 300  
Me thinkes the purse of gold the Bishop gaue,  
Made a good shew, it had a tempting looke,  
Beshrew me, but my fingers ends do itch  
To be vpon those rudduks: well, tis thus:  
I am not as the worlde does take me for:  
If euer wolfe were cloathed in sheepes coate,  
Then I am he, olde huddle and twang, yfaith,  
A priest in shew, but in plaine termes, a theefe,  
Yet let me tell you too, an honest theefe,  
One that will take it where it may be sparde, 310

## The first part of

And spend it freely in good fellowship.  
I haue as many shapes as *Proteus* had,  
That still when any villany is done,  
There may be none suspect it was sir Iohn.  
Besides, to comfort me, for whats this life,  
Except the crabbed bitternes thereof  
Be sweetened now and then with lechery?  
I haue my Doll, my concubine as t'were,  
To frolicke with, a lusty bounsing gerle.

320 But whilst I loyter here the gold, may scape,  
And that must not be so, it is mine owne,  
Therefore Ile meete him on his way to court,  
And shriue him of it: there will be the sport. *Exit.*

*Act I* *Enter three or foure poore people, some souldiers, some old men.*

*sc. iii* 1 God help, God help, there's law for punishing,  
But theres no law for our necessity:  
There be more stockes to fet poore foldiers in,  
Than there be houfes to releuee them at.

*Old man* Faith, housekeeping decayes in euery place,  
330 Euen as Saint *Peter* writ, still worse and worse

4 Maister maior of Rochester has giuen commaundement,  
that none shall goe abroade out of the parish, and they  
haue set an order downe forfooth, what euery poore housholder  
must giue towards our reliefe: where there be some ceased  
I may say to you, had almost as much neede to beg as we.

1 It is a hard world the while.

*Old man* If a poore man come to a doore to aske for Gods  
fate, they aske him for a licence, or a certificate from a Iustice.

2 Faith we haue none, but what we beare vppon our bo-  
340 dies, our maimed limbs, God help vs.

4 And yet, as lame as I am, Ile with the king into France,  
if I can crawl but a ship-boorde, I hadde rather be slaine in  
France, than starue in England.

*Olde man* Ha, were I but as lusty as I was at the battell of  
Shrewsbury, I would not doe as I do: but we are now come  
to the good lord Cobhams, to the best man to the poore that

## *sir John Old-castle.*

is in all Kent.

4 God bleffe him, there be but few fuch.

*Enter Lord Cobham with Harpoole.*

*Cob.* Thou peeuish froward man, what wouldst thou haue? 350

*Harp.* This pride, this pride, brings all to beggarie,  
I feru'de your father, and your grandfather,  
Shew me fuch two men now: no, no,  
Your backes, your backes, the diuell and pride,  
Has cut the throate of all good houfekeeping,  
They were the best Yeomens masters, that  
Euer were in England.

*Cob.* Yea, except thou haue a crue of feely knaues,  
And sturdy rogues, still feeding at my gate,  
There is no hospitalitie with thee. 360

*Harp.* They may fit at the gate well enough, but the diuell  
of anything you giue them, except they will eate stones.

*Cob.* Tis long then of fuch hungry knaues as you, *pointing*  
Yea fir, heres your retinue, your guests be come, *to the*  
They know their howers I warrant you. *beggars*

*Old.* God bleffe your honour, God faue the good Lord  
Cobham, and all his house,

*Soul.* Good your honour, bestow your blessed almes,  
Vpon poore men.

*Cob.* Now fir, here be your Almes knights. 370  
Now are you as safe as the Emperour.

*Harp.* My Almes knights: nay, th'are yours,  
It is a shame for you, and Ile stand too't,  
Your foolish almes maintaines more vagabonds,  
Then all the noblemen in Kent beside.

Out you rogues, you knaues, worke for your liuings,  
Alas poore men, O Lord, they may beg their hearts out,  
Theres no more charitie amongst men,  
Then amongst so many mastiffe dogges,  
What make you here, you needy knaues? 380  
Away, away, you villaines.

2. *Soul.* I beseech you fir, be good to vs.

*Cob.*

## The first part of

*Cobbam* Nay, nay, they know thee well enough, I thinke that all the beggars in this land are thy acquaintance, goe bestowe your almes, none will controule you sir.

*Harp.* What should I giue them? you are growne so beggarly, you haue scarce a bitte of breade to giue at your doore: you talke of your religion so long, that you haue banished charitie from amongst you, a man may make a flaxe shop in your  
390 kitchin chimnies, for any fire there is stirring.

*Cobbam* If thou wilt giue them nothing, fend them hence, let them not stand here staruing in the colde.

*Harp.* Who I driue them hence? if I driue poore men from your doore, Ile be hangd, I know not what I may come to my selfe: yea, God help you poore knaues, ye see the world yfaith, well, you had a mother: well, God be with thee good Lady, thy foule's at rest: she gaue more in shirts and smocks to poore children, then you spend in your house, & yet you liue a beggar too.

400 *Cobbam* Euen the worst deede that ere my mother did, was in releeuing such a foole as thou.

*Harpoolle* Yea, yea, I am a foole still, with all your wit you will die a beggar, go too.

*Cobbam* Go you olde foole, giue the poore people something, go in poore men into the inner court, and take such alms as there is to be had.

*Souldier* God bleffe your honor.

*Harpoolle* Hang you roags, hang you, theres nothing but misery amongst you, you feare no law you. *Exit.*

410 *Olde man* God bleffe you good maister Rafe, God saue your life, you are good to the poore still.

*Enter the Lord Powes disguised, and shrowde himselfe.*

*Cobbam* What fellow's yonder comes along the groue?  
Few passengers there be that know this way:  
Methinikes he stops as though he stayd for me,  
And meant to shrowd himselfe amongst the bushes.  
I know the Cleargie hate me to the death,  
And my religion gets me many foes:

And



*sir Iohn Old-castle.*

And this may be some desperate rogue,  
Suborn'd to worke me mischief: As it  
Pleaseth God, if he come toward me, sure  
Ile stay his coming, be he but one man,  
What soere he be: *The Lord Powis comes on.*  
I haue bene well acquainted with that face.

*Powis* Well met my honorable lord and friend.

*Cobham* You are welcome sir, what ere you be,  
But of this sodaine sir, I do not know you.

*Powis* I am one that wisheth well vnto your honor,  
My name is Powes, an olde friend of yours.

*Cobham* My honorable lord, and worthy friend,  
What makes your lordship thus alone in Kent,  
And thus disguised in this strange attire? 430

*Powis* My Lord, an vnexpected accident,  
Hath at this time inforc'de me to these parts:  
And thus it hapt, not yet ful fve dayes since,  
Now at the last Assise at Hereford,  
It chanc't that the lord Herbert and my selfe,  
Mongst other things, discoursing at the table,  
To fall in speech about some certaine points  
Of *Wickcliffes* doctrine, gainst the papacie, 440  
And the religion catholique, maintaind  
Through the most part of Europe at this day.  
This wilfull teasty lord stucke not to say,  
That *Wickcliffe* was a knaue, a schismatike,  
His doctrine diuelish and hereticall,  
And what soere he was maintaind the same,  
was traitor both to God and to his country.  
Being moued at his peremptory speech,  
I told him, some maintained those opinions,  
Men, and truer subiects then lord Herbert was: 450

And he replying in comparifons:  
Your name was vrgde, my lord, gainst his chalenge,  
To be a perfect faouurer of the trueth.

And to be short, from words we fell to blowes,

## *The first part of*

Our seruants, and our tenants taking parts,  
Many on both sides hurt: and for an houre  
The broyle by no meanes could be pacified,  
Vntill the Iudges rising from the bench,  
Were in their persons forc'de to part the fray.

460 *Cobham* I hope no man was violently flaine.

*Powis* Faith none I trust, but the lord Herberts selfe,  
Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,  
As it is doubted he can hardly scape.

*Cobham* I am sory, my good lord, of these ill newes.

*Powis* This is the cause that driues me into Kent,  
To shrowd my selfe with you so good a friend,  
Vntill I heare how things do speed at home.

*Cobham* Your lordship is most welcome vnto Cobham,  
But I am very sory, my good lord,

470 My name was brought in question in this matter,

Considering I haue many enemies,  
That threaten malice, and do lie in waite  
To take aduantage of the smallest thing.

But you are welcome, and repose your lordship,  
And keepe your selfe here secret in my house,  
Vntill we heare how the lord Herbert speedes:

Here comes my man. *Enter Harpoole.*

Sirra, what newes?

*Harpoole* Yonders one maister Butler of the priuie cham-  
480 ber, is sent vnto you from the King.

*Powis* I pray God the lord Herbert be not dead, and the  
King hearing whither I am gone, hath sent for me.

*Cob.* Comfort your selfe my lord, I warrant you.

*Harpoole* Fellow, what ailes thee? doost thou quake? dost  
thou shake? dost thou tremble? ha?

*Cob.* Peace you old foole, sirra, conuey this gentleman  
in the backe way, and bring the other into the walke.

*Harpoole* Come sir. you are welcome, if you loue my lorde.

*Powis* God haue mercy gentle friend. *exeunt.*

490 *Cob.* I thought as much, that it would not be long before I  
heard

## *Sir John Old-castle.*

heard of something from the King, about this matter.

*Enter Harpoole with Maister Butler.*

*Harpoole* Sir, yonder my lord walkes, you see him, Ile haue your men into the Celler the while.

*Cobb.* welcome good maister Butler.

*Butler* Thankes, my good lord: his Maiestie dooth commend his loue vnto your lordship, and wils you to repaire vnto the court.

*Cobb.* God bleffe his Highnesse, and confound his enemies, I hope his Maiestie is well. 500

*Butler* In health, my lord.

*Cobb.* God long continue it: mee thinkes you looke as though you were not well, what ailes you sir?

*Butler* Faith I haue had a foolish odde mischance, that angers mee: comming ouer Shooters hill, there came a fellow to me like a Sailer, and asked me money, and whilst I staide my horse to draw my purse, he takes th'aduantage of a little banck and leapes behind me, whippes my purse away, and with a foudaine ierke I know not how, threw me at least three yards out of my saddle. I neuer was so robbed in all my life. 510

*Cobb.* I am very forie sir for your mischance, wee will send our warrant forth, to stay such suspitious persons as shal be found, then maister Butler, we wil attend you.

*Butler* I humbly thanke your lordship, I will attend you.

*Enter the Sumner.*

*Act II*

*Sum.* I haue the law to warrant what I do, and though the Lord Cobham be a noble man, that dispenses not with law, I dare serue proceffe were a fiue noble men, though we Sumners make sometimes a mad slip in a corner with a prettie wench, a Sumner must not goe alwayes by seeing, a manne may be content to hide his eies, where he may feele his profit: well, this is my Lord Cobhams house, if I can deuise to speake with him, if not, Ile clap my citation vpon's doore, so mylord of Rochester bid me, but me thinkes here comes one of his men. 520

*Enter Harpoole.*

*Harp.* Welcome good fellow, welcome, who wouldst thou speake

## The first part of

speake with?

*Sum.* With my lord Cobham, I would speake, if thou be one of his men.

530 *Harp.* Yes I am one of his men, but thou canst not speake with my lord.

*Sum.* May I fend to him then?

*Harp.* Ile tel thee that, when I know thy errand.

*Sum.* I will not tel my errand to thee.

*Harp.* Then keepe it to thy selfe, and walke like a knaue as thou camest.

*Sum.* I tell thee my lord keepes no knaues, sirra.

*Harp.* Then thou feruest him not, I belecue, what lord is thy master?

540 *Sum.* My lord of Rochester.

*Harp.* In good time, and what wouldst thou haue with my lord Cobham?

*Sum.* I come by vertue of a proceffe, to ascite him to appeare before my lord, in the court at Rochester.

*Harp aside.* Wel, God grant me patience, I could eate this conger. My lord is not at home, therefore it were good Sumner you caried your proceffe backe.

*Sum.* Why, if he will not be spoken withall, then will I leaue it here, and see you that he take knowledge of it.

550 *Harp.* Swounds you flauie, do you set vp your bills here, go to, take it downe againe, doest thou know what thou dost, dost thee know on whom thou feruest proceffe?

*Sum.* Yes marry doe I, Sir Iohn Old-castle Lord Cobham.

*Harp.* I am glad thou knowest him yet, and sirra dost not thou know, that the lord Cobham is a braue lord, that keepes good beefe and beere in his house, and euery day feedes a hundred poore people at's gate, and keepes a hundred tall fel-  
lowes?

560 *Sum.* Whats that to my proceffe?

*Harp.* Mary this sir, is this proceffe parchment?

*Sum.* Yes mary.

*harp.*

## *sir Iohn Old-castle.*

*Harp.* And this feale waxe?

*Sum.* It is so.

*Harp.* If this be parchment, & this wax, eate you this parchment, and this waxe, or I will make parchment of your skinne, and beate your braines into waxe: Sirra Sumner dispatch, deuoure, firra deuoure.

*Sum.* I am my lord of Rochesters Sumner, I came to do my office, and thou shalt anfwere it. 570

*Harp.* Sirra, no railing, but betake you to your teeth, thou shalt eate no worfe then thou bringst with thee, thou bringst it for my lord, and wilt thou bring my lord worfe then thou wilt eate thy selfe?

*Sum.* Sir, I brought it not my lord to eate.

*Harp.* O do you fir me now, all's one for that, but ile make you eate it, for bringing it.

*Sum.* I cannot eate it.

*Harp.* Can you not? sbloud ile beate you vntil you haue a stomacke. 580  
*he beates him.*

*Sum.* O hold, hold, good master seruing-man, I will eate it.

*Harp.* Be champping, be chawing fir, or Ile chaw you, you rogue, the purest of the hony.

*Sum.* Tough waxe, is the purest of the hony.

*Harp.* O Lord fir, oh oh, *he eates.*

Feed, feed, wholsome rogue, wholsome.

Cannot you like an honest Sumner walke with the diuell your brother, to fetch in your Bailiffes rents, but you must come to a noble mans house with proceffe? Sbloud if thy feale were as broad as the lead that couers Rochester church, thou shouldst 590  
eate it.

*Sum.* O I am almost choaked, I am almost choaked.

*Harp.* Who's within there? wil you shame my Lord, is there no beere in the house? Butler I say.

*But.* Heere, here. *Enter Butler.*

*Harp.* Giue him Beere. *he drinkes.*

There, tough old sheepskins, bare drie meate.

*Sum.* O fir, let me go no further, Ile eate my word.

## *The first part of*

*Harp.* Yea mary fir, so I meane you shall eate more then  
600 your own word, for ile make you eate all the words in the pro-  
cessse. Why you drab monger, cannot the secrets of al the wen-  
ches in a sheire ferue your turne, but you must come hither  
with a citation with a poxe? Ile cite you. *he has then done.*  
A cup of sacke for the Sumner.

*But.* Here fir here.

*Harp.* Here flauē I drinke to thee.

*Sum.* I thanke you fir.

*Harp.* Now if thou findest thy stomacke well, because thou  
shalt see my Lord keep's meate in's house, if thou wilt go in  
610 thou shalt haue a peece of beefe to thy break fast.

*Sum.* No I am very well good M. feruing-man, I thanke  
you, very well fir.

*Harp.* I am glad on't, then be walking towards Rochester to  
keepe your stomack warme: and Sumner, if I may know you  
disturb a good wench within this Dioceffe, if I do not make  
thee eate her peticote, if there were four yards of Kentish cloth  
in't, I am a villaine.

*Sum.* God be with you M. feruingmaan.

*Harp.* Farewell Sumner. *Enter Constable.*

620 *Con.* God saue you M. Harpoole.

*Harp.* Welcome Constable, welcom Constable, what news  
with thee?

*Con.* And't please you M. Harpoole, I am to make hue to  
crie, for a fellow with one eie that has rob'd two Clothiers, and  
am to craue your hindrance, for to search all suspected places,  
and they say there was a woman in the company.

*Harp.* Haft thou bin at the Alehouse, haft thou fought  
there?

*Con.* I durst not search fir, in my Lord Cobhams libertie,  
630 except I had some of his seruants, which are for my warrant.

*Harp.* An honest Constable, an honest Constable, cal forth  
him that keepest the Alehouse there.

*Con.* Ho, who's within there?

*Ale man* Who calls there, come neere a Gods name, oh is't  
you

## *sir John Old-castle.*

you M. Constable and M. Harpoole, you are welcome with all my heart, what make you here so early this morning?

*Harp.* Sirra, what strangers do you lodge, there is a robbery done this morning, and we are to search for all suspected persons.

*Aleman.* Godsbores, I am fory for't, yfaith sir I lodge no bo- 640  
dy but a good honest mery priest, they call him sir Iohn a Wrootham, and a handsome woman that is his neece, that he saies he has some sute in law for, and as they go vp & down to London, sometmes they lie at my house.

*Harp.* What, is he here in thy house now?

*Con.* She is sir, I promise you sir he is a quiet man, and because he will not trouble too many roomes, he makes the woman lie euery night at his beds feete.

*Harp.* Bring her forth Constable, bring her forth, let's see her, let's see her. 650

*Con.* Dorothy, you must come downe to M. Constable.

*Dol.* Anon forfooth. *she enters.*

*Harp.* Welcome sweete lasse, welcome.

*Dol.* I thank you good M. seruing-man, and master Constable also.

*Harp.* A plump girle by the mas, a plump girle, ha Dol ha, wilt thou forsake the priest, and go with me.

*Con.* A well said M. Harpoole, you are a merrie old man yfaith, yfaith you wil neuer be old: now by the macke, a prettie wench indeed. 660

*Harp.* Ye old mad mery Constable, art thou aduis'de of that? ha, well said Dol, fill some ale here.

*Dol aside* Oh if I wist this old priest would not sticke to me, by Ioue I would ingle this old seruing-man.

*Harp.* Oh you old mad colt, yfaith Ile feak you: fil all the pots in the house there.

*Con.* Oh wel said M. Harpoole, you are heart of oake when all's done.

*Harp.* Ha Dol, thou hast a sweete paire of lippes by the masse. 670

*Dol.*

## The first part of

*Doll* Truly you are a most sweet olde man, as euer I sawe, by my troth, you haue a face, able to make any woman in loue with you.

*Harp.* Fill sweete Doll, Ile drinke to thee.

*Doll* I pledge you fir, and thanke you therefore, and I pray you let it come.

*Harp. imbracing her* Doll, canst thou loue me? a mad merry lasse, would to God I had neuer seene thee.

*Doll* I warrant you you will not out of my thoughts this  
680 tweluemonth, truly you are as full of fauour, as a man may be. Ah these sweete grey lockes, by my troth, they are most louely.

*Constable* Gods boores maister Harpoole, I will haue one buffe too.

*Harp.* No licking for you Constable, hand off, hand off.

*Constable* Bur lady I loue kissing as wel as you.

*Doll* Oh you are an od boie, you haue a wanton eie of your owne: ah you sweet sugar lipt wanton, you will winne as many womens hearts as come in your company. *Enter Priest.*

690 *Wroth.* Doll, come hither.

*Harp.* Priest, she shal not.

*Doll* Ile come anone, sweete loue.

*Wroth.* Hand off, old fornicator.

*Harp.* Vicar, Ile sit here in spight of thee, is this fitte stufte for a priest to carry vp and downe with him?

*Wrotham* Ah firra, dost thou not know, that a good fellow parson may haue a chappel of ease, where his parish Church is farre off?

*Harp.* You whooreson ston'd Vicar.

700 *Wroth.* You old stale ruffin, you lion of Cotswold.

*Harp.* Swounds Vicar, Ile geld you. *flies vpon him.*

*Constable* Keepe the Kings peace.

*Doll* Murder, murder, murder.

*Ale man* Holde, as you are men, holde, for Gods sake be quiet: put vp your weapons, you drawe not in my house.

*Harp.* You whooreson bawdy priest.

*Wroth.*



## *sir John Old-castle.*

*Wroth.* You old mutton monger.

*Constable* Hold fir Iohn, hold.

*Doll to the Priest* I pray thee sweet heart be quiet, I was but fitting to drinke a pot of ale with him, euen as kinde a man as 710 euer I met with.

*Harp.* Thou art a theefe I warrant thee.

*Wroth.* Then I am but as thou hast beene in thy dayes, lets not be ashamed of our trade, the King has beene a theefe himselfe.

*Doll* Come, be quiet, hast thou sped?

*Wroth.* I haue wench, here be crownes ifaith.

*Doll* Come, lets be all friends then.

*Constable* Well said mistris Dorothy ifaith.

*Harp.* Thou art the madst priest that euer I met with. 720

*Wroth.* Giue me thy hand, thou art as good a fellow, I am a finger, a drinker, a bencher, a wench, I can fay a masse, and kisse a lasse: faith I haue a parlonage, and bicause I would not be at too much charges, this wench serues me for a sexton.

*Harp.* Well said mad priest, weele in and be friends. *exeunt.*

*Enter sir Roger Acton, master Bourne, master Beuerley, Act II  
and William Murley the brewer of Dunstable. sc. ii*

*Acton* Now maister Murley, I am well assurde  
You know our arrant, and do like the cause,  
Being a man affected as we are? 730

*Mu.* Mary God dild ye daintie my deere, no master, good fir Roger Acton Knight, maister Bourne, and maister Beuerley esquires, gentlemen, and iustices of the peace, no maister I, but plaine William Murly the brewer of Dunstable your honest neighbour, and your friend, if ye be men of my profession.

*Beuerley* Professed friends to Wickliffe, foes to Rome.

*Murl.* Hold by me lad, leane vpon that staffe good maister Beuerley, all of a house, fay your mind, fay your mind.

*Acton* You know our faction now is growne so great, 740  
Throughout the realme, that it beginnes to smoake  
Into the Cleargies eies, and the Kings eares,

D

High

## The first part of

High time it is that we were drawne to head,  
Our generall and officers appoynted.  
And warres ye wot will aske great store of coine.  
Able to strength our action with your purse,  
You are elected for a colonell  
Ouer a regiment of fifteene bands.

*Murley* Fue paltrie paltrie, in and out, to and fro, be it more  
750 or lesse, vpon occasion, Lorde haue mercie vpon vs, what a  
world is this? Sir Roger Acton, I am but a Dunstable man, a  
plaine brewer, ye know: will lusty Caualliering captaines gen-  
tlemen come at my calling, goe at my bidding? Daintie my  
deere, theile doe a dogge of waxe, a horse of cheefe, a pricke  
and a pudding, no, no, ye must appoint some lord or knight  
at least to that place.

*Bourne* Why master Murley, you shall be a Knight:  
Were you not in election to be shrieue?  
Haue ye not past all offices but that?  
760 Haue ye not wealth to make your wife a lady?  
I warrant you, my lord, our Generall  
Bestowes that honor on you at first fight.

*Murley* Mary God dild ye daintie my deare:  
But tell me, who shalbe our Generall?  
Wheres the lord Cobham, fir Iohn Old-castle,  
That noble almef-giuer, housekeeper, vertuous,  
Religious gentleman? Come to me there boies,  
Come to me there.

*Acton* Why who but he shall be our Generall?

770 *Murley* And shall he knight me, and make me colonell?

*Acton* My word for that, fir William Murley knight.

*Murley* Fellow fir Roger Acton knight, all fellowes, I  
meane in armes, how strong are we? how many partners? our  
enemies beside the King are mightie, be it more or lesse vpon  
occasion, reckon our force.

*Acton* There are of vs, our friends, and followers,  
Three thousand and three hundred at the least,  
Of northerne lads foure thousand, beside horse,

From

## *sir Iohn Old-castle.*

From Kent there comes with sir Iohn Old-castle  
Seauen thousand, then from London issue out, 780  
Of maisters, seruants, strangers, prentices  
Fortie odde thousands into Ficket field,  
Where we appoynt our speciall randeuous.

*Murley* Fue paltry paltry, in and out, to and fro, Lord haue  
mercie vpon vs, what a world is this, wheres that Ficket field,  
sir Roger?

*Acton* Behinde faint Giles in the field neere Holborne.

*Murley* Newgate, vp Holborne, S. Giles in the field, and to  
Tiborne, an old saw: for the day, for the day?

*Acton* On friday next the foureteenth day of Ianuary. 790

*Murley* Tyllie vallie, trust me neuer if I haue any liking of  
that day: fue paltry paltry, friday quoth a, dismall day, Chil-  
dermasse day this yeare was friday.

*Beuerley* Nay maister Murley, if you obserue such daies,  
We make some question of your constancie,  
All daies are like to men resolu'de in right.

*Murley* Say Amen, and say no more, but say, and hold ma-  
ster Beuerley, friday next, and Ficket field, and William Mur-  
ley, and his merry men shalbe al one, I haue halfe a score iades  
that draw my beere cartes, and euery iade shall beare a knaue, 800  
and euery knaue shall weare a iacke, and euery iacke shal haue  
a scull, and euery scull shal shew a speare, and euery speare shal  
kill a foe at Ficket field, at Ficket field, Iohn and Tom, and  
Dicke and Hodge, and Rafe and Robin, William & George,  
and all my knaues shall fight like men, at Ficket field on friday  
next.

*Bourne* What summe of money meane you to disburse?

*Murley* It may be modestly, decently, soberly, and hand-  
somerly I may bring fue hundreth pound.

*Acton* Fieue hundreth man? fue thousand's not enough, 810  
A hundreth thousand will not pay our men  
Two months together, either come preparte  
Like a braue Knight, and martiall Colonell,  
In glittering golde, and gallant furniture,

D 2 Bringing

## The first part of

Bringing in coyne, a cart loade at the least,  
And all your followers mounted on good horse,  
Or neuer come disgracefull to vs all.

*Beuerley* Perchance you may be chosen Treasurer,  
Tenne thousand pound's the least that you can bring.

820 *Murley* Paltry paltry, in and out, to and fro, vpon occasion I  
haue ten thousand pound to spend, and tenne too. And ra-  
ther than the Bishop shall haue his will of mee for my consci-  
ence, it shall out all. Flame and flaxe, flame and flaxe, it was  
gottewith water and mault, and it shall flie with fire and gunne  
powder. Sir Roger, a cart loade of mony til the axetree cracke,  
my selfe and my men in Ficket field on friday next : remem-  
ber my Knighthoode, and my place : there's my hand Ile bee  
there. *Exit.*

*Acton* See what Ambition may perfwade men to,  
830 In hope of honor he will spend himselfe.

*Bourne* I neuer thought a Brewer halfe so rich.

*Beuerley* Was neuer bankerout Brewer yet but one,  
With vsing too much mault, too little water.

*Acton* That's no fault in Brewers now-adayes :  
Come, away about our businesse. *exeunt.*

*Act II* *Enter K. Harry, Suffolke, Butler, and Old-castle kneeling*  
*sc. iii* *to the King.*

*Harry* Tis not enough Lord Cobham to submit,  
You must forsake your grosse opinion,  
840 The Bishops find themselues much iniured,  
And though for some good seruice you haue done,  
We for our part are pleasde to pardon you,  
Yet they will not so soone be satisfied,

*Cobham* My gracious Lord vnto your Maiestie,  
Next vnto my God, I owe my life,  
And what is mine, either by natures gift,  
Or fortunes bountie, al is at your seruice,  
But for obedience to the Pope of Rome,  
I owe him none, nor shall his shaueling priests  
850 That are in England, alter my beliefe,

If

*ſir John Old-castle.*

If out of holy Scripture they can proue,  
That I am in an errour, I will yeeld,  
And gladly take inſtruction at their hands,  
But otherwiſe, I do beſeech your grace,  
My conſcience may not be incroacht vpon.

*Har.* We would be loath to preſſe our ſubiects bodies,  
Much leſſe their ſoules, the deere redeemed part,  
Of him that is the ruler of vs all,  
Yet let me counſell ye, that might command,  
Do not preſume to tempt them with ill words, 860  
Nor ſuffer any meetings to be had  
Within your houſe, but to the vttermoſt,  
Diſperſe the flockes of this new gathering ſect.

*Cobbam* My liege, if any breathe, that dares come forth,  
And ſay, my life in any of theſe points  
Deſerues th'attaindor of ignoble thoughts  
Here ſtand I, crauing no remorse at all,  
But euen the vtmoſt rigor may be ſhowne.

*Har.* Let it ſuffice we know your loyaltie,  
What haue you there? 870

*Cob.* A deed of clemencie,  
Your Highneſſe pardon for Lord Poweſſe life,  
Which I did beg, and you my noble Lord,  
Of gracious fauour did vouchſafe to grant.

*Har.* But yet it is not ſigned with our hand.

*Cob.* Not yet my Liege. *one ready with pen*

*Har.* The fact, you ſay, was done, *and incke.*

Not of prepenſed malice, but by chance.

*Cob.* Vpon mine honor ſo, no otherwiſe.

*Har.* There is his pardon, bid him make amends, *writes.* 880  
And cleanſe his ſoule to God for his offence,  
What we remit, is but the bodies ſcourage, *Enter Biſhop.*  
How now Lord Biſhop?

*Biſhop* Iuſtice dread Soueraigne.

As thou art King, ſo graunt I may haue iuſtice.

*Har.* What meanes this exclamation, let vs know?

## The first part of

*Bish.* Ah my good Lord, the state's abusde,  
And our decrees most shamefully prophande.

*Har.* How, or by whom?

890 *Bish.* Euen by this heretike,  
This Iew, this Traitor to your maiestie.

*Cob.* Prelate, thou lieft, euen in thy greasie maw,  
Or whofoeuer twits me with the name,  
Of either traitor, or of heretike.

*Har.* Forbeare I say, and Bishop, shew the cause  
From whence this late abuse hath bin deriu'de,

*Bish.* Thus mightie King, by generall consent,  
A messenger was sent to cite this Lord,  
To make appearance in the consistorie,  
900 And comming to his house, a ruffian slaue,  
One of his daily followers, met the man,  
Who knowing him to be a parator,  
Assaults him first, and after in contempt  
Of vs, and our proceedings, makes him eate  
The written proceffe, parchment, seale and all:  
Whereby his maister neither was brought forth,  
Nor we but scornd, for our authoritie.

*Har.* When was this done?

*Bish.* At fixe a clocke this morning.

910 *Har.* And when came you to court?

*Cob.* Last night my Lord.

*Har.* By this it seemes, he is not guilty of it,  
And you haue done him wrong t'accuse him so.

*Bish.* But it was done my lord by his appointment,  
Or else his man durst ne're haue bin so bold.

*Har.* Or else you durst be bold, to interrupt,  
And fill our eares with friuolous complaints,  
Is this the duetie you do beare to vs?

Was't not sufficient we did passe our word  
920 To send for him, but you misdoubting it,  
Or which is worse, intending to forestall  
Our regall power, must likewise summon him?

This

## *sir Iohn Old-castle*

This fauours of Ambition, not of zeale,  
And rather proues, you malice his estate,  
Than any way that he offends the law.  
Go to, we like it not, and he your officer,  
That was imployde so much amisse herein,  
Had his desert for being insolent: *Enter Huntington*  
So Cobham when you please you may depart.

*Cob.* I humbly bid farewell vnto my liege. *Exit 930*

*Har.* Farewell, what's the newes by Huntington?

*Hunt.* Sir Roger Acton, and a crue, my Lord,  
Of bold seditious rebels, are in Armes,  
Intending reformation of Religion.  
And with their Army they intend to pitch,  
In Ficket field, vnlesse they be repulst.

*Har.* So nere our presence? dare they be so bold?  
And will prowde warre, and eager thirst of bloud,  
Whom we had thought to entertaine farre off,  
Preffe forth vpon vs in our natiue boundes? *940*  
Must wee be forc't to hanfell our sharp blades  
In England here, which we prepar'd for France?  
Well, a Gods name be it, what's their number? say,  
Or who's the chiefe commander of this rowt?

*Hunt.* Their number is not knowne, as yet (my Lord)  
But tis reported Sir Iohn Old-castle  
Is the chiefe man, on whom they do depend.

*Har.* How, the Lord Cobham?

*Hunt.* Yes my gracious Lord.

*Bish.* I could haue told your maiestie as much *950*  
Before he went, but that I saw your Grace  
Was too much blinded by his flaterie.

*Suf.* Send poast my Lord to fetch him backe againe.

*But.* Traitor vnto his country, how he smooth'de,  
And seemde as innocent as Truth it selfe?

*Har.* I cannot thinke it yet, he would be false,  
But if he be, no matter let him go,  
Weele meet both him and them vnto their wo.

*Bishop*

## The first part of

*Bish.* This falls out well, and at the last I hope *Exeunt*  
960 To see this heretike die in a rope.

*Act III* *Enter Earle of Cambridge, Lord Scroope, Gray, and*  
*sc. i* *Chartres the French factor.*

*Scroop.* Once more my Lord of Cambridge make reherfal,  
How you do stand intiteled to the Crowne,  
The deeper shall we print it in our mindes,  
And euery man the better be resolu'de,  
When he perceiues his quarrell to be iust.

*Cam.* Then thus Lord Scroope, sir Thomas Gray, & you  
Mounsieur de Chartres, agent for the French,  
970 This Lionell Duke of Clarence, as I said,  
Third sonne of Edward (Englands King) the third  
Had issue Phillip his sole daughter and heyre,  
Which Phillip afterward was giuen in marriage,  
To Edmund Mortimer the Earle of March,  
And by him had a son cald Roger Mortimer,  
Which Roger likewise had of his discent,  
Edmund, Roger, Anne, and Elianor,  
Two daughters and two sonnes, but those three  
Dide without issue, Anne that did furuiue,  
980 And now was left her fathers onely heyre,  
My fortune was to marry, being too  
By my grandfather of King Edwardes line,  
So of his surname, I am calde you know,  
Richard Plantagenet, my father was,  
Edward the Duke of Yorke, and son and heyre  
To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's first sonne.

*Scroop* So that it seemes your claime comes by your wife,  
As lawfull heyre to Roger Mortimer,  
The son of Edmund, which did marry Phillip  
990 Daughter and heyre to Lyonell Duke of Clarence.

*Cam.* True, for this Harry, and his father both  
Harry the first, as plainely doth appeare,  
Are false intruders, and vsurp the Crowne,  
For when yong Richard was at Pomfret slaine,



## *sir Iohn Old-castle.*

In him the title of prince Edward dide,  
That was the eldest of king Edwards sonnes:  
William of Hatfield, and their second brother,  
Death in his nonage had before bereft:  
So that my wife deriu'd from Lionell,  
Third sonne vnto king Edward, ought proceede, 1000  
And take possession of the Diademe  
Before this Harry, or his father king,  
Who fetcht their title but from Lancafter,  
Forth of that royall line. And being thus,  
What reason ist but she should haue her right?

*Scroope* I am resolu'de our enterprife is iust.

*Gray* Harry shall die, or else resigne his crowne.

*Chart.* Performe but that, and Charles the king of France  
Shall ayde you lordes, not onely with his men,  
But send you money to maintaine your warres, 1010  
Fiue hundred thousand crownes he bade me proffer,  
If you can stop but Harries voyage for France.

*Scroope* We neuer had a fitter time than now  
The realme in such diuision as it is.

*Camb.* Besides, you must perfwade ye there is due,  
Vengeance for Richards murder, which although  
It be deferrde, yet will it fall at last,  
And now as likely as another time.

Sinne hath had many yeeres to ripen in,  
And now the haruest cannot be farre off, 1020  
Wherein the weedes of vsurpation,  
Are to be cropt, and cast into the fire.

*Scroope* No more earle Cambridge, here I plight my faith,  
To set vp thee, and thy renowned wife.

*Gray* Gray will performe the same, as he is knight.

*Chart.* And to assist ye, as I said before,  
Charters doth gage the honor of his king.

*Scroope* We lacke but now Lord Cobhams fellowship,  
And then our plot were absolute indeede.

*Camb.* Doubt not of him, my lord, his life's pursu'de 1030

E

By

## *The first part of*

By th'incensed Cleargy, and of late,  
Brought in displeasure with the king, assures  
He may be quickly wonne vnto our faction.  
Who hath the articles were drawne at large  
Of our whole purpose?

*Gray* That haue I my Lord.

*Camb.* We should not now be farre off from his house,  
Our serious conference hath beguild the way,  
See where his castle stands, giue me the writing.  
1040 When we are come vnto the speech of him,  
Because we will not stand to make recount,  
Of that which hath beene saide, here he shall reade *enter Cob.*  
Our mindes at large, and what we craue of him.

*Scroope* A ready way: here comes the man himselfe  
Booted and spurrd, it seemes he hath beene riding.

*Camb.* VVell met Lord Cobham.

*Cobb.* My lord of Cambridge?

Your honor is most welcome into Kent,  
And all the rest of this faire company.  
1050 I am new come from London, gentle Lordes:  
But will ye not take Cowling for your host,  
And see what entertainment it affordes?

*Camb.* We were intended to haue beene your guests:  
But now this lucky meeting shall suffice  
To end our businesse, and deferre that kindnesse.

*Cobb.* Businesse my lord? what businesse should you haue  
But to be mery? we haue no delicates,  
But this Ile promise you, a peece of venison,  
A cup of wine, and so forth: hunters fare:  
1060 And if you please, weele strike the stagge our selues  
Shall fill our dishes with his wel-fed flesh.

*Scroope* That is indeede the thing we all desire.

*Cobb.* My lordes, and you shall haue your choice with me.

*Camb.* Nay but the stagge which we desire to strike,  
Liues not in Cowling: if you will consent,  
And goe with vs, weele bring you to a Forrest,

where

## *sir John Old-castle.*

Where runnes a lusty hierd : amongst the which  
There is a stagge superior to the rest,  
A stately beaft, that when his fellows runne,  
He leades the race, and beates the fullen earth,  
As though he scornd it with his trampling hoofes,  
Aloft he beares his head, and with his breast,  
Like a huge bulwarke counter-checkes the wind :  
And when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth  
His proud ambitious necke, as if he meant  
To wound the firmament with forked hornes.

1070

*Cobb.* Tis pittie such a goodly beaft should die.

*Camb.* Not so, sir Iohn, for he is tyrannous,  
And gores the other deere, and will not keep  
Within the limites are appointed him.  
Of late hees broke into a feuerall,  
Which doth belong to me, and there he spoiles  
Both corne and pasture, two of his wilde race  
Alike for stealth, and couetous incroatching,  
Already are remou'd, if he were dead,  
I should not onely be secure from hurt,  
But with his body make a royall feast.

1080

*Scroope* How say you then, will you first hunt with vs?

*Cobb.* Faith Lords, I like the pastime, where's the place?

*Camb.* Peruse this writing, it will shew you all,  
And what occasion we haue for the sport.

1090

*he reades*

*Cobb.* Call ye this hunting, my lords? Is this the stag  
You faine would chase, Harry our dread king?  
So we may make a banquet for the diuell,  
And in the steede of wholesome meate, prepare  
A dish of poison to confound our selues.

*Camb.* Why so lord Cobham? see you not our claime?  
And how imperiously he holdes the crowne?

*Scroope* Besides, you know your selfe is in disgrace,  
Held as a recreant, and pursude to death.  
This will defend you from your enemies,  
And stablish your religion through the land.

1100

## The first part of

- Cobb.* Notorious treason! yet I will conceale *afide*  
My secret thoughts, to sound the depth of it.  
My lord of Cambridge, I doe see your claime,  
And what good may redound vnto the land,  
By prosecuting of this enterprife.  
But where are men? where's power and furniture  
To order such an action? we are weake,
- 1110 *Harry,* you know's a mighty potentate.  
*Camb.* Tut, we are strong enough, you are belou'de,  
And many will be glad to follow you,  
VVe are the light, and some will follow vs:  
Besides, there is hope from France: heres an embassador  
That promifeth both men and money too.  
The commons likewise (as we heare) pretend  
A fodaine tumult, we wil ioyne with them.
- Cobb.* Some likelihoode, I must confesse, to speede:  
But how shall I beleue this is plaine truth?
- 1120 *You are* (my lords) such men as liue in Court,  
And highly haue beene fauour'd of the king,  
Especially lord Scroope, whome oftentimes  
He maketh choice of for his bedfellow.  
And you lord Gray are of his priuy councill:  
Is not this a traine to intrappe my life?
- Camb.* Then perish may my foule: what thinke youfo?  
*Scroope* VVeele sweare to you.  
*Gray* Or take the sacrament.
- Cobb.* Nay you are noble men, and I imagine,
- 1130 *As you* are honorable by birth, and bloud,  
So you will be in heart, in thought, in word.  
I craue no other testimony but this.  
That you would all subscribe, and set your hands  
Vnto this writing which you gawe to me.
- Camb.* VVith all our hearts: who hath any pen and inke?  
*Scroope* My pocket should haue one: yea, heere it is.  
*Camb.* Giue it me lord Scroope: there is my name.  
*Scroope* And there is my name.

*Gray*

## *Sir John Old-castle*

*Gray* And mine.

*Cobb.* Sir, let me craue, 1140  
That you would likewise write your name with theirs,  
For confirmation of your maisters word,  
The king of Fraunce.

*Char.* That will I noble Lord.

*Cobb.* So now this action is well knit together,  
And I am for you: where's our meeting, lords?

*Camb.* Here if you please, the tenth of Iuly next.

*Cobb.* In Kent? agreed: now let vs in to supper,  
I hope your honors will not away to night.

*Camb.* Yes presently, for I haue farre to ride, 1150  
About solliciting of other friends.

*Scroope* And we would not be absent from the court,  
Left thereby grow suspition in the king.

*Cobb.* Yet taste a cup of wine before ye go.

*Camb.* Not now my lord, we thanke you: so farewell.

*Cob.* Farewell my noble lordes: my noble lords?

My noble villaines, base conspirators,  
How can they looke his Highnesse in the face,  
Whome they so closly study to betray?  
But ile not sleepe vntill I make it knowne. 1160

This head shall not be burdned with such thoughts,  
Nor in this heart will I conceale a deede  
Of such impietie against my king.

Madam, how now? *Enter Harpoole and the rest.*

*Lady Cobb.* You are welcome home, my Lord,  
Why seeme ye so disquiet in your lookes?  
What hath befallne you that disquiets your minde?

*Lady Po.* Bad newes I am afraide touching my husband.

*Cobb.* Madam, not so: there is your husbands pardon,  
Long may ye liue, each ioy vnto the other. 1170

*Powesse* So great a kindnesse as I knowe not howe to make  
reply, my sense is quite confounded.

*Cobb.* Let that alone: and madam stay me not,  
For I must backe vnto the court againe

## The first part of

With all the speede I can: Harpoole, my horse.

*Lady Cob.* So soone my Lord? what will you ride all night?

*Cobham* All night or day, it must be so, sweete wife,

Vrge me not why, or what my businesse is,

But get you in: Lord Powesse, beare with me,

1180 And madam, thinke your welcome nere the worfe:

My house is at your vse. Harpoole, away.

*Harp.* Shall I attend your lordship to the court?

*Cobb.* Yea fir, your gelding, mount you presently *exe.*

*Lady Cobb.* I prythee Harpoole, looke vnto thy Lord,

I do not like this sodaine posting backe.

*Powes* Some earnest businesse is a foote belike,

What e're it be, pray God be his good guide.

*Lady Po.* Amen that hath so highly vs bested.

*Lady Co.* Come madam, and my lord, wee le hope the best,

1190 You shall not into Wales till he returne.

*Powesse* Though great occasion be we should departe, yet madam will we stay to be resolute, of this vnlookt for doubtful accident. *Exeunt.*

*Act III Enter Murly and his men, prepared in some filthy order for warre.*

*sc. ii*

*Murly.* Come my hearts of flint, modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomly, no man afore his Leader, follow your master, your Captaine, your Knight that shal be, for the honor of Meale-men, Millers, and Mault-men, dunne is the mowse, Dicke and Tom for the credite of Dunstable, ding  
1200 downe the enemie to morrow, ye shall not come into the field like beggars, where be Leonard and Laurence my two loaders, Lord haue mercie vpon vs, what a world is this? I would giue a couple of shillings for a dozen of good fethers for ye, and forty pence for as many skarffes to set ye out withall, frost and snow, a man has no heart to fight till he be braue.

*Dicke* Master I hope we be no babes, for our manhood, our bucklers, and our towne foote-balls can beare witnesse: and this lite parrell we haue shall off, and wee'l fight naked afore we runne away.

1210 *Tom.* Nay, I am of Laurence mind for that, for he meanes

to

## *sir John Old-castle.*

to leaue his life behind him, he and Leonard your two loaders are making their wills because they haue wiues, now we Bachelers bid our friends scramble for our goods if we die: but master, pray ye let me ride vpon Cutte.

*Murly* Meale and salt, wheat and mault, fire and tow, frost and snow, why Tom thou shalt: let me see, here are you, William and George are with my cart, and Robin and Hodge holding my owne two horses, proper men, handfom men, tall men, true men.

*Dicke* But master, master, me thinkes you are a mad man, 1220  
to hazard your owne person and a cart load of money too.

*Tom.* Yea, and maister theres a worfe matter in't, if it be as I heard say, we go to fight against all the learned Bishops, that should giue vs their blessing, and if they curse vs, we shall speede nere the better.

*Dicke* Nay bir lady, some say the King takes their part, and master, dare you fight against the King?

*Murly* Fie paltry, paltry in and out, to and fro vpon occasion, if the King be so vnwise to come there, weele fight with him too. 1230

*Tom.* What if ye should kill the King?

*Mur.* Then weele make another.

*Dicke* Is that all, do ye not speake treason?

*Mur.* If we do, who dare trippe vs? we come to fight for our conscience, and for honor, little know you what is in my bosome, looke here madde knaues, a paire of guilt spurres.

*Tom.* A paire of golden spurres? why do you not put them on your heeles? your bosome's no place for spurres.

*Mur.* Bee't more or lesse vpon occasion, Lord haue mercy vs, Tom th'art a foole, and thou speakest treason to knight- 1240  
hood, dare any weare golden or siluer spurs til he be a knight? no, I shall be knighted to morrow, and then they shall on: firs, was it euer read in the church booke of Dunstable, that euer mault man was made knight?

*Tom.* No, but you are more, you are meal-man, maultman, miller, corne-master and all.

*Dicke*

## *The first part of*

*Dicke* Yea, and halfe a brewer too, and the diuell and all for wealth, you bring more money with you, than all the rest.

1250 *Mur.* The more's my honor, I shal be a knight to morow, let me spose my men, Tom vpon cutte, Dicke vpon hobbe, Hodge vpon Ball, Raph vpon Sorell, and Robin vpon the forehorfe.

*Enter Acton, Bourne, and Beuerley.*

*Tom.* Stand, who comes there?

*Act.* Al friends, good fellow.

*Murl.* Friends and fellowes indeede fir Roger.

*Act.* Why thus you shew your selfe a Gentleman,  
To keepe your day, and come so well preparede,  
1260 Your cart stands yonder, guarded by your men,  
Who tell me it is loaden well with coine,  
What summe is there?

*Mur.* Ten thousand pound fir Roger, and modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomely, see what I haue here against I be knighted.

*Act.* Gilt spurs? tis well.

*Mur.* But where's our armie fir?

*Act.* Disperst in fundry villages about,  
Some here with vs in Hygate, some at Finchley,  
1270 Totnam, Enfield, Edmunton, Newington,  
Iflington, Hogsdon, Pancredge, Kenzington,  
Some neerer Thames, Ratcliffe, Blackwall and Bow,  
But our chiefe strength must be the Londoners,  
Which ere the Sunne to morrow shine,  
Will be nere fiftie thousand in the field.

*Mur.* Mary God dild ye daintie my deere, but vpon occasion fir Roger Acton, doth not the King know of it, and gather his power against vs.

*Act.* No, hee's secure at Eltham.

1280 *Mur.* What do the Cleargie?

*Act.* Feare extreamly, yet prepare no force.

*Mur.* In and out, to and fro, Bullie my boikin, we shall carry



## *Sir John Old-castle.*

carry the world afore vs, I vow by my worshipping, when I am knighted, weele take the King napping, if he stand on their part.

*Act.* This night we few in Higate will repose,  
With the first cocke weele rise and arme our selues,  
To be in Ficket felde by breake of day,  
And there expect our Generall.

*Mur.* Sir Iohn Old-castle, what if he come not? 1290

*Bourne* Yet our action stands,

Sir Roger Acton may supply his place.

*Mur.* True M. Bourne, but who shall make me knight?

*Beuer.* He that hath power to be our Generall.

*Act.* Talke not of trifles, come let's away,  
Our friends of London long till it be day. *exeunt.*

*Enter sir Iohn of Wrootham and Doll.* *Act III*

*Doll.* By my troth, thou art as ielous a man as liues. *sc. iii*

*Priest* Canst thou blame me Doll, thou art my lands, my goods, my iewels, my wealth, my purse, none walks within xl. 1300 miles of London, but a plies thee as truly, as the parish does the poore mans boxe.

*Doll* I am as true to thee, as the stone is in the wal, and thou knowest well enough sir Iohn, I was in as good doing, when I came to thee, as any wench neede to be: and therefore thou hast tried me, that thou hast: by Gods body, I wil not be kept as I haue bin, that I will not.

*Priest* Doll, if this blade holde, theres not a pedler walkes with a pack, but thou shalt as boldly chuse of his wares, as with thy ready mony in a Marchants shop, weele haue as good fil- 1310 uer as the King coynes any.

*Doll* What is al the gold spent you tooke the last day from the Courtier?

*Priest* Tis gone Doll, tis flown, merely come, merely gon, he comes a horse backe that must pay for all, weele haue as good meate, as mony can get, and as good gownes, as can be bought for gold, be mery wench, the mault-man comes on munday.

F

*Doll*

## The first part of

*Doll* You might haue left me at Cobham, vntil you had bin  
1320 better prouided for.

*Priest.* No sweet Dol, no, I do not like that, yond old ruffian  
is not for the priest, I do not like a new cleark should come  
in the old bel-frie.

*Doll* Ah thou art a mad priest yfaith.

*Priest* Come Doll, Ile see thee safe at some alehouse here  
at Cray, and the next sheepe that comes shall leaue his  
fleece. *exeunt.*

*Act III*  
*sc. iv*

*Enter the King, Suffolke and Butler.*

*King in great hast.* My lord of Suffolk, poste away for life,  
1330 And let our forces of such horse and foote,

As can be gathered vp by any meanes,  
Make speedy randeuow in Tuttle fields,  
It must be done this euening my Lord,  
This night the rebells meane to draw to head  
Neere Islington, which if your speede preuent not,  
If once they should vnite their feuerall forces,  
Their power is almost thought inuincible,  
Away my Lord I will be with you soone.

*Suf.* I go my Soueraigne with all happie speede. *exit*

1340 *King* Make haste my lord of Suffolke as you loue vs,  
Butler, poste you to London with all speede.  
Commaund the Maior, and shrieues, on their alegiance,  
The cittie gates be presently shut vp,  
And guarded with a strong sufficient watch,  
And not a man be suffered to passe,  
Without a speciall warrant from our selfe.  
Command the Posterne by the Tower be kept,  
And proclamation on the paine of death,  
That not a citizeñ stirre from his doores,  
1350 Except such as the Maior and Shrieues shall chuse,  
For their owne garde, and safety of their persons,  
Butler away, haue care vnto my charge.

*But.* I goe my Soueraigne.

*King* Butler.

*But.*

## *sir Iohn Old-castle.*

*But.* My Lord.

*King* Goe downe by Greenewich, and command a boate,  
At the Friers bridge attend my comming downe.

*But.* I will my Lord. *exit*

*King* It's time I thinke to looke vnto rebellion,  
When Acton doth expect vnto his ayd, 1360  
No lesse than fiftie thousand Londoners,  
Well, Ile to Westminster in this disguise,  
To heare what newes is stirring in these brawles.

*Enter sir Iohn.*

*Sir Iohn* Stand true-man saies a thiefe.

*King* Stand thiefe, saies a true man, how if a thiefe?

*Sir Iohn* Stand thiefe too.

*King* Then thiefe or true-man I see I must stand, I see how  
foeuer the world wagges, the trade of theeuing yet will neuer  
downe, what art thou? 1370

*sir Iohn* A good fellow.

*King* So am I too, I see thou dost know me.

*sir Iohn.* If thou be a good fellow, play the good fellowes  
part, deliuer thy purse without more adoe.

*King* I haue no mony.

*sir Iohn* I must make you find some before we part, if you  
haue no mony, you shal haue ware, as many found drie blows  
as your skin can carrie.

*King* Is that the plaine truth?

*sir Iohn* Sirra no more adoe, come, come, giue me the mony 1380  
you haue, dispatch, I cannot stand all day.

*King* Wel, if thou wilt needs haue it, there tis: iust the prouerb,  
one thiefe robs another, where the diuel are all my old theeues,  
that were wont to keepe this walke? Falstaffe the villaine is fo  
fat, he cannot get on's horse, but me thinkes Poines and Peto  
should be stirring here abouts.

*sir Iohn* How much is there on't of thy word?

*King* A hundred pound in Angels, on my word,  
The time has beene I would haue done as much  
For thee, if thou hadst past this way, as I haue now. 1390

## The first part of

*sir. Iohn* Sirra, what art thou, thou seem'st a gentleman?

*King* I am no lesse, yet a poore one now, for thou hast all my mony.

*sir Iohn* From whence cam'st thou?

*King* From the court at Eltham.

*sir Iohn* Art thou one of the Kings seruants?

*King* Yes that I am, and one of his chamber.

*sir Iohn* I am glad thou art no worse, thou maist the better spare thy mony, & thinkst thou thou mightst get a poor thiefe  
1400 his pardon if he should haue neede.

*King.* Yes that I can.

*sir Iohn* Wilt thou do so much for me, when I shall haue occasion?

*King* Yes faith will I, so it be for no murther.

*sir Iohn* Nay, I am a pittifull thiefe, all the hurt I do a man, I take but his purse, Ile kill no man.

*King* Then of my word Ile do it.

*sir Iohn* Giue me thy hand of the fame.

*King* There tis.

1410 *sir Iohn* Me thinks the King should be good to theeues, because he has bin a thiefe himselfe, though I thinke now he be turned true-man.

*King* Faith I haue heard indeed he has had an il name that way in his youth, but how canst thou tell he has bene a thiefe?

*sir Iohn* How? because he once robde me before I fell to the trade my selfe, when that foule villainons guts, that led him to all that rogerie, was in's company there, that Falstaffe.

1420 *King aside.* Well if he did rob thee then, thou art but euen with him now Ile be sworne: thou knowest not the king now, I thinke, if thou sawest him?

*sir Iohn* Not I yfaith.

*King aside.* So it should feeme.

*sir Iohn* Well, if old King Henry had liu'de, this King that is now, had made theeuing the best trade in England.

*King*

## *sir John Old-castle.*

*King* Why so?

*sir Iohn* Because he was the chiefe warden of our company, it's pittie that ere he should haue bin a King, he was so braue a thiefe, but firra, wilt remember my pardon if neede 1430  
be?

*King* Yes faith will I.

*sir Iohn* Wilt thou? well then because thou shalt go safe, for thou mayest hap (being so earely) be met with againe, before thou come to Southwarke, if any man when he should bid thee good morrow, bid thee stand, say thou but sir Iohn, and hewill let thee passe.

*King* Is that the word? well then let me alone.

*sir Iohn* Nay firra, because I thinke indeede I shall haue some occasion to vse thee, & as thou comst oft this way, I may 1440  
light on thee another time not knowing thee, here, ile breake this Angell, take thou halfe of it, this is a token betwixt thee and me.

*King.* God haue mercy, farewell. *exit*

*sir Iohn* O my fine golden slaues, heres for thee wench yfaith, now Dol, we wil reuel in our beuer, this is a tyth pigge of my vicaridge, God haue mercy neighbour Shooters hill, you paid your tyth honestly. Wel I heare there is a company of rebelles vp against the King, got together in Ficket field neere Holborne, and as it is thought here in Kent, the King will be 1450  
there to night in's owne person, well ile to the Kings camp, and it shall go hard, but if there be any doings, Ile make some good boote amongst them. *exit.*

*Enter King Henry, Suffolke, Huntington, and two  
with lights.*

*Act IV  
sc. i*

*K. Hen.* My Lords of Suffolke and of Huntington,  
Who skouts it now? or who stands Sentinells?  
What men of worth? what Lords do walke the round?

*Suff.* May it please your Highnesse.

*K. Hen.* Peace, no more of that,  
The King's asleepe, wake not his maiestie,

1460

## The first part of

With termes nor titles, hee's at rest in bed,  
Kings do not vse to watch themselues, they sleepe,  
And let rebellion and conspiracie,  
Reuel and hauocke in the common wealth,  
Is London lookt vnto?

*Hunt.* It is my Lord,  
Your noble Vncle Exceter is there,  
Your brother Gloucester and my Lord of Warwicke,  
1470 Who with the maior and the Aldermen,  
Do guard the gates, and keepe good rule within,  
The Earle of Cambridge, and fir Thomas Gray,  
Do walke the Round, Lord Scroope and Butler skout,  
So though it please your maiestie to iest,  
Were you in bed, well might you take your rest,

*K. Hen.* I thank ye Lords, but you do know of old,  
That I haue bin a perfect night-walker,  
London you say is safely lookt vnto,  
Alas poore rebels, there your ayd must faile,  
1480 And the Lord Cobham fir Iohn Old-castle,  
Hee's quiet in Kent, Acton ye are deceiu'd,  
Reckon againe, you count without your host,  
To morrow you shall giue account to vs,  
Til when my friends, this long cold winters night,  
How can we spend? King Harry is a sleepe,  
And al his Lords, these garments tel vs so,  
Al friends at footbal, fellowes all in field,  
Harry, and Dicke, and George, bring vs a drumme,  
Giue vs square dice, weele keepe this court of guard,  
1490 For al good fellowes companies that come.

Wheres that mad priest ye told me was in Armes,  
To fight, as wel as pray, if neede required?

*Suff.* Hees in the Camp, and if he knew of this,  
I vndertake he would not be long hence.

*Har.* Trippe Dicke, Trippe George. *they trippe.*

*Hunt.* I must haue the dice,  
What do we play at?

*the play at dice.*

*Suff.*

## *sir Iohn Old-castle*

*Suff.* Passage if ye please.

*Hunt.* Set round then, fo, at all.

*Har.* George, you are out.

1500

Giue me the dice, I passe for twentie pound,

Heres to our luckie passage into France.

*Hunt.* Harry you passe indeede for you sweepe all.

*Suff.* A signe king Harry shal sweepe all in France. *ent. sir Iohn*

*sir Iohn* Edge ye good fellowes, take a fresh gamster in.

*Har.* Master Parson? we play nothing but gold?

*sir Iohn.* And fellow, I tel thee that the priest hath gold, gold?

sbloud ye are but beggerly souldiers to me, I thinke I haue more gold than all you three.

*Hunt.* It may be so, but we beleue it not.

1510

*Har.* Set priest fet, I passe for all that gold.

*sir Iohn* Ye passe indeede.

*Harry* Priest, hast thou any more?

*sir Iohn* Zounds what a question's that?

I tell thee I haue more then all you three,

At these ten Angells.

*Harry.* I wonder how thou comst by all this gold,

How many benefices hast thou priest?

*sir Iohn* Yfaith but one, dost wonder how I come by gold?

I wonder rather how poore souldiers should haue gold, for 1520

Ile tell thee good fellow, we haue euery day tythes, offerings, christnings, weddings, burialls: and you poore snakes come feldome to a bootie. Ile speake a proude word, I haue but one parsonage, Wrootham, tis better than the Bishopprick of Rochester, theres nere a hill, heath, nor downe in all Kent, but tis in my parish, Barrham downe, Chobham downe, Gads hill, Wrootham hill, Blaque heath, Cockes heath, Birchen wood, all pay me tythe, gold quoth a? ye passe not for that.

*Suff.* Harry ye are out, now parson shake the dice.

*sir Iohn.* Set, fet Ile couerye, at al: A plague on't I am out, 1530  
the diuell, and dice, and a wench, who will trust them?

*Suff.* Saist thou for priest? fet faire, at all for once.

*Har.* Out sir, pay all.

*sir Iohn*

## The first part of

*sir Iohn* Sbloud pay me angel gold,  
Ile none of your crackt French crownes nor pistolets,  
Pay me faire angel gold, as I pay you.

*Har.* No crackt french crownes? I hope to see more crackt  
french crownes ere long.

*sir Iohn* Thou meanest of French mens crownes, when the  
1540 King is in France.

*Hunt.* Set round, at all.

*sir Iohn* Pay all: this is some lucke.

*Har.* Giue me the dice, tis I must shread the priest:  
At all *sir Iohn*.

*sir Iohn* The diuell and all is yours: at that: fdeath, what  
casting is this?

*Suff.* Well throwne Harry yfaith.

*Har.* Ile cast better yet.

*sir Iohn* Then Ile be hangd. Sirra, hast thou not giuen thy  
1550 foule to the diuell for casting?

*Har.* I passe for all.

*sir Iohn* Thou passdest all that ere I playde withall:  
Sirra, dost thou not cogge, nor foist, nor flurre?

*Har.* Set parson, fet, the dice die in my hand:  
When parson, when? what can ye finde no more?  
Alreadie drie? wast you bragd of your store?

*sir Iohn* Alls gone but that.

*Hunt.* What, halfe a broken angell?

*sir Iohn* Why *sir*, tis gold.

1560 *Har.* Yea, and Ile couer it.

*sir Iohn* The diuell do ye good on't, I am blinde, yee haue  
blowne me vp.

*Har.* Nay tarry priest, ye shall not leaue vs yet,  
Do not these peeces fit each other well?

*sir Iohn* What if they do?

*Har.* Thereby beginnes a tale:  
There was a thiefe, in face much like *sir Iohn*,  
But t'was not hee, that thiefe was all in greene,  
Met me last day on Blacke Heath, neere the parke,

with



## *sir John Old-castle.*

With him a woman, I was al alone, 1570  
And weaponlesse, my boy had al my tooles,  
And was before prouiding me a boate:  
Short tale to make, fir Iohn, the thiefe I meane,  
Tooke a iust hundreth pound in gold from me.  
I storm'd at it, and swore to be reueng'de  
If ere we met, he like a lusty thiefe,  
Brake with his teeth this Angel iust in two,  
To be a token at our meeting next,  
Prouided, I should charge no Officer  
To apprehend him, but at weapons point 1580  
Recouer that, and what he had beside.  
Well met fir Iohn, betake ye to your tooles  
By torch light, for maister parson you are he  
That had my gold.

*sir Iohn* Zounds I won't in play, in faire square play of the  
keeper of Eltham parke, and that I will maintaine with this  
poore whinyard, be you two honest men to stand and looke  
vpon's, and let's alone, and take neither part.

*Har.* Agreede, I charge ye do not boudge a foot,  
Sir Iohn haue at ye. 1590

*sir Iohn* Souldier ware your skonce.

*Here as they are ready to strike, enter Butler and drawes his  
weapon and steps betwixt them.*

*But.* Hold villaines hold, my Lords, what do ye meane,  
To see a traitor draw against the King?

*sir Iohn* The King! Gods wil, I am in a proper pickle.

*Har.* Butler what newes? why dost thou trouble vs?

*But.* Please it your Highnesse, it is breake of day,  
And as I skouted neere to Ilington,  
The gray ey'd morning gaue me glimmering, 1600  
Of armed men comming downe Hygate hill,  
Who by their course are coasting hitherward.

*Har.* Let vs withdraw, my Lords, prepare our troopes,  
To charge the rebels, if there be such cause,  
For this lewd priest this diuellish hypocrite,

G

That

## *The first part of*

That is a thiefe, a gamster, and what not,  
Let him be hang'd vp for example fake.

*fir Iohn* Not fo my gracious foueraigne, I confesse I am a  
frayle man, flesh and bloud as other are: but fet my imperfecti-  
1610 ons aside, by this light ye haue not a taller man, nor a truer sub-  
iect to the Crowne and State, than fir Iohn of VVrootham.

*Har.* Wil a true subiect robbe his King?

*fir Iohn* Alas twas ignorance and want, my gracious liege.

*Har.* Twas want of grace: why, you should be as salt  
To season others with good document,  
Your liues as lampes to giue the people light,  
As shepheards, not as wolues to spoile the flock,  
Go hang hm Butler.

*But.* Didst thou not rob me?

1620 *fir Iohn* I must confesse I saw some of your gold, but my  
dread Lord, I am in no humor for death, therefore saue my life,  
God will that sinners liue, do not you cause me die, once in  
their liues the best may goe astray, and if the world say true,  
your selfe (my liege) haue bin a thiefe.

*Har.* I confesse I haue,  
But I repent and haue reclaimd my selfe.

*fir Iohn* So will I do if you will giue me time.

*Har.* Wilt thou? my lords, will you be his suerties?

*Hunt.* That when he robs againe, he shall be hang'd.

1630 *fir Iohn* I aske no more.

*Har.* And we will grant thee that,  
Liue and repent, and proue an honest man,  
Which when I heare, and safe returne from France,  
Ile giue thee liuing, till when take thy gold,  
But spend it better then at cards or wine,  
For better vertues fit that coate of thine.

*fir Iohn* *Viuat Rex & currat lex*, my liege, if ye haue cause  
of battell, ye shal see fir Iohn of Wrootham bestirre himself in  
your quarrel.

*exeunt.*

*Act IV* *After an alarumenter Harry, Suffolk, Huntington, fir Iohn, bring-*  
*sc. ii* *ing forth Acton, Beuerly, and Murley prisoners.*

*Har*

*sir Iohn Old-castle.*

*Har.* Bring in those traitors, whose aspiring minds, 1642  
Thought to haue triumpht in our ouerthrow,  
But now ye see, base villaines, what succeffe  
Attends ill actions wrongfully attempted.

Sir Roger Acton, thou retainst the name  
Of knight, and shouldst bemore discreetly temperd,  
Than ioyne with peafants, gentry is diuine,  
But thou hast made it more then popular.

*Act.* Pardon my Lord, my conscience vrg'd me to it, 1650

*Har.* Thy conscience? then thy conscience is corrupt,  
For in thy conscience thou art bound to vs,  
And in thy conscience thou shouldst loue thy country,  
Else what's the difference twixt a Christian,  
And the vnciuil manners of the Turke?

*Beuer.* We meant no hurt vnto your maiefty,  
But reformation of Religion.

*Har.* Reforme Religion? was it that ye fought?  
I pray who gaue you that authority?  
Belike then we do hold the scepter vp, 1660  
And sit within the throne but for a cipher,  
Time was, good subiects would make knowne their grieffe,  
And pray amendment, not inforce the same,  
Vnlesse their King were tyrant, which I hope  
You cannot iustly say that Harry is,  
What is that other?

*Suff.* A mault-man my Lord,  
And dwelling in Dunstable as he saies.

*Har.* Sirra what made you leaue your barly broth,  
To come in armour thus against your King? 1670

*Mur.* Fie paltry, paltry to and fro, in and out vpon occasi-  
on, what a worlde's this? knight-hood (my liege) twas knight-  
hood brought me hither, they told me I had wealth enough  
to make my wife a lady.

*Har.* And so you brought those horses which we saw,  
Trapt all in costly furniture, and meant  
To weare these spurs when you were knighted once.

## The first part of

*Mur.* In and out vpon occasion I did.

1680 *Har.* In and out vppon occasion, therefore you shall be  
hang'd, and in the sted of wearing these spurres vpon your  
heeles, about your necke they shall bewray your folly to the  
world.

*fir Iohn* In and out vpon occasion, that goes hard.

*Mur* Fie paltry paltry, to and fro, good my liege a pardon,  
I am fory for my fault.

*Har.* That comes too late: but tell me, went there none  
Beside fir Roger Acton, vpon whom  
You did depend to be your gouernour?

*Mar.* None none my Lord, but fir Iohn Old-castle.

1690 *Har.* Beares he part in this conspiracie. *enter Bishop*

*Act.* We lookt my Lord that he would meet vs here.

*Har.* But did he promise you that he would come.

*Act.* Such letters we receiued forth of Kent.

*Bish.* Where is my Lord the King? health to your grace,  
Examining my Lord some of these caitiue rebels,  
It is a generall voyce amongst them all,  
That they had neuer come vnto this place,  
But to haue met their valiant general,  
The good Lord Cobham as they title him,  
1700 Whereby, my Lord, your grace may now perceiue,  
His treason is apparant, which before  
He sought to colour by his flattery.

*Har.* Now by my roialtie I would haue sworne,  
But for his conscience, which I beare withall,  
There had not liude a more true hearted subiect.

*Bish.* It is but counterfeit, my gracious lords,  
And therefore may it please your maiestie,  
To set your hand vnto this precept here,  
By which weel cause him forthwith to appeare,  
1710 And answer this by order of the law.

*Har.* Bishop, not only that, but take commission,  
To search, attach, imprison, and condemne,  
This most notorious traitor as you please.

*Bish.*

## *sir John Old-castle.*

*Bish.* It shall be done, my Lord, without delay :  
So now I hold Lord Cobham in my hand,  
That which shall finish thy disdained life.

*Har.* I thinke the yron age begins but now,  
(Which learned poets haue so often taught)  
Wherein there is no credit to be giuen,  
To either wordes, or lookes, or solemne oathes, 1720  
For if there were, how often hath he sworne,  
How gently tun'de the musicke of his tongue,  
And with what amiable face beheld he me,  
When all, God knowes, was but hypocrisie. *enter Cobham.*

*Cob.* Long life and prosperous raigne vnto my Lord.

*Har.* Ah villaine, canst thou with prosperitie,  
Whose heart includeth naught but treacherie?  
I do arrest thee here my selfe, false knight,  
Of treason capitall against the state.

*Cob.* Of treason mightie prince, your grace mistakes, 1730  
I hope it is but in the way of mirth.

*Har.* Thy necke shall feele it is in earnest shortly,  
Darst thou intrude into our prefence, knowing  
How haynously thou hast offended vs?  
But this is thy accustomed deceit,  
Now thou perceiust thy purpose is in vaine,  
With some excuse or other thou wilt come,  
To cleere thy selfe of this rebellion.

*Cob.* Rebellion good my Lord, I know of none.

*Har.* If you deny it, here is euidence, 1740  
See you these men, you neuer councelled,  
Nor offerd them assistance in their warres.

*Cob.* Speake sirs, not one but all, I craue no fauour,  
Haue euer I bene conuersant with you,  
Or written letters to incourage you,  
Or kindled but the least or smallest part,  
Of this your late vnnaturall rebellion?  
Speake for I dare the vttermoost you can.

*Mur,* In and out vpon occasion I know you not.

## *The first part of*

1750 *Har.* No, didst not say that sir Iohn Old-castle,  
Was one with whom you purposde to haue met?

*Mur.* True, I did say so, but in what respect?  
Because I heard it was reported so.

*Har.* Was there no other argument but that?

*Act.* To cleere my conscience ere I die my lord,  
I must confesse, we haue no other ground  
But only Rumor, to accuse this lord,  
Which now I see was merely fabulous.

*Har.* The more pernicious you to taint him then,  
1760 Whome you knew not was faulty yea or no.

*Cobb.* Let this my Lord, which I present your grace  
Speake for my loyalty, reade these articles,  
And then giue sentence of my life or death.

*Har.* Earle Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray corrupted  
With bribes from Charles of France, either to winne  
My Crowne from me, or secretly contriue  
My death by treason? Is this possible?

*Cobb.* There is the platforme, and their hands, my lord,  
Each feuerally subscribed to the same.

1770 *Har.* Oh neuer heard of base ingratitude!  
Euen those I hugge within my bosome most,  
Are readiest euermore to sting my heart.  
Pardon me Cobham, I haue done thee wrong,  
Heereafter I will liue to make amends.

Is then their time of meeting so neere hand?  
Weele meete with them, but little for their ease,  
If God permit: goe take these rebells hence,  
Let them haue martiall law: but as for thee,  
Friend to thy king and country, still be free. *Exeunt.*

1780 *Murl.* Be it more or lesse, what a world is this?  
Would I had continued still of the order of knaues,  
And neuer sought knighthood, since it costes  
So deere: sir Roger, I may thanke you for all.

*Acton* Now tis too late to haue it remedied,  
I pritheo Murley doe not vrge me with it.

*Hunt.*

## *Sir Iohn Old-castle*

*Hunt.* Will you away, and make no more to do?

*Murl.* Fy paltry paltry, to and fro, as occasion ferues,  
If you be so hafty take my place.

*Hunt.* No good fir knight, you shall begin in your hand.

*Murl.* I could be glad to giue you betters place. *Exeunt.* 1790

*Enter Bishop, lord Warden, Croamer the Shrieue, Lady Cob. and attendants.* *Act IV*  
*sc. iii*

*Bishop* I tell ye Lady, its not possible  
But you should know where he conueies himselfe,  
And you haue hid him in some secreet place.

*Lady* My Lord, beleue me, as I haue a soule,  
I know not where my lord my husband is.

*Bishop* Go to, go to, ye are an heretike,  
And will be forc'de by torture to confesse,  
If faire meanes will not serue to make ye tell. 1800

*Lady* My husband is a noble gentleman,  
And neede not hide himselfe for anie fact  
That ere I heard of, therefore wrong him not.

*Bishop* Your husband is a dangerous schismaticke,  
Traitor to God, the King, and common wealth,  
And theretefore master Croamer shrieue of Kent,  
I charge you take her to your custodie,  
And ceaze the goods of Sir Iohn Old-castle  
To the Kings vse, let her go in no more,  
To fetch so much as her apparell out, 1810  
There is your warrant from his maiestie.

*L. War.* Good my Lord Bishop pacifie your wrath  
Against the Lady.

*Bish.* Then let her confesse  
Where Old-castle her husband is conceald.

*L. War.* I dare engage mine honor and my life,  
Poore gentlewoman, she is ignorant,  
And innocent of all his practises,  
If any euill by him be practised.

*Bish.* If my Lord Warden? nay then I charge you, 1820  
That

## *The first part of*

That all the cinque Ports whereof you are chiefe,  
Be laid forthwith, that he escape vs not,  
Shew him his highneffewarrant M. Shrieue.

*L. War.* I am forie for the noble gentleman, *Enter Old-ca-  
Bish.* Peace, he comes here, now do your office. *fle & Harp.*

*Old-castle* Harpoole what bufineffe haue we here in hand?

VVhat makes the Bifhop and the Shiriffe here,  
I feare my comming home is dangerous,  
I would I had not made fuch hafte to Cobham.

1830 *Harp.* Be of good cheere my Lord, if they be foes wee le  
scramble fhrewdly with them, if they be friends they are wel-  
come: one of them (my Lord Warden) is your friend, but me  
thinks my ladie weepes, I like not that.

*Croo.* Sir Iohn Old-castle Lord Cobham, in the Kings  
maiefties name, I arrest ye of high treason.

*Oldca.* Treason M. Croomes?

*Harp.* Treason M. Shrieue, sbloud what treason?

*Oldca.* Harpoole I charge thee ftirre not, but be quiet ftill,  
Do ye arrest me M. Shrieue for treason?

1840 *Bish.* Yea of high treason, traitor, heretike.

*Oldca.* Defiance in his face that calls me fo,

I am as true a loyall gentleman

Vnto his highneffe, as my prowdeftemie,

The King fhall witneffe my late faithfull feruice,

For fafety of his facred maieftie.

*Bish.* VVhat thou art, the kings hand fhall teftifie,  
Shewt him Lord Warden.

*Old.* Iefu defend me,

Is't poffible your cunning could fo temper

1850 The princely difpofition of his mind,

To figne the damage of a royall fubiect?

Well, the beft is, it beares an antedate,

Procured by my abfence, and your malice,

But I, fince that, haue fhewd my felfe as true,

As any churchman that dare challenge me,

Let me be brought before his maieftie,

If



## *sir John Old-castle.*

If he acquite me not, then do your worst.

*Bish.* We are not bound to do kind offices  
For any traitor, schismatike, nor heretike,  
The kings hand is our warrant for our worke, 1860  
Who is departed on his way for France,  
And at Southhampton doth repose this night.

*Harp.* O that it were the blessed will of God, that thou  
and I were within twenty mile of it, on Salisbury plaine! I  
would lose my head if euer thou broughtst thy head hither a-  
gaine. *aside.*

*Oldca.* My Lord Warden o'th cinque Ports, & my Lord of  
Rochester, ye are ioynt Commissioners, fauor me so much,  
On my expence to bring me to the king.

*Bish.* What, to Southhampton? 1870

*Oldca.* Thither my god Lord,  
And if he do not cleere me of al guilt,  
And all suspection of conspiracie,  
Pawning his princely warrant for my truth:  
I aske no fauour, but extreamest torture.  
Bring me, or send me to him, good my Lord,  
Good my Lord Warden, M Shrieue, entreate.

*Here the Lord Warden, and Cromer vncouer to the Bishop, and  
secretly whispers with him.*

Come hither lady, nay, sweet wife forbear, 1880  
To heape one sorrow on anothers necke,  
Tis grieue enough falsly to be accusde,  
And not permitted to acquite my selfe,  
Do not thou with thy kind respectiue teares,  
Torment thy husbands heart that bleedes for thee,  
But be of comfort, God hath help in store,  
For those that put assured trust in him.

Deere wife, if they commit me to the Tower,  
Come vp to London to your sisters house:  
That being neere me, you may comfort me. 1890  
One solace find I fetled in my soule,  
That I am free from treafons very thought,

H

Only

## The first part of

Only my conscience for the Gospels sake,  
Is cause of all the troubles I sustaine.

*Lady.* O my deere Lord, what shall betide of vs?  
You to the Tower, and I turnd out of doores,  
Our substance ceaz'd vnto his highnesse vse,  
Euen to the garments longing to our backes.

*Harp.* Patience good madame, things at worst will mend,  
1900 And if they doe not, yet our liues may end.

*Bish.* Vrge it no more, for if an Angell spake,  
I sweare by sweet faint Peters blessed keyes,  
First goes he to the Tower, then to the stake.

*Crom.* But by your leaue, this warrant doth not stretch  
To imprison her.

*Bishop* No, turne her out of doores, *L. Warden and*  
Euen as she is, and leade him to the Tower, *Oldcastle whisper.*  
With guard enough for feare of rescuing.

*Lady* O God requite thee thou bloud-thirsty man.

1910 *Oldca.* May it not be my Lord of Rochester?

Wherein haue I incurd your hate so farre,  
That my appeale vnto the King's denide?

*Bish.* No hate of mine, but power of holy church,  
Forbids all fauor to false heretikes.

*Oldca.* Your priuate malice more than publike power,  
Strikes most at me, but with my life it ends.

*Harp.* O that I had the Bishop in that feare, *aside*  
That once I had his Sumner by our felues.

*Crom.* My Lord yet graunt one sute vnto vs all,  
1920 That this fame auncient seruing man may waite  
Vpon my lord his master in the Tower.

*Bish.* This old iniquitie, this heretike?  
That in contempt of our church discipline,  
Compeld my Sumner to deuoure his proceffe!  
Old Ruffian past-grace, vpstart schismatike,  
Had not the King prayd vs to pardon ye,  
Ye had fryed for it, ye grizild heretike.

*Harp.* Sbloud my lord Bishop, ye do me wrong, I am nei-  
ther

## *sir Iohn Old-castle*

ther heretike nor puritane, but of the old church, ile sweare,  
drinke ale, kisse a wench, go to masse, eate fish all Lent, and fast 1930  
fridaies with cakes and wine, fruite and spicerie, shriue me of  
my old sinnes afore Easter, and beginne new afore whitson-  
tide.

*Crom.* A merie mad conceited knaue my lord.

*Harp.* That knaue was simply put vpon the Bishop.

*Bish.* VVel, God forgiue him and I pardon him.

Let him attend his master in the Tower,  
For I in charity wish his soule no hurt.

*Oldca.* God bleffe my soule from such cold charitie,

*Bish.* Too'th Tower with him, and when my leifure serues, 1940  
I will examine him of Articles,  
Looke my lord Warden as you haue in charge,  
The Shriue performe his office.

*L. Ward.* Yes my lord.

*Enter the Sumner with  
bookes.*

*Bish.* VVhat bringst thou there? what? bookes of herefie.

*Som.* Yea my lord, heres not a latine booke,

No not so much as our ladies Pfalter,  
Heres the Bible, the testament, the Psalmes in meter,  
The sickemans salue, the treasure of gladnesse, 1950  
And al in English, not so much but the Almanack's English.

*Bish.* Away with them, to'th fire with them Clun,  
Now fie vpon these vpstart heretikes,  
Al English, burne them, burne them quickly Clun.

*Harp.* But doe not Sumner as youle anfwere it, for I haue  
there English bookes my lord, that ile not part with for your  
Bishoppicke, Beuis of Hampton, Owleglasse, the Frier and  
the Boy, Ellen of Ruming, Robin hood, and other such  
godly stories, which if ye burne, by this flesh ile make ye drink  
their ashes in S. Margets ale. *exeunt.*

*Enter the Bishop of Rochester with his men, in Act IV  
liuerie coates. sc. iv*

*i. Ser.* Is it your honors pleasure we shal stay,  
Or come backe in the afternoone to fetch you.

H 2

*Bish.* 1964

## The first part of

- Bish.* Now you haue brought me heere into the Tower,  
You may go backe vnto the Porters Lodge,  
And send for drinke or such things as you want,  
Where if I haue occasion to imploy you,  
Ile send some officer to cal you to me.
- 1970 Into the cittie go not, I commaund you,  
Perhaps I may haue present neede to vse you.  
2 We will attend your worship here without.  
*Bish.* Do so, I pray you.  
3 Come, we may haue a quart of wine at the Rose at Bark-  
ing, I warrant you, and come backe an hower before he be  
ready to go.  
1 We must hie vs then.  
3 Let's away. *exeunt.*
- Bish.* Ho, M. Lieftenant.  
1980 *Lieften.* Who calls there?  
*Bish.* A friend of yours.  
*Lieften.* Mylord of Rochester, your honor's welcome.  
*Bish.* Sir heres my warrant from the Counsell,  
For conference with sir Iohn Old-castle,  
Vpon some matter of great consequence.  
*Lieften.* Ho, sir Iohn.  
*Harp.* Who calls there?  
*Lieften.* Harpoole, tel Sir Iohn, that my lord of Rochester  
comes from the counsell to conferre with him.
- 1990 *Harp.* I will sir.  
*Lief.* I thinke you may as safe without suspition,  
As any man in England as I heare,  
For it was you most labor'd his commitment.  
*Bish.* I did sir, and nothing repent it I assure you.  
*Enter sir Iohn Old-castle.*  
M. Lieftenant I pray you giue vs leaue,  
I must conferre here with sir Iohn a little.  
*Lief.* With all my heart my lord.  
*Harp aside.* My lord be rulde by me, take this occasion  
2000 while tis offered, and on my life your lordship shal escape.  
*Old-ca.*

## *Sir John Old-castle.*

*Old-ca.* No more I say, peace left he should suspect it.

*Bish.* Sir Iohn I am come vnto you from the lords of his highnesse most honorable counsell, to know if yet you do recant your errors, conforming you vnto the holy church.

*Old-ca.* My lord of Rochester on good aduise,  
I see my error, but yet vnderstand me,  
I meane not error in the faith I hold,  
But error in submitting to your pleasure,  
Therefore your lordship without more to do,  
Must be a meanes to help me to escape. 2010

*Bish.* What meanes? thou heretike?  
Darst thou but lift thy hand against my calling?

*Sir Iohn* No not to hurt you for a thousand pound,

*Harp.* Nothing but to borrow your vpper garments a little; not a word more, for if you do, you die: peace, for waking the children, there, put them on, dispatch, my lord, the window that goes out into the leads, is sure enough, I told you that before, there, make you ready, ile conuay him after, and bind him surely in the inner roome.

*Old-ca.* This is wel begun, God send vs happie speed,  
Hard shift you see men make in time of need: Harpoole. 2020

*Harp.* Heere my Lord, come come away.

*Enter seruing men againe.*

*Act IV*  
*sc. v*

1 I maruell that my lord should stay so long.

2 He hath sent to seeke vs, I dare lay my life.

3 We come in good time, see where he is comming.

*Harp.* I beseech you good my lord of Rochester, be fauorable to my lord and maister.

*Old-ca.* The inner roomes be very hot and close,  
I do not like this ayre here in the Tower. 2030

*Harp.* His case is hard my lord, you shall safely get out of the Tower, but I will downe vpon them, in which time get you away.

*Old-ca.* Fellow thou troublest me.

*Harp.* Heare me my Lord, hard vnder Islington wait you my comming, I will bring my Lady ready, with horses

## The first part of

to conuay you hence.

*Old-ca.* Fellow, go back againe vnto thy Lord and counsell him.

2040 *Harp.* Nay my good lord of Rochester, ile bring you to S. Albons through the woods, I warrant you.

*Old-ca.* Villaine away.

*Harp.* Nay since I am past the Towers libertie, thou part'ft not fo. *he drawes.*

*Bish.* Clubbes, clubs, clubs.

1 Murther, murther murther.

2 Downe with him. *they fight.*

3 A villaine traitor.

*Harp.* You cowardly rogues. *sir Iohn escapes.*

2050 *Enter Lieftenant and his men.*

*Lieft.* Who is so bold as dare to draw a sword,  
So neare vnto the entrance of the Tower?

1 This ruffian seruant to sir Iohn Old-castle was like to haue flaine my Lord.

*Lieft.* Lay hold on him.

*Harp.* Stand off if you loue your puddings.

*Rochester calls within.*

*Roch within.* Help, help, help, M. Lieftenant help.

2060 *Lief.* Who's that within? some treason in the Tower vpon my life, looke in, who's that which calls? *enter Roch. bound.*

*Lief.* Without your cloke my lord of Rochester?

*Harp.* There, now it workes, then let me speed, for now is the fittest time for me to scape away. *exit*

*Lief.* Why do you looke so ghastly and affrighted?

*Roch.* Old-castle that traitor and his man,  
When you had left me to conferre with him,  
Tooke, bound, and stript me, as you see,  
And left me lying in his inner chamber,  
And so departed, and I

2070 *Lief.* And you! ne're say, that the Lord Cobhams man  
Did here fet vpon you like to murther you.

1 And so he did.

*Roch.*

## *sir Iohn Old-castle.*

*Roch.* It was vpon his master then he did,  
That in the brawle the traitor might escape.

*Lief.* Where is this Harpoole?

2 Here he was euen now.

*Lief.* Where can you tell? they are both escap'd,  
Since it so happens that he is escap'de,  
I am glad you are a witnesse of the same,  
It might haue else beene laid vnto my charge,  
That I had beene consenting to the fact.

2080

*Roch.* Come, searck shal be made for him with expedition,  
the hauens laid that he shall not escape, and hue and crie conti-  
nue thorough England, to find this damned dangerous here-  
tike.

*exeunt.*

*Enter Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, as in a chamber, and set Act 1*  
*downe at a table, consulting about their treason: King Harry sc. i*  
*and Suffolke listning at the doore.*

*Camb.* In mine opinion, Scroope hath well aduifde,  
Poison will be the only aptest meane,  
And fittest for our purpose to dispatch him.

2090

*Gray* But yet there may be doubt in their deliuey,  
Harry is wise, therefore Earle of Cambridge,  
I Iudge that way not so conuenient.

*Scroop* What thinke ye then of this? I am his bedfellow,  
And vn suspected nightly sleepe with him.  
VVhat if I venture in those silent houres,  
VVhen sleepe hath sealed vp all mortall eies,  
To murder him in bed? how like ye that?

*Camb.* Herein consistes no safetie for your selfe,  
And you disclofde, what shall become of vs?  
But this day (as ye know) he will aboard,  
The wind so faire, and set away for France,  
If as he goes, or entring in the ship,  
It might be done, then it were excellent,

2100

*Gray* VVhy any of these, or if you will,  
Ule cause a present fitting of the Councill,  
VVherein I will pretend some matter of such weight,

As

## The first part of

As needes must haue his royall company,  
2110 And to dispatch him in the Councell chamber.

*Camb.* Tush, yet I heare not any thing to purpose,  
I wonder that lord Cobham staies so long,  
His counsell in this case would much auaille vs.

*They rise from the table, and the King steps  
in to them, with his Lordes.*

*Scroop* What shalwe rise thus, and determine nothing?

*Har.* That were a shame indeede, no, sit againe,  
And you shall haue my counsell in this case,  
If you can find no way to kill this King,  
2120 Then you shall see how I can further ye,  
Scroopes way by poison was indifferent,  
But yet being bed-fellow vnto the King,  
And vn suspected sleeping in his bosome,  
In mine opinion, that's the likelier way,  
For such false friends are able to do much,  
And silent night is Treason's fittest friend,  
Now, Cambridge in his setting hence for France,  
Or by the way, or as he goes aboard,  
To do the deed, that was indifferent too,  
2130 Yet somewhat doubtful; might I speake my mind,  
For many reasons needeleffe now to vrge.  
Mary Lord Gray came something neare the point,  
To haue the King at councell, and there murder him,  
As Cæsar was amongst his dearest friends:  
None like to that, if all were of his mind.  
Tell me oh tel me, you bright honors staines,  
For which of all my kindnesse to you,  
Are ye become thus traitors to your king?  
And France must haue the spoile of Harries life?

2140 *All.* Oh pardon vs dread lord. *all kneeling.*

*Har.* How, pardon ye? that were a sinne indeed,  
Drag them to death, which iustly they deserue, *they leade*  
And France shall dearely buy this villany, *them away.*  
So soone as we set footing on her breast,

God



## *sir John Old-castle.*

God haue the praife for our deliuerance,  
And next, our thankes (Lord Cobham) is to thee,  
True perfect mirror of nobilitie. *exeunt.*

*Enter the hoste, sir Iohn Old-castle, and Harpoole. Act V*

*Hoste* Sir, you are welcome to this house, to such as heere is *sc. iv*  
with all my heart, but by the masse I feare your lodging wilbe 2150  
the woorst, I haue but two beds, and they are both in a cham-  
ber, and the carier and his daughter lies in the one, and you and  
your wife must lie in the other.

*L. Cobb.* In faith sir, for my selfe I doe not greatly passe,  
My wife is weary, and would be at rest,  
For we haue traueled very far to day,  
We must be content with such as you haue.

*Hoste* But I cannot tell how to doe with your man.

*Harpoole* What, hast thou neuer an empty roome in thy  
house for me? 2160

*Hoste* Not a bedde by my troth: there came a poore Irish  
man, and I lodgde him in the barne, where he has faire straw,  
though he haue nothing else.

*Harp.* Well mine hoste, I pray thee helpe mee to a payre of  
faire sheetes, and Ile go lodge with him.

*Hoste* By the masse that thou shalt, a good payre of hem-  
pen sheetes, were neuer laine in: Come. *exeunt.*

*Enter Constable, Maior, and Watch. Act V*

*Maior* What haue you searcht the towne? *sc. v*

*Const.* All the towne sir, we haue not left a house vnsearcht 2170  
that vses to lodge.

*Maior* Surely my lord of Rochester was then deceiude,  
Or ill informde of sir Iohn Old-castle,  
Or if he came this way, hees past the towne,  
He could not else haue scapt you in the search.

*Const.* The priuy watch hath beene abroad all night,  
And not a stranger lodgeth in the towne  
But he is knowne, onely a lusty priest  
VVe found in bed with a pretty wench,

## The first part of

2180 That faves she is his wife, yonder at the sheeres:  
But we haue chargde the hoste with his forth comming  
To morow morning.

*Maior* What thinke you best to do?

*Const.* Faith maister maior, heeres a few stragling houfes beyond the bridge, and a little Inne where cariers vse to lodge, though I thinke surely he would nere lodge there: but weele go search, & the rather, because therecame notice to the towne the last night of an Irish man, that had done a murder, whome

2189 we are to make search for.

*Maior* Come I pray you, and be circumspect. *exeunt*

*Act V* *Const.* First beset the house, before you begin the search.

*sc. vi* *Officer* Content, euery man take a feuerall place.

*heere is heard a great noyse within.*

Keepe, keepe, strike him downe there, downe with him.

*Enter Constable with the Irish man in Harpooles apparell.*

*Con.* Come you villainous heretique, confesse where your maister is.

*Irish man* Vat mester?

*Maior* Vat mester, you counterfeit rebell, this shall not  
2200 serue your turne.

*Irish man* Be sent Patrike I ha no mester.

*Con.* VVheres the lord Cobham fir Iohn Old-castle that lately is escaped out of the Tower.

*Irish man* Vat lort Cobham?

*Maior* You counterfeit, this shal not serue you, weele torture you, weele make you to confesse where that arch-heretique Lord Cobham is: come binde him fast.

2208 *Irish man* Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree.

*Con.* Ahone, you crafty rascal? *exeunt.*

*Act V* *Lord Cobham comes out in his gowne stealing.*

*sc. vii* *Cobb.* Harpoole, Harpoole, I heare a maruelous noyse about the house, God warant vs, I feare wee are pursued: what Harpoole.

*Harp. within.* VVho calles there?

*Cobb.* Tis I, doft thou not heare a noyse about the house?

*Harp.*

## *sir Iohn Old-castle.*

*Harp.* Yes mary doe I, zwounds, I can not finde my hofe, this Irish rascall that was lodgde with me all night, hath stolne my apparell, and has left me nothing but a lowfie mantle, and a paire of broags. Get vp, get vp, and if the carier and his wench be asleep, change you with them as he hath done with me, and see if we can escape. 2220

*A noyse againe heard about the house, a pretty while, then enter the Constable meeting Harpoole in the Irish mans apparel.* Act V sc. viii

*Con.* Stand close, heere comes the Irish man that didde the murther, by all tokens, this is he.

*Maior* And perceiuing the house beset, would get away: stand firra.

*Harp.* What art thou that bidst me stand?

*Con.* I am the Officer, and am come to search for an Irish man, such a villaine as thy selfe, that hast murdered a man this last night by the hie way. 2230

*Harp.* Sbloud Constable, art thou madde? am I an Irish man?

*Maior* Sirra, weele finde you an Irish man before we part: lay hold vpon him.

*Con.* Make him fast: O thou bloody rogue!

*Enter Lord Cobham and his lady in the carrier and wenches apparel.*

*Cobham* What will these Ostlers sleepe all day? Good morow, good morow, Come wench, come, Saddle, faddle, now afore God too foord-dayes, ha? 2240

*Con.* Who comes there?

*Maior* Oh tis Lankashire carier, let him passe.

*Cobham* What, will no body open the gates here? Come, lets int stable to looke to our capons.

*The carrier calling.*

*Club calling* Hofte, why ostler, zwookes, heres such a bo- mination company of boies: a pox of this pigstie at the house end, it filles all the house full of fleas, ostler, ostler. 2250

*Ostler* Who calles there, what would you haue?

## *The first part of*

*Club* Zwookes, do you robbe your ghefts? doe you lodge rogues and slaues, and scoundrels, ha? they ha stolne our cloths here: why ostler?

*Ostler* A murrein choake you, what a bawling you keepe.

*Hoste* How now, what woulde the carrier haue? looke vp there.

*Ostler* They say that the man and woman that lay by them haue stolne their clothes.

2260 *Hoste* VVhat, are the strange folkes vp yet that came in yester night?

*Const.* VVhat mine hoste, vp so early?

*Hoste* VVhat, maister Maior, and maister Constable!

*Maior* VVe are come to seeke for some suspected persons, and such as heere we found, haue apprehended.

*Enter the Carrier and Kate in lord Cobbam and ladies' apparell.*

*Con.* VVho comes heere?

*Club* VVho comes heere? a plague found ome, you bawle quoth a, ods hat, Ile forzweare your house, you lodgde a fellow and his wife by vs that ha runne away with our parrel, and left vs such gew-gawes here, come Kate, come to mee, thowfe dizeward yfaith.

*Maior* Mine hoste, know you this man?

*Hoste* Yes maister Maior, Ile giue my word for him, why neighbor Club, how comes this geare about?

*Kate* Now a fowle ont, I can not make this gew-gaw stand on my head, now the lads and the lasses won flowt me too too

*Const.* How came this man and woman thus attired?

2280 *Hoste* Here came a man and woman hither this last night, which I did take for substantiall people, and lodgde all in one chamber by these folkes: mee thinkes, haue beene so bolde to change apparell, and gone away this morning ere they rose.

*Maior* That was that villaine traitour Old-castle, that thus escaped vs: make out huyand cryyet after him, keepe fast that traiterous rebell his seruant there: farewell mine hoste.

*Carrier* Come Kate Owdham, thou and Ise trimly dizard.

*Kate* Ifaith neame Club, Ise wot nere what to do, Ise be so flowted

## *sir John Old-castle.*

flowted and so showted at: but byth messe He cry. *exeunt.*

*Enter Priest and Doll.*

*Act V*

*sc. ii*

*sir Iohn* Come Dol, come, be mery wench,  
Farewell Kent, we are not for thee,  
Be lusty my lasse, come for Lancashire,  
We must nip the Boung for these crownes.

2292

*Doll* Why is all the gold spent already that you had the o-  
ther day?

*sir Iohn* Gone Doll, gone, flowne, spent, vanished, the diuel,  
drinke and the dice, has deuoured all.

*Doll* You might haue left me in Kent, that you might, vntil  
you had bin better prouided, I could haue staid at Cobham.

*sir Iohn* No Dol, no, ile none of that, Kent's too hot Doll, <sup>2300</sup>  
Kent's too hot: the weathercocke of Wrotham will crow no  
longer, we haue pluckt him, he has lost his feathers, I haue  
prunde him bare, left him thrice, is moulted, is moulted, wēch.

*Doll* Faith sir Iohn, I might haue gone to seruice againe,  
old maister Harpoole told me he would prouide me a mistris.

*sir Iohn* Peace Doll, peace, come mad wench, Ile make thee  
an honest woman, weele into Lancashire to our friends, the  
troth is, Ile marry thee, we want but a little mony to buy vs a  
horse, and to spend by the way, the next sheep that comes shal  
loose his fleece, weele haue these crownes wench I warrant <sup>2310</sup>  
thee: stay, who comes here? some Irish villaine me thinkes that

*enter the Irish man with his master slaine.*

has slaine a man, and drawes him out of the way to rifle him:  
stand clofe Doll, weele see the end.

*The Irish man falls to rifle his master.*

Alas poe mester, S. Rishard Lee, be saint Patricke is rob and  
cut thy trote, for dee shaine, and dy money, and dee gold ring,  
be me truly is loue thee wel, but now dow be kil thee, bee shitten  
kanaue.

*sir Iohn.* Stand firra, what art thou?

2320

*Irishman.* Besaint Patricke mester is pore Irifman, is aleufter.

*sir Iohn* Sirra, firra, you are a damned rogue, you haue kil-  
led a man here, and rifled him of all that he has, sbloud you

## The first part of

rogue deliuer, or ile not leaue you fo much as an Irifh haire a-boue your foulders, you whorfon Irifh dogge, firra vntruffe prefently, come off and difpatch, or by this croffe ile fetch your head off as cleane as a barke.

*Irifhman.* Wees me faint Patricke, Ife kill me mefter for chaine and his ring, and nows be rob of all, mees vndoo.

2330

*Priest robs him.*

*fir Iohn* Auant you rafcal, go firra, be walking, come Doll the diuel laughes, when one theefe robs another, come madde wench, weele to faint Albons, and reuel in our bower, hey my braue girle.

*Doll* O thou art old fir Iohn, when all's done yfaith.

*Act V*  
*fc. iii*

*Enter the hofte of the Bell, with the Irifh man.*

*Irifhman* Be me tro mefter is pore Irifman, is want ludging, is haue no mony, is ftarue and cold, good mefter giue her some meate, is famife and tie.

2340

*Hofst* Yfaith my fellow I haue no lodging, but what I keep for my gueffe, that I may not difapoint, as for meate thou fhalt haue fuch as there is, & if thou wilt lie in the barne, theres faire ftraw, and roome enough.

*Irifhman* Is thanke my mefter hartily, de ftraw is good bed for me.

*Hofst* Ho Robin?

*Robin* Who calls?

*Hofst* Shew this poore Irifhman into the barne, go firra.

*exeunt.*

2350

*Enter carrier and Kate.*

*Club.* Ho, who's within here, who lookes to the horfes? Gods hatte heres fine worke, the hens in the manger, and the hogs in the litter, a bots found you all, heres a houfe well lookt too yvaith.

*Kate* Mas goffe Club, Ife very cawd.

*Club.* Get in Kate, get in to fier and warme thee.

*Club* Ho Iohn Hofstler.

*Hofstler* What gaffer Club, welcome to faint Albons, How does all our friends in Lancashire?

*Club.*

## *sir Iohn Old-castle*

*Club* Well God haue mercie Iohn, how does Tom, wheres 2360  
he?

*Hostler* O Tom is gone from hence, hees at the three  
horse-loues at Stony-stratford, how does old Dick Dunne?

*Club* Gods hatte old Dunne has bin moyerd in a slough in  
Brickhil-lane, a plague found it, yonder is such abhomination  
weather as neuer was seene.

*Hostler.* Gods hat thiefe, haue one half pecke of peafe and  
oates more for that, as I am Iohn Ostler, hee has been euer as  
good a iade as euer traueled.

*Club* Faith well said old Iacke, thou art the old lad ftill. 2370

*Hostler* Come Gaffer Club, vnlobe, vnlobe, and get to sup-  
per, and Ile rub dunne the while. Come. *exeunt.*

*Enter sir Iohn Old-castle, and his Lady disguisde. Act V*

*Oldca.* Come Madam, happily escapt, here let vs sit, *sc. ix*  
This place is farre remote from any path,  
And here awhile our weary limbs may rest,  
To take refreshing, free from the pursuite  
Of enuious Winchefter.

*Lady* But where (my Lord,)  
Shall we find rest for our disquiet minds? 2380  
There dwell vntamed thoughts that hardly stoupe,  
To such abasement of disdained rags,  
We were not wont to trauell thus by night,  
Especially on foote.

*Oldca.* No matter loue,  
Extremities admit no better choice,  
And were it not for thee, say froward time,  
Imposde a greater taske, I would esteeme it  
As lightly as the wind that blowes vpon vs,  
But in thy sufferance I am doubly taskt, 2390  
Thou wast not wont to haue the earth thy stoole,  
Nor the moist dewy grasse thy pillow, nor  
Thy chamber to be the wide horrifon,

*Lady* How can it seeme a trouble, hauing you  
A partner with me, in the worst I feele?

No

## *The first part of*

No gentle Lord, your presence would giue ease  
To death it selfe, should he now seaze vpon me,  
Behold what my foresight hath vndertane *heres bread and*  
For feare we faint, they are but homely cates, *cheefe & a bottle.*  
2400 Yet faucde with hunger, they may seeme as sweete,  
As greater dainties we were wont to taste.

*Oldca.* Praise be to him whose plentie sends both this,  
And all things else our mortall bodies need,  
Nor sorne we this poore feeding, nor the state  
We now are in, for what is it on earth,  
Nay vnder heauen, continues at a stay?  
Ebbes not the sea, when it hath ouerflowne?  
Floues not darknes when the day is gone?  
And see we not sometime the eie of heauen,  
2410 Dimmd with ouerflying clowdes: theres not that worke  
Of carefull nature, or of cunning art,  
(How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be)  
But falls in time to ruine: here gentle Madame,  
In this one draught I wash my sorrow downe. *drinkes.*

*Lady* And I incoragde with your cheerefull speech,  
Wil do the like.

*Oldca.* Pray God poore Harpoole come,  
If he should fall into the Bishops hands,  
Or not remember where we bade him meete vs,  
2420 It were the thing of all things else, that now  
Could breede reuolt in this new peace of mind.

*Lady* Feare not my Lord, hees witty to deuise,  
And strong to execute a present shift.

*Oldca.* That power be stil his guide hath guided vs,  
My drowfie eies waxe heauy, earely rising,  
Together with the trauell we haue had,  
Make me that I could gladly take a nap,  
Were I perswaded we might be secure.

*Lady* Let that depend on me, whilst you do sleepe,  
2430 Ile watch that no misfortune happen vs,  
Lay then your head vpon my lap sweete Lord,

And



## *sir Iohn Old-castle*

And boldly take your rest.

*Oldca.* I shal deare wife,  
Be too much trouble to thee.

*Lady* Vrge not that,  
My duty binds me, and your loue commands.  
I would I had the skil with tuned voyce,  
To draw on sleep with some sweet melodie,  
But imperfectoin and vnaptnesse too,  
Are both repugnant, feare inserts the one, 244<sup>o</sup>  
The other nature hath denied me vse.  
But what talke I of meanes to purchase that,  
Is freely hapned? sleepe with gentle hand,  
Hath shut his eie-liddes, oh victorious labour,  
How soone thy power can charme the bodies sence?  
And now thou likewise climbst vnto my braine,  
Making my heauy temples stoupe to thee,  
Great God of heauen from danger keepe vs free. *both sleepes.*

*Enter sir Richard Lee, and his men*

*Lee.* A murder closely done and in my ground? 245<sup>o</sup>  
Search carefully, if any where it were,  
This obscure thicket is the likeliest place.

*seruant.* Sir I haue found the body stiffe with cold,  
And mangled cruelly with many wounds.

*Lee* Looke if thou knowest him, turne his body vp,  
Alacke it is my son, my sonne and heire,  
Whom two yeares since, I sent to Ireland,  
To practise there the discipline of warre,  
And comming home (for so he wrote to me)  
Some sauage hart, some bloody diuellish hand, 246<sup>o</sup>  
Either in hate, or thirsting for his coyne,  
Hath here slucde out his bloud, vnhappy houre,  
Accursed place, but most inconstant fate,  
That hadst referude him from the bullets fire,  
And suffered him to scape the wood-karnes fury,  
Didst here ordaine the treasure of his life,  
(Euen here within the armes of tender peace,

K

And

## *The first part of*

And where security gate greatest hope)  
To be consumed by treasons wastefull hand?

2470 And what is most afflicting to my soule,  
That this his death and murder should be wrought,  
Without the knowledge by whose meanes twas done,  
2 *feru.* Not so fir, I haue found the authors of it,  
See where they sit, and in their bloody siftes,  
The fatall instruments of death and sinne.

*Lee* Iust iudgement of that power, whose gracious eie,  
Loathing the sight of such a hainous fact,  
Dazeled their senses with benumbing sleepe,  
Till their vnhallowed treachery were knowne:

2480 Awake ye monsters, murderers awake,  
Tremble for horror, blush you cannot chuse,  
Beholding this inhumane deed of yours.

*Old.* What meane you fir to trouble weary soules,  
And interrupt vs of our quiet sleepe?

*Lee* Oh diuellish! can you boast vnto your selues  
Of quiet sleepe, hauing within your hearts  
The guilt of murder waking, that with cries  
Deafes the lowd thunder, and sollicites heauen,  
With more than Mandrakes shreekes for your offence?

2490 *Lady Old.* What murder? you vpbraid vs wrongfully.

*Lee* Can you deny the fact? see you not heere,  
The body of my sonne by you mis-done?  
Looke on his wounds, looke on his purple hew:  
Do we not finde you where the deede was done?  
Were not your kniues fast closed in your hands?  
Is not this cloth an argument beside,  
Thus stained and spotted with his innocent blood?  
These speaking characters, were nothing else  
To pleade against ye, would conuict you both.

2500 Bring them away, bereauers of my ioy,  
At Hartford where the Sifes now are kept,  
Their liues shall answere for my sonnes lost life.

*Old-castle* As we are innocent, so may we speede.

*Lee*

## *sir John Old-castle.*

*Lee* As I am wrongd, so may the law proceede. *exeunt.*

*Enter bishop of Rochester, constable of S. Albons, with sir Iohn Act V  
of Wrotham, Doll his wench, and the Irishman in Har- sc. x  
pooles apparell.*

*Bishop* What intricate confusion haue we heere?  
Not two houres since we apprehended one,  
In habite Irish, but in speech, not so: 2510

And now you bring another, that in speech  
Is altogether Irish, but in habite  
Seemes to be English: yea and more than so,  
The seruant of that heretike Lord Cobham.

*Irishman* Fait me be no seruant of the lord Cobhams,  
Me be Mack Chane of Vlster.

*Bishop* Otherwise calld Harpoole of Kent, go to sir,  
You cannot blinde vs with your broken Irish.

*sir Iohn* Trust me, my Lord Bishop, whether Irish,  
Or English, Harpoole or not Harpoole, that 2520  
I leaue to be decided by the triall:

But sure I am this man by face and speech  
Is he that murdred yong sir Richard Lee:  
I met him presently vpon the fact,  
And that he slew his maister for that gold,  
Those iewells, and that chaine I tooke from him.

*Bishop* Well, our affaires doe call vs backe to London,  
So that we cannot profecute the cause  
As we desire to do, therefore we leaue  
The charge with you, to see they be conuaide 2530  
To Hartford Sife: both this counterfaite

And you sir Iohn of Wrotham, and your wench,  
For you are culpable as well as they,  
Though not for murder, yet for felony.

But since you are the meanes to bring to light  
This gracelesse murder, you shall beare with you,  
Our letters to the Iudges of the bench,  
To be your friendes in what they lawfull may.

*sir Iohn* I thanke your Lordship. 2539

## The first part of

*Bish.* So, away with them. *exeunt.*

*Act V*  
*sc. xi* *Enter Gaoler and his man, bringing forth Old castle.*

*Gaoler* Bring forth the prifoners, see the court preparede,

The Iuftices are comming to the bench.

So, let him stand, away, and fetch the rest. *exeunt.*

*Old.* Oh giue me patience to indure this fcouge,

Thou that art fountaine of that vertuous ftream,

And though contempt, false witnes, and reproch

Hang on thefe yron gyues, to preffe my life

As low as earth, yet ftrengthen me with faith,

2550 That I may mount in fpirite aboue the cloudes.

*Enter Gaoler bringing in Lady Old-castle, and Harpoole.*

Here comes my lady, forow tis for her,

Thy wound is greuous, else I scoffe at thee.

What and poore Harpoole! art thou ith bryars too?

*Harp.* Ifaith my Lord, I am in, get out how I can.

*Lady* Say (gentle Lord) for now we are alone,

And may conferre, shall we confesse in briefe,

Of whence, and what we are, and fo preuent

The accusation is commencde against vs?

2560 *Old.* What will that helpe vs? being knowne, sweete loue,

VVe shall for heresie be put to death,

For fo they tearme the religion we professe.

No, if it be ordained we must die,

And at this instant, this our comfort be,

That of the guilt imposde, our foules are free.

*Harp.* Yea, yea my lord, Harpoole is fo resolute,

I wreake of death the lesse, in that I die

Not by the sentence of that enuious priest

The Bishop of Rochester, oh were it he,

2570 Or by his meanes that I should suffer here,

It would be double torment to my soule.

*Lady* VVell, be it then according as heauen please.

*Enter lord Iudge, two Iustices, Maior of Saint Albons, lord Powesse and his lady, and old fir Richard Lee: the Iudge and Iustices take their places.*

*Iudge*

## *Sir John Old-castle.*

*Judge* Now M. Maior, what gentleman is that,  
You bring with you, before vs, and the bench?

*Maior* The Lord Powes if it like your honor,  
And this his Lady, traouelling toward Wales,  
Who for they lodgde last night within my house, 2580  
And my Lord Bishop did lay searck for such,  
Were very willing to come on with me,  
Left for their fakes, fuspition we might wrong.

*Judge* We crie your honor mercy good my Lord,  
Wilt please ye take your place, madame your ladyship,  
May here or where you will repose your selfe,  
Vntill this bufinessse now in hand be past.

*Lady Po.* I will withdraw into some other roome,  
So that your Lordship, and the rest be pleasde.

*Judge* With all our hearts: attend the Lady there. 2590

*Lord Po.* Wife, I haue eyde yond prifoners all this while,  
And my conceit doth tel me, tis our friend,  
The noble Cobham, and his vertuous Lady.

*Lady Po.* I think no lesse, are they suspected trow ye  
For doing of this murder?

*Lord Po.* What it meanes,  
I cannot tell, but we shall know anon,  
Meane space as you passe by them, ask the question,  
But do it secr etly, you be not seene,  
And make some signe that I may know your mind. 2600

*Lady Po.* My Lord Cobham, madam? *as she passeth ouer the*

*Old.* No Cobhã now, nor madam as you loue vs, *stage by the.*  
But Iohn of Lancashire, and Ione his wife.

*Lady Po.* Oh tel, what is it that our loue can do,  
To pleafure you, for we are bound to you.

*Oldca.* Nothing but this, that you conceale our names,  
So gentle lady passe for being spied.

*Lady Po.* My heart I leaue, to beare part of your griefe. *exit.*

*Judge* Call the prifoners to the barre: sir Richard Lee,  
What euidence can you bring against these people, 2610  
To proue them guiltie of the murder done?

## The first part of

*Lee.* This bloody towell, and these naked kniues,  
Beside we found them sitting by the place,  
Where the dead body lay within a bush.

*Judge* VVhat answer you why law should not proceed,  
According to this evidence giuen in,  
To taxe ye with the penalty of death?

*Old.* That we are free from murders very thought,  
And know not how the gentleman was flaine.

2620 *1 Iust.* How came this linnen cloth so boudy then?

*Lady Cob.* My husband hot with traueilling my lord,  
His nose gusht out a bleeding, that was it. (sheathde?)

*2 Iust.* But wherefore were your sharpe edge kniues vn-

*Lady Cob.* To cut such simple victuall as we had.

*Judge* Say we admit this answer to those articles,  
VVhat made ye in so priuate a darke nooke,  
So far remote from any common path,  
As was the thicke where the dead corpes was throwne?

2630 *Old.* Iournying my lord from London from the terme,  
Downe into Lancashire where we do dwell,  
And what with age and trauell being faint,  
VVe gladly fought a place where we might rest,  
Free from resort of other passengers,  
And so we strayed into that secret corner.

*Judge* These are but ambages to driue of time,  
And linger Iustice from her purposde end.  
But who are these?

*Enter the Constable, bringing in the Irishman, sir Iohn of  
Wrotham, and Doll.*

2640 *Const.* Stay Iudgement, and release those innocents,  
For here is hee, whose hand hath done the deed,  
For which they stand indited at the barre,  
This sauage villaine, this rude Irish slaue,  
His tongue already hath confest the fact,  
And here is witnes to confirme as much.

*sir Iohn* Yes my good Lords, no sooner had he flaine  
His louing master for the wealth he had,

But

## *sir John Old-castle.*

But I vpon the instant met with him,  
And what he purchacde with the losse of bloud:  
With strokes I presently bereau'de him of, 2650  
Some of the which is spent, the rest remaining,  
I willingly surrender to the hands  
Of old sir Richard Lee, as being his,  
Beside my Lord Iudge, I greet your honor,  
With letters from my Lord of Winchester. *deliuers a letter.*

*Lee* Is this the wolfe whose thirsty throate did drinke  
My deare sonnes bloud? art thou the snake  
He cherisht, yet with enuious piercing sting,  
Affaildft him mortally? foule stigmatike,  
Thou venome of the country where thou liuedst, 2660  
And pestilence of this: were it not that law  
Stands ready to reuenge thy crueltie,  
Traitor to God, thy master, and to me,  
These hands should be thy executioner.

*Iudge* Patience sir Richard Lee, you shall haue iustice,  
And he the guerdon of his base desert,  
The fact is odious, therefore take him hence,  
And being hangde vntil the wretch be dead,  
His body after shall be hangd in chaines,  
Neare to the place, where he did act the murder. 2670

*Irish.* Prethee Lord shudge let me haue mine own clothes,  
my ftrouces there, and let me be hangd ina with after my cun-  
try, the Irish fashion. *exit.*

*Iudge* Go to, away with him, and now sir Iohn,  
Although by you, this murther came to light,  
And therein you haue well deferu'd, yet vpright law,  
So will not haue you be excusde and quit,  
For you did rob the Irishman, by which  
You stand attained here of felony,  
Beside, you haue bin lewd, and many yeares 2680  
Led a lasciuious vnbeseeing life.

*sir Iohn* Oh but my Lord, he repents, sir Iohn repents, and  
he will mend.

*Iudge.*

## The first part of

*Judge* In hope thereof, together with the fauour,  
My Lord of Wincheſter intreats for you,  
We are content you ſhall be proued.

*ſir Iohn* I thanke your good Lordſhip,

*Judge* Theſe other falſly here, accuſde, and brought  
In perill wrongfully, we in like ſort  
2690 Do ſet at liberty, paying their fees.

*Lord Po.* That office if it pleaſe ye I will do,  
For countries ſake, becauſe I know them well,  
They are my neighbours, therefore of my coſt,  
Their charges ſhall be paide.

*Lee.* And for amends,  
Touching the wrong vnwittingly I haue done,  
There are a few crownes more for them to drinke. *giues them*

*Judge.* Your kindnes merites praife ſir Richard Lee, *a purſe.*  
So let vs hence. *exeunt all but Lord Poweſſe and Oldcaſtle.*

2700 *Lord Po.* But Poweſſe ſtill muſt ſtay,  
There yet remains a part of that true loue,  
He owes his noble friend vnſatisfide,  
And vnperformd, which firſt of all doth bind me,  
To gratulate your lordſhips ſafe deliuey,  
And then intreat, that ſince vnlookt for thus,  
We here are met, your honor would vouchſafe,  
To ride with me to Wales, where though my power,  
(Though not to quittance thoſe great benefites,  
I haue receiud of you) yet both my houſe,  
2710 My purſe, my ſeruants, and what elſe I haue,  
Are all at your command, deny me not,  
I know the Biſhops hate purſues ye ſo,  
As theres no ſafety in abiding here.

*Old.* Tis true my Lord, and God forgiue him for it.

*Lord Po.* Then let vs hence, you ſhall be ſtraight prouided  
Of luſty geldings, and once entred VVales,  
VVell may the Biſhop hunt, but ſpight his face,  
He neuer more ſhall haue the game in chace. *exeunt.*

F I N I S.











# The Malone Society

**A**T a meeting held at University College on July 30, 1906, Dr. Gregory Foster presiding, there was founded a Society, with the name of the Malone Society, and as its object the production of accurate copies of the best editions of early plays, without prejudice to any further development of scope which may be found advisable.

An organizing committee of five was appointed to draw up rules for the Society, to receive applications for membership (at an annual subscription of one guinea), to put work in hand, and to report to a meeting of the Society to be convened at the end of October or beginning of November next.

The following is a list of the original promoters of the Society :

F. S. Boas.	C. M. Gayley.
A. H. Bullen.	Israel Gollancz.
Henry Bradley.	H. F. Heath.
Alois Brandl.	W. P. Ker.
E. K. Chambers.	Sidney Lee.
G. B. Churchill.	J. M. Manly.
W. McN. Dixon.	A. W. Pollard.
Edward Dowden.	Walter Raleigh.
Oliver Elton.	Percy Simpson.
Ewald Flügel.	George Saintsbury.
T. Gregory Foster.	G. Gregory Smith.



The first year's publications will be selected from the following list:

- The Beauty of Women (Calisto and Melibaea). F<sup>o</sup>, n. d.  
Wealth and Health. 4<sup>o</sup>, n. d.  
St. John the Evangelist. 4<sup>o</sup>, n. d.  
Damon and Pithias, by R. Edwards. 4<sup>o</sup>, 1571.  
Apius and Virginia, by R. B. 4<sup>o</sup>, 1575.  
The Battle of Alcazar. 4<sup>o</sup>, 1594.  
Orlando Furioso. 4<sup>o</sup>, 1594.  
A Knack to Know an Honest Man. 4<sup>o</sup>, 1596.  
Sir John Oldcastle. 4<sup>o</sup>, 1600.  
The Weakest goeth to the Wall. 4<sup>o</sup>, 1600.  
King Leir and his Three Daughters. 4<sup>o</sup>, 1605.  
Sir Thomas More. MS. Harley 7368.

The first subscription will cover till December 31, 1907. The amount of work which it will be possible to issue to members will, of course, largely depend on the number of subscriptions, but it is hoped that it may be possible to issue on an average one play for every twenty-five members, besides carrying on the ordinary business of the Society and issuing a fly-sheet dealing with matters likely to be of interest to members.

All communications should be addressed to the Provisional Honorary Secretary, W. W. Greg, Park Lodge, Wimbledon, S.W.

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