

PR
2867
A1
1908
COP.2

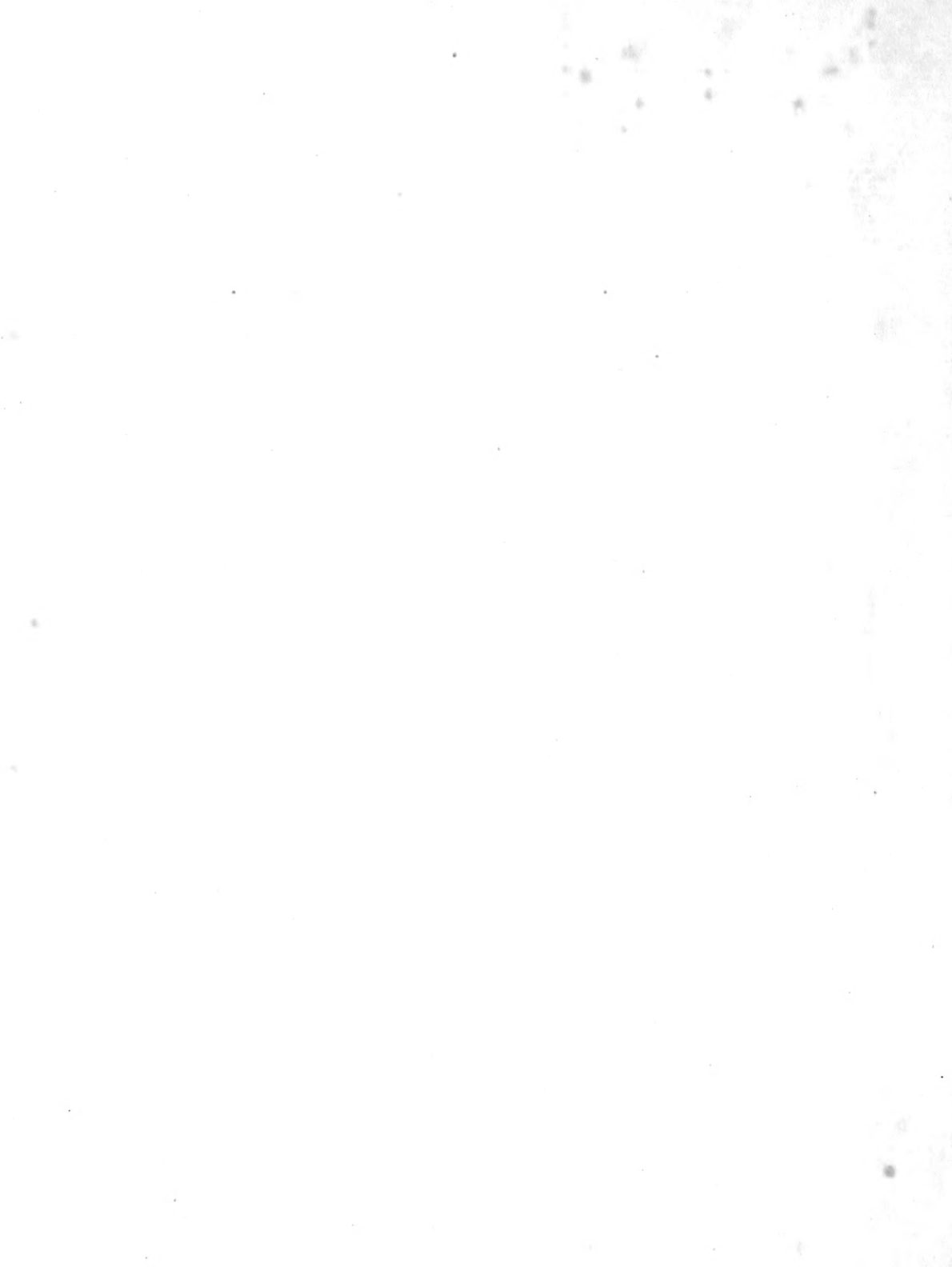


DC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



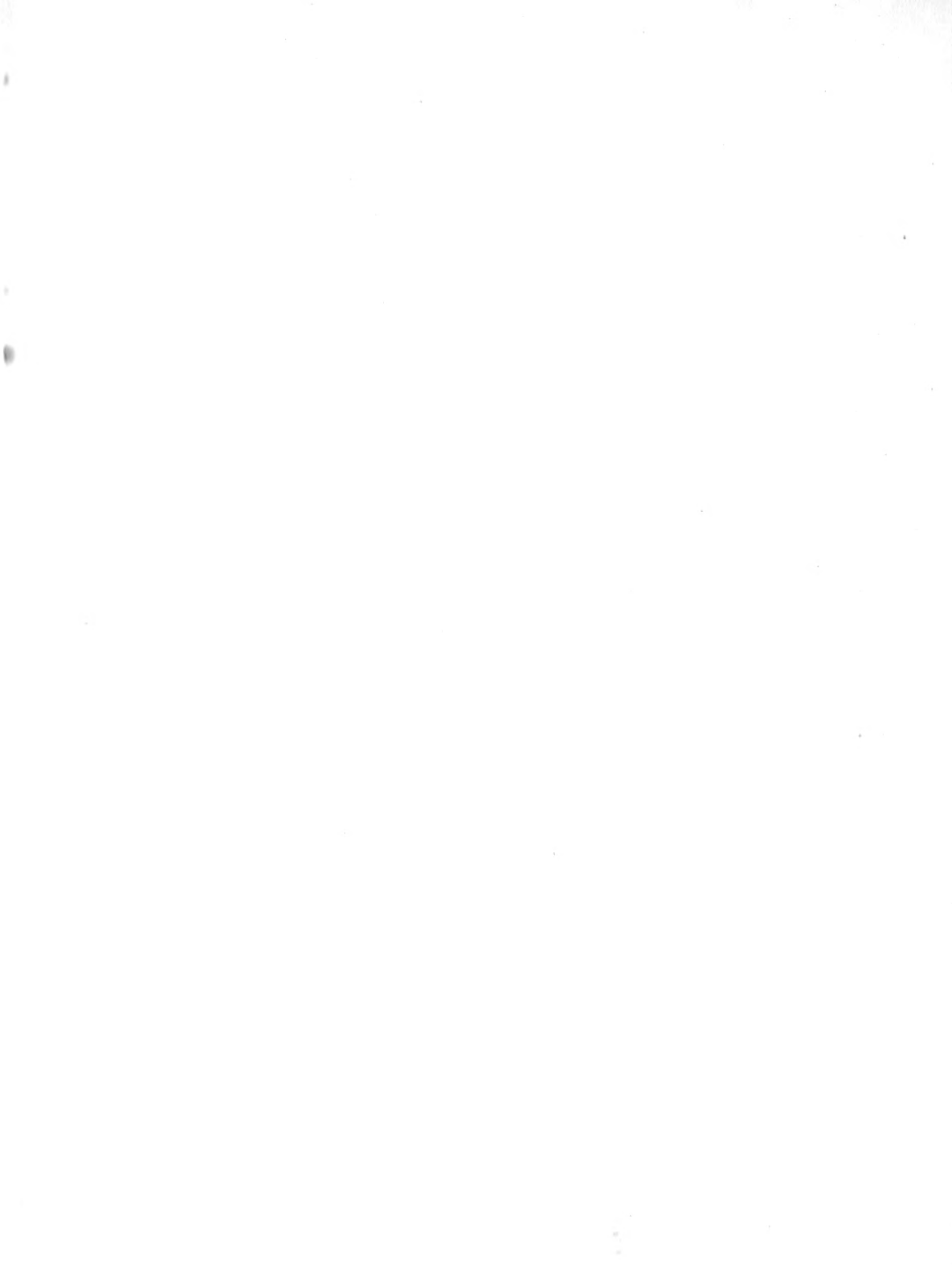
THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/lifeofsirjohnold00mund>



a

PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY
CHARLES WHITTINGHAM & CO.
AT THE CHISWICK
PRESS

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.

PR
2867
A1
1908
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 martyrdom

Item ye history of the life and Deathe of Captaine Thomas Stucley, with his Mariage to alexander Curtis his daughter, and his valiant ending of his life at the battell of Alcazar xvij^d
[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^r monday m^r drayton & m^r wilsson & haythway for the first pte of the lyfe of S^r Ihon Ouldcastell & in earnest of the Second pte for the vse of the company ten pownd I say receved . 10^{ll}

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

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

1284830

Copy of Henslowe's Diary 1774-1775

[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^s

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^s

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^{ll}

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

[fol. 116] Lente vnto Iohn thare the 7 of septmbz 1602 to geue vnto Thomas deckers for his adicions in owld castell the some of x^s

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 Q₂, missed the exit clearly indicated in Q₁ 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, 58. <i>enters</i> 76. them, 81. pe pufe 83. ka naue, 93. ynow, 169. s'bloud (<i>apostrophe doubtful</i>) 196. me, 197 s.d. (<i>belongs to 198</i>) 208. fhal, 212. <i>Suf</i> 246. liege.) 270. ont, 330. worfe 367. houfe, 383. (<i>not indented</i>) 477. <i>Ente r</i> (?) 488. fir. 495. welcome 545. <i>Harp</i> 552. thee 562 c.w. <i>harp</i>. 584. (<i>assign to Harpoole.</i>)</p>	<p>585. (<i>assign to Sumner.</i>) 597. sheepskins, (<i>sheepskin's?</i>) 598 c.w. <i>harp</i>. 618. seruingmaan. 623. hue to 646. <i>Con.</i> (<i>Aleman</i>) 651. <i>Con.</i> (<i>Aleman</i>) 687. od (old?) 729. arrant, 776. vs, (<i>comma doubtful</i>) 790. foureteenth (<i>first e doubtful</i>) 819. pound's (<i>apostrophe doubtful</i>) 843. fatisfied, 959 s.d. (<i>belongs to 960</i>) 978. thofe (of thofe) 986. firft (fifth?) 1066 c.w. where 1165. <i>cobh</i>. 1181. Harpoole, (<i>the l doubtful</i>) 1183. presently 1188. Amen, (?) 1198. Mault-men, (<i>comma doubtful</i>) 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-castle, 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. *fr. 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. beside, (*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 Shrieue,
 1879. *whispers*
 1939. *Oldca.* (*period doubtful*)
 charitie,
 1940. Too'th
 1952. to'th
 1999. *Harp*
 2013. pound,
 2031. *Harp*
 2045. *Bish.* (*Old-ca.*)
 2058. *Roch*
 2105. excellent,
 2110. to (fo)
 2136. me, oh (?)
 2228. (*assign to Constable?*)
 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. Lordship,
 2707. though

Also the period at the end of the running title is wanting on D₄, E₃, F₄, G₄, H₂, I₄ and K₁. As a rule speakers' names are only followed by a period when abbreviated; there is frequently no capital to the prefixed *fir*, 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>Gough and Herberts faction are</i> | 386-7. beggarly that you can scarce |
| <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 shrowde 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 proceffe . . . 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 set 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* so
 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. pretenfed
 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. euety
 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. offrings
 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 alarum, 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* Bishop,
 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 ftraw 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. Rochefter.
 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

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

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

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

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. 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>
--	--

} conspirators.

} insurgents.

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.

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.

1538

The first part

purchase 1827

Of the true and hono-

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.



*The doubtful Title (Gentlemen) prefix
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 yombfull summe,
But one, whose vertue shone aboue 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?

Hear 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 Cossie 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 nauces name, downe.

A 3

In

The first part
Of the true & hono-
rable history, of the Life of
Sir Iohn Old-castle, the good
Lord Cobham.

*As it hath bene lately acted by the Right
honorable the Earle of Nottingham
Lord High Admirall of England,
his Seruants.*

Written by William Shakespeare.



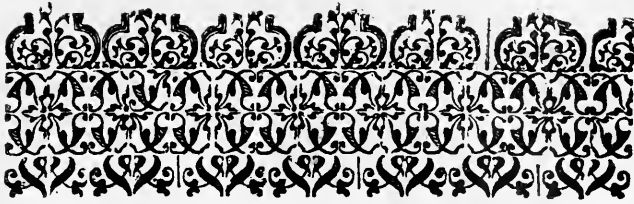
London printed for T. P.
1600.



The Prologue.

THE doubtfull Title (Gentlemen) prefixt
Vpon the Argument we haue in hand,
May breed suspence, and wrongfully disturbe
The peacefull quiet of your seled thoughts:
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



The true and honorable Historie, of
the life of Sir Iohn Old-Castle, 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.

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 breefe, ye were best.

Bayl. O yes.

Dauy. 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,

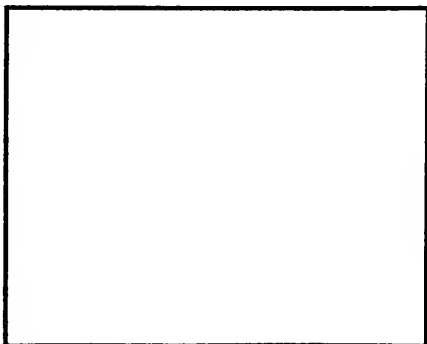
Owyn. Downe with a kanaues name, downe.

A 3

In

The first part
Of the true and hono-
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 Notingham
Lord high Admirall of England his
seruants.*



L O N D O N

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

1 6 0 0.

The Prologue.

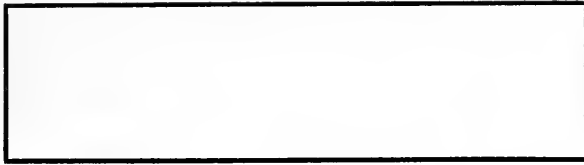
T

*He doubtful Title (Gentlemen) prefix
Upon the Argument we haue in hand,
May breede suspence, and wrongfully disturbe
The peacefull quiet of your setled thoughts:
To stop which scruple, let this brieffe suffice.
It is no pamperd glutton we present,*

*Nor aged Councillor to youthfull sinne,
But one, whose vertue shone aboue the rest,
A valiant Martyr, and a vertuous peere,
In whose true faith and loyaltie exprest
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

A 2



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 soeuer, 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.

Ser. And that the Lord Powesse do presently disperse and
50 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 Iohn 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. *Iudge* 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 shufftice, let awl be prefon.

Dauy Prifon no,

Lord shudge I wooll giue you pale, good fuerty.

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

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

1. *Iudge.*

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 suppreffe?

2. *Judge* What was the quarrel that caufde 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 fir 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 appeafe it.

1. *Judge* This case concernes the Kings prerogatiue,
And's dangerous to the State and common wealth.
Gentlemen, Iustices, mafter Maior, and mafter Shrieue,
It doth behoue vs all, and each of vs
In generall and particular, to haue care
120 For the suppreffing 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, fir 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 Wrotbam. *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,
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 straine 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 saide 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 stode ont,
As a sufficient refuge, vnto whome
Not any but might lawfully appeale.
But weele not argue now vpon that poynt:
For sir Iohn Old-castle whom you accuse,

sir Iohn Old-castle.

Let me intreate you to dispence awhile
With your high title of preheminance. *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 footh, 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 set poore soldiers in,
Than there be houses to releue 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 forsooth, 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
sake, they aske him for a licence, or a certificate from a Iustice.

2 Faith we haue none, but what we beare vpon 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

is

sir John Old-castle.

is in all Kent.

4 God bleffe him, there be but few fuch.

Enter Lord Cobham with Harpoole.

Cob. Thou peeuisish 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 any thing 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 fir.

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 worldly faith, 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:
Methinckes 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 *Wickliffes* 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 *Wickliffe* was a knaue, a schismaticke,
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,

C

Our

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 fory, 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 fory, 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? doost
thou shake? doost 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 sodaine 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 sorie 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 fiew 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, firra.

Harp. Then thou feruest him not, I beleeeue, 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 firra 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 fellows?

560 *Sum.* Whats that to my proceffe?

Harp. Mary this fir, is this proceffe parchment?

Sum. Yes mary.

harp.

sir Iohn Old-castle.

Harp. And this seale 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 answere 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 sir 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. *he beates him.* 580

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

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

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

Harp. O Lord sir, 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 seale 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 sir, 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 serue 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. seruing-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. seruingmaan.

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. Gods bores, I am fory for't, yfaith fir I lodge no body but a good honest mery priest, they call him fir 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 fir, I promise you fir 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 sir, 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 laffe: 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,

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 Fuepaltriepaltrie, in and out, to and fro, be it more
750 or lesse, vppon occasion, Lorde haue mercie vppon 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 Ficketfield 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
gotte with 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 inſcroacht 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 abuse,
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,
Presse forth vpon vs in our natiue boundes?
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?

940

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
Before he went, but that I saw your Grace
Was too much blinded by his flaterie.

950

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, fir 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 Sothat 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
Fiuie 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 perswade 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'incens'd 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. *he reades*

1090

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 *aside*
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,
Especialy 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 Iohn 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

Poweisse 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, sweetewife,

Urge 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 Murley 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 falt, 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, wee le fight with him too. 1230

Tom. What if ye should kill the King?

Mur. Then wee le 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, Hogfdon, 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.

The first part of

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

Priest. No sweet Doll, 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

Enter the King, Suffolke and Butler.

sc. iv

King in great hast. My lord of Suffolke, 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 faies a thiefe.

King Stand thiefe, faies 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, theretis: 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

fir. Iohn Sirra, what art thou, thou seem'ft a gentleman?

King I am no leffe, yet a poore one now, for thou haft all my mony.

fir Iohn From whence cam'ft thou?

King From the court at Eltham.

fir Iohn Art thou one of the Kings feruants?

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

fir Iohn I am glad thou art no worfe, thou maift the better spare thy mony, & thinkft thou thou mightft get a poor thiefe
1400 his pardon if he fhould haue neede.

King. Yes that I can.

fir Iohn Wilt thou do fo much for me, when I fhall haue oc-
cafion?

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

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

King Then of my word Ile do it.

fir Iohn Giue me thy hand of the fame.

King There tis.

1410 *fir Iohn* Me thinks the King fhould be good to theeues, be-
caufe he has bin a thiefe himfelfe, 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 canft thou tell he has bene a
thiefe?

fir Iohn How? because he once robde me before I fell
to the trade my felfe, when that foule villainons guts, that
led him to all that rogerly, was in's company there, that Fal-
ftaffe.

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

fir Iohn Not I yfaith.

King afide. So it fhould feeme.

fir Iohn Well, if old King Henry had liu'de, this King that
is now, had made theeuing the beft 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 footebal, 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 fo, 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, set Ile couer ye, at al: A plague on't I am out, 1530
the diuell, and dice, and a wench, who will trust them?

Suff. Saist thou so priest? set 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 passest 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 weaponleffe, 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 so my gracious soueraigne, I confesse I am a
frayle man, flesh and bloud as other are: but set 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 successe
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? 1660
Belike then we do hold the scepter vp,
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, 1670
To come in armour thus against your King?

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 vttermost 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 prithee 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 my 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, belecue 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 highneffe warrant 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 weele
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 arrefte 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 arrefte me M. Shrieue for treason?

1840 *Bifb.* 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.

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

Old. Iefu defend me,

1850 Is't poffible your cunning could fo temper
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 saint 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 finnes 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,

And al in English, not so much but the Almanack's English. 1950

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.

1964

H 2

Bish.

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 Iohn 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 besech 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. *be 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.

Lief. Who's that within? some treason in the Tower vpon
2060 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 set 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 fame,
It might haue else beene laid vnto my charge,
That I had beene consenting to the fact.

2080

Roch. Come, search shal be made for him with expedition,
the hauens laid that he shall not escape, and hue and crie continue 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,
Ue 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 auaike 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, fit 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 kindnessees 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 John 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 John 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 apparrell. 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 befet, 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 apparrell.

Cobham What will these Ostlers sleepe all day? Good morow, good morow, Come wench, come, Saddle, saddle, 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 dizeard 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 Ise 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, ²³⁰⁰
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 ²³¹⁰
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 close 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 shitt-
ten 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 *Enter the hofte of the Bell, with the Irifh man.*

sc. iii *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 *Hof* 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.

Hof Ho Robin?

Robin Who calls?

Hof 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 Hofler.

Hofler 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 disguised. Act V

Oldca. Come Madam, happily efcapt, here let vs fit, *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. Praife 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 perfwaded 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, 2440
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 sense?
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? 2450
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 fauage hart, some bloody diuellish hand, 2460
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 wasteful 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 fatal 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 vnhalloved 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
I leaue to be decided by the triall:

2520

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 *Enter Gaoler and his man, bringing forth Old castle.*

sc. xi *Gaoler* Bring forth the prifoners, see the court preparte,

The Iuftices are comming to the bench.

So, let him ftand, away, and fetch the reft. *exeunt.*

Old. Oh giue me patience to indure this fcouge,

Thou that art fountaine of that vertuous ftream,

And though contempt, falfe 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, elfe 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, fhall we confesse in briefe,

Of whence, and what we are, and fo preuent

The accusation is commencde againft vs?

2560 *Old.* What will that helpe vs? being knowne, sweete loue,

VVe fhall for herefie be put to death,

For fo they tearme the religion we professe.

No, if it be ordained we must die,

And at this infant, 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 Bifhop of Rochester, oh were it he,

2570 Or by his meanes that I fhould suffer here,

It would be double torment to my soule.

Lady VVell, be it then according as heauen please.

Enter lord Iudge, two Iuftices, Maior of Saint Albons, lord Powesse and his lady, and old fir Richard Lee: the Iudge and Iuftices 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, traueiling 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 bufinesse 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 pleasure 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 fitting 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 furrender 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 liuedft, 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 strouces 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

AT 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^o, n. d.
Wealth and Health. 4^o, n. d.
St. John the Evangelist. 4^o, n. d.
Damon and Pithias, by R. Edwards. 4^o, 1571.
Apius and Virginia, by R. B. 4^o, 1575.
The Battle of Alcazar. 4^o, 1594.
Orlando Furioso. 4^o, 1594.
A Knack to Know an Honest Man. 4^o, 1596.
Sir John Oldcastle. 4^o, 1600.
The Weakest goeth to the Wall. 4^o, 1600.
King Leir and his Three Daughters. 4^o, 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.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

REC'D 10-10-67

JUN 10 1967

UR

10-10-67

10-10-67

10-10-67

3 1158 01065 8705



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 356 142 0

