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THE SCOTTISH HISTORY  
OF JAMES THE FOURTH  
1598



170782  
25/9/22

THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS [No. 45]

1921

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1921

This reprint of *James IV* has been prepared by A. E. H. Swaen with the assistance of the General Editor.

Nov. 1921.

W. W. Greg.



The following entries are found in the Register of the Stationers' Company for 1594:

xiii<sup>o</sup> maij /

Entred for his copie vnder thand of master Cawood warden / a booke Thomas  
 intituled /. The famous victories of henrye the ffyft / conteyninge the hon- Creede./  
 orable battell of Agincourt / . . . . . vj<sup>d</sup> C  
 Entred vnto him by the like warrant a booke intituled the Scottishe story Thomas  
 of Iames the ffourthe slayne at Fflodden intermixed with a plesant Comedie Creede/  
 presented by Oboron kinge of ffayres . . . . . vj<sup>d</sup> C /

[Arber's Transcript, II. 648.]

No edition, however, is known before 1598, and it would be natural to suspect that the original impression had perished were it not for the fact that 1598 is also the date of the earliest known edition of the *Famous Victories*. In the circumstances we may suppose that publication was for some reason delayed. The impression of 1598 is a quarto printed by Creede in roman type of a size approximating to modern pica (20 ll. = 84 mm.). Of this four copies are known to survive. That in the British Museum wants the leaf A 4, which has been supplied in very inaccurate modern reprint. Fortunately the leaf is present in the Dyce copy at South Kensington, though in this H 1 is defective (a corner being supplied in not quite accurate facsimile) and sheet K is wrongly perfected. Another copy, formerly at Bridgewater House, is now in the possession of Mr. Henry E. Huntington; while a fourth is in a collected volume once in the possession of Charles II, which formed lot 8258 in the Huth Sale (25 June 1920). All four want the first leaf, which was presumably blank, except perhaps for a signature. It has not been possible to use more than the first two copies mentioned in preparing the present reprint.

The title-page bears the name of Robert Greene as author, together with a motto used by him in other works, which

suggests that the manuscript may have been in some manner prepared for press before his death in 1592. Three passages from the play are quoted, rather inaccurately, in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, above Greene's name. The title-page also states that the play had been 'sundrie times publikely plaide', without, however, mentioning any company.

The plot is entirely unhistorical, and P. A. Daniel and W. Creizenach independently traced its source to the first novel of the third day of the *Ecatommiti* of Giraldi Cintio, a story in which, however, the identity of the characters is quite different. Whether Greene was also acquainted with Cintio's play *Arrenopia*, based on the same story, is not known.

## LIST OF DOUBTFUL AND IRREGULAR READINGS.

The play, evidently printed from a much altered and probably illegible manuscript, abounds in errors of every description. The following list is confined to such readings as are to some extent doubtful in the original and to a few literal misprints which might otherwise perhaps be thought due to the reprint. No irregularities recorded by previous editors are included. No variations of any importance have been found between the two copies collated.

3 <i>plac<sup>st</sup></i>	880 <i>Ateu.</i> (perhaps <i>Ate u.</i> )
36 deele	918 denouced, it
65 because	983 fame.)
88 Idy	988 to . . . too
109 misfed	996 nye. ( <i>perhaps ny e.</i> )
120 <i>Attus</i>	1019 confider
203 choyleff ( <i>ff broken, read choyfest</i> )	1026 tryees
316 drie (? <i>read dire</i> )	1028 ftep ( <i>perhaps fte p</i> )
323 c.w. <i>X. of S.</i>	1030 becaufo
334 Beheld	1045 fings.
<i>Venns</i>	1048 loue
373 moaths	1078 ean ( <i>e not absolutely certain, read can</i> )
440 autthoritie	1094 Bur
482 bettet,	1159 Thon
493 <i>Steu.</i>	1163 <i>Exennt.</i>
611 Of	1175 the
618 <i>Ba.</i>	1183 thee
643 part,	1190 <i>Slip.</i> (there is a faint trace of the <i>i</i> in the Dyce copy only)
646 theworld,	1192 <i>Sip.</i>
648 weele ( <i>perhaps we ele</i> )	1205 viutnerd ( <i>original viutnerd</i> )
655 Simi Ranus,	1213 <i>Guatoes</i>
661 <i>Simeranus,</i>	1268 thon ( <i>original thon</i> )
675 <i>king,</i>	1279 (fe-)re ic. ( <i>space not certain</i> )
691 wrethednesse:	1292 the ( <i>perhaps th e</i> )
702 <i>eate.</i>	1294 your ( <i>perhaps y our</i> )
742 loure,	1324 bettet
757 louer	1332 yout
765 <i>letter.</i>	1355 esteemd, ( <i>original esteemd</i> )
784 hath	1367 <i>ic pour.</i> Yea
801 what	
834 doo shifting,	

- 1370 mee,  
 1378 woman, (*comma not quite certain*)  
 1398 Court,,  
 1399 strickneffe  
 1405 mftaled :  
 1411 preuention you  
     (*original preuent ion you*)  
 1423 Nauo.  
 1424 shildifsh  
 1433 appouod  
 1449 displac'ff, (*ff broken, read dif-*  
     *plac'ft,*)  
 1451 Auteukin,  
 1464 bnt  
     speakie  
 1497 are  
 1504 Mistrefle  
 1511 you, drawe a  
 1546 Exeunt.  
 1607 Prepare (*cf. c.w.*)  
 1621 Hart,  
 1626 (*indentation doubtful*)  
 1626, 1627 Deiu,  
 1637 (*speaker's name omitted*)  
     ditte  
 1644 tout, vn  
 1646 flattering  
 1681 thee Shoo-maker.  
 1702 progenators Cutler.  
 1706 edge,  
 1713 a (*failed to print in the B.M. copy*)  
 1720 Ohn, o (*read Oh, no*)  
 1763 thing :  
 1777 fals  
 1789 strumpet, ta Matressa  
 1790 foy  
 1791 me  
 1796 morglay,  
 1799 foule, (*the comma failed to print*  
     *in the Dyce copy*)  
 1801 stay.  
 1803 Ie meu  
 1845 alreadle  
 1848 For  
 1863 aloffe,  
 1897 on  
 1908 missed, (*ff broken, read misled,*)  
 1917 ouerthtow.  
 1924 strange (*read strange*)  
 1990 wartes :  
 1993 Dambac  
 2000 flaine. (*ff not quite certain, pos-*  
     *sibly broken ff*)  
 2002 but  
 2007 Doro,  
 2019 effate : (*ff broken, read estate :*)  
 2024 but on the (*perhaps buton th e*)  
 2037 Nana,  
 2060 fontre  
 2092 purfchafe  
 2101 place (*read plow*)  
 2113 Lyon, (king  
 2114 flaine? (*ff not certain, perhaps*  
     *broken ff*)  
 2142 Exeunt, (original Exeunt, or  
     Fxeunt, apparently the latter,  
     but the letter may be a  
     broken E)  
 2144 fstate, (*so the Dyce copy, the*  
     *B.M. copy apparently has a*  
     *full point, but this is probably*  
     *a broken comma*)  
 2162 sect,  
 2166 countrees (*first e not quite*  
     *certain, possibly c*)  
 2169 toexcept :  
 2182 greatmens  
 2189 guife, (*perhaps gu ife,*)  
 2204 warre ?  
 2215 fummonies  
 2241 ofcontention :  
 2254 true,  
     .Exeun.. (*what appears like a*  
     *full point after the n may*  
     *be the remains of a very*  
     *broken t*)

2260 farre	2424 (indentation doubtful)
<i>Twearde.</i>	2426 for ( <i>perhaps fo r</i> )
2283 mistresse:	2438 ttumpets
2294-5 he . . . she	2443 <i>Cutber tobis</i>
2300 Although	2463 Scortish
2310 Qeene,	2509 missed: ( <i>ff broken, read missed</i> :)
2331 change,	2522 Thou ( <i>original Thou</i> )
2355 these ( <i>perhaps th ese</i> )	2540 our ( <i>perhaps ou r</i> )
2370 wasmissed, ( <i>ff not quite certain,</i>	2545 ffaies, ( <i>ff broken, read ffaies,</i> )
<i>possibly broken ff</i> )	2547 reeoncile
2383 <i>K. of S.</i> (apparently <i>S.</i> : in the	2562 <i>Auteukin,</i>
<i>B.M.</i> copy, but the upper	2579 when,
dot is accidental)	

In ll. 1062, 1090 the speaker's name is given as '8. *Atten.*' Whatever this may be meant for it is clear that the speeches belong to the Bishop of St. Andrews. In ll. 2015-6 a complicated error has occurred, the 'e' of 'her' in the lower line having worked its way up into an accidental space after the 'd' of 'and' in the upper.

## LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

*In the Induction and Chorus :*

OBERON, king of fairies. BOHAN, a Scot. an antic (dance), fairies, a dancer 'boy or wench'.		SLIPPER } his sons. NANO }
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*In the Dumb Shows :*

SEMIRAMIS, queen of Assiria. STABROBATES, king of India. CYRUS, king of Persia.		OLIVE PAT, (?). ALEXANDER, king of Macedon. SESOSTRIS, king of Egypt.
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*In the Play :*

The King of SCOTS. The King of ENGLAND. DOROTHEA, his daughter, wife of the King of Scots. The Countess of ARRAN. IDA, her daughter. ATEUKIN (or GNATO). ANDREW SNOORD, a servingman. SLIPPER, a clown. NANO, a dwarf. Sir BARTRAM, a Scottish gentleman. Sir EUSTACE (DICK), an Englishgentle- man. (A Servant of Sir Bartram.) The Bishop of SAINT ANDREWS. Earl DOUGLAS.		Lord MORTON. a Purveyor. JAQUES, a Frenchman. Lord ROSS. a Huntsman. a Tailor. a Shoemaker. a Cutler. Sir CUTBERT ANDERSON. Lady ANDERSON. a Servant of the Countess of Arran. a Lawyer. a Merchant. a Divine. a Scout.
--	--	---

Lady Douglas, Sir Egmond, Lord Percy, Samles, an English Herald, lords, ladies, huntsmen, soldiers, antics.

In V. iii the speeches of the King of England have the prefix 'Arius' (ll. 2095, 2105, 2126, 2129), a name which in a stage-direction in II. ii (l. 1050) is apparently applied to the King of Scots. Ateukin (twice misprinted 'Auteukin', ll. 1451, 2562) is repeatedly called Gnato, which would seem to have been the original name of the character, subsequently altered, for in I. i 'Ateukin' several times scans as a dissyllable (ll. 355, 362, 365). Twice Ateukin and Gnato are mentioned together in a stage-direction (ll. 1550, 2053), apparently through misunderstanding of an alteration. Sir Eustace, who is also addressed as Lord Eustace, is several times called Dick (ll. 565,

568, 571, 601, 608, 629). One speech (l. 629) assigned to him, clearly belongs to a servant, who has therefore been added to the characters. In II. ii Nano is throughout called 'Dwarfe' except in the exit at l. 1049. Andrew's surname appears from l. 551. The name of the King of Fairies is Oberon: 'Oboram' on the title and 'Obiran' in l. 1934 seem to be mere misprints, and 'Obiron' (ll. 1164, 1923, 1931) a sporadic variant. In l. 2 his name is given as 'Aster Oberö', but this is most likely a misprint for 'after Oberö'. Dyce supposed that Oberon entered at l. 2398, and Grosart assumed that 'Adam' was the name of the actor who played the part, but it is more likely to be a compositor's misreading of 'A danc(e)'. At l. 1953 the direction 'Ladie Anderson ouerheares' is due to a misunderstanding; it should be 'Sir Cutbert'. Lady Douglas and Sir Egmond are mentioned in l. 1606 as present, but nothing further is known of them: Lord Percy and Samles enter in V. iii (l. 2094), and the former again in V. vi (l. 2407), also the English herald in V. vi (l. 2338), but none of them speak. Nano does not speak in the Induction.

In l. 656 (cf. 666) the form 'Staubobates', in place of Stabrobates, proves that Greene drew from Poggio's Latin translation of Diodorus Siculus and not from the original.

The text of the play contains nothing to identify either the English or the Scottish king, and the date 1520 given in the Induction is seven years after the death of James IV at Flodden.

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The two collotype plates represent A<sub>2</sub> recto (title page) and A<sub>3</sub> recto in the Dyce copy of the original.





THE  
SCOTTISH  
Historie of James the

fourth, slaine at *Flodden*.

Entermixed with a pleasant Comedie, presented by  
*Oboram King of Fayeries:*

*As it hath bene sundrie times publikely  
plaide.*

Written by *Robert Greene*, Maister of Arts.

*Omne tulit punctum.*



LONDON  
Printed by Thomas Creede. 1598.





# THE SCOTTISH Hystorie of Iames the fourth, slaine at *Flodden*.

Musicke playing within.

*Enter After Oberō, King of Fayries, an Antique, who dance about a Tombe, plac'd conveniently on the Stage, out of the which, suddenly starts vp as they daunce, Bohan a Scot, attyred like a riddall man, from whom the Antique flies. Oberon Manet.*

*Bohan.*



Y say, whats thou?

*Oberon.* Thy friend *Bohan*.

*Bohan.* What wot I, or reck I that, whay guid man, I reck no friend, nor ay reck no foe, als ene to me, git the ganging, and trouble not may whayet, or ays gar the recon me nene of thay friend, by the mary masse fall I.

*Ober.* Why angrie Scot, I visit thee for loue: then what mooues thee to wroath?

*Bohan.* The deelee aw hit reck I thy loue. For I knowe too well, that true loue tooke her flight twentie winter sence to heauen, whither till ay can, weele I wot, ay sal nere finde loue: an thou lou'ft me, leaue me to my selfe. But what were those Puppits that hopt and skipt about me year whayle?

*Oberon.* My subiects.







THE  
SCOTTISH  
Historie of James the

fourth, flaine at *Flodden*.

Entermixed with a pleafant Comedie, prefented by  
*Oboram* King of *Fayeries*:

*As it hath bene fundrie times publikely  
plaide.*

Written by *Robert Greene*, Maifter of Arts.

*Omne tulit punctum.*



LONDON  
Printed by Thomas Creede. 1598.







# THE SCOTTISH Hystorie of Iames the

fourth, slaine at *Flodden*.

Musicke playing within.

*I. Chor.*

*Enter After Oberon, King of Fayries, an Antique, who dance about a Tombe, plac'd conueniently on the Stage, out of the which, suddenly starts up as they daunce, Bohan a Scot, attyred like a riddell man, from whom the Antique flies. Oberon Manet.*

*Bohan.*



Y say, whats thou?

*Oberon.* Thy friend *Bohan*.

*Bohan.* What wot I, or reck

I that, whay guid man, I reck  
no friend, nor ay reck no foe, als  
ene to me, git the ganging, and  
trouble not may whayet, or ays

gar the recon me nene of thay friend, by the mary masse fall I.

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*Bohan.* The deele awhit reck I thy loue. For I knowe  
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an thou lou'ft me, leaue me to my felfe. But what were those  
Puppits that hopt and skipt about me year whayle?

*Oberon.* My subiects.

# The Scottish Historie

*Bob.* Thay subiects, whay art thou a King?

*Ober.* I am.

*Boban.* The deele thou art, whay thou look'ft not fo big as the king of Clubs, nor fo sharpe as the king of Spades, nor fo faine as the king Adaymonds, be the masse ay take thee to bee the king of false harts: therefore I rid thee away, or ayse fo curry your Kingdome, that yous be glad to runne to faue your life.

*Ober.* Why stoycall Scot, do what thou dar'ft to me, heare is my brest strike. 30

*Bob.* Thou wilt not threap me, this whiniard has gard many better mē to lope thē thou: but how now? Gos sayds what wilt not out? whay thou wich, thou deele, gads fute may whiniard.

*Ober.* Why pull man: but what an twear out, how then?

*Bob.* This then, thou weart best begon first: for ayl fo lop thy lym, that thouse go with half a knaues carkaffe to the deele

*Ober.* Draw it out, now strike foole, canst thou not?

*Bob.* Bread ay gad, what deele is in me, whay tell mee thou skipiack what art thou?

*Ober.* Nay first tell me what thou wast from thy birth, what 40 thou hast past hitherto, why thou dwellest in a Tombe, & leauest the world? and then I will release thee of these bonds, before not.

*Bob.* And not before, then needs must needs fal: I was borne a gentleman of the best bloud in all *Scotland*, except the king, when time brought me to age, and death tooke my parents, I became a Courtier, where though ay list not praise my selfe, ay engraued the memory of *Boughon* on the skin-coate of some of them, and reueld with the proudest.

*Ober.* But why liuing in such reputation, didst thou leaue to 50 be a Courtier?

*Bob.* Because my pride was vanitie, my expence losse, my reward faire words and large promises, & my hopes spilt, for that after many yeares seruice, one outran me, and what the deele should I then do there. No no, flattering knaues that can cog and prate fastest, speede best in the Court.

# of Iames the fourth.

*Ober.* To what life didst thou then betake thee?

*Bob.* I then chang'd the Court for the countrey, and the wars for a wife: but I found the craft of swaines more vile, then the knauery of courtiers: the charge of children more heauie then 60 seruants, and wiues tongues worse then the warres it selfe: and therefore I gaue ore that, & went to the Citie to dwell, & there I kept a great house with smal cheer, but all was nere the neere.

*Ober.* And why?

*Bob.* because in seeking friends, I found table guests to eate me, & my meat, my wiues goffops to bewray the secrets of my heart, kindred to betray the effect of my life, which when I noted, the court ill, the country worse, and the citie worst of all, in good time my wife died: ay wood she had died twentie winter sooner by the masse, leauing my two sonnes to the world, and 70 shutting my selfe into this Tombe, where if I dye, I am sure I am safe from wilde beasts, but whilest I liue, cannot be free frō ill companie. Besides, now I am sure gif all my friends faile me, I shall haue a graue of mine owne prouiding: this is all. Now what art thou?

*Ober.* *Oberon* King of Fayries, that loues thee because thou hatest the world, and to gratulate thee, I brought those Antiques to shew thee some sport in daunsing, which thou hast loued well.

*Boban.* Ha, ha, ha, thinkest thou those puppits can please 80 me? whay I haue two sonnes, that with one Scottish gigge shall breake the necke of thy Antiques.

*Ober.* That would I faine see.

*Boba.* Why thou shalt, howe boyes.

*Enter Slipper and Nano.*

Haud your clacks lads, trattle not for thy life, but gather vppe your legges and daunce me forthwith a' gigge worth the fight.

*Slip.* Why I must talk on Idy fort, wherefore was my tongue made.

*Boba.* Prattle an thou darst ene word more, and ais dab this 90 whiniard in thy wembe.

Be

# The Scottish historie

*Ober.* Be quiet *Boban*, Ile strike him dumbe, and his brother too, their talk shal not hinder our gyg, fall to it, dance I say mā.

*Bob.* Dance *Humer*, dance, ay rid thee.

*The two dance a gig deuised for the nonst.*

Now get you to the wide world with more thē my father gaue me, thats learning enough, both kindes, knauerie & honestie: and that I gaue you, spend at pleasure.

*Ober.* Nay for their sport I will giue them this gift, to the Dwarfe I giue a quicke witte, prettie of body, and awarrant his preferment to a Princes seruice, where by his wisdome he shall gaine more loue then cōmon. And to loggerhead your sonne, I giue a wandering life, and promise he shall neuer lacke: and auow that if in all distresses he call vpon me to helpe him: now let them go

*Exeunt with curteties.*

*Bob.* Now King, if thou bee a King, I will shew thee whay I hate the world by demonstration, in the year 1520. was in *Scotland*, a king ouerruled with parasites, misted by lust, & many circumstances, too long to trattle on now, much like our court of *Scotland* this day, that story haue I set down, gang with me to the gallery, & Ile shew thee the same in Action, by guid fellowes of our country men, and then when thou feest that, iudge if any wise man would not leaue the world if he could.

*Ober.* That will I see, lead and ile follow thee. *Exeunt.*

# of James the fourth.

*Laus Deo detur in Eternum.*

I. i.

*Enter the King of England, the King of Scots, Dorithe his Queen, the Countesse, Lady Ida, with other Lords. And Ateukin with them aloofe.*

*Attus primus. Scena prima.*

120

*K. of Scots.* **B**rother of England, since our neighboring  
And neare alliance doth inuite our loues,  
The more I think vpon our last accord,

(land,

The more I greeue your suddaine parting hence:  
First lawes of friendship did confirme our peace,  
Now both the seale of faith and marriage bed,  
The name of father, and the style of friend,  
These force in me affection full confirmd,  
So that I greeue, and this my heartie grieue  
The heauens record, the world may witnesse well  
To loofe your presence, who are now to me  
A father, brother, and a vowed friend.

130

*K. of Eng.* Link all these louely stiles good king in  
And since thy grieue exceeds in my depart, (one,  
I leaue my *Dorithea* to enioy, thy whole compact  
Loues, and plighted voves.

Brother of *Scotland*, this is my ioy, my life,  
Her fathers honour, and her Countries hope,  
Her mothers comfort, and her husbands blisse:  
I tell thee king, in louing of my *Doll*,  
Thou bindst her fathers heart and all his friends  
In bands of loue that death cannot diffolue.

140

*K. of Scots.* Nor can her father loue her like to me,  
My liues light, and the comfort of my soule:  
Faire *Dorithea*, that wast Englands pride,  
Welcome to *Scotland*, and in signe of loue,  
Lo I inuest thee with the Scottish Crowne.

B

Nobles

# The Scottish historie

Nobles and Ladies, stoupe vnto your Queene.  
And Trumpets found, that Heralds may proclaime,  
Faire *Dorithea* peerlesse Queene of Scots.

150

*All.* Long liue and prosper our faire Q. of Scots.

*Enfall and Crowne her.*

*Dor.* Thanks to the king of kings for my dignity,  
Thanks to my father, that prouides so carefully,  
Thanks to my Lord and husband for this honor,  
And thanks to all that loue their King and me.

*All.* Long liue faire *Dorithea* our true Queene.

*K. of E.* Long shine the sun of *Scotland* in her pride,  
Her fathers comfort, and faire *Scotlands* Bride.

160

But *Dorithea*, since I must depart,  
And leaue thee from thy tender mothers charge,  
Let me aduise my louely daughter first,  
What best befits her in a forraine land,  
Liue *Doll*, for many eyes shall looke on thee,  
Haue care of honor and the present state:  
For she that steps to height of Maiestie,  
Is euen the marke whereat the enemy aimes.

Thy vertues shall be construed to vice,  
Thine affable discourse to abiect minde.

170

If coy, detracting tongues will call thee proud:  
Be therefore warie in this slippery state,  
Honour thy husband, loue him as thy life:  
Make choyce of friends, as Eagles of their yoong,  
Who sooth no vice, who flatter not for gaine:  
But loue such friends as do the truth maintaine.  
Thinke on these lessons when thou art alone,  
And thou shalt liue in health when I am gone.

*Dor.* I will engraue these precepts in my heart,  
And as the wind with calmnesse woes you hence,  
Euen so I wish the heauens in all mishaps,  
May blesse my father with continuall grace.

180

*K. of E.* Then son farwell, the fauouring windes inuites vs to

(depart.

Long

# of Iames the fourth.

Long circumstance in taking princely leaues,  
Is more officious then conuenient.

Brother of *Scotland*, loue me in my childe,  
You greet me well, if so you will her good.

*K. of Sc.* Then louely *Doll*, and all that fauor me,  
Attend to see our English friends at sea,  
Let all their charge depend vpon my purse: 190  
They are our neighbors, by whose kind accord,  
We dare attempt the proudest Potentate.  
Onely faire Countesse, and your daughter stay,  
With you I haue some other thing to say.

*Exeunt all saue the King, the Countesse,  
Ida, Ateukin, in all royaltie.*

*K. of S.* So let them tryumph that haue cause to ioy,

But wretched King, thy nuptiall knot is death:  
Thy Bride the breeder of thy Countries ill,  
For thy false heart dissenting from thy hand, 200  
Mised by loue, hast made another choyce,  
Another choyce, euen when thou vovdst thy soule  
To *Dorithea*, Englands choyseff pride,  
O then thy wandring eyes bewicht thy heart,  
Euen in the Chappell did thy fancie change,  
When periu'r'd man, though faire *Doll* had thy hand,  
The Scottish *Idaes* bewtie stale thy heart:

Yet feare and loue hath tyde thy readie tongue  
From blabbing forth the passions of thy minde,  
Lest fearefull silence haue in futtle lookes 210  
Bewrayd the treason of my new vovd loue,  
Be faire and louely *Doll*, but here's the prize  
That lodgeth here, and entred through mine eyes,  
Yet how so ere I loue, I must be wife.

Now louely Countesse, what reward or grace,  
May I imploy on you for this your zeale,  
And humble honors done vs in our Court,  
In entertainment of the English King.

# The Scottish Historie

*Countesse.* It was of dutie Prince that I haue done :  
And what in fauour may content me most,  
Is, that it please your grace to giue me leaue,  
For to returne vnto my Countrey home.

220

*K. of Scots.* But louely *Ida* is your mind the same ?

*Ida.* I count of Court my Lord, as wife men do,  
Tis fit for those that knowes what longs thereto :  
Each person to his place, the wise to Art,  
The Cobler to his clout, the Swaine to Cart.

*K. of Sc.* But *Ida* you are faire, and bewtie shines,  
And seemeth best, where pomp her pride refines.

*Ida.* If bewtie (as I know there's none in me)  
Were sworne my loue, and I his life should be :  
The farther from the Court I were remoued,  
The more I thinke of heauen I were beloued.

230

*K. of Scots.* And why ?

*Ida.* Because the Court is counted *Venus* net,  
Where gifts and vowes for stales are often set,  
None, be she chaste as *Vesta*, but shall meete  
A curious toong to charme her eares with sweet.

*K. of Scots.* Why *Ida* then I see you set at naught,  
The force of loue.

240

*Ida.* In sooth this is my thought most gracious king,  
That they that little proue

Are mickle blest, from bitter sweets of loue :

And wee I wot, I heard a shepheard sing,

That like a Bee, Loue hath a little sting :

He lurkes in flowres, he pearcheth on the trees,

He on Kings pillowes, bends his prettie knees :

The Boy is blinde, but when he will not spie,

He hath a leaden foote, and wings to flie :

Beshrow me yet, for all these strange effects,

If I would like the Lad, that so infects. (desire ?

250

*K. of Scots.* Rare wit, fair face, what hart could more  
But *Doll* is faire, and doth concerne thee neere.

Let



# of Iames the fourth.

Let *Doll* be faire, she is wonne, but I must woe,  
And win faire *Ida*, theres some choyce in two.  
But *Ida* thou art coy.

*Ida.* And why dread King ?

*K. of Scots.* In that you will dispraise so sweet  
A thing, as loue, had I my wish.

*Ida.* What then ?

*K. of Scots.* Then would I place his arrow here,  
His bewtie in that face.

*Ida.* And were *Apollo* moued and rulde by me,  
His wifedome should be yours, and mine his tree.

*K. of Scots.* But here returnes our traine.  
Welcome faire *Doll*: how fares our father, is he shipt and gone.

*Enters the traine backe.*

*Dor.* My royall father is both shipt and gone,  
God and faire winds direct him to his home.

*K. of Sc.* Amen say I, wold thou wert with him too :  
Then might I haue a fitter time to woo.

But Countesse you would be gone, therfore farwell  
Yet *Ida* if thou wilt, stay thou behind,  
To accompany my Queene.

But if thou like the pleasures of the Court,  
Or if she likte me tho she left the Court,  
What should I say ? I know not what to say,  
You may depart, and you my curteous Queene,  
Leaue me a space, I haue a waightie cause to thinke vpon :

*Ida*, it nips me neere :

It came from thence, I feele it burning heere.

*Exeunt all sauing the King and Ateukin.*

*K. of Scot.* Now am I free from fight of commõ eie,  
Where to my selfe I may disclose the grieffe  
That hath too great a part in mine affects.

*Ateu.* And now is my time, by wiles & words to rise,  
Greater then those, that thinks themselues more wise.

*K. of Scots.* And first fond King, thy honor doth engraue,

# The Scottish Historie

Vpon thy browes, the drift of thy disgrace :  
Thy new vowd loue in sight of God and men, 290  
Linke thee to *Dorithea*, during life.  
For who more faire and vertuous then thy wife,  
Deceitfull murtherer of a quiet minde,  
Fond loue, vile lust, that thus misleads vs men,  
To vowe our faithes, and fall to sin againe.  
But Kings stoupe not to euery common thought,  
*Ida* is faire and wise, fit for a King:  
And for faire *Ida* will I hazard life,  
Venture my Kingdome, Country, and my Crowne :  
Such fire hath loue, to burne a kingdome downe. 300  
Say *Doll* dislikes, that I estrange my loue,  
Am I obedient to a womans looke ?  
Nay say her father frowne when he shall heare  
That I do hold faire *Idaes* loue so deare :  
Let father frowne and fret, and fret and die,  
Nor earth, nor heauen shall part my loue and I.  
Yea they shall part vs, but we first must meet,  
And wo, and win, and yet the world not feet.  
Yea ther's the wound, & wounded with that thoght  
So let me die: for all my drift is naught. 310  
*Ateu.* Most gracious and imperiall Maiestie,  
*K. of S.* A little flattery more were but too much,  
Villaine what art thou that thus darest interrupt a Princes se-  
*Ateu.* Dread King, thy vassall is a man of Art, (crets.  
Who knowes by constellation of the stars,  
By oppositions and by drie aspects,  
The things are past, and those that are to come.  
*K. of S.* But where's thy warrant to approach my presence ?  
*Ateu.* My zeale and ruth to see your graces wrong,  
Makes me lament, I did detract so long. 320  
*K. of S.* If thou knowst thoughts, tell me what mean I now ?  
*Ateu.* Ile calculate the cause of those your highnesse smiles,  
And tell your thoughts.

*X. of S.*

# of Iames the fourth.

*K. of S.* But leaft thou fpend thy time in idleneffe,  
And miffe the matter that my mind aimes at,  
Tell me what ftar was oppofite when that was thought?

He ftrikes him on the eare.

*Ateu.* Tis inconuenient mightie Potentate,  
Whofe lookes refembles *Ioue* in Maieftie,  
To fcorne the footh of fcience with contempt,  
I fee in thofe imperiall lookes of yours,  
The whole difcourfe of loue, *Saturn* combuft,  
With direfull lookes at your natiuitie :  
Beheld faire *Venus* in her filuer orbe,  
I know by certaine exiomies I haue read,  
Your graces griefs, & further can exprefse her name,  
That holds you thus in fancies bands.

330

*K. of S.* Thou talkeft wonders.

*Ateu.* Nought but truth O King,  
Tis *Ida* is the miftrefse of your heart,  
Whofe youth muft take impreffion of affects,  
For tender twigs will bowe, and milder mindes  
Will yeeld to fancie be they followed well.

340

*K. of S.* What god art thou compofde in humane fhape,  
Or bold *Trophonius* to decide our doubt,  
How knowft thou this?

*Ateu.* Euen as I know the meanes,  
To worke your graces freedome and your loue :  
Had I the mind as many Courtiers haue,  
To creepe into your bofome for your coyne,  
And beg rewards for euery cap and knee,  
I then would fay, if that your grace would giue  
This leafe, this manor, or this pattent feald,  
For this or that I would effect your loue :

350

But *Ateukin* is no Parafite O Prince,  
I know your grace knowes fchollers are but poore,  
And therefore as I blufh to beg a fee,  
Your mightineffe is fo magnificent  
You cannot chufe but caft fome gift apart,

To

# The Scottish Historie

To ease my bathfull need that cannot beg,  
As for your loue, oh might I be imployd,  
How faithfully would *Ateukin* compasse it :  
But Princes rather trust a smoothing tongue,  
Then men of Art that can accept the time.

360

*K. of Scots. Ateu.* If so thy name, for so thou faist,  
Thine Art appears in entrance of my loue :  
And since I deeme thy wisedom matcht with truth,  
I will exalt thee, and thy selfe alone  
Shalt be the Agent to dissolue my grieffe.  
Sooth is, I loue, and *Ida* is my loue,  
But my new marriage nips me neare, *Ateukin* :  
For *Dorithea* may not brooke th'abuse.

370

*Ateu.* These lets are but as moaths against the sun,  
Yet not so great, like dust before the winde :  
Yet not so light. Tut pacifie your grace,  
You haue the sword and sceptor in your hand,  
You are the King, the state depends on you :  
Your will is law, say that the case were mine,  
Were she my sister whom your highnesse loues,  
She should consent, for that our liues, our goods,  
Depend on you, and if your Queene repine,  
Although my nature cannot brooke of blood,  
And Schollers grieue to heare of murtherous deeds,  
But if the Lambe should let the Lyons way,  
By my aduise the Lambe should lose her life.  
Thus am I bold to speake vnto your grace,  
Who am too base to kisse your royall feete,  
For I am poore, nor haue I land nor rent,  
Nor countenance here in Court, but for my loue,  
Your Grace shall find none such within the realme.

380

*K. of S.* Wilt thou effect my loue, shal she be mine ?

390

*Ateu.* Ile gather Moly-rocus, and the earbes,  
That heales the wounds of body and the minde,  
Ile set out charmes and spels, nought else shalbe left,

To

# of Iames the fourth.

To tame the wanton if she shall rebell,  
Giue me but tokens of your highnesse trust.

*K. of S.* Thou shalt haue gold, honor and wealth inough,  
Winne my Loue, and I will make thee great.

*Ateu.* These words do make me rich most noble Prince,  
I am more proude of them then any wealth, 400  
Did not your grace suppose I flatter you,  
Beleeue me I would boldly publish this :  
Was neuer eye that sawe a sweeter face,  
Nor neuer eare that heard a deeper wit,  
Oh God how I am rauisht in your woorth.

*K. of S. Ateu.* Follow me, loue must haue ease.

*Ateu.* Ile kisse your highnesse feet, march when you please.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Slipper, Nano, and Andrew, with their billes readie  
written in their hands.* 1. ii.  
410

*Andrew.* Stand back fir, mine shall stand highest.

*Slip.* Come vnder mine arme fir, or get a footstoole,  
Or else by the light of the Moone, I must come to it.

*Nano.* Agree my maisters, euery man to his height,  
Though I stand lowest, I hope to get the best maister.

*Andr.* Ere I will stoupe to a thistle, I will change turnes,  
As good lucke comes on the right hand, as the left :  
Here's for me, and me, and mine.

*Andr.* But tell me fellowes till better occasion come,  
Do you seeke maisters? 420

*Ambo.* We doo.

*Andr.* But what can you do worthie preferment ?

*Nano.* Marry I can smell a knaue from a Rat.

*Slip.* And I can licke a dish before a Cat.

*Andr.* And I can finde two fooles vnfought,  
How like you that ? (two ?  
But in earnest, now tell me of what trades are you

*Slip.* How meane you that fir, of what trade ?  
Marry Ile tell you, I haue many trades,

# The Scottish Historie

The honest trade when I needs must,  
The filching trade when time serues,  
The Coufening trade as I finde occasion.  
And I haue more qualities, I cannot abide a ful cup vnkift,  
A fat Capon vnbaru'd,  
A full purse vnpickt,  
Nor a foole to prooue a Iustice as you do.

*Andr.* Why sot why calst thou me foole?

*Nano.* For examining wiser then thy selfe.

*Andr.* So doth many more then I in *Scotland*.

*Nano.* Yea those are such, as haue more auththoritie then wit, 430  
And more wealth then honestie.

*Slip.* This is my little brother with the great wit, ware him,  
But what canst thou do, tel me, that art so inquisitiue of vs?

*Andr.* Any thing that concernes a gentleman to do, that can

*Slip.* So you are of the gentle trade? (I do.

*Andr.* True.

*Slip.* Then gentle sir, leaue vs to our felues,  
For heare comes one as if he would lack a seruant ere he went.

Ent. *Ateu.* Why so *Ateukin*? this becomes thee best,  
Wealth, honour, ease, and angelles in thy chest: 450

Now may I say, as many often sing,  
No fishing to the sea, nor seruice to a king.

Vnto this high promotions doth belong,  
Meanes to be talkt of in the thickest throng:

And first to fit the humors of my Lord,  
Sweete layes and lynes of loue I must record.

And such sweete lynes and louelayes ile endite:

As men may wish for, and my leech delight,

And next a traine of gallants at my heeles,

That men may say, the world doth run on wheeles. 460

For men of art, that rise by indirection,

To honour and the fauour of their King,

Must vse all meanes to faue what they haue got,

And win their fauours whom he neuer knew.

If any frowne to see my fortunes such,

A man

# of Iames the fourth.

A man must beare a little, not too much:  
But in good time these billes partend, I thinke,  
That some good fellowes do for seruice seeke.

Read. *If any gentleman, spirituall or temperall, will entertaine out of his seruice, a young stripling of the age of 30. yeares, that can* 470  
*sleep with the soundest, eate with the hungriest, work with the sickest, lye with the lowdest, face with the proudest, &c. that can wait in a Gentlemans chamber, when his maister is a myle of, keepe his stable when tis emptye, and his purse when tis full, and hath many qualities woorse then all these, let him write his name and goe his way, and attendance shall be giuen.*

*Ateu.* By my faith a good seruant, which is he?

*Slip.* Trulie sir that am I?

*Ateu.* And why doest thou write such a bill,  
Are all these qualities in thee?

480

*Slip.* O Lord I sir, and a great many more,  
Some bettet, some worse, some richer some porer,  
Why sir do you looke so, do they not please you?

*Ateu.* Trulie no, for they are naught and so art thou,  
If thou hast no better qualities, stand by.

*Slip.* O sir, I tell the worst first, but and you lack a man,  
I am for you, ile tell you the best qualities I haue.

*Ateu.* Be breefe then.

*Slip.* If you need me in your chamber,  
I can keepe the doore at a whistle, in your kitchin,  
Turne the spit, and licke the pan, and make the fire burne.  
But if in the stable.

490

*Steu.* Yea there would I vse thee.

*Slip.* Why there you kill me, there am I,  
And turne me to a horse & a wench, and I haue no peere.

*Ateu.* Art thou so good in keeping a horse,  
I pray thee tell me how many good qualities hath a horse?

*Slip.* Why so sir, a horse hath two properties of a man,  
That is a proude heart, and a hardie stomacke,  
Foure properties of a Lyon, a broad brest, a stiffe docket,

500

# The Scottish Historie

Hold your nose master. A wild countenance, and 4. good legs.  
Nine properties of a Foxe, nine of a Hare, nine of an Affe,  
And ten of a woman. (Horfe?)

*Ateu.* A woman, why what properties of a woman hath a

*Slip.* O maister, know you not that?

Draw your tables, and write what wife I speake.

First a merry countenance.

Second, a soft pace.

Third, a broad forehead.

Fourth, broad buttockes.

Fift, hard of warde.

Sixt, easie to leape vpon.

Seuenth, good at long iourney.

Eight, mouing vnder a man.

Ninth, alway busie with the mouth.

Tenth. Euer chewing on the bridle.

*Ateu.* Thou art a man for me, whats thy name?

*Slip.* An auncient name fir, belonging to the  
Chamber and the night gowne. Gesse you that.

*Ateu.* Whats that, *Slipper?*

*Slip.* By my faith well gelt, and so tis indeed :  
Youle be my maister?

*Ateu.* I meane so.

*Slip.* Reade this first.

*Ateu.* Pleaseth it any Gentleman to entertaine

A seruant of more wit then stature,

Let them subscribe, and attendance shall be giuen.

What of this? (together,

*Slip.* He is my brother fir, and we two were borne

Must serue together, and will die together,

Though we be both hand.

*Ateu.* Whats thy name?

*Nano.* *Nano.*

*Ateu.* The etimologie of which word, is a dwarfe:

Art not thou the old stoykes son that dwels in his Tombe?

*Ambo.*

510

520

530



# of James the fourth.

*Ambo.* We are.

*Ateu.* Thou art welcome to me,  
Wilt thou giue thy selfe wholly to be at my disposition?

*Nano.* In all humilitie I submit my selfe.

*Ateu.* Then will I deck thee Princely, instruct thee courtly, 540  
And present thee to the Queene as my gift.  
Art thou content?

*Nano.* Yes, and thanke your honor too.

*Slip.* Then welcome brother, and fellow now.

*Andr.* May it please your honor to abase your eye so lowe,  
As to looke either on my bill or my selfe.

*Ateu.* What are you?

*An.* By birth a gentleman, in profession a scholler,  
And one that knew your honor in *Edenborough*,  
Before your worthineffe cald you to this reputation. 550

By me *Andrew Snoord*.

*Ateu.* *Andrew* I remember thee, follow me,  
And we will confer further, for my waightie affaires  
For the king, commands me to be brieft at this time.  
Come on *Nano*, *Slipper* follow.

*Exeunt.*

Enter sir *Bartram* with *Eustas* and others, booted. 1. iii.

*S. Bar.* But tell me louely *Eustas* as thou lou'lt me,  
Among the many pleasures we haue past,  
Which is the rifest in thy memorie, 560  
To draw thee ouer to thine auncient friend?

*Eu.* What makes Sir *Bartram* thus inquisitiue?  
Tell me good knight, am I welcome or no?

*Sir Bar.* By sweet S. *Andrew* and may fale I sweare,  
As welcom is my honest *Dick* to me,  
As mornings fun, or as the watry moone,  
In merkist night, when we the borders track.  
I tell thee *Dick*, thy fight hath cleerd my thoughts,  
Of many banefull troubles that there woond.  
Welcome to sir *Bartram* as his life: 570

# The Scottish Historie

Tell me bonny *Dicke*, hast got a wife?

*Eust.* A wife God shield fir *Bartram*, that were ill  
To leaue my wife and wander thus astray:  
But time and good aduise ere many yeares,  
May chance to make my fancie bend that way,  
What newes in *Scotland*? therefore came I hither:  
To see your Country, and to chat together.

*Sir Bar.* Why man our Countries blyth, our king is well,  
Our Queene so, so, the Nobles well, and worfe  
And weele are they that were about the king, 580  
But better are the Country Gentlemen.  
And I may tell thee *Eustace*, in our liues,  
We old men neuer saw so wondrous change:  
But leaue this trattle, and tell me what newes,  
In louely England with our honest friends?

*Eust.* The king, the Court, and all our noble friends  
Are well, and God in mercy keepe them so.  
The Northren Lords and Ladies here abouts,  
That knowes I came to see your Queen and Court,  
Commends them to my honest friend fir *Bartram*, 590  
And many others that I haue not seene:  
Among the rest, the Countesse *Elinor* from *Carlile*  
Where we merry oft haue bene,  
Greets well my Lord, and hath directed me,  
By message this faire Ladies face to see.

*Sir Bar.* I tell thee *Eustace*, lest mine old eyes daze,  
This is our Scottish moone and euenings pride:  
This is the blemish of your English Bride:  
Who failes by her, are fure of winde at will.  
Her face is dangerous, her sight is ill: 600  
And yet in footh sweet *Dicke*, it may be said,  
The king hath folly, their's vertue in the mayd.

*Eust.* But knows my friend this portrait, be aduisd?

*Sir Bar.* Is it not *Ida* the Countesse of *Arains* daughters?

*Eust.*

# of Iames the fourth.

*Eust.* So was I told by *Elinor* of *Carlile*,  
But tell me louely *Bartram*, is the maid euil inclin'd,  
Mislid, or Concubine vnto the King or any other

*Ba.* Shuld I be brief & true, thẽ thus my *Dicke*, (Lord ?  
All Englands grounds yeelds not a blyther Laffe.

Nor *Europ* can art her for her gifts,  
Of vertue, honour, beautie, and the rest :  
But our fõd king not knowing fin in lust,  
Makes loue by endlesse meanes and precious gifts,  
And men that see it dare not sayt my friend,  
But wee may wish that it were otherwise :  
But I rid thee to view the picture still,  
For by the persons fights there hangs som ill.

610

*Ba.* Oh good fir *Bartram*, you suspect I loue,  
Then were I mad, hee whom I neuer sawe,  
But how so ere, I feare not entifings,  
Desire will giue no place vnto a king :  
Ile see her whom the world admires so much,  
That I may say with them, there liues none such.

620

*Bar.* Be Gad and fal, both see and talke with her,  
And when th' haft done, what ere her beautie be,  
Ile wantant thee her vertues may compare,  
With the proudest she that waits vpon your Queen.

*Eu.* My Ladie intreats your Worship in to supper.

*Ba.* Guid bony *Dick*, my wife will tel thee more,  
Was neuer no man in her booke before :  
Be Gad shees blyth, faire lewely, bony, &c.

630

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bohan and the fairy king after the first act, to  
them a rownd of Fairies, or some prittie dance.*

11. Chor.

*Bob.* Be Gad gramersis little king for this,  
This sport is better in my exile life,  
Then euer the deceitfuil werld could yeeld.

*Ober.* I tell thee *Bohan*, *Oberon* is king,

Of

# The Scottish Historie

Of quiet, pleasure, profit, and content,  
Of wealth, of honor, and of all the world, 640  
Tide to no place, yet all are tide to one,  
Liue thou in this life, exile from world and men,  
And I will shew thee wonters ere we part,

*Bob.* Then marke my stay, and the strange doubts,  
That follow flatterers, lust and lawlesse will,  
And then say I haue reason to forsake the world,  
And all that are within the same.  
Gow throwd vs in our harbor where weele see,  
The pride of folly, as it ought to be.

*Exeunt.* 650

*After the first act.*

*Ober.* Here see I good fond actions in thy gyg,  
And meanes to paint the worldes in constant waies  
But turne thine ene, see which for I can commaund.

*Enter two battailes strongly fighting, the one Simi Ranus, the  
other, Staurobates, she flies, and her Crowne is taken,  
and she hurt.*

*Bob.* What gars this din of mirk and balefull harme,  
Where euery weane is all betaint with bloud?

*Ober.* This shewes thee *Boban* what is worldly pompe. 660  
*Simeranus*, the proud Assirrian Queene,  
When *Ninus* died, did tene in her warres,  
Three millions of footemen to the fight,  
Fiue hundreth thousand horse, of armed chars,  
A hundreth thousand more yet in her pride  
Was hurt and conquered by *S. Taurobates*.  
Then what is pompe?

*Boban.* I see thou art thine ene.  
Thou bonny King, if Princes fall from high,  
My fall is past, vntill I fall to die. 670  
Now marke my talke, and profecute my gyg.

2.

*Ober.* How shuld these crafts withdraw thee from the world?  
But

# of Iames the fourth.

But looke my *Boban*, pompe allureth.

*Enter Cirus king, humbling themselues: himselfe crowned by Oliue Pat, at last dying, layde in a marbell tombe with this inscription*

Who so thou bee that passest,  
For I know one shall passe, knowe I  
I am *Cirus* of *Persia*,

680

And I prithee leaue me not thus like a clod of clay  
Wherewith my body is couered.

*All exeunt.*

*Enter the king in great pompe, who reads it, & issueth, crieth verneum.*

*Boba.* What meaneth this?

*Ober.* *Cirus* of *Persia*,

Mightie in life, within a marbell graue,  
Was layde to rot, whom *Alexander* once  
Beheld in tombde, and weeping did confesse  
Nothing in life could scape from wretchednesse:  
Why then boast men?

690

*Bob.* What recke I then of life,  
Who makes the graue my tomb, the earth my wife:  
But marke mee more.

3.

*Bob.* I can no more, my patience will not warpe.  
To see these flatteries how they sorne and carpe.

*Ober.* Turne but thy head.

*Enter our kings carring Crowns, Ladies presenting odors to Potentates in thronde, who suddainly is slaine by his seruants, and thrust out, and so they eate.*

700

*Exeunt.*

Sike is the werld, but wilke is he I sawe.

*Ober.* *Sesostris* who was conquerour of the werld,  
Slaine at the last, and stamp on by his slaues.

*Bob.* How blest are peur men then that know their  
Now marke the sequell of my Gig. (graue,

D

An

# The Scottish Historie

*Bob.* An he weele meete ends: the mirk and fable night  
Doth leaue the pering morne to prie abroade, 710  
Thou nill me stay, haile then thou pride of kings,  
I ken the world, and wot well worldly things,  
Marke thou my gyg, in mirkest termes that telles  
The loathe of finnes, and where corruption dwells  
Haile me ne mere with showes of gudlie fights:  
My graue is mine, that rids me from dispights.  
Accept my gig guid King, and let me rest,  
The graue with guid men, is a gay built nest.

*Ober.* The rising sunne doth call me hence away,  
Thankes for thy gyg, I may no longer stay: 720  
But if my traine, did wake thee from thy rest,  
So shall they sing, thy lullabie to nest.

*Actus Secundus. Skena Prima.*

*Enter the Countesse of Arrain, with Ida her daughter in theyr porch, sitting at worke.* 11. i.

*A song.*

*Count.* Faire *Ida*, might you chuse the greatest good  
Midst all the world, in blessings that abound:  
Wherein my daughter shuld your liking be?

*Ida.* Not in delights, or pompe, or maiestie. 730

*Count.* And why?

*Ida.* Since these are meanes to draw the minde  
From perfect good, and make true iudgement blind.

*Count.* Might you haue wealth, and fortunes ritcheft store?

*Ida.* Yet would I (might I chuse) be honest poore.  
For she that fits at fortunes feete alowe  
Is sure she shall not taste a further woe.  
But those that prancke one top of fortunes ball,  
Still feare a change: and fearing catch a fall. (need.

*Count.* Tut foolish maide, each one contemneth 740

*Ida.* Good reasō why, they know not good indeed.

*Count.* Many marrie then, on whom distresse doth loure,  
*Ida.* Yes

# of Iames the fourth.

*Ida.* Yes they that vertue deeme an honest dowre.  
Madame, by right this world I may compare,  
Vnto my worke, wherein with heedfull care,  
The heauenly workeman plants with curious hand,  
As I with needle drawe each thing one land,  
Euen as hee list, some men like to the Rose,  
Are fashioned fresh, some in their stalkes do close,  
And borne do suddaine die: some are but weeds,  
And yet from them a secret good proceeds:  
I with my needle if I please may blot,  
The fairest rose within my cambricke plot,  
God with a becke can change each worldly thing,  
The poore to earth, the begger to the king.  
What then hath man, wherein hee well may boast,  
Since by a becke he liues, a louer is lost?

750

*Enter Eustace with letters.*

*Count.* Peace *Ida*, heere are straungers neare at hand.

*Eust.* Madame God speed.

760

*Count.* I thanke you gentle squire.

*Eust.* The countrie Countesse of *Northumberland*,  
Doth greete you well, and hath requested mee,  
To bring these letters to your Ladiship.

*He carries the letter.*

*Count.* I thanke her honour, and your selfe my friend.

*Shee receiues and peruseth them.*

I see she meanes you good braue Gentleman,  
Daughter, the Ladie *Elinor* salutes  
Your selfe as well as mee, then for her sake  
T'were good you entertaind that Courtiour well.

770

*Ida.* As much salute as may become my sex,  
And hee in vertue can vouchsafe to thinke,  
I yeeld him for the courteous Countesse sake.  
Good sir sit downe, my mother heere and I,  
Count time mispent, an endlesse vanitie.

*Eust.* Beyond report, the wit, the faire, the shape,

D 2

What

# The Scottish historie

What worke you heere, faire Mistresse may I see it?

*Id.* Good Sir looke on, how like you this compact?

*Eust.* Me thinks in this I see true loue in act:

780

The Woodbines with their leaues do sweetly spred,  
The Roses blushing prancke them in their red,  
No flower but boasts the beauties of the spring,  
This bird hath life indeed if it could sing:

What meanes faire Mistres had you in this worke?

*Ida.* My needle fir.

*Eust.* In needles then there lurkes,  
Some hidden grace I deeme beyond my reach.

*Id.* Not grace in thē good fir, but those that teach.

*Eust.* Say that your needle now were *Cupid's* sting,

790

But ah her eie must bee no lesse,  
In which is heauen and heauenlineffe,  
In which the foode of God is shut,  
Whose powers the purest mindes do glut.

*Ida.* What if it were?

*Eust.* Then see a wondrous thing,  
I feare mee you would paint in *Teneus* heart,  
Affection in his power and chiefest parts.

*Ida.* Good Lord fir no, for hearts but pricked soft,  
Are wounded sore, for so I heare it oft.

800

*Eust.* what reckes the second,  
Where but your happy eye,  
May make him liue, whom *Ioue* hath iudgd to die.

*Ida.* Should life & death within this needle lurke,

Ile pricke no hearts, Ile pricke vpon my worke.

*Enter Ateuken, with Slipper the Clowne.*

*Coun.* Peace *Ida*, I perceiue the fox at hand.

*Eust.* The fox? why fetch your hounds & chace him hence.

*Count.* Oh fir these great men barke at small offence.

*Ateu.* Come will it please you to enter gentle fir?

810

*Offer to exeunt.*

Stay courteous Ladies, fauour me so much,

As



# of Iames the fourth.

As to discourse a word or two apart.

*Count.* Good fir, my daughter learns this rule of mee,  
To shun resort, and straungers companie :  
For some are shifting mates that carrie letters,  
Some such as you too good, because our better.

*Slip.* Now I pray you fir what a kin are you to a pickrell?

*Ateu.* Why knaue?

*Slip.* By my troth fir, because I neuer knew a proper scitua- 820  
tion fellow of your pitch, fitter to swallow a gudgin.

*Ateu.* What meanst thou by this?

*Slip.* Shifting fellow fir, these be thy words, shifting fellow :  
This Gentlewoman I feare me, knew your bringing vp.

*Ateu.* How so?

*Slip.* Why fir your father was a Miller,  
That could shift for a pecke of grist in a bushell,  
And you a faire spoken Gentleman, that can get more land by  
a lye, then an honest man by his readie mony.

*Ateu.* Catiue what sayest thou?

830

*Slip.* I say fir, that if shee call you shifting knaue,  
You shall not put her to the prooffe.

*Ateu.* And why?

*Slip.* Because fir, liuing by your wit as you doo shifting, is  
your letters pattents, it were a hard matter for mee to get my  
dinner that day, wherein my Maister had not folde a dozen of  
deuices, a case of cogges, and a shute of shifts in the morning :  
I speake this in your commendation fir, & I pray you so take it.

*Ateu.* If I liue knaue I will bee reuenged, what Gentleman  
would entertaine a rascall, thus to derogate from his honour? 840

*Ida.* My Lord why are you thus impatient?

*Ateu.* Not angrie *Ida*, but I teach this knaue,  
How to behaue himfelfe among his better :  
Behold faire Countesse to assure your stay,  
I heere present the signet of the king,  
Who now by mee faire *Ida* doth salute you :  
And since in secret I haue certaine things,

# The Scottish Historie

In his behalfe good Madame to impart,  
I craue your daughter to discourse a part.

*Count.* Shee shall in humble dutie bee adrest,  
To do his Highnesse will in what shee may.

*Id.* Now gentle fir what would his grace with me?

*Ateu.* Faire comely Nimph, the beautie of your face,  
Sufficient to bewitch the heauenly powers,  
Hath wrought so much in him, that now of late  
Hee findes himselfe made captiue vnto loue,  
And though his power and Maiestie requires,  
A straight commaund before an humble sute,  
Yet hee his mightinesse doth so abase,  
As to intreat your fauour honest maid.

*Ida.* Is hee not married fir vnto our Queen?

*Ateu.* Hee is.

*Ida.* And are not they by God accurst,  
That feuer them whom hee hath knit in one?

*Ateu.* They bee: what then? wee seeke not to displace  
The Princesse from her seate, but since by loue  
The king is made your owne, shee is resolute  
In priuate to accept your dalliance,  
In spight of warre, watch, or worldly eye.

*Ida.* Oh how hee talkes as if hee should not die,  
As if that God in iustice once could winke,  
Vpon that fault I am a sham'd to thinke.

*Ateu.* Tut Mistresse, man at first was born to erre,  
Women are all not formed to bee Saints:  
Tis impious for to kill our natiue king,  
Whom by a little fauour wee may saue.

*Ida.* Better then liue vnchaste, to liue in graue.

*Ateu.* Hee shall erect your state & wed you well.

*Ida.* But can his warrant keep my soule from hell?

*Ateu.* He will inforce, if you resist his sute.

*Id.* What tho, the world may shame to him account  
To bee a king of men and worldly pelfe.

*Ateu.* Yet

850

860

870

880

# of Iames the fourth.

*Ateu.* Yet hath to power no rule and guide himselfe,  
I know you gentle Ladie and the care,  
Both of your honour and his graces health,  
Makes me confused in this daungerous state.

*Ida.* So counsell him, but sooth thou not his finne,  
Tis vaine alurement that doth make him loue,  
I shame to heare, bee you a shamde to mooue.

*Count.* I see my daughter growes impatient,  
I feare me hee pretends some bad intent.

890

*Ateu.* Will you dispise the king, & scorne him so?

*Ida.* In all alleageance I will serue his grace,  
But not in lust, oh how I blush to name it?

*Ateu.* An endlesse worke is this, how should I frame it?

*They discourse priuately.*

*Slip.* Oh Mistresse may I turne a word vpon you.

*Ateu.* Friend what wilt thou?

*Slip.* Oh what a happie Gentlewoman bee you trulie, the  
world reports this of you Mistresse, that a man can no sooner 900  
come to your house, but the Butler comes with a blacke Jack  
and sayes welcome friend, heeres a cup of the best for you, ve-  
rilie Mistresse you are said to haue the best Ale in al *Scotland*.

*Count.* Sirrha go fetch him drinke, how likest thou this?

*Slip.* Like it Mistresse? why this is quincy quarie pepper  
de watchet, single goby, of all that euer I tasted: Ile prooue in  
this Ale and tost, the compasse of the whole world. First this  
is the earth, it ties in the middle a faire browne tost, a goodly  
countrie for hungrie teeth to dwell vpon: next this is the sea,  
a fair poole for a drie tōgue to fish in: now come I, & seing the 910  
world is naught, I diuide it thus, & because the sea cānot stand  
without the earth, as *Arist.* saith, I put thē both into their first

*Chaos,*

# The Scottish Historie

*Chaos* which is my bellie, and so mistresse you may see your ale is become a myracle.

*Eustace.* A merrie mate Madame I promise you.

*Count.* Why figh you firrah?

*Slip.* Trulie Madam, to think vppon the world, which since I denouced, it keeps such a rumbling in my stomack, that vnlesse your Cooke giue it a counterbuffe with some of your roasted Capons or beefe, I feare me I shal become a loose body, so 920 daintie I thinke, I shall neither hold fast before nor behinde.

*Count.* Go take him in and feast this merrie swaine, Syrrha, my cooke is your phisitian.

He hath a purge for to disieft the world.

*Ateu.* Will you not, *Ida*, grant his highnesse this?

*Ida.* As I haue said, in dutie I am his:  
For other lawlesse lusts, that ill befeeme him,  
I cannot like, and good I will not deeme him.

*Count.* *Ida* come in, and fir if so you please,  
Come take a homelie widdowes intertaine.

930

*Ida.* If he haue no great haste, he may come nye.  
If haste, tho he be gone, I will not crie.

*Exeunt.*

*Ateu.* I see this labour lost, my hope in vaine,  
Yet will I trie an other drift againe.

*Enter the Bishop of S. Andrewes, Earle Douglas,  
Morton, with others, one way, the Queene with  
Dwarfes an other way.*

II. ii.

*B. S. Andr.* Oh wrack of Cōmon-weale! Oh wretched state!

*Doug.* Oh haplesse flocke whereas the guide is blinde? 940

*They all are in a muse.*

*Mort.* Oh heedlesse youth, where counsaile is dispis'd.

*Dorot.* Come prettie knaue, and prank it by my side,  
Lets see your best attendaunce out of hande.

*Dwarffe.* Madame altho my lims are very small,  
My heart is good, ile serue you therewithall.

*Doro.* How if I were affaild, what couldst thou do?

*Dwarffe.*

# of Iames the fourth.

*Dwarf.* Madame call helpe, and boldly fight it to,  
Altho a Bee be but a litle thing:

You know faire Queen, it hath a bitter sting.

950

*Dor.* How couldst thou do me good were I in greefe?

*Dwar.* Counsell deare Princes, is a choyce releefe.

Tho *Nestor* wanted force, great was his wit,  
And tho I am but weake, my words are fit.

*S. And.* Like to a ship vpon the Ocean seas,  
Toft in the doubtfull streame without a helme,

Such is a Monarke without good aduice,

I am ore heard, cast raine vpon thy tongue,

*Andrewes* beware, reproofe will breed a scar.

*Mor.* Good day my Lord.

960

*B. S. And.* Lord *Morton* well ymet:

Whereon deemes Lord *Douglas* all this while?

*Dou.* Of that which yours and my poore heart doth breake:  
Altho feare shuts our mouths we dare not speake.

*Dor.* What meane these Princes sadly to consult?

Somewhat I feare, betideth them amisse,

They are so pale in lookes, so vext in minde:

In happie houre the Noble Scottish Peeres

Haue I incountred you, what makes you mourne?

*B. S. And.* If we with patience may attentiu gaine,  
Your Grace shall know the cause of all our grieffe.

970

*Dor.* Speake on good father, come and sit by me:

I know thy care is for the common good.

*B. S. And.* As fortune mightie Princes reareth some,  
To high estate, and place in Common-weale,

So by diuine bequest to them is lent,

A riper iudgement and more searching eye:

Whereby they may discerne the common harme,

For where importunes in the world are most,

Where all our profits rise and still increase,

980

There is our minde, thereon we meditate,

And what we do partake of good aduice,

# The Scottish Historie

That we imploy for to concerne the fame.)  
To this intent these nobles and my selfe,  
That are (or should bee) eyes of Common-weale,  
Seeing his highnesse reachlesse course of youth  
His lawlesse and vnbridled vaine in loue,  
His to intentiue trust too flatterers,  
His abiect care of councell and his friendes,  
Cannot but greeue, and since we cannot drawe  
His eye or Iudgement to discerne his faults  
Since we haue spake and counsaile is not heard,  
I for my part, (let others as they list)  
Will leaue the Court, and leaue him to his will :  
Least with a ruthfull eye I should behold,  
His ouerthrow which fore I feare is nye.

990

*Doro.* Ah father are you so estranged from loue,  
From due alleageance to your Prince and land,  
To leaue your King when most he needs your help,  
The thriftie husbandmen, are neuer wont  
That see their lands vnfruitfull, to forsake them :  
But when the mould is barraine and vnapt,  
They toyle, they plow, and make the fallow fatte :  
The pilot in the dangerous seas is knowne,  
In calmer waues the sillie sailor striues,  
Are you not members Lords of Common-weale,  
And can your head, your deere annointed King,  
Default ye Lords, except your selues do faile ?  
Oh stay your steps, returne and counsaile him.

1000

*Doug.* Men seek not mosse vpon a rowling stone,  
Or water from the siue, or fire from yce :  
Or comfort from a rechlesse monarkes hands.  
Madame he sets vs light that seru'd in Court,  
In place of credit in his fathers dayes,  
If we but enter presence of his grace,  
Our payment is a frowne, a scoffe, a frumpe,  
Whilst flattering *Gnato* prancks it by his side,

1010

Soothing

# of Iames the fourth.

Soothing the carelesse King in his misdeeds,  
And if your grace confider your estate,  
His life should vrge you too if all be true.

1020

*Doug.* Why *Douglas* why?

*Doug.* As if you haue not heard  
His lawlesse loue to *Ida* growne of late,  
His carelesse estimate of your estate.

*Doro.* Ah *Douglas* thou misconstrest his intent,  
He doth but tempt his wife, he tryees my loue:  
This iniurie pertaines to me, not to you.  
The King is young, and if he step awrie,  
He may amend, and I will loue him still.

1030

Should we disdaine our vines becauso they sprout  
Before their time? or young men if they straine  
Beyöd their reach? no vines that bloome and spread  
Do promise frutes, and young men that are wilde,  
In age growe wise, my freendes and Scottish Peeres,  
If that an English Princessse may preuaile,  
Stay, stay with him, lo how my zealous prayer  
Is plead with teares, fie Peeres will you hence?

*S. And.* Madam tis vertue in your grace to plead,  
But we that see his vaine vntoward course,  
Cannot but flie the fire before it burne,  
And shun the Court before we see his fall.

1040

*Doro.* Wil you not stay? then Lordings fare you well.  
Tho you forsake your King, the heauens I hope  
Will fauour him through mine incessant prayer.

*Dwar.* Content you Madam, thus old *Ouid* sings.  
Tis foolish to bewaile recurelesse things.

*Dorothea.* Peace *Dwarffe*, these words my patience moue.

*Dwar.* All tho you charme my speech, charme not my loue

*Exeunt Nano Dorothea.*

*Enter the King of Scots, Arius, the nobles spying  
him, returnes.*

1050

*K. of S. Douglas* how now? why changest thou thy cheere?

E 2

*Douglas.*

# The Scottish Historie

*Dougl.* My priuate troubles are fo great my liege,  
As I must craue your licence for a while:  
For to intend mine owne affaires at home. *Exit.*

*King.* You may depart, but why is *Morton* fad?

*Mor.* The like occasion doth import me too,  
So I desire your grace to giue me leaue.

*K. of S.* Well fir you may betake you to your ease,  
When such grim fyrs are gone, I see no let  
To worke my will.

1060

8. *Atten.* What like the Eagle then,  
With often flight wilt thou thy feathers loose?  
O King canst thou indure to see thy Court,  
Of finest wits and Iudgements dispossesse,  
Whilst cloking craft with soothing climbs so high,  
As each bewailes ambition is so bad?

Thy father left thee with estate and Crowne,  
A learned councell to direct thy Court,  
These careleslie O King thou castest off,  
To entertaine a traine of Sicophants:  
Thou well mai't see, although thou wilt not see,  
That euery eye and eare both sees and heares  
The certaine signes of thine inconstinence:

1070

Thou art alyed vnto the English King,  
By marriage a happie friend indeed,  
If vsed well, if not a mightie foe.  
Thinketh your grace he can indure and brooke,  
To haue a partner in his daughters loue?  
Thinketh your grace the grudge of priuie wrongs  
Will not procure him change his smiles to threats?  
Oh be not blinde to good, call home your Lordes,  
Displace these flattering Gnatoes, driue them hence:  
Loue and with kindnesse take your wedlocke wife  
Or else (which God forbid) I feare a change,  
Sinne cannot thriue in courts without a plague.

1080

*K. of S.* Go pack thou too, vnles thou med thy talk:

On



# of James the fourth.

On paine of death proud Bishop get you gone,  
Vnlesse you headlesse mean to hoppe away.

8. *Atten.* Thou god of heauē preuent my countries

1090

*Exeunt.* (fall.

*K. of S.* These staies and lets to pleasure, plague  
Forcing my greeuous wounds a new to bleed: (my thoughts,  
Bur care that hath transported me so farre,  
Faire *Ida* is disperst in thought of thee:  
Whose answere yeeldes me life, or breeds my death:  
Yond comes the messenger of weale or woe.

*Enter Gnato.*

*Ateukin* What newes?

*Ateu.* The adamant o King will not be filde,  
But by it selfe, and beautie that exceeds,  
By some exceeding fauour must be wrought,  
*Ida* is coy as yet, and doth repine,  
Obiecting marriage, honour, feare, and death,  
Shee's holy, wife, and too precise for me.

1100

*K. of S.* Are these thy fruites of wits, thy sight in  
Thine eloquence? thy pollicie? thy drift? (Art?  
To mocke thy Prince, thē catiue packe thee hence,  
And let me die deuoured in my loue.

*Ateu.* Good Lord how rage gainfayeth reasons power,  
My deare, my gracious, and beloued Prince,  
The essence of my fute, my God on earth,  
Sit downe and rest your selfe, appease your wrath,  
Least with a frowne yee wound me to the death:  
Oh that I were included in my graue,  
That eyther now to saue my Princes life,  
Must counsell crueltie, or loose my King.

1110

*K. of S.* Why firrha, is there meanes to mooue her minde?

*Ateu.* Oh should I not offend my royall liege.

*K. of S.* Tell all, spare nought, so I may gaine my loue.

1120

*Ateu.* Alasse my soule why art thou torne in twaine,  
For feare thou talke a thing that should displeafe?

# The Scottish Historie

*K. of S.* Tut, speake what so thou wilt I pardon thee.

*Ateu.* How kinde a word, how courtesous is his  
Who would not die to succour such a king? (grace :  
My liege, this louely mayde of modest minde,  
Could well incline to loue, but that shee feares,  
Faire *Dorotheas* power, your grace doth know,  
Your wedlocke is a mightie let to loue :  
Were *Ida* fure to bee your wedded wife,  
That then the twig would bowe, you might com-  
Ladies loue, presents pompe and high estate. (mand.

1130

*K. of S.* Ah *Ateukin*, how shuld we display this let?

*Ateu.* Tut mightie Prince, oh that I might bee

*K. of S.* Why dalliest thou?                      whilst.

*Ateu.* I will not mooue my Prince,  
I will preferre his safetie before my life :  
Heare mee o king, tis *Dorotheas* death,  
Must do you good.

*K. of S.* What, murther of my Queene?  
Yet to enioy my loue, what is my Queene?  
Oh but my vowe and promise to my Queene :  
I but my hope to gaine a fairer Queene,  
With how contrarious thoughts am I with drawne?  
Why linger I twixt hope and doubtfull feare :  
If *Dorothe* die, will *Ida* loue?

1140

*Ateu.* Shee will my Lord.

*K. of S.* Then let her die.

Deuife, aduise the meanes,  
Al likes me wel that lends me hope in loue. (worke :

1150

*Ateu.* What will your grace consent, then let mee  
Theres heere in Court a Frenchman *Iaques* calde,  
A fit performer of our enterprife,  
Whom I by gifts and promise will corrupt,  
To slaye the Queene, so that your grace will feale  
A warrant for the man to faue his life. (figne

*K. of S.* Nought shall he want, write thou and I wil  
And gentle *Gnato*, if my *Ida* yeelde,

Thou

# of Iames the fourth.

Thon shalt haue what thou wilt, Ile giue the straight,  
A Barrony, an Earledome for reward.

1160

*Ateu.* Frolicke young king, the Lasse shall bee your owne,  
Ile make her blyth and wanton by my wit.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Boban with Obiron.*

111. Chor.

3. Act.

*Bob.* So *Oberon*, now it beginnes to worke in kinde,  
The auncient Lords by leauing him aliue,  
Disliking of his humors and respight,  
Lets him run headlong till his flatterers,  
Sweeting his thoughts of lucklesse lust,  
With vile perswations and alluring words,  
Makes him make way by murther to his will,  
Iudge fairie king, halt heard a greater ill?

1170

*Ober.* Nor fend more vertue in a countrie mayd,  
I tell the *Boban* it doth make me merrie,  
To thinke the deeds the king meanes to performe.

*Boba.* To change that humour stand and see the rest,  
I trow my sonne *Slipper* will shewes a iest.

*Enter Slipper with a companion, bog, or wench, dauncing a  
hornpipe, and daunce out againe.*

1180

*Boba.* Now after this beguiling of our thoughts,  
And changing them from sad to better glee,  
Lets to our fell, and sit and see thee rest,  
For I beleuee this Iig will prooue no iest.

*Exeunt.*

*Chorus Actus 3. Schena Prima.*

111. i.

*Enter Slipper one way, and S. Bartram another way.*

*Bar.* Ho fellow, stay and let me speake with thee.

*Sli.* Fellow, friend thou doest disbuse me, I am a Gentlemã.

*Bar.* A Gentleman, how so?

*Slip.* Why I rub horses fir.

1190

*Bar.* And what of that?

*Sip.* Oh simple witted, marke my reason, they that do good  
seruice in the Common-weale are Gentlemen, but such as rub  
horses

# The Scottish historie

horfes do good seruice in the Common-weale, Ergo tarbox  
Maister Courtier, a Horfe-keeper is a Gentleman.

*Bar.* Heere is ouermuch wit in good earnest:  
But firrha where is thy Maister?

*Slip.* Neither aboue ground nor vnder ground,  
Drawing out red into white,  
Swallowing that downe without chawing,  
That was neuer made without treading.

1200

*Bar.* Why where is hee then?

*Slip.* Why in his feller, drinking a cup of neate and briske  
claret, in a boule of filuer: Oh fir the wine runnes trillill down  
his throat, which cost the poore viutnerd many a stampe be-  
fore it was made: but I must hence fir, I haue haste.

*Bar.* Why whither now I prithe?

*Slip.* Faith fir, to Sir *Siluester* a Knight hard by, vppon my  
Maisters arrand, whom I must certifie this, that the lease of  
*Est Spring* shall bee confirmed, and therefore must I bid him  
prouide trash, for my Maister is no friend without mony.

1210

*Bar.* This is the thing for which I sued so long,  
This is the lease which I by *Guatoes* meanes,  
Sought to possesse by pattent from the King:  
But hee iniurious man, who liues by crafts,  
And selles kings fauours for who will giue most,  
Hath taken bribes of mee, yet couertly  
Will sell away the thing pertaines to mee:  
But I haue found a present helpe I hope,  
For to preuent his purpose and deceit:  
Stay gentle friend.

1220

*Slip.* A good word, thou haste won me,  
This word is like a warme candle to a colde stomacke.

*Bar.* Sirra wilt thou for mony and reward,  
Conuay me certaine letters out of hand,  
From out thy maisters pocket.

*Slip.* Will I fir, why, were it to rob my father, hang  
my mother, or any such like trifles, I am at your

com-

# of Iames the fourth.

commaundement fir, what will you giue me fir?

*S. Bar.* A hundreth pounds.

1230

*Slip.* I am your man, giue me earnest, I am dead at a pocket fir, why I am a lifter maister, by my occupation.

*S. Bar.* A lifter, what is that?

*Slip.* Why fir, I can lift a pot as well as any man, and picke a purse affoone as any theefe in my countrie.

*S. Bar.* Why fellow hold, heere is earnest,  
Ten pound to assure thee, go dispatch,  
And bring it me to yonder Tauerne thou seest,  
And assure thy selfe thou shalt both haue  
Thy skin full of wine, and the rest of thy mony.

1240

*Slip.* I will fir. Now roome for a Gentleman, my maisters,  
who giues mee mony for a faire new Angell, a trimme new  
Angell?

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Andrew and Purueyer.*

III. ii.

*Pur.* Sirrha, I must needes haue your maisters horfes,  
The king cannot bee vnserued.

*And.* Sirrha you must needs go without them,  
Because my Maister must be serued.

*Pur.* Why I am the kings Purueyer,  
And I tell thee I will haue them.

1250

*And.* I am *Ateukins* seruant, Signior *Andrew*,  
And I fay thou shalt not haue them.

*Pur.* Heeres my ticket, denie it if thou darst.

*And.* There is the stable, fetch them out if thou darst.

*Pur.* Sirrha, firrha, tame your tongue, least I make you.

*And.* Sirrha, firrha, hold your hand, least I bum you.

*Pur.* I tell thee, thy Maisters geldings are good,  
And therefore fit for the king.

*An.* I tell thee, my Maisters horfes haue gald backes,  
And therefore cannot fit the King.

1260

Purueyr, Purueyer, puruey thee of more wit, darst thou pre-  
sume to wrong my Lord *Ateukins*, being the chiefeft man in  
Court.

F

*Pur.* The

# The Scottish Historie

*Pur.* The more vnhappie Common-weale,  
Where flatterers are chiefe in Court.

*And.* What fayest thou?

*Pur.* I fay thou art too presumptuous,  
And the officers shall schoole thee.

*And.* A figge for them and thee Purueyer,  
They seeke a knot in a ring, that would wrong  
My maister or his seruants in this Court.

*Enter Iaques.*

*Pur.* The world is at a wise passe,  
When Nobilitie is a fraid of a flatterer.

*Iaq.* Sirrha, what be you that parley, contra Monsieur my  
Lord *Ateukin, en bonne foy*, prate you against fyr *Alteffe*, mee  
maka your test to leap from your shoulders, per ma foy cy fe-  
re ie.

*And.* Oh signior Captaine, you shewe your selfe a forward 1280  
and friendly Gentleman in my Maisters behalfe, I will cause  
him to thanke you.

*Iaq.* *Poultron* speake me one parola against my bon Gen-  
tilhome, I shal estrampe your guttes, and thumpe your backa,  
that you no poynt mannage this tenne ours.

*Pur.* Sirrha come open me the stable,  
And let mee haue the horses:  
And fellow, for all your French bragges I will doo my dutie.

*And.* Ile make garters of thy guttes,  
Thou villaine if thou enter this office.

1290

*Iaq.* Mort lieu, take me that cappa  
Pour nostre labour, be gonne villein in the mort.

*Pur.* What will you resist mee then?  
Well the Councill fellow, Shall know of your infolency.

*Exit.*

*Andr.* Tell them what thou wilt, and eate that I can best  
spare

# of Iames the fourth.

spare from my backe partes, and get you gone with a vengeance.

*Enter Gnato.*

*Ateu. Andrew.*

1300

*Andr. Sir.*

*Ateu. Where be my writings I put in my pocket last night.*

*Andr. Which fir, your annoations vpon Matchauell?*

*Ateu. No fir, the letters pattenets for east spring.*

*An. Why fir you talk wonders to me, if you ask that questiō.*

*Ateu. Yea fir, and wil work wonders too, which you vnlesse you finde them out, villaine search me them out and bring the me, or thou art but dead.*

*Andr. A terrible word in the latter end of a seffions. Master were you in your right wits yesternight?*

1310

*Ateu. Doest thou doubt it?*

*Andr. I and why not fir, for the greatest Clarkes are not the wifest, and a foole may dance in a hood, as wel as a wise man in a bare frock: besides such as giue themselues to *Plulantia*, as you do maister, are so cholericke of complection, that that which they burne in fire ouer night, they seeke for with furie the next morning. Ah I take care of your worshop, this common-weale should haue a great losse of so good a member as you are.*

*Ateu. Thou flatterest me.*

1320

*Andr. Is it flatterie in me fir to speake you faire?*

What is it then in you to dallie with the King?

*Ateu. Are you prating knaue,  
I will teach you bettet nurture?*

Is this the care you haue of my wardrop?

Of my accounts, and matters of trust?

*Andr. Why alasse fir, in times past your garments haue beene so well inhabited, as your Tenants woulde giue no place to a Moathe to mangle them, but since you are growne greater and your Garments more fine and gaye,*

1330

# The Scottish Historie

if your garments are not fit for hospitallitie, blame your pride,  
and commend my cleanness: as for your writings, I am not  
for them, nor they for mee.

*Ateu.* Villaine go, flie, finde them out :  
If thou loofest them, thou loofest my credit.

*And.* Alasse sir? can I loofe that you neuer had.

*Ateu.* Say you so, then hold feel you that you neuer

*Ia.* Oh Monsieur, aies patient, pardon your poure (felt.  
Me bee at your commaundement. (vallet,

*Ateu.* Signior *Iaques* wel met, you shall commaund me, 1340  
Sirra go cause my writings be proclaimed in the Market place,  
Promise a great reward to them that findes them,  
Looke where I sapt and euery where.

*And.* I will sir, now are two knaues well met, and three well  
parted, if you conceiue mine enigma, Gentlemen what shal I  
bee then, faith a plaine harpe shilling. *Exeunt.*

*Ateu.* *Sieur Iaques*, this our happy meeting hides,  
Your friends and me, of care and greuous toyle,  
For I that looke into deserts of men,  
And see among the souldiers in this court, 1350  
A noble forward minde, and iudge thereof,  
Cannot but seeke the meanes to raise them vp:  
Who merrit credite in the Common-weale.  
To this intent friend *Iaque* I haue found  
A meanes to make you great, and well esteemd,  
Both with the king, and with the best in Court :  
For I espie in you a valiant minde,  
Which makes mee loue, admire, and honour you :  
To this intent (if so your trust and faith,  
Your secrecie be equall with your force) 1360  
I will impart a seruice to thy selfe,  
Which if thou doest effect, the King, my selfe,  
And what or hee, and I with him can worke,

Shall



# of Iames the fourth.

Shall be employd in what thou wilt desire.

*Iaq.* Me sweara by my ten bones, my fingniar, to be loyal to your Lordships intents, affaires, ye my monsignieur, *qui non fera ic pour*. Yea pleasure?

By my sworda me be no babie Lords.

*Ateu.* Then hoping one thy truth, I prithe fee,

How kinde *Ateukin* is to forward mee,

1370

Hold take this earnest pennie of my loue.

And marke my words, the King by me requires,

No slender seruice *Iaques* at thy hands.

Thou must by priuie practife make a way,

The Queene faire *Dorethea* as she sleepest:

Or how thou wilt, so she be done to death:

Thou shalt not want promotion heare in Court.

*Iaq.* Stabba the woman, per ma foy, monsignieur, me thrufta my weapon into her belle, so me may be gard per le roy.

Mee de your seruice.

1380

But me no be hanged pur my labor.

*Ateu.* Thou shalt haue warrant *Iaques* from the King,

None shall outface, gainfay and wrong my friend.

Do not I loue thee *Iaques*? feare not then,

I tell thee who so toucheth thee in ought,

Shall iniure me, I loue, I tender thee:

Thou art a subiect fit to serue his grace,

*Iaques*, I had a written warrant once,

But that by great misfortune late is lost,

Come wend we to S. *Andrewes*, where his grace

1390

Is now in progresse, where he shall assure

Thy safetic, and confirme thee to the act.

*Iaques.* We will attend your noblenesse.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter sir Bartram, Dorothea, the Queene,  
Nano, Lord Ross. Ladies  
attendants.*

III. iii.

# The Scottish historie

*Doro.* Thy credite *Bartram* in the Scottish Court,,  
Thy reuerend yeares, the stricknesse of thy vowes,  
All these are meanes sufficient to perswade,  
But loue the faithfull lincke of loyall hearts,  
That hath possession of my constant minde,  
Exiles all dread, subdueth vaine suspect,  
Me thinks no craft should harbour in that brest,  
Where Maiestie and vertue is mistaled:  
Me thinke my beautie should not cause my death.

1400

*Bar.* How gladly foueraigne Princeesse would I erre,  
And binde my shame to faue your royall life:  
Tis Princely in your selfe to thinke the best,  
To hope his grace is guiltlesse of this crime,  
But if in due preuention you default,  
How blinde are you that were forwarnd before.

1410

*Doro.* Suspition without cause deserueth blame.

*Bar.* Who sees, and shunne not harmes, deserue the same:  
Beholde the tenor of this traiterous plot.

*Doro.* What should I reade? Perhappes he wrote it not.

*Bar.* Heere is his warrant vnder seale and signe,  
To *Iaques* borne in *France* to murder you.

*Doro.* Ah carelesse King, would God this were not thine  
What tho I reade? Ah should I thinke it true?

1420

*Rosse.* The hand and seale confirms the deede is his.

*Doro.* What know I tho, if now he thinketh this?

*Nauo.* Madame *Lucretius* saith, that to repent,  
Is shildish wisdome to preuent.

*Doro.* What tho?

*Nauo.* Then cease your teares, that haue dismaid you,  
And crosse the foe before hee haue betrayed you.

*Bar.* What needes this long suggestions in this cause?  
When euery circumstance confirmeth trueth:  
First let the hidden mercie from aboue,  
Confirme your grace, since by a wondrous meanes,  
The practise of your daungers came to light:

1430

Next

## of Iames the fourth.

Next let the tokens of appoued trueth,  
Gouerne and stay your thoughts, too much seduc't,  
And marke the sooth, and listen the intent,  
Your highnesse knowes, and these my noble Lords,  
Can witnesse this, that whilest your husbands sirre  
In happie peace posselt the Scottissh Crowne,  
I was his sworne attendant heere in Court,  
In daungerous fight I neuer fail'd my Lord.  
And since his death, and this your husbands raigne,  
No labour, dutie, haue I left vndone,  
To testifie my zeale vnto the Crowne:  
But now my limmes are weake, mine eyes are dim,  
Mine age vnweldie and vnmeete for toyle:  
I came to court in hope for seruice past,  
To gaine some lease to keepe me beeing olde,  
There found I all was vpsie turuy turnd,  
My friends displac'ff, the Nobles loth to craue,  
Then fought I to the minion of the King,  
*Auteukin*, who allured by a bribe,  
Assur'd me of the lease for which I fought:  
But see the craft, when he had got the graunt,  
He wrought to sell it to Sir *Siluester*,  
In hope of greater earnings from his hands:  
In brieve, I learnt his craft, and wrought the meanes,  
By one his needie seruants for reward,  
To steale from out his pocket all the briefes,  
Which hee perform'd, and with reward resign'd  
Them when I read (now marke the power of God)  
I found this warrant seald among the rest,  
To kill your grace, whom God long keepe aliue.  
Thus in effect, by wonder are you sau'd,  
Trifle not then, bnt seeke a speakie flight,  
God will conduct your steppes, and shield the right.  
*Dor.* What should I do, ah poore vnhappy Queen?  
Borne to indure what fortune can containe,

1440

1450

1460

Ah

# The Scottish Historie

Ah lassè the deed is too apparant now :

But oh mine eyes were you as bent to hide,

As my poore heart is forward to forgiue.

1470

Ah cruell king, my loue would thee acquite,

Oh what auailles to be allied and matcht

With high estates that marry but in shewe ?

Were I baser borne, my meane estate

Could warrant me from this impendent harme,

But to be great and happie these are twaine.

Ah *Roffe* what shall I do, how shall I worke ?

*Roffe.* With speedie letters to your father fend,

Who will reuenge you, and defend your right.

*Dor.* As if they kill not me, who with him fight ?

1480

As if his brest be toucht, I am not wounded,

As if he waild, my ioyes were not confounded :

We are one heart, tho rent by hate in twaine :

One foule, one essence doth our weale containe :

What then can conquer him that kils not me ?

*Roffe.* If this aduice displease, then Madame flee.

*Dor.* Where may I wend or trauel without feare ?

*Na.* Where not, in changing this attire you weare ?

*Dor.* What shall I clad me like a Country maide ?

*Na.* The pollicie is base I am affraide.

1490

*Dor.* Why *Nano* ?

*Na.* Aske you why ? what may a Queene

March forth in homely weede and be not seene ?

The Rose although in thornie shrubs she spread :

Is still the Rose, her beauties waxe not dead.

And noble mindes altho the coate be bare,

Are by their semblance knowne, how great they are

*Bar.* The Dwarfe faith true.

*Dor.* What garments likste thou than ?

*Na.* Such as may make you seeme a proper man.

1500

*Dor.* He makes me blush and smile, tho I am sad.

*Na.* The meanest coat for safetie is not bad.

*Dor.* What

# of Iames the fourth.

*Dor.* What shall I iet in breeches like a squire?  
Alasse poore dwarfe, thy Mistresse is vnmeete.

*Na.* Tut, go me thus, your cloake before your face,  
Your sword vpreard with quaint & comely grace,  
If any come and question what you bee,  
Say you a man, and call for witnesse mee.

*Dor.* What should I weare a sword, to what intent?

*Na.* Madame for shewe, it is an ornament, 1510  
If any wrong you, drawe a shining blade  
Withdrawes a coward theefe that would inuade.

*Dor.* But if I strike, and hee should strike againe,  
What should I do? I feare I should bee flaine.

*Nano.* No, take it single on your dagger so,  
Ile teach you Madame how to ward a blow.

*Do.* How litle shapes much substance may include?

Sir *Bartram, Rosse*, yee Ladies and my friends,  
Since presence yeelds me death, and absence life,  
Hence will I flie disguised like a squire, 1520  
As one that seekes to liue in Itish warres,  
You gentle *Rosse*, shal furnish my depart.

*Ross.* Yea Prince, & die with you with all my hart,  
Vouchsafe me then in all extreamest states,  
To waight on you and serue you with my best.

*Dor.* To me pertaines the woe, liue then in rest:  
Friends fare you well, keepe secret my depart,

*Nano* alone shall my attendant bee.

*Nan.* Then Madame are you mand, I warrant ye,  
Giue me a sword, and if there grow debate, 1530  
Ile come behinde, and breake your enemies pate.

*Ross.* How fore wee greeue to part so soone away.

*Dor.* Greeue not for those that perish if they stay.

*Nano.* The time in words mispent, is litle worth,  
Madam walke on, and let them bring vs fourth.

*Exeunt.*

# The Scottish historie

*Chorus.*

*IV. Chor.*

*Ent. Boba.* So these sad motions makes the faire  
And sleep hee shall in quiet and content, (leepe,  
For it would make a marbell melt and weepe  
To see these treafons gainst the innocent:  
But since shee scapes by flight to saue her life,  
The king may chance repent she was his wife:  
The rest is ruthfull, yet to beguilde the time,  
Tis interlast with merriment and rime.

1540

*Exeuut.*

*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

*IV. i.*

*After a noyse of hornes and showtings, enter certaine  
Huntsmen, if you please, singing one way: another  
way Ateukin and Iaques, Gnato. (king?*

1550

*Ateu.* Say Gentlemen, where may wee finde the  
*Huntsf.* Euen heere at hand on hunting.  
And at this houre hee taken hath a stand,  
To kill a Deere.

*Ateu.* A pleafant worke in hand,  
Follow your sport, and we will seeke his grace.

*Huntsf.* When such him seeke, it is a wofull case.

*Exeuut Huntsman one way, Ateu. and Ia. another,  
Enter Eustace, Ida, and the Countesse.*

*IV. ii.*

*Count.* Lord *Eustace*, as your youth & vertuous life,  
Deserues a faire, more faire and richer wife,  
So since I am a mother, and do wit  
What wedlocke is, and that which longs to it,  
Before I meane my daughter to bestow,  
Twere meete that she and I your state did know.

1560

*Eust.* Madame if I consider *Idas* woorth,  
I know my portions merrit none so faire,  
And yet I hold in farme and yearly rent,  
A thousand pound, which may her state content.

*Count.* But what estate my Lord shall she possesse?

1570

*Eust.* All that is mine, graue Countesse & 10 lesse.

But

# of Iames the fourth.

But *Ida* will you loue?

*Ida.* I cannot hate.

*Eust.* But will you wedde?

*Ida.* Tis Greeke to mee my Lord,

Ile wish you well, and thereon take my word.

*Eust.* Shall I some signe of fauour then receiue?

*Ida.* I, if her Ladiship will giue me leaue.

*Count.* Do what thou wilt.

*Ida.* Then noble Englifh Peere,

1580

Accept this ring, wherein my heart is fet,  
A constant heart, with burning flames befret:

But vnder written this: *O morte dura*:

Heereon when so you looke with eyes *Pura*,  
The maide you fancie most will fauour you.

*Eust.* Ile trie this heart, in hope to finde it true.

*Enter certaine Huntsmen and Ladies.*

*Huntsf.* Widdowe Countesse well ymet,

Euer may thy ioyes bee many,

Gentle *Ida* faire beset,

1590

Faire and wife, not fairer any:

Frolike Huntsmen of the game,

Willes you well, and giues you greeting.

*Ida.* Thanks good Woodman for the same,

And our sport and merrie meeting.

*Huntsf.* Vnto thee we do present,

Siluer heart with arrow wounded.

*Eust.* This doth shadow my lament,

Both feare and loue confounded.

*Ladies.* To the mother of the mayde,

1600

Faire as th'lillies, red as roses,

Euen so many goods are faide,

As her selfe in heart supposes.

(vs wel?)

*Count.* What are you friends, that thus doth wish

*Huntsf.* Your neighbours nigh, that haue on hunting beene,  
Who vnderstanding of your walking forth,

# The Scottish Historie

Prepare this traine to entertaine you with,  
This Ladie *Douglas*, this Sir *Egmond* is.

*Count.* Welcome ye Ladies, and thousand thanks for this,  
Come enter you a homely widdowes house,  
And if mine entertainment please you let vs feast.

1610

*Hunts.* A lovely ladie neuer wants a gueft.

*Exeunt Manet, Eustace, Ida.*

*Eust.* Stay gentle *Ida*, tell me what you deeme,  
What doth this hast, this tender heart besee me?

*Ida.* Why not my Lord, since nature teacheth art,  
To sencelesse beastes to cure their greuous smart.

*Dictanum* serues to close the wound againe.

*Eust.* What helpe for those that loue?

*Ida.* Why loue againe.

1620

*Eust.* Were I the Hart,

*Ida.* Then I the hearbe would bee.

You shall not die for help, come follow me.

*Exeunt.*

IV. iii.

*Enter Andrew and Iaques.*

*Iaq.* *Mon Deiu*, what *malbeure* be this, me come a the chamber, Signior *Andrew*, *Mon Deiu*, taka my *poinyard en mon maine*, to giue the *Estocade* to the *Damoisella*, *per ma foy*, there was no person, *elle cest en alle*.

*And.* The woofse lucke *Iaques*, but because I am thy friend 1630  
I will aduise the somewhat towards the attainment of the gallowes.

*Iaq.* Gallowes, what be that?

*An.* Marrie fir, a place of great promotion, where thou shalt by one turne aboue ground, rid the world of a knaue, & make a goodly enfample for all bloodie villaines of thy profefsion.

*Que ditte vous, Monsieur Andrew?*

*And.* I say *Iaques*, thou must keep this path, and high thee, for the Q. as I am certified, is departed with her dwarte, apparelled like a squire, ouertake her Frenchman, stab her, Ile 1640  
promife thee this dubblet shall be happy. *Iaq. Purquoy?*

*And.* It shall serue a iolle Gentleman,

Sir



# of Iames the fourth.

Sir *Dominus Monsignor* Hangman.

*Iaq.* *Cest tout, vn* me will *rama pour le monoy.*

*And.* Go, and the rot consume thee? Oh what a trim world is this? My maister lius by coufoning the king, I by flatterring him: *Slipper* my fellow by stealing: and I by lying: is not this a wylie accord, Gentlemen. This last night our iolly horsekeeper beeing well stept in licor, confessed to me the stealing of my Maisters writings, and his great reward: now dare I not <sup>1650</sup> bewraye him, least he discouer my knauerie, but thus haue I wrought: I vnderstand he will passe this way, to prouide him necessaries, but if I and my fellowes faile not, wee will teach him such a lesson, as shall cost him a chiefe place on pennileffe bench for his labour: but yond he comes.

*Enter Slipper with a Tailor, a Shoemaker, and a Cutler.*

*Slip.* Taylor. *Tayl.* Sir.

*Slip.* Let my dubblet bee white Northren, fve groates the yard, I tell thee I will bee braue.

*Tayl.* It shall fir.

1660

*Slip.* Now fir, cut it me like the battlements of a Custerd, ful of round holes: edge me the sleeues with Couentry-blew, and let the lynings bee of tenpenny locorum.

*Tayl.* Very good fir.

*Slip.* Make it the amorous cut, a flappe before.

*Tayl.* And why so? that fashion is stale.

*Slip.* Oh friend, thou art a simple fellow, I tell thee, a flap is a great friend to a storrie, it stands him in stead of cleane naperie, and if a mans shert bee torne, it is a present penthouse to defend him from a cleane hufwifes scoffe.

1670

*Tay.* You say sooth fir.

*Slip.* Holde take thy mony, there is feuen shillings for the dubblet, and eight for the breeches, feuen and eight, birladie thirtie fixe is a faire deale of mony.

*Tayl.* Farwell fir.

*Slip.* Nay but stay Taylor.

*Tayl.* Why fir?

# The Scottish Historie

*Slipper.* Forget not this speciall mate,  
Let my back parts bee well linde,  
For there come many winter stormes from a windie bellie, 1680  
I tell thee Shoo-maker.

*Shoe-ma.* Gentleman what shoo will it please you to haue?

*Slip.* A fine neate calues leather my friend.

*Shoo.* Oh fir, that is too thin, it will not last you.

*Slip.* I tell thee, it is my neer kinsman, for I am *Slipper*, which hath his best grace in summer to bee futed in lakus skins, Guidwife Clarke was my Grandmother, and Goodman Neatherleather mine Vnckle, but my mother good woman. Alas, she was a Spaniard, and being wel tande and drest by a good-fellow, an Englishman, is growne to some wealth: as when I 1690 haue but my vpper parts, clad in her husbands costlie Spannish leather, I may bee bold to kisse the fayrest Ladies foote in this contrey.

*Shoo.* You are of high birth fir,  
But haue you all your mothers markes on you?

*Slip.* Why knaue?

*Shoomaker.* Because if thou come of the bloud of the *Slippers*, you should haue a Shoosmakers Alle thrust through your eare.

*Exit.*

1700

*Slip.* Take your earnest friend and be packing,  
And meddle not with my progenators *Cutler*.

*Cutler.* Heare fir.

*Slip.* I must haue a Rapier and Dagger.

*Cutler.* A Rapier and Dagger you meane fir?

*Slipper.* Thou saiest true, but it must haue a verie faire edge,

*Cutler.* Why so fir?

*Slip.* Because it may cut by himselfe, for trulie my freende,  
I am a man of peace, and weare weapons but for facion.

*Cutler.* Well fir, giue me earnest I will fit you.

1710

*Slip.* Hold take it, I betrust thee friend, let me be wel armed.

*Cutler.* You shall.

*Exit Cutler.*

*Slip.*

# of Iames the fourth.

*Slip.* Nowe what remaines? theres twentie Crownes for a houle, three crownes for houshol stuffe, six pence to buie a Constables staffe: nay I will be the chiefe of my parish, there wants nothing but a wench, a cat, a dog, a wife and a seruant, to make an hole familie, shall I marrie with *Alice*, good mā *Grimshaues* daughter, shee is faire, but indeede her tongue is like Clocks on Shrouetuesday, alwaies out of temper? shall I wed *Sisley* of the Whightō? Ohn, o she is like a frog in a parcely bed, <sup>1720</sup> as scittish as an ele, if I seek to häper her, she wil horne me: but a wench must be had maister *Slip*. Yea and shal be deer friend.

*And.* I now wil driue him from his contemplations. Oh my mates come forward, the lamb is vnpen, the fox shal preuaile.

*Enter three Antiques, who dance round, and take  
Slipper with them.*

*Slip.* I will my freend, and I thanke you heartilie, pray keepe your curtesie, I am yours in the way of an hornpipe, they are strangers, I see they vnderstand not my language, wee wee. <sup>1730</sup>

*VVhilest they are dauncing, Andrew takes away his money,  
and the other Antiques depart.*

*Slip.* Nay but my friends, one hornpipe, further a refluence backe, and two doubles forward: what not one crosse point against Sundayes. What ho firrha, you gone, you with the nose like an Eagle, and you be a right greeke, one turne more, theeues theeues, I am robd theeues. Is this the knauerie of Fidlers? Well, I will then binde the hole credit of their occupatiō on a bagpiper, and he for my money, but I will after, and teach them to caper in a halter, that haue coufoned me of my <sup>1740</sup> money.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Nano, Dorothea, in mans apparell.*

*IV. iu.*

*Doro.* Ah *Nano*, I am wearie of these weedes,  
Wearie to weeld this weapon that I bare:  
Wearie of loue, from whom my woe procedes.

Wearie

# The Scottish Historie

Wearie of toyle, since I haue lost my deare,  
O wearie life, where wanted no distresse,  
But every thought is paid with heavinesse.

*Na.* Too much of wearie madame, if you please,  
Sit downe, let wearie dye, and take your ease.

1750

*Dorot.* How looke I *Nano* like a man or no?

*Nano.* If not a man, yet like a manlie shrowe.

*Doro.* If any come and meete vs on the way,  
What should we do if they inforce vs stay.

*Na.* Set cap a huffe, and challenge him the field,  
Suppose the worst, the weake may fight to yeeld.

*Dorot.* The battaile *Nano* in this troubled minde,  
Is farre more fierce then euer we may finde.

The bodies wounds by medicines may be eased,  
But griefes of mindes, by salues are not appeased.

1760

*Na.* Say Madame, will you heare your *Nano* sing?

*Dor.* Of woe good boy, but of no other thing:

*Na.* What if I sing of fancie will it please? (ease.

*Dor.* To such as hope successe, such noats breede

*Na.* What if I sing like *Damon* to my sheepe?

*Dor.* Like *Phyllis* I will sit me downe to weepe.

*Na.* Nay since my songs afford such pleasure small,  
Ile sit me downe, and sing you none at all.

*Doro.* Oh be not angrie *Nano*.

1770

*Nano.* Nay you loath,

To thinke on that, which doth content vs both.

*Doro.* And how?

*Nano.* You scorne desport when you are wearie,  
And loath my mirth, who liue to make you merry.

*Doro.* Danger and fear withdraw me from delight.

*Na.* Tis vertue to contemne fals Fortunes spight.

*Do.* What shuld I do to please thee friendly squire?

*Na.* A smile a day, is all I will require:

And if you pay me well the smiles you owe me,  
Ile kill this cursed care, or else beshrowe me.

1780

*Doug.*

# of James the fourth.

*Doug.* We are defcried, oh *Mano* we are dead.

*Enter Iaques his sword drawne.*

*Nano.* Tut yet you walk, you are not dead indeed,  
Drawe me your sword, if he your way withstand.

*Do.* And I will seeke for rescue out of hand,  
Run *Nano* runne, preuent thy Princes death.

*Na.* Feare not, ile run all danger out of breath.

*Iaq.* Ah you *calletta*, you *strumpet*, *ta Matressa Doretie este, vous surpris* come say your pater noster, *car vous est mort par ma foy* 1790

*Do.* *Callet, me strumpet, Cativue* as thou art  
But euen a Princeesse borne, who scorne thy threats.  
Shall neuer French man say, an English mayd,  
Of threats of forraine force will be afraid.

*Iaq.* You no *dire vostre prieges, vrbleme merchants samme,*  
*guarda* your *bresta, there me make you die on my morglay,*

*Doro.* God sheeld me haplesse princes and a wife.

*They fight, and shee is sore wounded.*

And faue my soule, altho I loofe my life.

Ah I am flaine, some piteous power repay,  
This murtherers curfed deed, that doth me stay.

1800

*Iaq.* *Elle est tout mort*, me will runne *pura* wager, for feare me  
be *surpryes* and *pendu* for my labour. Be in *Je meu alera au roy*  
*any cits me affaires, Je serra vn chiuaher*, for this daies tra-  
uaile.

*Exit.*

*Enter Nano, S. Cutbert Anderson,*  
*his sword drawne.*

*S. Cutb.* Where is this poore distrested gentleman?

*Nano.* Here laid on ground, and wounded to the death.

1810

Ah gentle heart, how are these beautious looks,  
Dimd by the tyrant cruelties of death:

Oh wearie soule, breake thou from forth my brest,  
And ioyne thee with the soule I honoured most.

*S. Cut.* Leau mourning friend, the man is yet aliuie,  
Some helpe me to conuey him to my house:

H

There

# The Scottish Historie

There will I see him carefully recured,  
And fend priuie search to catch the murtherer.

*Nano.* The God of heauen reward the curteous knight.

*Exeunt.* And they beare out *Dorothea.* 1820

*Enter the King of Scots, Iaques, Ateukin, Andrew, Iaques* 117. v.  
*running with his sword one way, the King with his*  
*traine an other way.*

*K. of S.* Stay *Iaques*, feare not, sheath thy murthering blade:  
Loe here thy King and friends are come abroad,  
To faue thee from the terrors of purfuite:  
What is she dead?

*Iaq.* Wee Monsieur, elle is bleffe per lake teste, oues les e-  
spanles, I warrant she no trouble you.

*Ateu.* Oh then my liege, how happie art thou growne, 1830  
How faouered of the heauens, and blest by loue:  
Mee thinkes I see faire *Ida* in thine armes,  
Crauing remission for her late attempt,  
Mee thinke I see her blushing steale a kisse:  
Vniting both your soules by such a sweete,  
And you my King suck Nectar from her lips.  
Why then delaies your grace to gaine the rest  
You long desired? why loofe we forward time?  
Write, make me spokelman now, vow marriage,  
If she deny your fauour let me die. 1840

*Andr.* Mightie and magnificent potentate, giue credence to  
mine honorable good Lord, for I heard the Midwife sweare at  
his natiuitie, that the Faeries gaue him the propertie of the  
Thracian stone, for who toucheth it, is exempted from grieffe,  
and he that heareth my Maisters counsell, is already possessed  
of happineffe: nay which is more myraculous, as the Noble  
man in his infancie lay in his Cradle, a swarme of Bees laid ho-  
ney on his lippes, in token of his eloquence. *For melle dulcier*  
*fuit oratio.*

*Ateu.* Your grace must beare with imperfections: 1850  
This is exceeding loue that makes him speake.

*K. of S.*

# of James the fourth.

*K. of S. Ateukin* I am rauisht in conceit,  
And yet deprest againe with earnest thoughts,  
Me thinkes this murther foundeth in mine eare,  
A threatning noyfe of dire and sharp reuenge.  
I am incenst with greefe, yet faine would ioy,  
What may I do to end me of these doubts?

*Ateu.* Why Prince it is no murther in a King,  
To end an others life to saue his owne,  
For you are not as common people bee. 1860  
Who die and perish with a few mans teares,  
But if you faile, the state doth whole default  
The Realme is rent in twaine, in such a losse,  
And *Aristotle* holdeth this for true,  
Of euills needs we must chuse the least,  
Then better were it, that a woman died,  
Then all the helpe of *Scotland* should be blent,  
Tis pollicie my liege, in euerie state,  
To cut off members that disturbe the head.  
And by corruption generation growes. 1870  
And contraries maintaine the world and state.

*K. of S.* Enough I am confirmed, *Ateukin* come,  
Rid me of loue, and rid me of my greefe,  
Driue thou the tyrant from this tainted brest,  
Then may I triumph in the height of ioy,  
Go to mine *Ida*, tell her that I vowe,  
To raise her head and make her honours great.  
Go to mine *Ida*, tell her that her haire,  
Salbe embollished with orient pearles,  
And Crownes of Saphyrs compassing her browes, 1880  
Shall weare with those sweete beauties of her eyes.  
Go to mine *Ida*, tell her that my soule  
Shall keepe her semblance clofed in my brest,  
And I in touching of her milke-white mould,  
Will thinke me deified in such a grace:  
I like no stay, go write and I will signe.

# The Scottish Historie

Reward me *Iaques*, giue him store of Crowne.  
And firrha *Andrew*, scout thou here in Court:  
And bring me tydings if thou canst perceiue  
The least intent of muttering in my traine,  
For either those that wrong thy Lord or thee,  
Shall suffer death. *Exit* the King.

1890

*Ateu.* How much ô mightie king,  
Is thy *Ateukin* bound to honour thee:  
Bowe thee *Andrew*, bend thine sturdie knees,  
Seeft thou not here thine onely God on earth?

*Iaq.* Mes on est mon argent Signior.

*Ateu.* Come follow me, his graue I see is made,  
That thus on suddain he hath left vs here.  
Come *Iaques*, we wil haue our packet soone dispatch  
And you shall be my mate vpon the way.

1900

*Iaq.* Come vous plera Monsieur.

*Exeunt.*

*Andr.* Was neuer such a world I thinke before,  
When finners seeme to daunce within a net,  
The flatterer and the murtherer they grow big,  
By hooke or crooke promotion now is fought,  
In such a world where men are so missed,  
What should I do? but as the Prouerbe saith,  
Runne with the Hare, and hunt with the Hound.  
To haue two meanes, befeemes a wittie man:  
Now here in Court I may aspire and clime,  
By subtiltie for my maisters death.  
And if that faile, well fare an other drift:  
I will in secreet certaine letters fend  
Vnto the English King, and let him know  
The order of his daughters ouerhtow.  
That if my maister crack his credit here,  
As I am sure long flattery cannot hold,  
I may haue meanes within the English Court  
To scape the scourge that waits on bad aduice. *Exit.*

1910

1920

*Chorus.*



# of Iames the fourth.

*Chorus.*

*V. Chor.*

*Enter Bohan and Obiron.*

*Ober.* Beleue me bonny Scot, these strange euent,  
Are passing pleasing, may they end as well.

*Boba.* Else say that *Bohan* hath a barren skull,  
If better motions yet then any past,  
Do not more glee to make the fairie greet,  
But my small son made prittie handsome shift,  
To saue the Queene his Mistresse by his speed.

1930

*Obiro.* Yea you Ladie for his sport he made,  
Shall see when least he hopes, Ile stand his friend,  
Or else hee capers in a halter end.

*Boba.* What hang my son? I trowe not *Obiran*:  
Ile rather die, then see him woe begon.

*Enter a rownd, or some daunce at Pleasure.*

*Ober.* *Bohan* be pleased, for do they what they will,  
Heere is my hand, Ile saue thy son from ill.

*Exit.*

*Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

*V. i.*

*Enter the Queene in a night gowne, Ladie Anderson,  
and Nano.*

1941

*La. And.* My gentle friend beware in taking aire,  
Your walkes growe not offensiue to your woundes.

*Do.* Madame I thank you of your courteous care,  
My woundes are well nigh clos'd, tho fore they are.

*L. And.* Me thinks these closed woundes should breed more  
Since open woundes haue cure, and find reliefe. (griefe,

*Dor.* Madame, if vndiscovered woundes you meane,  
They are not curde, because they are not seene.

1950

*L. And.* I meane the woundes which do the heart subdue.

*Nano.* Oh that is loue, Madame speake I not true?

*Ladie Anderson ouerbeares.*

*La. And.* Say it were true, what salue for such a fore?

*Nano.* Be wise, and shut such neighbours out of dore.

H 3

*La. And.* How

# The Scottish Historie

*La. And.* How if I cannot driue him from my brest?

*Nano.* Then chaine him well, and let him do his best.

*S. Cutb.* In ripping vp their wounds, I see their wit,  
But if these woundes be cured I sorrow it.

*Doro.* Why are you so intentiue to behold,  
My pale and wofull lookes, by care controld?

1960

*La. And.* Because in them a readie way is found,  
To cure my care, and heale my hidden wound.

*Nano.* Good Maister shut your eyes, keepe that conceit,  
Surgeons giue *Quoine*, to get a good receipt.

*Doro.* Peace wanton son, this Ladie did amend  
My woundes: mine eyes her hidden grieffe shall end,  
Looke not too much, it is a waightie case.

*Nano.* Where as a man puts on a maidens face,  
For many times if Ladies weare them not,  
A nine moneths wound with little worke is got.

1970

*S. Cutb.* Ile breake off their dispute, least loue proceed,  
From couert smiles, to perfect loue indeed.

*Nano.* The cats abroad, stirre not, the mice bee still.

*L. And.* Tut, wee can flie such cats when so we will.

*S. Cutb.* How fares my guest, take cheare, nought shall de-  
That eyther doth concerne your health or ioy, (fault,  
Vse me, my house, and what is mine is yours.

*Doro.* Thankes gentle knight, and if all hopes be true,  
I hope ere long to do as much for you.

1980

*S. Cutb.* Your vertue doth acquite me of that doubt:  
But courteous sir, since troubles calles me hence,  
I must to *Edenbourg* vnto the king,  
There to take charge, and waight him in his warres:  
Meane while good Madame take this squire in charge,  
And vse him so as if it were my selfe.

*L. And.* Sir *Cutbert* doubt not of my dilligence:  
Meane while, till your returne God fend you health.

*Doro.* God bleffe his grace, and if his cause be iust,  
Prosper his wartes: if not hee'l mend I trust:

1990

Good

# of Iames the fourth.

Good fir what mooues the king to fall to armes?

*S. Cutb.* The king of England forrageth his land,  
And hath besieged *Dambac* with mightie force:  
What other newes are common in the Court,  
Reade you these letters Madame tell the Squire,  
The whole affaires of state, for I must hence.

*Exit.*

*Doro.* God prosper you, and bring you backe from thence:  
Madame what newes?

*La. And.* They say the Queene is flaine.

2000

*Doro.* Tut, such reports more false then trueth containe.

*L. And.* but these reports haue made his Nobles leaue him.

*Doro.* Ah carelesse men, and would they so deceiue him?

*La. And.* The land is spoylde, the commons fear the crosse,  
All crie against the king, their cause of losse:  
The English king subdues and conquers all.

*Doro.* Ah lasse, this warre growes great, on causes small.

*L. And.* Our Court is desolate, our Prince alone,  
Still dreading death.

*Doro.* Woes me, for him I moane,  
Helpe, now helpe, a suddaine qualme  
Affayles my heart.

2010

*Nano.* Good Madame stand her friend,  
Giue vs some licor to refresh her heart.

*L. And.* Daw thou her vp, ande I will fetch thee fourth  
Potions of comfort to repressse h r paine.

*Exit.*

*Nano.* Fie Princeffe, faint on euery fond report,  
How well nigh had you opened your effate:  
Couer these sorrowes with the vaile of ioy,  
And hope the best, for why this warre will cause,  
A great repentance in your husbands minde.

2020

*Doro.* Ah *Nano*, trees liue not without their sap,  
And *Clitia* cannot blush but on the funne,  
The thirstie earth is broke with many a gap,  
And lands are leane, where riuers do not runne,

Where

# The Scottish Historie

Where soule is reft from that it loueth beft,  
How can it thriue or boaft of quiet reft?  
Thou knoweft the Princes loffe muft be my death,  
His grieffe, my grieffe: his mifchiefe muft be mine:  
Oh if thou loue me, *Nano* high to court,  
Tell *Roffe*, tell *Bartram* that I am aliuie,  
Conceale thou yet, the place of my aboade,  
Will them euen as they loue their Queene,  
As they are charie of my foule and ioy,  
To guard the King, to ferue him as my Lord:  
Haſte thee good *Nana*, for my husbands care,  
Conſumeth mee and wounds mee to the heart.

*Nano*. Madame I go, yet loth to leaue you heere.

*Exeunt.*

2030

2040

*Dor.* Go thou with ſpeed, euen as thou holdſt me deare,  
Returne in haſte.

*Enter Ladie Anderſon.*

*L. An.* Now fir, what cheare? come taſt this broth I bring.

*Doro.* My grieffe is paſt, I feele no further ſting.

*L. And.* Where is your dwarfe? Why hath hee left you fir?

*Doro.* For ſome affaires, hee is not traueled farre.

*L. And.* If ſo you pleaſe, come in and take your reſt.

*Doro.* Feare keeps awake a diſcontented breſt.

*Exeunt.*

2050

*After a ſolemne ſeruice, enter from the widdowes houſe a ſer- v. ii.  
uice, muſical ſongs of marriages, or a maſke, or what prettie  
triumph you liſt, to them, Ateukin and Gnato.*

*Ate.* What means this triumph friend? why are theſe feaſts?

*Serui.* Faire *Ida* fir, was marryed yeſterday,

Vnto fir *Euſtace*, and for that intent,

Wee feaſt and ſport it thus to honour them:

And if you pleaſe, come in and take your part,

My Ladie is no niggard of her cheare.

*Exit.*

*Iaq. Mon-*

# of Iames the fourth.

*Iaq. Monsieur, why be you so fadda, fette bon chere fontre 2060*  
*de ce monde.*

*Ateu.* What? was I borne to bee the scorne of kinne?  
To gather feathers like to a hopper crowe,  
And loofe them in the height of all my pompe:  
Accursed man now is my credite lost:  
Where is my vowes I made vnto the king?  
What shall become of mee, if hee shall heare,  
That I haue causde him kill a vertuous Queene?  
And hope in vaine for that which now is lost:  
Where shall I hide my head? I knowe the heauens  
Are iust, and will reuenge: I know my finnes  
Exceede compare: should I proceed in this?  
This *Eustace* must a man be made away:  
Oh were I dead, how happy should I bee?

2070

*Iaq. Est ce donque a tell poynt vostre estat, faith then*  
*adeiu Scotland, adeiu Signior Ateukin, me will homa*  
*to France, and no be hanged in a strange country.*

*Exit.*

*Ateu.* Thou doest me good to leaue me thus alone,  
That galling grieffe and I may yoake in one:  
Oh what are subtile meanes to clime on high?  
When euery fall swarmes with exceeding shame?  
I promist *Idaes* loue vnto the Prince,  
But shee is lost, and I am false forsworne:  
I practis'd *Dorotheas* haplesse death,  
And by this practise haue commenst a warre.  
Oh cursed race of men that traficque guile,  
And in the end, themselues and kings beguile:  
A shamde to looke vpon my Prince againe:  
A shamde of my suggestions and aduise:  
A shamde of life: a shamde that I haue erde:  
Ile hide my selfe, expecting for my shame.  
Thus God doth worke with those, that purchase fame  
By flattery, and make their Prince their gaine.

2080

2090

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King of England, Lord Percy, Samles, and others.*

*v. iii.*

I

*Arius.* Thus

# The Scottish historie

*Arius.* Thus farre the English Peeres haue we displayde,  
Our wauing Ensignes with a happy warre,  
Thus neerely hath our furious rage reuengde,  
My daughters death vpon the traiterous Scot,  
And now before *Dambar* our campe is pitcht,  
Which if it yeeld not to our compremise,  
The place shall furrow where the pallace stood,  
And furie shall enuy so high a power,  
That mercie shall bee bannisht from our swords.

2100

*Doug.* What seekes the English King?

*Arius.* Scot open those gates, and let me enter in,  
Submit thy selfe and thine vnto my grace,  
Or I will put each mothers sonne to death,  
And lay this Cittie leuell with the ground.

*Doug.* For what offence? for what default of ours?  
Art thou incens't so fore against our state?  
Can generous hearts in nature bee so sterne  
To pray on those that neuer did offend?  
What tho the Lyon, (king of brutish race,  
Through outrage sinne, shall lambes be therefore slaine?)  
Or is it lawfull that the humble die,  
Because the mightie do gainfay the right?  
O English King, thou bearest in thy brest,  
The King of beasts, that harmes not yeelding ones,  
The Roseall crosse is spred within thy field,  
A signe of peace, not of reuenging warre:  
Be gracious then vnto this little towne,  
And tho we haue withstood thee for a while,  
To shew alleageance to our liefest liege,  
Yet since wee know no hope of any helpe,  
Take vs to mercie, for wee yeeld our selues.

2110

2120

*Ari.* What shall I enter then and be your Lord?

*Doug.* We will submit vs to the English king.

*They descend downe, open the gates, and humble them.*

*Arius.* Now life and death dependeth on my sword:

This

# of Iames the fourth.

This hand now reard, my *Douglas* if I list,  
Could part thy head and shoulders both in twaine :  
But since I see thee wife and olde in yeares,  
True to thy king, and faithfull in his warres,  
Liue thou and thine, *Dambar* is too too small,  
To giue an entrance to the English king,  
I Eaglelike disdaine these little foules,  
And looke on none but those that dare resist,  
Enter your towne as those that liue by me,  
For others that resist, kill, forrage, spoyle :  
Mine English souldiers, as you loue your king,  
Reuenge his daughters death, and do me right.

2130

2140

*Exeunt,*

*Enter the Lawyer, the Merchant, and the Diuine.*

*V. iu.*

*Lawyer.* My friends, what thinke you of this present state,  
Were euer seene such changes in a time ?  
The manners and the fashions of this age,  
Are like the *Ermine* skinne so full of spots,  
As soone may the Moore bee washed white,  
Then these corruptions bannisht from this Realme.

*Merch.* What fees mas Lawyer in this state amisse ?

2150

*Law.* A wresting power that makes a nose of wax,  
Of grounded lawe, a damde and subtile drift,  
In all estates to clime by others losse,  
An eager thrift of wealth, forgetting trueth,  
Might I ascend vnto the highest states,  
And by discent discover euery crime,  
My friends I should lament, and you would greeue  
To see the haplesse ruines of this Realme.

*Diu.* O Lawyer, thou haste curious eyes to prie,  
Into the secrets maimes of their estate,  
But if thy vaile of error were vnmaskt,  
Thy selfe should see your sect, do maim her most :  
Are you not those that should maintaine the peace,  
Yet onely are the patrones of our strife ?

2160

# The Scottish Historie

If your profefion haue his ground and fpring,  
Firft from the lawes of God, then countreies right,  
Not any waies inuerting natures power,  
Why thriue you by contentions? Why deuife you  
Clawfes, and fubtile reafons toexcept:

Our ftate was firft before you grew fo great,  
A Lanterne to the world for vnitie:

2170

Now they that are befriended, and are rich,  
Or preffe the poore, come *Homer* without quoine,  
He is not heard: What fhall we terme this drift?

To fay the poore mans caufe is good and iuft,  
And yet the rich man gaines the beft in lawe:  
It is your guife, (the more the world laments)

To quoine *Prouifoes* to beguile your lawes,  
To make a gay pretext of due proceeding,

2180

When you delay your common pleas for yeares:

Mark what thefe dealings lately here haue wrought:

The craftie men haue purchafte greatmens lands

They powle, they pinch, their tennants are vndone:

If thefe complaine by you they are vndone,

You fleefe them of their quoine, their children beg,

And many want, becaufe you may bee rich,

This fcarre is mightie maifter Lawyer,

Now man hath gotten head within this land,

Marke but the guife, the poore man that is wrongd,

Is readie to rebell: hee fpoyles, he pilles,

2190

We need no foes to forrage that wee haue,

The lawe (fay they) in peace confumed vs,

And now in warre wee will confume the lawe:

Looke to this mifchiefe, Lawyers confcience knowes

You liue amiffe, amend it, leaft you end.

*Law.* Good Lord, that their Diuines fhould fee fo farre  
In others faults, without amending theirs?

Sir, fir, the generall defaults in ftate,

If



# of Iames the fourth.

(If you would read before you did correct)

Are by a hidden working from aboue, 2200

By their succesiue changes still remainde,  
Were not the lawe by contraries maintainde,  
How could the trueth from falsehood be discernde?

Did wee not tast the bitternesse of warre?  
How could wee knowe the sweet effects of peace?

Did wee not feele the nipping winter frostes,  
How should we know the sweetnesse of the spring?

Should all things still remaine in one estate,  
Should not in greatest arts some scarres be found,  
Were all vpright and changd, what world were this?

2210

A *Chaos*, made of quiet, yet no world,  
Because the parts thereof did still accord,

This matter craues a variance not a speech,  
But fir Diuine to you, looke on your maimes,

Diuisions, sects, your fummonies and bribes:  
Your cloaking with the great, for feare to fall,

You shall perceiue you are the cause of all.  
Did each man know there were a storme at hand,  
Who would not cloath him well, to shun the wet?

2220

Did Prince and Peere, the Lawyer and the least,  
Know what were finne, without a partiall glofe,

Wee need no long discouery then of crimes,  
For each would mend, aduif'de by holy men:

Thus but slightly shadow out your finnes,  
But if they were depainted out for life,

Alasse wee both had wounds inough to heale.

*Merch.* None of you both I see but are in fault,  
Thus simple men as I do swallow flies,

This graue Diuine can tell vs what to do,  
But wee may say: Phisitian mend thy selfe, 2230

This Lawyer hath a pregnant wit to talke,  
But all are words, I see no deeds of woorth.

*Law.* Good Merchant lay your fingers on your mouth,

# The Scottish Historie

Be not a blab, for feare you bite your selfe,  
What should I terme your state, but euen the way  
To euery ruine in this Common-weale,  
You bring vs in the meanes of all exceffe,  
You rate it, and retalde it as you please,  
You sweare, forswear, and all to compasse wealth,  
Your mony is your God, your hoord your heauen,  
You are the groundworke of contention:

2240

Firft heedlesse youth, by you is ouerreacht,  
Wee are corrupted by your many crownes:  
The Gentlemen, whose titles you haue bought,  
Loofe all their fathers toyle within a day,  
Whilst *Hob* your sonne, and *Sib* your nutbrowne childe,  
Are Gentle folkes, and Gentles are beguilde:  
This makes so many Noble maides to stray,  
And take finifter courses in the state. *Enter a Scout.*

*Scout.* My friends begone and if you loue your liues,  
The King of England marcheth heere at hand,  
Enter the campe for feare you bee surprisde.

2250

*Diuine.* Thankes gentle scout, God mend that is amisse,  
And place true, zeale whereas corruption is. *.Exeun..*

*Enter Dorothea, Ladie Anderson and Nano.*

v. v.

*Doro.* What newes in Court, *Nano* let vs know it?

*Nano.* If so you please my Lord, I straight will shew it:  
The English king hath all the borders spoyld,  
Hath taken *Morton* prisoner, and hath flaine  
Seuen thousand Scottish Lords, not farre from *Twearde.*

2260

*Doro.* A wofull murther, and a bloodie deed.

*Nano.* Thinking our liege hath fought by many meanes  
For to appease his enemy by prayers,  
Nought will preuaile vnlesse hee can restore,  
Faire *Dorothea* long supposed dead:  
To this intent he hath proclaimed late,  
That who so euer returne the Queene to Court,  
Shall haue a thousand Markes for his reward.

*L. And. He*

# of James the fourth.

*L. And.* He loues her then I see, altho inforst,  
That would bestow such gifts for to regaine her :  
Why fit you sad, good fir be not dismaide.

2270

*Na.* Ile lay my life this man would be a maide.

*Dor.* Faine would I shewe my selfe, and change my

*And.* Whereon diuine you fir? (tire.

*Na.* Vppon desire.

Madam marke but my skill, ile lay my life,  
My maister here, will prooue a married wife.

*Doro.* Wilt thou bewray me *Nano*?

*Nano.* Madam no :

You are a man, and like a man you goe.

2280

But I that am in speculation seene,

Know you would change your state to be a Queen.

*Dor.* Thou art not dwarffe to learne thy mistresse :  
Faine would I with thy selfe disclose my kind, (mind.  
But yet I blush.

*Na.* What blush you Madam than,  
To be your selfe, who are a fayned man ?  
Let me alone.

*La. And.* Deceitfull beautie hast thou scornd me so?

*Nano.* Nay muse not maiden, for she tels you true.

2290

*La. An.* Beautie bred loue, and loue hath bred my shame.

*N.* And womens faces work more wrongs then these :  
Take comfort Madam to cure our disease.

And yet he loues a man as well as you,  
Onely this difference, she cannot fancie too.

*La. An.* Blush, greeue, and die, in thine infaciat lust.

*Do.* Nay liue and ioy that thou hast won a friend,  
That loues thee as his life, by god defert.

*La. And.* I ioy my Lord more then my tongue can  
Although not as I desir'd, I loue you well : (tell :  
But modestie, that neuer blusht before,  
Discouer my false heart. I say no more.

2300

Let

# The Scottish Historie

Let me alone.

*Doro.* Good *Nano* stay a while.

Were I not fad, how kindlie could I smile,  
To see how faine I am to leaue this weede:  
And yet I faint to shewe my selfe indeede.  
But danger hates delay, I will be bold,  
Faيرة Ladie I am not, suppose  
A man, but euen that Queene, more haplesse I,  
Whom Scottish King appointed hath to die: 2310  
I am the haplesse Princeesse, for whose right,  
These kings in bloudie warres reuenge disfight.  
I am that *Dorothea* whom they seeke,  
Yours bounden for your kindnesse and releefe:  
And since you are the meanes that saue my life,  
Your selfe and I will to the Camp repaire,  
Whereas your husband shal enioy reward,  
And bring me to his highnesse once againe.

*An.* Pardon most gracious Princeesse, if you please, 2320  
My rude discourse and homelie entertaine,  
And if my words may fauour any worth,  
Vouchsafe my counsaile in this waightie cause:  
Since that our liege hath so vnkindly dealt:  
Giue him no trust, returne vnto your fyre,  
There may you safelie liue in spight of him.

*Doro.* Ah Ladie, so wold worldly counsell work,  
But constancie, obedience, and my loue,  
In that my husband is my Lord and chiefe,  
These call me to compassion of his estate, 2330  
Diffwade me not, for vertue will not change,

*An.* What woonderous constancie is this I heare?  
If English dames their husbands loue so deer,  
I feare me in the world they haue no peere. (weede,

*Na.* Come Princes wend, and let vs change your  
I long to see you now a Queene indeede.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

# of Iames the fourth.

*Enter the King of Scots, the English Herald & Lords.*

V. vi.

*K. of S.* He would haue parly Lords, Herald say he  
And get thee gone: goe leaue me to my felfe: (shall,  
Twixt loue and feare, continuall is the warres:  
The one affures me of my *Idaes* loue,  
The other moues me for my murthred Queene.  
Thus finde I greefe of that whereon I ioy,  
And doubt, in greateft hope, and death in weale,  
Ah lasse what hell may be compared with mine,  
Since in extreames my comforts do confift?  
Warre then will cease, when dead ones are reuiued.  
Some then will yeelde, when I am dead for hope.  
Who doth disturbe me? *Andrew*?

2340

2350

*Andrew enter with Slipper.*

*Andr.* I my liege.

*K. of S.* What newes?

*Andr.* I thinke my mouth was made at first,  
To tell these tragique tales my liefest Lord.

*K. of S.* What is *Ateukin* dead, tell me the worst?

*Andr.* No but your *Ida*, shall I tell him all?  
Is married late (ah shall I say to whom?)  
My maister sad: (for why he shames the Court)  
Is fled away? ah most vnhappie flight.  
Onelie my felfe, ah who can loue you more?  
To shew my dutie (dutie past believe)  
Am come vnto your grace (oh gracious liege)  
To let you know, oh would it weare not thus,  
That loue is vain, and maids soone lost and wonne.

2360

*K. of S.* How haue the partial heauens thē dealt with  
Boading my weale, for to abase my power? (me,  
Alas what thronging thoughts do me oppresse?  
Iniurious loue is partiall in my right,  
And flattering tongues by whom I wasmifled,  
Haue laid a snare to spoyle my state and me.  
Methinkes I heare my *Dorotheas* goast,

2370

K

Howling

# The Scottish Historie

Howling reuenge for my accursed hate,  
The gifts of those my subiects that are flaine,  
Pursue me crying out, woe, woe, to lust,  
The foe pursues me at my pallace doore:  
He breakes my rest and spoyles me in my Camp,  
Ah flattering broode of *Sicophants* my foes,  
First shall my dire reuenge begin on you,  
I will reward thee *Andrew*.

2380

*Slip.* Nay sir if you be in your deeds of charitie, remember me  
I rubd M. *Ateukins* horse heeles, when he rid to the medowes.

*K. of S.* And thou shalt haue thy recompence for that.  
Lords beare them to the prison, chaine them fast,  
Vntil we take some order for their deathes.

*And.* If so your grace in such fort giue rewards,  
Let me haue nought, I am content to want.

*Slip.* Then I pray sir giue me all, I am as ready for a reward as  
an oyster for a fresh tide, spare not me sir.

*K. of S.* Then hang them both as traitors to the King.

2390

*Slip.* The case is altered, sir, ile none of your gifts, what I take  
a reward at your hands? Maister, faith sir no: I am a man of a  
better conscience.

*K. of S.* Why dallie you? go draw them hence away.

*Slip.* Why alas sir, I wil go away I thanke you gentle friends,  
I pray you spare your pains, I will not trouble his honors mai-  
sterhip, ile run away.

*Enter Adam, and Antiques, and carrie away the Clowne,  
he makes pots, and sports, and scornes.*

Why stay you? moue me not, let search be made,  
For vile *Ateukin*, who so findes him out,  
Shall haue fīue hundreth markes for his reward.  
Away with the Lords troupes about my tent,  
Let all our souldiers stand in battaile ray,  
For lo the English to their parley come.

2400

*March ouer brauelie first the English hoste, the sword caried  
before the King by Percy. The Scottish on the other side,  
with all their pompe brauelie.*

*K. of S.* What seekes the King of *England* in this land?

# of Iames the fourth.

*K. of Eng.* False traiterous Scot, I come for to reuenge  
My daughters death: I come to spoyle thy wealth, 2410  
Since thou hast spoyled me of my marriage ioy.  
I come to heape thy land with Carkasses,  
That this thy thriftie foyle choakt vp with blood,  
May thunder forth reuenge vpon thy head.  
I come to quit thy louelesse loue with death,  
In briefe, no meanes of peace shall ere be found,  
Except I haue my daughter or thy head. (plaines,

*K. of S.* My head proud King? abase thy prancking  
So striuing fondly, maiest thou catch thy graue. 2420  
But if true iudgement do direct thy course,  
These lawfull reafons should deuide the warre,  
Faith not by my consent thy daughter dyed.

*K. of E.* Thou liest false Scot, thy agëts haue cõfessit it.  
These are but fond delayes, thou canst not thinke  
A meanes for to reconcile me for thy friend,  
I haue thy parasites confession pend:  
What then canst thou alleage in thy excuse?

*K. of S.* I will repay the raunsome for her bloud.

*K. of E.* What thinkst thou catiue, I wil sel my child, 2430  
No if thou be a Prince and man at armes,  
In singule combat come and trie thy right,  
Else will I prooue thee recreant to thy face.

*K. of S.* I tooke no combat false iniurious King,  
But since thou needleffe art inclinde to warre,  
Do what thou darest we are in open field.  
Arming thy battailes I will fight with thee. (charge

*K. of E.* Agreed, now trumpets found a dreadfull  
Fight for your Princeesse, braue English men;  
Now for your lands your children and your wiues, 2440  
My Scottish Peeres, and lastly for your King.

*Alarũ sōüded, both the battailes offer to meet, & as the  
Kings are ioyning battaile, Enter sir Cutber tohis Lady  
Cutbert, with the Queene Dorothea richly attired.*

*S. Cut.* Stay Princes wage not warre, a priuie grudge  
Twixt such as you (most high in Maiestie)

# The Scottish Historie

Afflicts both nocent and the innocent,  
How many swordes deere Princes see I drawne?  
The friend against his friend, a deadly friend:  
A desperate diuision in those lands,  
Which if they ioyne in one, commaund the world.  
Oh stay with reason mittigate your rage,  
And let an old man humbled on his knees,  
Intreat a boone good Princes of you both.

2450

*K. of En.* I condiscend, for why thy reuerend years  
Import some newes of truth and conseqence,  
I am content, for *Anderson* I know. (good.

*K. of S.* Thou art my subiect and doest meane me

*S. Cut. And.* But by your gracious fauours grant me this,  
To sweare vpon your sword to do me right.

2460

*K. of Eng.* See by my sword, and by a Princes faith,  
In euery lawfull fort I am thine owne.

*K. of S.* And by my Scepter and the Scottish Crowne,  
I am resolu'd to grant thee thy request.

*Cuth.* I see you trust me Princes who repose,  
The waight of such a warre vpon my will.  
Now marke my sute, a tender Lyons whelp,  
This other day came stragling in the woods,  
Attended by a young and tender hinde,  
In courage hautie, yet tyred like a lambe,  
The Prince of beasts had left this young in keepe,  
To foster vp as louemate and compeere,  
Vnto the Lyons mate a naibour friend,  
This stately guide seduced by the fox,  
Sent forth an eger Woolfe bred vp in *France*,  
That gript the tender whelp, and wounded it.  
By chance as I was hunting in the woods,  
I heard the moane the hinde made for the whelp,  
I tooke them both, and brought them to my house,  
With charic care I haue recurde the one,  
And since I know the Lyons are at strife,  
About the losse and dammage of the young,

2470

2480

I bring



# of Iames the fourth.

I bring her home, make claime to her who list.

*Hee discovereth her.*

*Doro.* I am the whelpe, bred by this Lyon vp,  
This royall English king my happy fire,  
Poore *Nano* is the hinde that tended me:  
My father Scottish king, gaue me to thee:  
A haplesse wife, thou quite misled by youth,  
Haste fought sinister loues and forraine ioyes,  
The fox *Ateukin*, curfed Parasite,  
Incenst your grace to send the wolfe abroad,  
The French borne *Iaques*, for to end my daies, &  
Hee traiterous man, pursued me in the woods,  
And left mee wounded, where this noble knight,  
Both rescued me and mine, and sau'd my life.  
Now keep thy promise, *Dorothea* liues:  
Giue *Anderson* his due and iust reward:  
And since you kings, your warres began by me,  
Since I am safe, returne surcease your fight.

2490

2500

*K. of S.* Durst I presume to looke vpon those eies,  
Which I haue tired with a world of woes,  
Or did I thinke submission were ynough,  
Or sighes might make an entrance to my soule:  
You heauens, you know how willing I wold weep:  
You heauens can tell, how glad I would submit:  
You heauens can say, how firmly I would fight.

*Do.* Shame me not Prince, companion in thy bed,  
Youth hath missed: tut but a little fault,  
Tis kingly to amend what is amisse:  
Might I with twife as many paines as these,  
Vnite our hearts, then should my wedded Lord,  
See how incessaunt labours I would take.  
My gracious father gouerne your affects,  
Giue me that hand, that oft hath blest this head,  
And claspe thine armes, that haue embraced this,  
About the shoulders of my wedded spouse:  
Ah mightie Prince, this king and I am one,

2510

# The Scottish Historie

Spoyle thou his subiects, thou despoylest me :  
Touch thou his brest, thou doest attaint this heart,  
Oh bee my father then in louing him.

2520

*K. of Eng.* Thou prouident kinde mother of increase,  
Thou must preuaile, ah nature thou must rule :  
Holde daughter, ioyned my hand and his in one,  
I will embrace him for to fauour thee,  
I call him friend, and take him for my sonne.

*Dor.* Ah royall husband, see what God hath wrought,  
Thy foe is now thy friend : good men at armes,  
Do you the like, these nations if they ioyned,  
What Monarch with his leigemen in this world,  
Dare but encounter you in open fieldes?

2530

*K. of S.* Al wisdome ioyned with godly pietie,  
Thou English king, pardon my former youth,  
And pardon courteous Queen my great misdeed :  
And for assurance of mine after life,  
I take religious vowes before my God,  
To honour thee for fauour, her for wife.

*L. And.* But yet my boones good Princes are not past,  
First English king I humbly do request,  
That by your meanes our Princesse may vnite,  
Her loue vnto mine alder truest loue,  
Now you will loue, maintaine and helpe them both.

2540

*K. of Eng.* Good *Anderson*, I graunt thee thy request.

*L. And.* But you my Prince must yeelde me mickle more :  
You know your Nobles are your chiefest ffaies,  
And long time haue been bannisht from your Court,  
Embrace and reconcile them to your selfe :  
They are your hands, whereby you ought to worke.  
As for *Ateukin*, and his lewde compeeres,  
That sooth'd you in your sinnes and youthly pompe,  
Exile, torment, and punish such as they,  
For greater vipers neuer may be found  
Within a state, then such aspiring heads, (clime.  
That reck not how they clime, so that they

2550

*K. S. Guid*

# of Iames the fourth.

*K. of S.* Guid Knight I graunt thy sute, first I submit  
And humble craue a pardon of your grace :

Next courteous Queene, I pray thee by thy loues,  
Forgiue mine errors past, and pardon mee.

My Lords and Princes, if I haue misdome,  
(As I haue wrongd indeed both you and yours)

2560

Heereafter trust me, you are deare to me :

As for *Auteukin*, who so findes the man,  
Let him haue Martiall lawe, and straight be hangd,

As (all his vaine arbettors now are diuided)

And *Anderson* our Treasurer shall pay,

Three thousand Markes, for friendly recompence.

*L. Andr.* But Princes whilst you friend it thus in one,  
Me thinks of friendship, *Nano* shall haue none.

*Doro.* What would my Dwarfe, that I will not bestow ?

*Nano.* My boone faire Queene is this, that you would go,  
Altho my bodie is but small and neate,

2570

My stomacke after toyle requireth meate,

An easie sute, dread Princes will you wend ?

*K. of S.* Art thou a Pigmey borne my prettie friend ?

*Nano.* Not so great King, but nature when she framde me,  
Was scant of earth, and *Nano* therefore namde me :

And when she sawe my bodie was so small,

She gaue me wit to make it big withall.

*K.* Till time when, *Dor.* Eate then.

*K.* My friend it stands with wit,

2580

To take repast when stomacke serueth it.

*Dor.* Thy pollicie my *Nano* shall preuaile :

Come royall father, enter we my tent :

And souldiers feast it, frolike it like friends,

My Princes bid this kinde and courteous traine,

Partake some fauours of our late accord.

Thus warres haue end, and after dreadfull hate,

Men learne at last to know their good estate. *Exeunt.*

F I N I S.







PR  
2544

[Greene, Robert]  
The Scottish history of

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