The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Reign of King Edward III.

Written . . . . . . . . . . c. 1589

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[British Museum, C. 34.]

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Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Reign of

King Edward III.

[c. 1589]

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMX
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The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum [C. 34, g. 1], the entry in the Stationers' Register being dated December 1st, 1595. From internal evidence it is clearly shown that the play was written early in 1589 and produced on the stage immediately.

The question of authorship is debatable: scholars must therefore consult the opinions of critics. Many authorities hold that there are strong grounds for regarding this play as wholly or in part the work of Shakespeare in the early days of his dramatic activity.

JOHN S. FARMER.
THE
RAIGNE OF
KING EDWARD
the third:
As it hath bin sundrie times plaied about
the Citie of London.

LONDON,
Printed for Cuthbert Burby.
1596.
THE Raigne of K: Edward the third.

Enter King Edward, Derby, Prince Edward, Audely and Artoys.

King.

Robert of Artoys banish thou be, From Franse thy native Country, yet with vs, Thou shalt retayne as great a Seigniorie: For we create thee Earle of Richmond heere, And now goe forwards with our pedegree, Who next succeeded Phillip of Bayern.

Ar. Three fonnies of his, which all successfally, Did sit uppon their fathers regall Throne: Yet dyed and left no issue of their loynes: King: But was my mother sister unto thoes: Ar. Shee was my Lord, and onely Isabel, Was all the daughters that this Phillip had, Whome afterward your father tooke to wife: And from the fragrant garden of her wombe, Your gracious selfe the flower of Europes hope: Derived is inheritor to Franse, But not the rancor of rebellious mindes: When thus the lynage of Bayern was out: The French obscured your mothers Priuledge, And though she were the next of blood, proclaimed John of the house of Valois now their king: The reason was, they say the Realme of Franse, Repleat with Princes of great parentage, Ought not admit a governor to rule, Except he be descended of the male, And that the speical ground of their contempt: Wherewith they study to exclude your grace: But they shall finde that forged ground of theirs,
To be but dully heapes of brittle lands,
"Art: Perhaps it will be thought a heynous thing,
That I a French man should discover this,
But heauen I call to recorde of my vowes,
It is not hate nor any priuat wronge,
But loue vnto my country and the right,
Prouokes my tongue thus lauifli in report.
You are the lyneal watch men of our peace,
And Johan of Valoys, in directly climbs,
What then should subjects but imbrac their King,
Ah where in may our duty more be scene,
Then fryuing to rebate a tyrants pride,
And place the true shepheard of our comonwealth.
King: This countrye Artoyes like to fruictfull shewers,
Hath added growth vnto my dignite,
And by the fiery vigor of thy words,
Hot courage is engendred in my brest,
Which heretofore was rakt in ignorace,
But nowe doth mount with goled winges of fame,
And will approue faire Isabells difcrent,
Able to yoak their Auburne necks with fleele,
That spurne against my souereignty in France.
A messenger, Lord Awdley know from whence,
"Enter a messenger Lorrage,
And: The Duke of Lonayne, hauing croft the seas,
In treates he may haue conference with your highnes.
King: Adimt him Lords, that we may heare the newes.
Say Duke of Lorrage wherefore art thou come.
Lor: The moft renowned prince K. Johan of France,
Doth greete thee Edward, and by me comandes,
That for so much as by his liberal gift,
The Cuyen Dukedom is entayld to thee,
Thou do him lowly homage for the same.
And for that purpose here I somon thee,
Repaire to France within these forty daies,
That there according as the countome is,
Thou mayst be sworne true liegeman to our King,
Edward the third.

Or else thy title in that province dyes,
And hee himself will repeelle the place.
K.Ed: See how occasion laughs me in the face,
No sooner minded to prepare for France,
But straight I am invovled, nay with threats,
Vpon a prudish injoynd to come:
There were but a childish part to say him nay,

Lo: But stymye retorne this answer to thy Lord,
I meane to visit him as hee requests,
But how? not feruilely disposed to bend,
But like a conquerer to make him bowe.
His lame vnpolishd ftills are come to light,
And truth hath pul'd the vizard from his face.
That setts a glasse vpon his arrogancy.
Dare he command a fearely in mee,
Tell him the Crowne that hee vntreason is myne.
And where he sets his foote he ought to knoole.
Tis not a petty Dukedom that I claime,
But all the whole Dominions, of the Realme,
Which if with grudging he refuseth to yeld.
Ile take away thole borrowed plumes of his,
And send him naked to the wildernes.

Lo: Then Edward here in sight of all thy Lords,
I doe pronounce defiance to thy face.

Psyn: Defiance French man we rebound it backe,
Euen to the bottome of thy masters throat.

And be it spoke with reverence of the King,
My gratious father and these other Lorde.
I hold thy melfige but as fcurious.
And him that sent thee like the lazy droane,
Crept vp by stealth into the Eagles nes,
From whence weele shake him with so rough a stome.
As others shal chance to tear this peccemal for his pride.

War: Byd him leaue of the Lyons case he weares,
Least meeting with the Lyon in the field.
He shal chace to tear his peccemal for his pride.

Art: The soundest councell I can giue his grace.
Is to surrender ere he be contrayned,
A voluntarie mishitch hath left his borne,
Then when reproch with violence is borne,
Lor. Regenerate Traytor, viper to the place,
Where thou wast offire in thine infancy;
Bearest thou a part in this conjurary?

K.Ed. Lor. Behold the sharpeles of this flecke;
Ferient desire that fits against my heart,
Is farre more thorny pricking than this blade,
That with the nightingeale shall be in card;
As oft as I disperce my visage,
Untill my could be all mad in fraudence,
This is thy final. Answer to be done,
Lor. It is not that nor any English braue,
Afflicts me being doth his powdered view.
That is most late, shoulde most of all borne,
K.Ed. Now Lord our heeding Barke is vnder trage;
Our gage is that, and warre is tooone began,
But not so quickly brought into an end.

Enter Mountague.

Mount. But wherefore comes Sir William Mountague?
How flamed the league between the Scott and ye?
Mort. Crackt, and differed my renowned Lord;
The treacherous King doth sooner was informed,
Of your with drawing of your amny backe;
But straight forgetting of his former oath,
He made inuasion on the bordering Townes:
Bawerick is woon, Newcastell lost and forf,
And now the tyrant hath begun with leexe:
The Castle of Rocksborough, where inward.
The Countes Salford is like to perish:
King. That is thy daughter War wicke is it not?
Whoes husband man in Brittaynes teritori, long,
About the planting of Lord Mountford there?
War. It is my Lord.
Edward the third.

Ke: Ignoble Dauid haft thou none to greeue,
But silly Ladies with thy threatening armes
But I will make you thinke your snailie ho'nes,
First therefore Audley this halbe thy charge,
Go Leslie footemen for our warres in Fraunce;
And Ned take muster of our men at armes,
In every shire elect a feueral band,
Let them be Souldiers of a luffie spirite,
Such as dread nothing but dishonors blot,
Be warie therefore since we do comence,
A famous Warre, and with so mighty a nation;
Derby be thou Embassador for us,
Vnto our Father in Law the Earle of Henalt;
Make him acquainted with our enterprise,
And likewise will him with our owne allies,
That are in Flaunds, to solicite to,
The Emperour of Almaine in our name;
My selfe whilft you are jointly thus employed,
Will with these forces that I have at hand,
March, and once more repulse the trayterous Scot:
But Sirs be resolute, we shall have warres
On euery side, and Ned, thou must begin,
Now to forget thy study and thy bookes,
And vte thy shoulders to an Armors weight.
Ps. As cheerful founding to my youthfull spleene,
This tumult is of warres increasing broyles,
As at the Coronation of a king,
The joyfull clamours of the people are,
When Ane Cesar they pronounce aloud;
Within this schoole of honor I shall learne,
Either to sacrifice my foes to death,
Or in a rightfull quarrel spend my breath,
Then cheerefully forward ech a feueral way,
In great affaires tis nought to vfe delay.

Exunt, Enter
The Raigne of King

Enter the Countesse.

Alas how much in vaine my poore eyes gaze,
For souccour that my soueraigne should send;
A coisin Mountague, I feare thou wants,
The lively spirit sharply to solicit,
With vehement suit the king in my behalfe;
Thou dost not tell him what a griece it is,
To be the scornefull captiue to a Scot,
Either to be wooed with broad vntuned notes,
Or forst by rough insulting barbarisme:
Thou dost not tell him if he heere preuaile,
How much they will deride vs in the North,
And in their vild vnfeuil skipping gigges,
Bray soorth their Conquest, and our overthrow,
Euen in the barrant, bleake and fruitelesse aire,

Enter Dauid and Douglas, Lorraine.

I must withdraw, the everlafting doe,
Comes to the wall, Ile closely step aside,
And liff their babble blunt and full of pride.
K.D.: My Lord of Lorrane, to our brother of Fraunce,
Commend vs as the man in Christendome,
That we must reverence and intirely loue,
Touching your embassage, returne and lay,
That we with England will not enter partie,
Nor never make faire wether, or take truce,
But burne their neighbor townes and so perfult,
With eager Rods beyond their Citie Yorke,
And never shall our bonny riders rest:
Nor rust in canker, haue the time to eate,
Their light borne snaffles, nor their nimble spurre
Nor lay aside their Jacks of Gymould mayle,
Nor hang their staues of grayned Scottishe ash,
In peaceful wise, ypon their Citie wals,
Nor from their buttoned sawny leathern belts,
Dismiss their byting whinyards, till your King.
Edward the third.

Cry our enough, spare England now for pittie, Fare well, and tell him that you leave vs heart, Before this Castle, say you came from vs, Even when we had that yeelded to our hands, Lo, take my leave and sayrely will returne Your acceptable greeting to my king. Exit Lor.

K. D: New Duglas to our former taske again, For the deuision of this certayne spoyle, Dug: My liege I craue the Ladie and no more, King: Nay loft ye sir, first I must make my choyse, And first do beleake her for my selfe, Dug: Why then my liege let me enjoy her iewels, King: Those are her owne still liable to her, And who inherits her, hath tho:fe with all. Enter a Scot in hooft.

Me: My liege, as we were pricking on the hils, To fetch in booty, marching hitherward, We might discoy a mighty host of men, The Sunne reflectinge on the armour shewed, A field of plate, a wood of pickes adunced, Bethinke your highnes speedely herein, An eafe march within foure howres will bring, The bystand ranke, vnto this place my liege. King: Diflodge, diflodge, it is the king of England. Dug: I am my man, faddle my bonny blacke. King: Meanes thou to fight, Duglas we are to weake.

Dug: I know it well my liege, and therefore fie. Con: My Lords of Scotland will ye stay and drinke, King: Shee mocks at vs Duglas, I cannot endure it. Con: Say good my Lord, which is he must haue the Ladie, And which her iewels, I am sure my Lords Ye will not hence, till you haue sherd the spoyle. King: Shee heard the messenger, and heard our talkes, And now that comfort makes her come at vs, Another messenger.

Me: Arme my good Lord, O we are al surprisde.
After the French embassador my liege,
And tell him that you dare not ride to Yorke,
Excuse it that your bonnie horse is lame.
K. He heard that, to intolerable grieft.
Woman farewell although I do not stay.
Count: Tis not for fear, and yet you run away.
O happy comfort welcome to our house,
The confident and boisterous boasting Scot,
That swore before my walls they would not backe,
For all the armed power of this land,
With facelesse fear that ever turns his backe:
Turnd hence againe the blasting North-east winde:
Vpon the bare report and name of Armes.

Enter Mountague.

M.: O Summers day see where my Cousin comes:
How fares my Aunt? we are not Scots,
Why do you shut your gates against your friends?
Co: Well may I give a welcome Cousin to thee:
For thou comft well to chase my foes from hence.
M.: The king himselfe is come in person hither:
Deare Aunt descend and gratulate his highnes.
Co: How may I entertaine his Majestie,
To shew my dutie, and his dignitie.

Enter King Edward, *Warwike, Acteyes, with others*.
K. Ed: What are the fleeing Foxes fled and gone
Before we could vnconceal them at their heeles.
War: They are my liege, but with a cheereful cry,
Hot hunds and hardie chase them at the heeles.

Enter Countesse.
K. Ed: This is the Countesse Warwike, is it not.
War: Euen thee liege, whose beauty tyrants feare,
As a May bloome with pernicious winds,
Hath fullid, withered, ouercast and done.
K. Ed: Hath he been fairer Warwike then she is?
War: My gravious King, faire is she not at all,
If that her selfe were by to staine her selfe,
As I have seen her when she was her selfe.
K.Ed. What strange enchantment lurke in those her eyes?
When they exceed this excellence they haue,
That now her dyme deelyne hath power to draw,
My subject eyes from perishing majestie,
To gaze on her with doting admiration,
Com. In due time lower then the ground I kneele,
And for my dut knees bow my feeling heart,
To witnesse my obedience to your highnes,
With many millions of a subject's thanks.
For this your Royall presence, whose approach,
Hath driven war and danger from my gate,
K.Lady Stand vp, I come to bring thee peace,
How euer thereby I haue purchas'd war.
C. No war to you my liege, the Scots are gone,
And gallop home toward Scotland with their hate,
Leave yeelding here, I pine in flamefull loue;
Come wele perf. the Scots, Atoyues away.
C. A little while my gracious soueraigne stay,
And let the power of a mighty king
Honor our rooste: my husband in the wares,
When he shall heare it will triumph for joy,
Then deare my liege, now niggard not thy state,
Being at the wall, enter our homely gate.
King. Pardon me countesse, I will come no neare,
I dreamed this night of treason and I feare.
Ct. Far from this place let vgy treason fly.
K. No further off, then her conspiring eye,
Which shoots infected poison in my heart.
Beyond repulse of wit or cure of Art,
Now in the Sunne alone it doth not lye,
With light to take light from a mortall eye,
For here to day flares that myne eyes would see,
More then the Sunne steales myne owne light from mee:
Contemplation's all, done faire, done faire to be,
In contemplation that may matter thee.
The Raigne of King

Warwike, Arteys, to horse and lets away.

C0: What might I speake to make my soueraigne stay?

King: What needs a tongue to make a speaking eie,
That more perswades then winning Oratorie.

C0: Let not thy presence like the Aprill sunne,
Flatter our earth, and sullenly be done:
More happie do not make our outward wall,
Then thou wilt grace our inner house withall,
Our house my liege is like a Country swaine,
Whose habit rude, and manners blunt and playne,
Prefageeth nought, yet only beautified,
With bounties riches, and faire hidden pride:
For where the golden Ore doth buried lie,
The ground vnveil'd with natures tapestrie,
Seemes barrayne, sere, vnfruitfull, yustles dry,
And where the upper turf of earth doth boast,
His pride perfumes, and partly colour'd cloth,
Delue there, and find this issue and their pride,
To spring from order, and corruptions hide:
But to make vp my all to long compare,
These ragged walls no testomie are,
What is within, but like a cloake doth hide,
From weathers West, the wnder garnish't pride:
More gratious then my teares can let thee be,
Intreat thy selfe to stay a while with mee.

Kim: As wite as faire, what fond fit can be heard,
When wizedome keepes the gate as beuties gard,
Countesse, albeit my businesse giveth mee,
Ye shall attend, while I attend on thee:
Come on my Lords, here will I hoist to night.

Exeunt.

Lor: I might perceiue his eye in her eye loft,
His care to drinke her sweet tongues utterance,
And changing passion like inconstant clouds:
That racke upon the carriage of the windes,
Increase and die in his disturbed cheekes:
Loe when shee blueth, even then did he look pale,
Edward the third.

As if her cheeke by some incantated power,
Attracted had the cherie blood from his;
A none with reuerent feare, when she grewpale,
His cheeke put on their scarlet ornaments,
But no more like her oryent all red,
Then Bricke to Corral or live things to dead,
Why did he then thus counterfeit her lookes,
If she did blush twas tender modest name,
Being in the sacred preseit of a King,
If she did blush, twas red immodest shame.
To waile his eyes amisfe being a King,
If she lookt pale, was silly womans fear,
To bære her selfe in presence of a King.
If she lookt pale, it was with guilte fear,
To dote a misife being a mighty King.
Then Scottishe warres fare well, I seare twill proue,
A lingring English feage of pecuious love, and allisold,
Here comes his highnes walking all alone,

Enter King Edward.

Kings Shee is growne more faire far since I came shibes,
Her voice more siluer evey word then othen, men it a
Her wit more fluent, what a strange discourse,
Unfolded she of David and his Scots.
Euen thus quoth she, he spake, and then spoke broad,
With epithites and accents of the Scot.
But some what better then the Scot could spake in.
And thus quoth she, and answered then herself.
For who could speake like her but she herself.
Breathes from the wall, an Angells note from Heauen.
Of sweete de fisance to her barbarous foes,
When she would talke of peace me thinkest her song.

Commanede war too prison when of war,
It wakened Cesar from his Romane grace.
To heare warre beautifed by her discourse,
Wifedome is foolishnes but in her tongue.
Beauty a flander but in her faire face.
There is no sunner but in her chearful looks.
Nor frosty winter, but in her didst dayne,
I cannot blame the Scots that did besiege her,
For he is all the Treasure of our land:
But call them cowards that they ran away,
Having fo rich and faire a cause to stay,
Art thou there, Lodwicke, give me inke and paper?
Lod: I will my liege.
K: And bid the Lords hold on their play at Chefe,
For we will walke and meditate alone.
Lod: I will my foueraigne.
K: This fellow is well read in poctrie,
And hath a lustie and perswaftue spiritt:
I will acquaint him with my passion,
Which he shall shadow with a vaile of lawne,
Through which the Queene of beauties Queene shall see,
Her selfe the ground of my infirmitie.

Enter Lodwicke.

K: Haft thou pen, inke and paper ready Lodwicke,
Lod: Ready my liege.
K: Then in the sommer arber set by me,
Make it our counsel house or cabynet:
Since greene our thoughts, greene be the conventicle,
Where we will ease vs by disburdning them.
Now Lodwicke invoke some golden Muse,
To bring thee little an inchantcd pen,
That may forcythes, set downe true sighes indeed:
Talke of griefe, to make thee ready groane,
And when thou writest of tears, encouch the word,
Before and after with such sweete lamentes,
That it may rayse drops in a Torturers eye,
And make a flinty heart Sythian pittifull;
For so much musing hath a Poets pen:
Then if thou be a Poet move thou so,
And be enriched by thy soueraigne loue:
For if the touch of sweet concordant strings,
Could force attendance in the ears of hels.
How much more shall the strains of poets wit,
Beguil and ravish soft and humane myndes.

Lor: To whom my Lord shal I direct my tale.

King: To one that shames the faire and sets the wife,
Whose bodie is as an abstract or a brieve,
Contains each general vertue in the world,
Better then be ye full thou must begin,
Deuise for faire a fairer word then faire,
And every ornament that thou wouldst praise,
Fly it a pitch aboue the soare of praise;
For flattery seare thou not to be convicted,
For were thy admiration ten tymes more,
Ten tymes ten thousand more thy worth exceeds,
Of that thou art to praise their praises worth,
Beginne I will to contemplat the while,
Forget not to set downe how passionat,
How hart sicke and how full of languishment,
Her beautie makes me,

Lor: Writ I to a woman?

King: What beauty els could triumph on me,
Or who but women doe our love layes greer,
What thinkeft thou I did bid thee praise a horse,

Lor: Of what condition or estate she is,
Twere requisite that I should know my Lord,

King: Of such estate, that hers is as a thron,
And my estate the footstool where she treads,
Then maist thou judge what her condition is,
By the proportion of her mightines,

Write on while I peruse her in my thoughts,
Her voice to musicke or the nightingale,
To musicke every sommer leaping twaine,
Compares his flambeau lover when flame speakes,

And why should I speake of the nightingale,
The nightingale sings of adulterate wrong,
And thus compared is to satyrical,
For none though saine would not be so esteemed,
The Raigne of King

But rather vertue sin, synne vertue deemed,  
Her hair far softer then the silke womes twist,  
Like to a flattering glas doth make more faire,  
The ye low Amber like a flattering glas,  
Comes in to Ione: for writing of her eies,  
He say that like a glas they catch the sunne,  
And thence the hot reflection doth rebounde,  
Against my brest and burnes my hart within,  
Ah'what a world of descant makes my soule,  
Vpon this voluntarie ground of loue,  
Come Lodwick left thou turnd thy inke to golde,  
If not, write but in letters Capital my mistres name,  
And it will guid thy paper, read Lorde, reade,  
Fyll thou the emptie hollowes of mine cares,  
With the sweete hearing of thy poctrie,  
Lo: I have not to a period brought her praise.  
King: Her praise is as my loue, both infinit,  
Which apprehend such violent extremes,  
That they diddaine an ending period.  
Her bewtie hath no match but my affection,  
Hers more then most, myne most, and more then more,  
Hers more to praise then tell the sea by drops,  
Nay more then drop the masse earth by sands,  
And said, by said, print them in memorie,  
Then wherefore talkeft thou of a period,  
To that which ceates vnended admiration.  
Read let vs heare,  
Lo: More faire and chast then is the queen of shades:  
King: That loue hath two saits grosse and palpable,  
Comparest thou her to the pale quene of night,  
Who being set in darke seemes therefore light,  
What is she, when the sunne lifts vp his head,  
But like a fading taper dym and dead.  
My loue shall braue the ey of heauen at noon,  
And being vnmaskt outshine the golden sun,  
Lo: What is the other faulte, my soueraigne Lord,  

Read
Edward the third.

King: Reade ore the line againe,
Lo: More faire and chaste,
King: I did not bid thee talke of chastitie,
To runack to the treason of her minde,
For I had rather haue her chafed then chaste,
Out with the moone line, I wil none of it,
And let me haue his likened to the sun,
Say she hath thrice more splendour then the sun,
That her perfection emulat the sunne,
That she breeds sweets as pleasant as the sunne,
That she doth thaw cold winter like the sunne,
That she doth cheere freth, forever like the sunne,
That she doth dazzle gazers like the sunne,
And in this application to the sunne,
Bid her be free and general as the sunne,
Who smiles upon the basest weed that growes,
As lovingly as on the fragrant crose.
Let's see what folowes that fame meone light line,
Lo: More faire and chaste then is the louter of shades,
More bould in constancie.
King: In constancie then who,
Lo: Then Judith was,
King: O monstrous line, put in the newe sword
And I shall woo her to cut of my head,
Blot, blot, good Lodwicke let vs heare the next,
Lo: There's all that yet is done.
King: I thanke thee then thou haft don little ill,
But what is don is passinge passinge ill,
No let the Captaine talke of boytrous warr,
The prifoner of mened darke confraine,
The sick man best sets downe the pangs of death,
The man that studes the sweetnes of a craft,
The frozen soule the benefite of fire,
And every grief his happie opposite,
Loue cannot found well but in louers tongues,
Give me the pen and paper I will write.
The Reigne of King

Enter Countes.

But soft here comes the treasurer of my spirit,
Lodwick thou knowest not how to drawe a battell,
These wings, these flankers, and these squadrons,
Argue in the defectue discipline,
Thou shouldest have placed this here, this other here,
Co. Pardon my boldnes my thrice gracious Lords,
Let my intruption here be calld my dutie,
That comes to see my soueraigne how he fares,
Kng: Go draw the same I tell thee in what forme.

Lor: I go,

Cont: Sorry I am to see my liege so sad,
What may thy subject do to drive from thee,
Thy gloomy comfort, fulleme melancholie,
Kng: Ah Lady I am blunt and cannot drawe,
The flowers of solace in a ground of shame,
Since I came hither Countes I am wronged.
Cont: Now God forbid that anie in my howfe
Should thinke my soueraigne wrong, thrice gentle King:
Kng: Acquant me with theire cause of discontent.
How neere then shall I be to remedie.

Cont: As nere my Liege as all my womens power,
Can pawn it selfe to buye thy remedy,
Kng: Yf thou speakest true then have I my redresse,
Ingage thy power to redeeme my loyes,
And I am joyfull Countes els I die,
Cont: I will my Liege,
Kng: Swear Countes that thou wilt.
Cont: By heauen I will,
Kng: Then take thy selfe a side, I waie a side,
And tell thy selfe a King doth dore on thee,
Say that within thy power dothlie,
To make him happy, and that thou haist sworne,
To give him all the loy within thy power,
Do this and tell me when I shal be happie.
Edward the third.

Count: All this is done my thrice dread souereigne, That power of loue that I haue power to giue, Thou haust with all devout obedience, Inploy me how thou wilt in profe thereof; King: I houe heareth me saye that I do dote on thee, Count: Yf on my beauty take yt if thou canst, Though little I do prife it ten tymes lesse, If on my vertue take it if thou canst, For vertues store by giuing doth augment, Be it on what it will that I can giue, And thou canst take awaie inherit it. King: It is thy beautie that I woule enjoy, Count: O were it painted I would wipe it of, And dispose my felle to giue it thee, But souereigne it is soulecred to my life, Take one and both for like an humble shadow, Yt haunteth the funhtine of my summers life, But thou maist lease it me to sport with all, Count: As easie may my intellectual soule, Be lent awaie and yet my bodie liue, As lend my bodie pallace to my soule, Awaie from her and yet retaine my soule, My bodie is her bower her Courthe ayey, And shee an Angell pure devine unspotted, If I should leave her house my Lord to thee, I'll my poure soule and my poure soule me, King: Didst thou not swere to giue me what I would, Count: I did my liege so what you would I could. King: I wist no more of thee then thou maist giue, Nor be I do not but I rather buie, That is thy loue and for that loue of thine, In rich exchange I tender to thee my soule, Count: But that your lippes were faced my Lord, You would prophan the holy name of loue, That loue you offer me you cannot giue, For Caesar owes that tribut to his Queene.
That love you beg'of me I cannot give,
For Sara owes that dutie to her Lord,
He that doth clip or counterfeit your stamp,
Shall die my Lord, and will your sacred selfe,
Comit high treason against the King of heaven,
To stamp his Image in forbidden mettel,
For getting your allegiance, and your othe,
In violating marriage secred law,
You breake a greater honor then your selfe,
To be a King is of a yonger hous, 
Then to be married, your progenitour.
Sole ragning, Adam on the vniurfe,
By God was honored for a married man,
But not by him annointed for a king,
It is a penality to breake your statutes,
Though not enacted with your highnes hand,
How much more to infringe the holy act,
Made by the mouth of God, seald with his hand,
I know my souereigne in my husbands love,
Who now doth loyall service in his warrs,
Doth but to try the wife of Salisbury,
Whither thee will heare a wantons tale or no,
Left being therein guilty by my stay,
From that noe from my leige I tourne a waie: Exit.
King: Whether is her bewtie by her words dyuine,
Or are her words sweet chaplaines to her bewtie,
Like as the wind doth beautifie a fiale,
And as a fiale becomes the vnicene winde,
So doe her words her bewties, bewtie wordes,
O that I were a honie gathering bee,
To beate the come of vertue from his flower,
And not a poison sucking envious spider,
To turne the vice I take to deadly venom,
Religion is austere and bewty gentle,
To stricke a gatyon for so faire a weed,
O that thee were as is the sire to mee,
Edward the third.

Why so she is, for when I would embrace her,
This do I, and catch nothing but my selfe,
I must enjoy her, for I cannot beate
With reason and reproofe fond love a waie.

Enter Warwick.

Here comes her father: I will worke with him,
To beare my collours in this field of love.
War: How is it that my souereigne is so sad,
May I with pardon know your highnes griefe,
And that my old endeavor will remoue it,
It shall not comber long your maiestie,
King: A kind and voluntary giift thou proferest,
That I was forwarde to haue begg'd of thee,
But O thou world great nurse of flatterie,
Whie doft thou tip mens tongues with golden words,
And peise their deedes with weight of heauie leade,
That faire performance cannot follow promife,
O that a man might hold the hartes close booke,
And choke the laiish tongue when it doth ytter
The breath of falshood not carrie there:
War: Far be it from the honor of my age,
That I shou'd owе bright gould and render lead,
Age is a cyncke, not a flatterer,
I faye againe, that I if knew your griefe,
And that by me it may be leined,
My proper harme should buy your highnes good,
These are the vulger tenders of falsie men,
That never pay the duetie of their words,
King: Thou wilt not sticke to sweare what thou hast saide,
But when thou knowest my greifes condition,
This rash digorged vomit of thy word,
Thou wILT eate vp againe and leaue me helples.
War: By heauen I will not though your maiestie,
Did byd me run vpon your sworde and die.
Say
Say that my grief is no way medicinable,
But by the losse and bruising of thine honour,
War: If nothing but that losse may vantage you,
I would accomplishe that losse my vantagg to,
King: Thinkst thou canst answere thy oath againe,
War: I cannot nor I would not if I could.
King: But if thou dost what I say to thee,
War: What may be said to anie perjurer villaine,
That breake the sacred warrant of an oath,
King: What wilt thou say to one that breaks an othe,
War: That he hath broke his faith with God and man,
And from them both standes excommunicat,
King: What office were it to suggest a man,
To breake a lawfull and religious vowe,
War: An office for the deuill not for man,
K. That deuilles office must thou do for me,
Or breake thy othe or cancell all the bonde,
Of loue and duetye twixt thy self and mee,
And therefore Warwike if thou art thy selfe,
The Lord and master of thy word and othe,
Go to thy daughter and in my behalfe,
Command her, woo her, win her, anie waies,
To be my mistresse and my secret loue,
I will not stand to heare thee make reply,
Thy othe breake hers or let thy souereigne dye. Exit,
King: O doting King, or detestable office,
Well may I tempte my selfe to wrong my self,
When he hath oworne me by the name of God,
To breake a vowe made by the name of God,
What if I were by this right hand of mine,
To cut this right hande of the better waie,
Were to prophaine the Idol then confound it,
But neither will I do ile keepe myne oath,
And to my daughter make a recantation,
Of all the vertue I haue preach to her.
Edward the third.

He say he muft forget her husband Salisbury,
If she remember to embrace the king;
He say an othe may eafily be broken,
But not fo eafily pardoned being broken:
He say it is true charitable to love,
But not true love to be fo charitable;
He say his greatnes may beare out the blame,
But not his kingdome can buy out the finne;
He say it is my duty to perfwade,
But not her honesty to give confent.

Enter Countesse,

See where she comes,was never father had,
Againft his child, an embassage is bad,
C: My Lord and father, I have fought for you;
My mother and the Peeres impotence you,
To keepe in promise of his maiftie,
And do your best to make his highnes merrie.
War: How shall I enter in this gracefull arrant,
I muft not call her child, for whereas the father,
That will in fuch a fate reduce his child:
Then wife of Salisbury, shall I so begin:
No hees my friend, and where is found the friend
That will doe friendship fuch indammagement:
Neither my daughter, nor my deare friends wife,
I am not Warwick as thou thinkest I am,
But an attornie from the Court of hell:
That thus haue houfed my spirit in his forms,
To do a message to thee from the king:
The mighty king of England dotes on thee:
He that hath power to take away thy life,
Hath power to take thy honor, then consent,
To pawn thine honor rather then thy life;
Honor is often loft and get again:
But life once gon, hath no recouerie:
The Sunne that withers hote goeth nourish graffe.
The king that would diftaine thee, will aduance thee.
The Poets write that great Achilles speare,  
Could heale the wound it made: the morall is,  
What mighty men misdo, they can amends:  
The Lyon doth become his bloody iawes,  
And grace his forragement by being milde,  
When vassell fear lies trembling at his feete,  
The King will in his glory hide thy shame,  
And those that gaze on him to finde out thee,  
Will loose their eie-fight looking in the Sunne:  
What can one drop of poyson harme the Sea,  
Whose huge vutures can digest the ill,  
And make it loose his operation:  
The kings great name will temper their misdeeds,  
And give the bitter portion of reproches,  
A sugred sweet, and most delicious taft:  
Besides it is no harme to do the thing,  
Which without shame, could not be left undone;  
Thus have I in his majesties behalfe,  
Apparrelled sin, in vettuous sentences,  
And dwel uppon thy answer in his fute.  
Can: Vnnaturall beseege, woe me unhappie,  
To have escape the danger of my foes,  
And to be ten times worse instead by friends:  
Hath he no meanes toayne my honest blood,  
But to corrupt the author of my blood,  
To be his scandalous and vile soliciter:  
No maruell though the branches be then infected,  
When poyson hath encompassed the rootes:  
No maruell though the leprous infant dye,  
When the sterne dame inuennometh the Dug:  
Why then gue sinne a passport to offend,  
And youth the dangerous reigne of liberty:  
Blot out the strict forbidding of the law,  
And cancel every cannon that prescribes,  
A shame for shame, or penance for offence,  
No let me die if his too boistrous will.
Edward the third.

Will have it so, before I will consent,
To be an actor in his gracelesse lust,
Why now thou speakest as I would have thee speake,
And marke how I vnsate my words againe,
An honorable grace is more esteemed,
Then the polluted closet of a king,
The greater man, the greater is the thing,
Be it good or bad that he shall undertake,
An unreputed mote, flying in the Sunne,
Prefens a greater substance then it is:
The freuest summers day doth soonest taint,
The loched carrion that it seemes to kisse:
Deepe are the blowes made with a mightie Axe,
That sinne doth ten times aggrieve it selfe,
That is committed in a holie place,
An euill deed done by authoritie,
Is sin and subbornation: Decke an Ape
In tiffue, and the beautie of the robe,
Adds but the greater sorne vn:o the beast:
A spacious field of reasons could I urge,
Between his gloomy daughter and thy shame,
That poyson the wes wort in a golden cup,
Darke night seemes darker by the lightning flash,
Lillies that festre, smel far worse then weeds,
And euery glory that inclynes to sin,
The shame is treble, by the opposite,
So leave I with my blessing in thy bosome,
Which then convert to a most beauteus curfe,
When thou convertest from honours golden name,
To the blacke faction of bed blotting, shame.
Cons: Ihls follow thee, and when my minde turns so,
My body sink, my soule in endles woo,

Exit.

Enter at one doore Derby from Exaunce, At an other doore,
Andley with a Drum.
Der. Thrice noble Audley, well encountred heere,
How is it with our soueraigne and his peeres?
The Raigne of King

And. Tis full a fortnight since I saw his highnes,
What time he sent me forth to muster men,
Which I accordingly have done and bring them hither,
In faire array before his maiestie:
King. What newes my Lord of Derby from the Emperor.
Der. As good as we desire; the Emperor
Hath yeelded to his highnes friendly ayd,
And makes our king lieutenant general
In all his lands and large dominions,
Then vis for the spacious bounds of France;
And. What doth his highnes leap to heare these newes?
Der. I haue not yet found time to open them,
The king is in his closet malcontent,
For what I know nor, but he gaue in charge,
Till after dinner, none should interrupt him:
The Countesse Salisbury, and her father Warwick,
Arroyse, and all looke undermeth the browes.
And. Undoubtedly then some thing is amisse.

Enter the King.

Der. The Trumpets sound, the king is now abroad,
Ar. Where comes his highnes.
Der. Befall my foueraigne, all my foueraignes wish,
King. Ah that thou wert a Witch to make it so,
Der. The Emperor greeteeth you.
King. Would it were the Countesse.
Der. And hath accorded to your highnes suite,
King. Thou lyftit he hath nor, but I would she had,
Ar. All loue and dutie to my Lord the King.
King. Well all but one is none, what newes with you?
Ar. I haue my liege, leuied those horse and foote,
According as your charge, and brought them hither.
King. Then let those foote trudge hence vpon those horse,
According too our discharge and be gone:
Darby he looke vpon the Countesse minde alone,
Der. The Countesse minde my liege,
King. I mean the Emperour, leave me alone,
Ar. What is his mind.

End.
Edward the third.

Dar: Let's leave him to his humor.

Exeunt.

Ks: Thus from the harts abundant speakes the tongue,
Countesse for Emperor, and indeed why not?
She is a soveraigne, and I to her
As a kneeling vaile that observes,
The pleasure, or displeasure of her eye

Enter Lodwike.

Ks: What faies the more then Cleopatras match,
To Caesar now?

Ls: That yet my liege ere night,
She will resolve your maiestie.

Ks: What drum is this that thunders forth this march,
To hark the tender Cupid in my bosome,
Poore flippkin how it braules with him that beateth it:
Go breake the thundring parchment bottom out,
And I will teach it to conduct sweete lynes,
Vnto the bosome of a heavenly Nymph,
For I will use it as my writing paper,
And so reduce him from a couluding drum,
To be the herald and deare counfaile bearer,
Betwixt a godesse, and a mighty king:
Go bid the drummer learne to touch the Lute,
Or hang him in the braces of his drum,
For now we thinke it an vnciuill thing,
To trouble heauen with such harsh relounds, Away. Exit.

The quarrell that I haue requires no armes,
But these of myne, and these shall meete my foe,
In a depe march of penytrable grones,
My eyes shall be my arrowes, and my sighes
Shall serve me as the vantage of the winde,
To wherel away my sweetest artillerie:
Ah but alas she winnes the sunne of me,
For that is she her selfe, and thence it comes,
That Poets tearme, the wanton warriour blinde:
But love hath eyes as judgement to his steps,
Till two much loued glory dazles them?
The Raigne of King

How now.] Enter Lodwike.

Lo. My liege the drum that stroke the lufty march,
Stands with Prince Edward your thrice valiant sonne.

Enter Prince Edward.

King. I see the boy, oh how his mothers face,
Modeld in his, corrects my straid desire,
And rates my heart, and chides my theeuith eie,
Who being rich ennoogh in seeing her,
Yet seeke else where, and basely there is that,
Which cannot cloke it selfe on pouertie,
Now boy, what newes?

Pr. E. I haue assemblerd my deare Lord and father,
The choyfeft buds of all our English blood,
For our affaires to Fraunce, and heere we come,
To take direction from your maieftie.

King. Still do I see in him delineate,
His mothers vifage, those his eies are hers,
Who looking wistely on me, make me bluie:
For faults against themselues, giue evidence,
Luft as a fire, and me like lanthorne shew,
Light luft within them selues; even through them selues
Away loose skiles or wauering vanitie,
Shall the large limit of faire Britayne.

By me, be ouerthrowne, and shall I not,
Master this little mansion of my selues;
Giue me an Armor of euerinall steele,
I go to conquer kings, and shall I not then
Subdue my selues, and be my enemies friend,
It must not bee, come boy forward, advance,
Lets with our coullours sweete the Aire of Fraunce.

Enter Lodwike.

Lo. My liege, the Countesse with a smiling cheere,
Desires accesse vnto your Maiestie.

Eng. Why there it goes, that vertie smile of hers.
Edward the third.

Hath ranfomed captive France, and set the King,
The Dolphin and the Peares at liberty,
Goe leaue me Ned, and reuell with thy friends. Exit Pr.
Thy mother is but blacke, and thou like her,
Doe put it in my minde how soule she is,
Goe fetch the Countesse hether in thy hand, Exit Lod.
And let her chase away these winter clouds,
For shee gies beautie both to heauen and earth,
The fin is more to hacke and hew poore men,
Then to embrace in an vnlawfull bed,
The register of all rareties,
Since Letherne Adam, till this youngest hower,

Enter Countesse.

King. Goe Lodwike, put thy hand into thy purse,
Play, spend, giue, rot, wast, do what thou wilt,
So thou wilt hence a while and leaue me heere.
Now my soules plaiiefellow art thou come,
To speake the more then heauenly word of yes,
To my objection in thy beautious loue.
Count. My father on his bleffing hath commanded.
King. That thou shalt yeeld to me.
Count. I deare my liege,your due.
King. And that my dearest loue,can be no lesse,
Then right for right, and render loue for loue.
Count. Then wrong for wrong, and endles hate for hate;
But sist I see your maiestie so bent,
That my vnwillingnes, my husbands loue,
Your high estate, nor no respect respected,
Can be my helpe, but that your mightines:
Will overbear and sweate these dear coeurs,
I bynd my discontent to my content,
And what I would not, let compell I will,
Provided that your selfe renoue those lets,
That stand betwene your highnes loue and mine,
King. Name then faire Countesse, and by heauen I will.
Count. It is their liues that stand betwene our loue.
The Raigne of King

That I would have shot up my soueraigne,
K. Whose lies my Lady?
C. My thrice loving liege,
Your Queene, and Salisbury, my wedded husband,
Who loving have that tytle in our loue,
That we cannot bestow but by their death,
K. Thy opposition is beyond our Law,
C. So is your desire, it the law
Can hinder you to execute the one,
Let it forbid you to attempt the other.
I Cannot thinke you love me as you say,
Vnlesse you do make good what you have sworn,
No mor, ethy husband and the Queene shall dye,
Fairer thou art by farre then Hero was,
Beardles Leander not so strong as I:
He swoome an eafe currant for his loue,
But I will throng a hellie spout of bloud,
To tryue at Cethus where my Hero lies,
C. Nay youde do more, youde make the Ryuer to drink of,
With their hart bloods, that kepe our love aloue,
Of which my husband, and your wife are twayne.
K. Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death,
And gives in evidence that they shall dye,
Vpon which verdisht their judge condemne them.
C. Openlye beautie, more corrupted Judge:
When to the great Starre-chamber ore our heads,
The vnjust Session calls to count,
This packing euill, we both shall tremble for it,
K. Vhat saies my faire loue, is the resolute
C. Resolute to be diuulsed, and therefore this,
Keepe but thy word great king, and I am thine,
Stand where thou dost, ile part a little from thee
And see how I will yeld me to thy hands.
Here by my side doth hang my wedding knifes,
Take thou the one, and with it kill thy Queene,
And learne by me to finde her where she lies,
Edward the third.

And with this other, I'll dispatch my love,
Which now lies fast a sleepe within my hart,
When they are gone, then I'll content to lute:

Stir not this furious king to hinder me,
My resolution is more nimble far,
Then thy preceution can be in my rescue,
And if thou stir, I strike, therefore stand still,
And heare the choyce that I will put thee to:
Either I sweare to leave thy most vnholie fute,
And never hence forth to solicit me,
Or else by heauen, this sharpe pointed knyfe,
Shall staine thy earth, with that which thou would staine:
My poore chaft blood, I sweare Edward I sweare,
Or I will strike and die before thee heere.

King. Even by that, power I sweare that gives me now,
The power to be admir'd of my selfe,
Incuer meane to part my lips againe,
In any words that tends to luch a fute,
A rise true English Ladie, whom our Ile,
May better boast of then euer Romaine might,
Of her whose ranfackt treaur'r hath taskt,
The vaine indeuor of so many pens,
Arise and be my fault, thy honors fame,
Which after ages shall enricth thee with,
I am awaked from this idle dream,
Warwike, my Sonne, Darby, Artoys, and Audley,
Braue warriors all, where are you all this while?

Enter all.

Warwike, I make thee Warden of the North,
Thou Prince of Wales, and a Audley straight to Sea,
Scoure to New-hauen, some there ftau'e for me:
My selfe, Artoys and Darby will through Flaunderers,
To greate our friends there, and to craue their aide,
This night will scarce suffice me to discouer,
My follies feige, against a faithfull louver,
For ere the Sunne that guide the esterne skie,
Enter King John of France, his two sons, Charles of Normandy, and Philip, and the Duke of Lorraine.

King John.
Heere till our Neacie of a thousand saile,
Haue made a breakfast to our foe by Sea,
Let vs incampe to wait their happie speedes;
Lorraine what readines is Edward in?
How haft thou heard that he prouided is
Of marshall furniture for this expoyts.
Le: To lay aside vnecessary soothing,
And not to spend the time in circumtance;
Tis bruted for a certenty my Lord;
That hees exceeding strongly fortified,
His subiects flocke as willingly to warre,
As ifvnto a triumph they were led.
Ch: England was wont to harbour malcontents,
Blood thirly, and seditious Catelynes;
Spend thirfts, and such as gape for nothing else,
But changing and alteration of the state,
And is it possible,
That they are now so loyall in them selues?
Le: Allbut the Scot, who solemnly protestt,
As heretofore I haue entwound his grace,
Neuer to sheath his Sword,or take a truce.
Is: Ah, thats the anchredge of some better hope,
But on the other side, to thinke what friends,
King Edward hath retaynd in Netherland,
Among those ever-bibbing Epicures.

Thos.
Edward the third.

Those frothy Dutch men, puff with double beere,
That drinke and swill in every place they come,
Doth not a little aggravate mine ire,
Besides we hear the Emperor contoynes,
And falls him in his owne authoritie:
But all the mightier that their number is,
The greater glory reapes the victory,
Some friends hate we beside drum stricke power,
The erre Polonian and the warlike Dane:
The king of Bohemia, and of Cyclic.
Are all become confederates with vs,
And as I thinke are marching hither space,
But softe I heare the musick of their drums,
By which I gess, that their approach is neare.

Enter the King of Bohemia with Danes, and a Polonian Captaine with other soldiers another way.

King of Bohemia,
King John of Fraunce, as league and neighborhood,
Requires when friends are any way distreft,
I come to aide thee with my countrie force.

Pol. Cap. And from great Musco fearfull to the Turke,
And loffe Poland, nurse of hardie men,
I bring these servitors to fight for thee,
Who willingly will venture in thy cause.

K.1: Welcome Bohemian king, and welcome all,
This your great kindness I will not forget.
Besides your plentiful rewards in Crownes,
That from our Treasury ye shall receive,
There comes a hare braind Nation deckt in pride,
The spoyle of whome will be a treble game.
And now my hope is full, my joy complete.
The Raigene of King

At Sea we are as puissant as the force;
Of Agamemnon in the Hauen of Troy:
By land with Zerxes we compare of strength,
Whose soildiers dranke vp rivers in their thirst:
Then Bayardike, blinde overweening Ned,
To reach at our imperiall dyadem,
Is either to be swallowed of the waues,
Or hack a peece when thou commest a shore.

Enter.

Mar, Neere to the coast I haue describde my Lord,
As I was busie in my watchfull charge.
The proud Armado of king Edward's ships,
Which at the first far off when I did ken,
Seemed as it were a group of withered pines,
But drawing neere, their glorious bright aspect,
Their streamind Ensignes wrought of couloured slips,
Like to a meddow full of sundry flowers,
Adorning the naked bosome of the earth.
Maecitcall the order of their course,
Figuring the horned Circle of the Moone.
And on the top gallant of the Admirall,
And likewise all the handmaids of his trayne:
The Armes of England and of Frauncy unite,
Are quartered equally by Heralds art.
Thus stately carried with a merrie-gale,
They plough the Ocean hitherward amaynse:
Dare he already crop the Fower de Luce:
I hope the honey being gathered thence,
He with the spider afterward approch't,
Shall sucke forth deadly venom from the leaues,
But wheres out Navie, how are they prepared,
To wing them selfes against this flight of Rauens.

Mr. They having knowledge, brought them by the scours,
Did breake from anchor straight and pufc with rage,
No otherwise then were their sailes with winde,
Made forth, as when the empty Eagle flies.
To satisfy his hungry griping maw.
And if you escape the bloody stroke of war:
And do pursue the conflict come again.
And let us hear the manner of the fight.
To severall places least they chance to land:
First you my Lord, with your Bohemian Troupes;
Shall pitch your battles on the lower hand.
My eldest sonne the Duke of Normandie,
Together with this aide of Muscoutes,
Shall clyme the higher ground another way:
Here in the middle coast between you both,
Phillip my yongest boy and I will lodge,
So Lords begin, and looke vnto your charge.
You stand for France, an Empire faire and large,
Now tell me Phillip, what is their concept,
Touching the challenge that the English make.
Phillip I say, my Lord, clyme Edward what he can,
And bring he here so playne a pedegree,
Tis you are in possession of the Crowne,
And that is the surest point of all the Law:
But were it not yet ere he should preuaile,
Ile make a Conduit of my dearest blood.
Or chase those straggling vittarts home again:
King, Well said young Phillip, call for bread and Wine,
That we may cheere our stomacks with repast.
The battle to looke our foes more sternely in the face,
Now is begun the heatie day at Sea,
Fight Frenchmen, fight, be like the field of Beares,
When they defend their younglings in their Caeses,
Stir angry Nemesis the happie helme,
That with the sulphur battles of your rage,
The English Fleece may be dispersd and sunke,
O Father how this eckoing Cannon shoule,
Like sweete harmonie diggeth my cates.
The Raigne of king

Now boy thou hearest what thundering terror tis,
To buckle for a kingdome fouerentie,
The earth with giddie trembling when it shakes,
Or when the exalations of the aire,
Breakes in extremity of lightning flash,
Affrights not more then kings when they dispose,
To shew the rancor of their high swolne harts,
Retreate is founded, one side hath the wole.

O if it be the French, sweete fortune turne,
And in thy turning change the forward winds,
That with advantage of a favouring skie,
Our men may vanquish and thuther flie.

Enter Mariner.
My hart misgives, say mirrour of pale death,
To whom belongs the honor of this day,
Relate I pray thee, if thy breath will serve,
The sad discourse of this discomfiture.

Mar. I will my Lord,
My gratious soueraigne, Fraunce hath tane the foyle,
And boasting Edward triumphs with sucesse;
These iron harted Nauiues,
When last I was reporter to your grace,
Both full of angry spleene of hope and fear;
Hasting to meete each other in the face,
At last coniroynd, and by their Admirall,
Our Admirall encountered manie shot,
By this the other that beheld these twaine,
Gave earnest penny of a further wracke,
Like fiery Dragons tooke their haughty flight,
And likewise meeting, from their sinoky wombes,
Sent many grym Embassadors of death,
Then gan the day to turne to gloomy night,
And darkenes did aswel inclose the quicke,
As those that were but newly rest of life,
No leasure servd for friends to bid farewell,
And if it had, the hideous noise was such.
As ech to other seemed deafe and dombe,
Purple the Sea whose channel fild as falt;
With streaming gore that from the maymed fell.
As did her gushing myrtle breake into,
The cranny cleftures of the through shot planks,
Heere flew a head diſſuered from the tronke;
There mangled armes and legs were loft aloft,
As when a wherle winde takes the Summer dILT,
And fatters it in middel of the aire,
Then might ye fee the fteling velffes fplit,
And tottering sink into the ruthless feſoud,
Vntill their lofty tops were feeene no more.
All ftifts were tried both for defence and hurt,
And now the effect of vallor and of force,
Of resolution and of a cowardize:
We lively pictur'd, how the one for fame;
The other by compulfion laid about;
Much did the Nemi per illa, that braue ship,
So did the blacke snake of Bullen, then which,
A bonnier velſſe neuer yet fpread fayle,
But all in vaine, both Sunne, the Wine and tyde,
Reuolted all vnto our foe mens fide,
That we perforce were fayne to giue them way,
And they are landed, thus my tale is donne,
We haue vntimly loft, and they haue woone.
K,Lo: Then refts there nothing but with preſent speedes,
To ioyn our feuerall forces al in one;
And bid them bataiſſe ere they rainge to farre,
Come gentle Phillip, let vs hence depart,
This fouldiers words haue perfyt thy fathers hart.

Enter two French men, a woman and two little Children,
meet them another Citizens.

One: Wel meet thy masters: how now, what is the newes,
And wherefore are ye laden thus with stufte:
What is it quarter daie that you remoue,
And carrie bag and baggage too?
The Raigne of King

Two: Quarter day, I and quartering pay I fear:
Haue we not heard the newes that flies abroad?
One: What newes?
Three: How the French Navy is destroyed at Sea,
And that the English Armie is arrived.
One: What then?
Two: What then quoth you? why is it not time to flie,
When enuiue and destruction is so nigh,
One: Content the man, they are farre enough from hence,
And will be met I warrant ye to their cost,
Before they breake to far into the Realme.
Two: I so the Grasshopper doth spend the time,
In mirthfull iollitie till Winter come,
And then too late he would redeem his time,
When frozen cold hath nipt his carelesse heads.
He that no sooner will provide a Cloake,
Then when he sees it doth begin to raigne,
May peraduenture for his negligence,
Be thoroughly washed when he suspects it not,
We that haue charge, and such a trayne as this,
Must looke in time, to looke for them and vs,
Least when we would, we cannot be relieved.
One: Be like you then clipe aire of ill successe,
And thinke your Country will be subjugate.
Three: We cannot tell, tis good to feare the worst.
One: Yet rather fight, then like unnatural lonnes,
 Forsake your loving parents in distresse.
Two: Tush they that haue already taken armes,
Are manie feasfull millions in respect
Of that small handfull of our enimies;
Butt is a rightfull quarrell much preuaile,
Edward is sonne vnto our late kings sister,
Where John Valoys, is three degrees removed.
We: Besides, there goes a Prophetie abroad,
Published by one that was a Fryer once,
Whole Oracles haue many times prooued true.

And
And now he sages the time will shortly come, yea, yea.

When as a Lyon rowed in the west,
Shall carie hence the fleer duke of France,
These I can tell ye and such like furnishes,
Strike many French men cold unto the heart:

Enter a French man.

Flie cuntry men and ciztens of France,
Sweete flowring peace the root of happie life,
Is quite a banconed and expulst the lande,
In field of whom one sack constrainning warr,
Syts like to Raunces vpon your houses topps,
Slaughter and mishicke walke within your streets.

And untrained make havoc as they passe,
The forme where of euen now my selfe beheld,
Vpon this faire mountaine yrence I came,

For so far of as I directed mine eies,
I might perceave five Cities all on fire,
Come feldes and vineyards burning like an ouen,
And as the leaking vapour in the wind,
I tourned but a side I like wise might discern,
The poore inhabitants escape the flame,
Fall numberles vpon the souldiers pikes,
Three waies these diefull minsters of wrath,
Do tread the meausers of their tragick march,
Vpon the right hand comes the conquering King,
Vpon the lefte hot vnbridled sonne,
And in the mid of our nations glittering hoast,
All which though distant yet conspire in one,

to leaue a desolation where they come,
Flie therefore Citizens if you be wise,
Seek out som habitation further of,
Here if you stafe your wifes will be a bused,
Your treasure harte before your weeping eies,
Shelter you yourselfes for now the flees death rise.
The Raigne of King

Away, away, methinks I heare their drums;
Ah wretched France, I greatly fear thy fall,
Thy glory shaketh like a tottering wall.

Enter King Edward and the Erle of Darby
With Souldiers, and Gobin de Graie.

Kim: Where is the French man by whom cunning guide,
We found the shalow of this Ryer Sone,
And had direction how to passe the sea.
Go: Here is my good Lord.
Kim: How art thou calde, tell me thy name.
Go: Gobin de Graie if please your excellency,
Kim: Then Gobin for the service thou hast done,
We here inlarge and give thee liberty,
And for recompence beside this good,
Thou shalt receive five hundred markes in golde.
I know not how we should have met our sonne,
Whom now in heart I wifh I might behold.

Enter Artoyes.

Good newes my Lord the prince is hard at hand,
And with him comes Lord Awdley and the rest,
Whom since our landing we could never meet.

Enter Prince Edward, Lord Awdley and Souldiers.

K.E: Welcome faire Prince, how hast thou sped thy sonne,
Since thy arriall on the coast of Fraunce?
Pr.Ed: Succesfullie I thank the gracious heavens,
Some of their strongest Cities we have wonne,
As Harflen, Lie, Crotag, and Carentigne,
And others wasted, leauing at our hecles,
A wide apparant fielde and beaten path,
For solitarines to progress in,
Yet those that would submit we kindly pardned,
For who in fcome refused our possewer peace,
Indurde the penaltye of sharpe reuenge.
Ki.Ed: Ah Fraunce, why shouldest thou be this obstinate,
Against the kind embracement of thy friends.

How
How gently had we thought to touch thy breast,
And set our foot upon thy tender mould,
But that in froward and disdainfull pride
Thou like a skirrit and untaimed coulpe,
Doft start aside and strike vs with thy heele,
But tell me Ned, in all thy warlike course,
Hast thou not seen the whirping King of Fraunce.

Pri. Yes my good Lord, and not two owers ago,
With full a hundred thousand fighting men,
Upon the one side with the rivers banke,
And on the other both his multitudes,
I feared he would have cropt our smaller power,
But happily perceiving your approch,
He hath with drawn himselfe to Cressey plaines,
Where as it seemeth by his good array.

He means to byd vs bataille presently,

Kin.Ed: He shall be welcome that the thing we crave.

Enter King Iohn, Dukes of Normandy and Lorraine, King of Boheme, young Philip, and Serliuers.

Iohn. Edward know that Iohn the true king of Fraunce,
Musing thou shouldst increach vpon his land,
And in thy tyrannous proceeding slay,
His faithfull subiects, and subvert his Townes,
Spits in thy face, and in this manner following.

Obraid thee with thine arrogant intusion,
First I condeme thee for a fugitue,
Of the first rate, and a needy mate,
One that hath either no abyding place,
Or else inhabiting some barren and foile,
Where neither heeb nor sufficient graine is had,
Doest altogether live by pilfering.

Next, in somuch thou hast infringed thy faith,
Broke leage and solemn covenant made with mee,
I should thee for a false pernicious wretch,
And last of all, although I come to cope

Edward the third.
The Reign of Kings

With one such inferior to myself;
Yet in respect thy thirst is all for gold;
They labour rather to be feared than loved,
To satisfy thy lust in either part;
Here am I come and with me have I brought,
Exceeding store of treasure, pearl, and coyne;
Let it be seen amongst other petty thefts,
How thou canst win this pil­lage manfully.

K:Ed: If gall or wormwood have a pleasant taint,
Then is thy falutation honey­sweet.
But as the one hath no such property,
So is the other most factitious.
Yet wot how I regard thy worthless taints;
If thou have yttered them to foile my fame,
Or dam the reputation of my birth,
Know that thy volubility cannot hurt,
If flyllie to inuicate with the world.

And with all bumptes artificall line,
To painte thy malicious and deformed cause,
Bee well assured the counterfeit will fade,
And in the end thy foile doth be scene.
But if thou didst it to provoke me on,
As who should faine I were but timorous,
Or coldly negligent did need a spurre,
Bethinke thy selfe howe slacke I was at sea, my illusor.
Now since my landing I have won no towne,
Entered no further but upon the coast,
And there have eaten since secresiel, flepe, and bo and IV.
But if I have bin other wise employd, I cannot profess.
Imagine Valoys whether I intende,
To skirph, noe for pilAGE but for the Crownes, I mon tell.
Which thou dost weare and that I vowe to haue,
Or one of vs shall fall in to this grea, un­bearable hurt.

End.
Edward the third.

Pri Ed: Looke not for crose inuctiues at oure hands,
Or rayling excrations of despight,
Let creeping serpents hide in hollow banckes,
Sting with theyr tongues; we haue remorseles sworde,
And they shall plea se for vs and our affaires,
Yet thus much breefly by my fathers leaue,
As all the immodeft poision of thy throat,
Is scandalous and most notorious lyes,
And our pretended quarell is truly iult,
So end the battaile when we meet to daie,
May eyther of vs prosper and preuail,
Or luckles cutt, receue eternall shame.

Kiw Ed: That needs no further question, and I knowe
His conscience witnesseth it is my right,
Therfore Valoys fay, wilt thou yet resigne,
Before the ficklest thrust into the Corne,
Or that inkindled fury, turne to flame;
Loth: Edward I know what right thou haft in France,
And ere I basely will resigne my Crowne,
This Champion field shall be a poole of bloody,
And all our prospect as a slaughter house.

Pr Ed: I that approves thee tyrant what thou art,
No father, king, or shepheard of thy realme,
But one that teares her entrailes with thy handes,
And like a thristie tyger suckst her bloud.

And: You peere of France, why do you follow him,
That is so prodigall to spend your lives?

Gib: Whom should they follow, aged impotent,
But he that is their true borne soueraigne?

Knot: Obraidst thou him, because within his face,
Time hath ingrained deep caracters of age:
Know that these graue schollers of experience,
Like stiffe grown oakes, will stand immovable,
When whilet wind quickly turnes vp yonget trees.

Dar: Was ever snie of thy fathers housie king?
But thyself, before this present time,
Edwardys great linage by the mothers side,
The Raigne of King

Five hundred yeeres hath helde the scepter vp,
Judge then conspiratours by this descent,
Which is the true borne fouraigne this or that.

Per: Father range youe battailes, prate no more,
These English same would spend the time in woors,
That night approching, they might escape vntought.

K.Ed: Lords and my lovingSubjectsKnowes the time,
That your intended force must bide the touch,
Theore my friends consider this in breefe;
He that you fight for is your natural King,
He against whom you fight a forrenner:
He that you fight for rules in clemence,
And names you with a mild and gentle byr,
He against whom you fight if hee preuisle,
Will strait inthron his selfe in tyranie,
Make slaves of you, and with a beastie hand,
Curtall and courst your sweetest libertie,
Then to protect your Country and your King,
Let but the haughty Courage of your harte,
Answer the number of your able handes,
And we shall quicklie chase their fugitives,
For what this Edward but a belly god,
A tender and lascivious wantonnes,
That thother daie was almost dead for love,
And what I praye you is his goodly gard,
Such as but scant them of their chines of beefe,
And take awaie their downie feather bedes,
And prefendly they are as resty stiffe,
As there a many over ridden iodes,
Then French men scorne that such should be your Lords
And rather bind ye them in captiue bandes,

All Fra: Viwele Roy,God issue King John of France,
Is: Now on this plaine of Creffe spred your felues,
And Edward when thou darest, begin the fight:

K.Ed: We prefendly will met thee John of Fraunce,
And English Lords let vs resolute the daie,
Either to cleere vs of that scandallous cryme,
Edward the third.

Or be intombed in our innocence,
And Ned, because this battell is the first,
That euer yet thou foughtest in pitched field,
As ancient custome is of Martialists,
To dub thee with the tipe of chivalrie,
In solemne manner wee will give thee armes,
Come therefore Heralds, orderly bring forth,
A strong attirement for the prince my sonne.
Enter four Heraldes bringing in a coate armour, a helmet, a lance, and a shield.

Edw: Edward Plantagenet, in the name of God,
As with this armour I impall thy breast,
So be thy noble vnrelenting heart,
Wald in with flint of matchlesse fortitude,
That euer base affections enter there,
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou comst,
Now follow Lords, and do him honor to.

Dar: Edward Plantagenet prince of Wales,
As I do set this helmet on thy head,
Wherewith the chamber of this braine is fenst,
So may thy temples with Bellonas hand,
Be still adorn with la wrell victorie,
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou comst,
Aud: Edward Plantagenet prince of Wales,
Receive this lance into thy manly hand,
Vfe it in fashion of a brazen pen,
To drawe forth bloudie stratagems in France,
And print thy valiant deeds in honors booke,
Fight and be valiant, vanquish where thou comst.
Art: Edward Plantagenet prince of Wales,
Hold take this target, ware it on thy arme,
And may the view thereof like Perseus shield,
Astonish and transforme thy gazing foes
To senselesse images of meger death,
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou comst.

K3: Now wants there nought but knighthood, which deferd.
The Raigne of King

Wee leave till thou hast won it in the field;
My gracious father and ye forwarde peers,
This honor you have done me animates,
And chaers my greene yet scarce appearing strength,
With comfortable good pettinge signes,
No oth wise then did ould Jacobs wordes,
When as he breathed his blessings on his sonnes,
These hallowed gifts of yours when I profane,
Or use them not to glory of my God,
To patronage the fatherles and poore,
Or for the benefit of Englands peace,
Be numbbe my joynts, was feele both mine armes,
With my hart that like a faples tree;
I may remayne the map of infamy,
K.Ed: Then this our feetele Battles shall be raigned,
The leading of the vowerde Nedisthyne,
To dignifie whose lusty spirit themore
We temper it with Audlys gratitie,
That courage and experience ioynd in one,
Your manage may be second unto none,
For the mayne battells I will guide my selfe,
And Darby in the rareward march behind,
That orderly disposed and set in ray,
Let vs to horse and God graunte vs the daye. Exeunt:

Alarum. Enter a many Frenchmen flying.

After them Prince Edward running.

Then enter King John and Duke of Lorraine,

John. Oh Lorrain say, what meane our men to fly,
Our number is far greater then our foes,
Lor. The garrison of Genoaes my Lorde,
That cam from Paris weary with their march,
Grudging to be soddenly imployd,
No sooner in the forefront tooke their place,
But strait estyring so dismaide the rest.
As likewise they betook them selves to flight
In which for haft to make a safe escape.
More in the cluttering throng are prest to death,
Then by the enemie a thousand fold.
K.Is: O hapless fortune, let vs yet assay,
If we can counsell some of them to stay.

Enter King Edward and Audley.
K.E: Lord Audley, whiles our sonne is in the chase,
With draw our powers vnto this little hill,
And here a season let vs breath our selves,
Au. I will my Lord,
K.Ed. lust dooming heaven, whose secret providence,
To our grosse judgement is incrutable,
How are we bound to praise thy wondrous works,
That hast this day given way vnto the right,
And made the wicked stumble at them selves.

Enter Artus.
Rescue king Edward, rescue, for thy sonne,
Kin. Rescue Artus, what is he prisoner?
Or by violence fell beside his horse.
Ar. Neither my Lord, but narrowly better,
With turning Frenchmen, whom he did persue,
As its impossible that he should escape.
Except your highnes presently descend.
Kin. Tut let him fight, we gave him armes to day,
And he is laboring for a knighthood man.

Enter Derby.
De: The Prince my Lord, the Prince, oh succour him,
Hees close incompass with a world of odds.
K: Then will he win a world of honor to,
If he by valour can redeeme him thence,
If not, what remedy, we have more sonnes,
Then one to comfort our declyning age.

Enter Audley.
Au. Renowned Edward, giue me leave I pray,
To lead my soldiers where I may releue,
Your Grace sonne, in danger to be slayne,
The snakes of French like Ememet on a banke,
Muster about him whilst he Lion like,
Intangled in the net of their assaults,
Frantiquely wrends and byts the wounded tytle,
But all in vaine, he cannot free him selke.
K: Ed: Audley content, I will not harue a man,
Ou paine of death sent forth to succour him:
This is the day, ordaynd by desteny,
To season his courage with those greuous thoughts,
That if he breake out, Nestors yeares on earth,
Will make him favorfull of this exploit,
Dar: Ah but he shall not live to see those dayes,
Ki: Why then his Ephitaph, is lafting prysle.
An: Yet good my Lord, tis too much wilfulnes,
To let his blood be spilt that may be saude.
Ki: Exclayne me more, for none of you can tell,
Whether a borrowed aid will serue or no,
Perhapps he is already flamme or tane:
And dare a Falcon when shees in her flight,
And euer after sheeke be buggard like:
Let Edward be deliuered by oure hands,
And still in danger hee expect the like,
But if himselfe, himselfe redeeme from thence,
He wil haue vantiquite cheerefull death and feare,
And euer after dread their force no more,
Then if they were, but babes or Captaine slaves.
And O cruel Father, farewell Edward then.
Dar: Farewell sweete Prince, the hope of chialtry,
An: O would my life might ransom him from death,
K: Ed: But lovt me thinkes I heare,
The dismall charge of Trumpets loud retreat,
All are not flayne I hope that went with him,
Some will returne with tidings good or bad,

Enter Prince Edward in triumph, bearing in his hande his
Shined Lance, and the King of Boheme, borne before;
Brapte in the Conflame, They kneue and embrace him.
Edward the third

And, O joyfull sight, victorious Edward live,

Dor: Welcome braue Prince.

Ks: Welcome Plantagenet.

Pr. First hauing done my dutys as be seemed

Lords I regret you all with hartie thanks,

And now behold after my winters toyle,

My paynes full voyage on the boystrous sea,

Of warres deouirous gulphes and steele rocks,

I bring my fraught unto the wished port,

My Summers hope, my travels sweet rewards,

And here with humble dutye I present,

This sacrifice, this first fruit of my sword,

Cropt and cut downe even at the gate of death:

The king of Boheme father home I flue,

Whom you say had intrencht me round about,

And laye as thicke vpon my battered crest,

As on an Anuell with their ponderous glaues,

Yet marble courage, still did vnderprop,

And when my weary armes with often blowes,

Like the continual laboring Wood-mans Axe,

That is enioynd to fell a load of Oakes,

Began to faulter, straight I would recouer:

My gifts you gave me, and my zealous vow,

And then new courage made me fresh againe,

That in despiect I craid my passage forth,

And put the multitude to speedy flight:

Lo this hath Edwards hand fild your request,

And done I hope the duerty of a Knight

Ks: I well thou hast deferud a kniht-hood Ned,

And therefore with thy sword, yet reaking warme,

With blood of those that fought to be thy bane,

Arise Prince Edward, truly knight at armes,

This day thou hast confounded me with joy,

And proude thy selue fit heire vnto a king:

Pr: Here is a note my gratious Lord of those,

That in this conflict of our foes were flaine.

Euen
The Raigne of King

Eleuen Princes of the same, foure score Barons,
A hundred and twenty knights, and thirty thousand
Common solldiers, and of our men a thousand.
Our God be praised, now John of Frounce I hope,
Thou knowest King Edward for no wantonesse,
No love fickle cockney, nor his soldiers iades,
But which way is the fearefull king ecape?
Pr: Towards Paygis, noble father, and his sonses.
King. Ned, thou and Audley shal pursue them still,
Myselfe and Derby will to Calice straight,
And there begynn that Hauen towne with siege:
Now lies it on an vshoe, therefore strike,
And wille follow, while the games en foot.
K. What Pictures this.
Pr: A Pelicano my Lord,
Wounding her bosome with her crooked beak,
That so her nest of young ones might be fed,
With drops of blood that fliett from her hart,
The motto Sic et, and so should you,
Enter Lord Mansford with a Coronet, in his hands,
the Earl of Salisbury.
Me: My Lord of Salisbury since by our side,
Mine enemie Sir Charles of Blois is slaine,
And I againe am quietly possett,
In Britaines Dukedom, knowe that, last week,
Forth this kind furtherance of your king and you,
To sweare allegiance to his majesty,
In figne whereof receive this Coronet,
Bear it unto him, and with all mine other,
Neuer to be but Edwards faithful friend.
Sa: I take it Mountfor, thus I hope eare long,
The whole Dominions of the Realme of Frounce
Wilbe surrendered to his conquering hand:
Now if I knew but safely how to passe,
I would to Calice gladly meete his Grace,
Whether I am by letters certified,
Yet he intends to have his host remoue,
It shall be so, this policy will serve,
Ho whose within? bring Villiers to me.

Enter Villiers.

Villiers, thou knowest thou art my prisoner,
And that I might for ransom if I would,
Require of thee a hundred thousand Francks,
Or else retayne and keepe thee captive still:
But so it is, that for a smaller charge,
Thou maist be quit and if thou wilt thy selfe,
And this it is, procure me but a passport,
Of Charles the Duke of Normandy, that I,
Without restraint may have recourfe to Callis,
Through all the Countries where he hath to doe,
Which thou maist easily obtayne I think.
By reason I haue often heard thee say,
He and thou were students once together:
And then thou shalt be set at libertie,
How saies thou, wilt thou undertake to do it?
Vil: I will my Lord, but I must speake with him.
Sa: Why so thou shalt, take Horse and post from hence,
One by one before thou goest, I swear by thy faith,
That if thou canst not compass my desire,
Thou wilt returne my prisoner backe againe,
And that shall be sufficient warrant for mee.
Vil: To that condition I agree my Lord,
And will vnsaynedly performe the same.

Thus once I meant to trie a French mans faith.

Enter King Edward and Derby with Souldiers.

Km: Since they refuse our proffered league my Lord,
And will not ope their gates and let vs in,
We will intrench our selues on euery side,
That neither victuals, nor supply of men,
May come to succour this accursed towne,
Famine shall combat where our swords are stopp.
The Refuge of King

D.7. The promised and that made them (hand aloof;)
Is now retir'd and gone an other way:
It will repent them of their stubborn will,
But what are these poor ragged slaves my Lord?
Ki: Edw. Aske what they are; it seems they come from
Callis.
D.7. You wretched patterns of despair and woe,
What are you living men, or gliding ghosts,
Crept from your graves to walke upon the earth?
Poor: No ghosts my Lord, but men that breath a life,
Farr worse then is the quiet sleepe of death:
We are distressed poor inhabitants,
That long have been defeated, sickle and lame;
And now because we are not fitte to serve,
The Captayne of the townie hath thrust us forth,
That to expence of victuals may be saved.
K. Ed. A charitable deed no doubt, and worthy praise:
But how do you imagine them to serve?
We are your enemies in such a case,
We can revenge but by you to the sword,
Since when we professed truce it was refuse,
Save and if your grace no otherwise vouchsafe,
As welcome death to you as life;
Ki. Poor silly men, much wronged, and more distressed.
Go Derby go, and fee they be relievd,
Command that victuals be appointed them,
And give to every one five Crowne's a peice:
The Lion scornes to touch the yeelding pray,
And Edwards sword must fell it selfe in such,
As will all stubborness hard made penterle,

Enter Lord Perse.

Ki. Lord Perse welcome; what the newes in Englands?
Per. The Queene my Lord cometh heere to your Grace,
And from his highnesse, and the Lord vicegerent,
I bring this happy tidings of success, David of Scotland lately vp in armes, Thinking belike he soon shall preuaile, Your highnes being absent from the Realm, Is by the fruitful service of your peece, And painfull trouell of the Queene herself, That big with child was every day in armes, Vanquished, subdue, and taken prifoner. K: Thanks Persie for thy newes with all my hart, What was he tooke him prifoner in the field. Per: A Esquire my Lord, John Copland is his name, Who since intreated by her Maiestie, Denies to make surrender of his priz, To shew but vnto your grace alone. Whereat the Queene is greeuously displeased, K: Well then wele have a Pursuauot dispatch, To summon Copland hither out of hand, And with him he shall bring his prifoner king. Per: The Queene my Lord her selue by this at Sea, And purposeth as soon as windes will please, To land at Callis, and to visit you, K: She shall be welcome, and to wait her comming, Ile pitch my tent nexte to the sande shore.

Enter a Copaigne.

The Burgess of Callis mighty king, Haue by a counsell willingly decreed, To yeeld the towne and Castell to your hands, Upon condition it will please your grace, To grant them benefite of life and goods. K.Ed. They will so. Then belike they may command, Dispose, elect, and gouern as they list, No fira, tell them since they did refuse, Our princely clemency at first proclaimed, They shall not haue it now although they would.
The Raigne of King

Will accept of nought but fire and sword,
Except within these two dates size of them
That are the welthihest marchants in the towne,
Come naked all but for their linnen shirts,
With each a halter hang'd about his necke,
And prostrate yeeld themselves upon their knees,
To be afflict, hanged, or what I please,
And so you may informe their masterships. Exeunt

Cup, Why this it is to trust a broken staffe.
Had we not been perswaded John our King,
Would with his armie haue releued the towne,
We had not flound vpon defiance so:
But now 'tis past that no man can recall,
And better some do go to wrack then all. Exit

Enter Charles of Normandy and Villiers

Ch: I wouder Villiers, thou shouldest importune me
For one that is our deadly enimie.
Vil: Not for his sake my gracious Lord so much,
Am I become an earnest advocate,
As that thereby my ransom will be quit,
Ch: Thy ransom man; why needest thou talke of that?
Art thou not free? and are not all occasions,
That happen for advantage of our foes,
To be accepted of, and ftood upon?
Vil: No good my Lord except the same be just,
For profit must with honor be comixt,
Or else our actions are but scandalous:
But letting passe these intricate objections,
Wilt pleaze your highness to subscribe or no?
Ch. Villiers I will not, nor I cannot do it,
Salisbury shall not haue his will so much,
To clayme a passes how it pleaseth himselfe,
Vil: Why then I know the extremitie my Loid,
I must returne to prison whence I came,
Ch. Returne, I hope thou wilt not,
What bird that hath escap't the fowlers gin,
Edward the third.

Will not beware how shees intrude againe:  
Or what is he so fenceles and secure,  
That having hardly past a dangerous gulf,  
Will put him selfe in perill there againe.  

Vil: Ah but it is mine other my gratious Lord,  
Which I in conscience may not violate.  
Or else a kingdome should not draw me hence.  

Ch: Thine other, why doth thine bind thee to abide:  
Hast thou not sworne obedience to thy Prince?  

Vil: In all things that vprightly he commands:  
But either to perswade or threaten me,  
Not to performe the covenant of my word,  
Is lawlesse, and I need not to obey.  

Ch: Why is it lawfull for a man to kill,  
And not to break a promise with his foe?  

Vil: To kill my Lord when warre is once proclaymed,  
So that our quarrel be for wrongs receaude:  
No doubt is lawfully permitted vs:  
But in an other we must be well aduised,  
How we do sware, and when we once have sworne,  
Not to infringe it though we die therefore:  
Therefore my Lord, as willing I returne,  
As if I were to flie to paradise.  

Ch: Stay my Villeirs, thine honorable minde,  
Deferues to be eternally admirde,  
Thy sute shalbe no longer thus deferd:  
Give me the paper, Ile subscribe to it,  
And wheretoore I loued thee a Villeirs,  
Heereafter Ile embrace thee as my selfe,  
Stay and be still in fauour with thy Lord.  

Vil: I humbly thank your grace, I must dispatch,  
And send this passport first vnto the Earle,  
And then I will attend your highnes pleasure.  

Ch. Do to Villeirs, and Charles when he hath neede,  
Be such he is souldiers, how soever he speades.  

Exit Villeirs.  

Enter King Jo.  

K. I: Come Charles and arm thee, Edward is intrape,  
The Prince of Wales is faigne into our hands.
The Raigne of King

And we have compasst him he cannot scape.
Cha: But will your highnes fight to day, (Strong)
Lo: What else my son, hees scarce eight thousand
and we are three score thousand at the least,
Cha: I haue a prophecy my gratious Lord,
Wherein is written what successe is like
To happen vs in this outrageous warre;
It was deliuered me at Creffes field,
By one that is an aged Hermity there,
when fethered foul shal make thine army tremble,
and flint stones rise and breake the battell rays:
Then thinke on him that doth not now diissembl.
For that shalbe the haples dreadfull day,
Yet in the end thy foot thou shalt aduance,
as farre in England, as thy foe in Fraunce,
Lo: By this it seemes we shalbe fortunates.
For as it is impossible that itones
Should euer rise and breake the battaile ray,
Or arie foule make men in armes to quake,
So is it like we shall not be subdude:
Or say this might be true,yet in the end,
Since he doth promise we shall driue him hence,
And forrage their Countrie as they haue don ours.
By this reuenge, that losse will seeme the lesse,
But all are fuyolous, fancies, toyes and dreames,
Once we are sure we haue infourd the sonne,
Catch we the father after how we can. Exeunt.

Enter Prince Edward, Audley and others.
Pr: Audley the armes of death embrace vs round,
And comfort haue we none saue that to die,
We pay lower earnest for a sweeter life,
At Creffey field our Clouds of Warlike smoke,
Chokt vp those French mouths, & disseuered them
But now their multitudes of millions hide
Masking as twere the beautious burning Sunne,
Leaung no hope to vs but fullen darke.
Edward the third.

And all the terror of all ending night,
And this sudden, mighty, and expedient head,
That they have made, faire Prince is wonderfull.
Before vs in the valley lies the king,
Vantagd with all that heauen and earth can yeeld,
His partie stronger bataild then our whole:
His fonde the brauing Duke of Normandie,
Hath trimd the Mountaine on our right hand vp,
In shining plate, that now the aspiring hill,
She was like a siluer quarrie, or an orb:
Aloft the which the Banners bannarets,
And new replenisht pendants cuff the aire,
And beat the windes, that for their gaudinesse,
Struggles to kille them on our left hand lies,
Phillip the younger issue of the king,
Coting the other hill in such arraye,
That all his guided vp right pikes do seeme,
Straight trees of gold, the pendant leaves,
And their devise of Antique heraldry,
Quartred in collours seeming sundy fruits,
Makes it the Orchard of the Hesperides,
Behind vs two the hill doth bear his height,
For like a halfe Moone opening but one way,
It rounds vs in, there at our backs are lodged,
The farre Crossbowes, and the bataille there,
Is govern'd by the rough Chattillion,
Then thus it stands, the valley for our flight,
The king binds in, the hills on either hand,
Are proudly royalized by his tonnes,
And on the Hill behind stands certaine death,
In pay and service with Chattillion,
Pr:Deaths name is much more mighty then his deeds,
Thy parcelling this power hath made it more,
As many hands as these my hands can hold,
are but n. y handful of so many lands,
Then all the world, and call it but a power:
Easely taken vp and quickly throwne away,
But if I stand to count them hand by hand

The
The Reign of King

The number would confound my memorie;
And make a thousand millions of a case,
Which briefe is no more indeed then one,
These quarters, squadrons, and these regiments,
Before, behind us, and on either hand,
Are but a power, when we name a man,
His hand, his foot, his head hath severall strengths,
And being but one selfe instant strength,
Why all this many, Rudely is but one,
And we can call it all but one mans strength:
He that hath farre to goe, tells it by miles,
If he should tell the steps, it kills his hart:
The drops are infinite that make a floud,
And yet thou knowest we call it but a Raine:
There is but one France, one king of France,
That France hath no more kings, and that same king
Hath but the puissant legion of one king?
And we haue one, then apprehend no ods,
For one to one, is faire equalitie.

Enter an Herald from king John.

Pr: What tidings messenger, be playne and briefe.
He: The king of France my soueraigne Lord and master,
Greets by me his so, the Prince of Wales,
If thou call forth a hundred men of name
Of Lords, Knights, Esquires and English gentlemen,
And with thy selfe and those kneele at his fette,
He straight will fold his bloody collours vp,
And ransome shall redeeme liues forfeited:
If not, this day shall drinke more English blood,
Then ere was buried in our Bryttish earth,
What is the answere to his proffered mercy?
Pr: This heauen that couers France containes the mercy
That drawes from me submissive orizons,
That such base breath should vanishe from my lips,
To urge the plea of mercie to a man,
The Lord forbid, returne and tell the king.
Edward the third.

My tongue is made of steel, and it shall bege
My mercie on his coward bugoneter.
Tell him my colours are as red as his,
My men as bold, our English armes as strong,
returne him my defiance in his face.

Hr. I go.

Enter another.

Pf. What newes with thee?
Hr. The Duke of Normandie my Lord & master.
Pittyng thy youth is so ingirt with perill,
By me hath lent a nimble jointed steed,
As swift as ever yet thou didst bestride,
And therewithall he counsels thee to fly,
Els death himself hath sworn that thou shalt die.
Pf. Back with the beast unto the beast that sent him
Tell him I cannot sit a cowards horse,
Bid him to daie bestride the iade himselfe,
For I will slaine my horse quite ore with bloud,
And double guild my spurs, but I will catch him,
So tell the capring boy, and get thee gone.

Enter another.

Hr. Edward of Wales, Phillip the second sonne
To the most mightie christian king of France,
Seeing thy bodies liuing date expird,
All full of charitie and christian loute,
Commends this booke full fraught with prayers,
To thy faire hand, and for thy houre of lyfe,
Intreats thee that thou meditate therein,
And arme thy soule for hir long journey towards.
Thus haue I done his bidding, and returne.

Pr. Herald of Phillip greet thy Lord from me,
All good that he can lend I can receieve,
But thinkst thou not the vnaduited boy,
Hath wrongd himselfe in this, far tendering me,
Happily he cannot praie without the booke,
I thinke him no divine extemporall,
Then render backe this common place of prayer.
The Raigne of King

To do himselfe good in aduerse,
Befides, he knows not my sinnes qualitie,
and therefore knowes no prayers for my auaile,
Ere night his praire may be to praise to God,
To put it in my heart to heare his praire,
So tell the courtly wanton, and be gone.

He. I go.

Pr. How confident their strength and number makes them,
Now Audley found those siluer wings of thine,
And let those milke white messengers of time,
Shew thy times learning in this dangerous time,
Thy selfe art busie, and bit with many broiles,
And stratagems forepast with yron pens,
Are texted in thine honorable face,
Thou art a married man in this distresse,
But danger woos me as a blushing maid,
Teach me an answere to this perilous time.

Aud. To die is all as common as to live,
The one in choice the other holds in chase,
From from the instant we begin to live,
We do pursue and hunt the time to die,
First bud we, then we blow, and after feed,
Then pretend we fall, and as a shade
Followes the bodie, so we follow death,
If then we hunt for death, why do we feare it?
If we feare it, why do we follow it?
If we do feare, how can we shun it?
If we do feare, with feare we do but side
The thing we feare, to seizeon vs the sooner,
If we feare not, then no resolute proffer,
Can ouerthrow the limit of our fate,
For whether ripe or rotten, drop we shall,
as we do drawe the lotterie of our doome.

Pri. Ah good olde man, a thousand thousand armors,
These wordes of thine have buckled on my backe,
Ah what an idiot hast thou made of lyfe,
To seek the thing it feares, and how disgraft,
The imperial victorie of murding death.

Since
Edward the third.

Since all the liues his conquering arrowes strike,
Seeke him, and he not them, to shame his glorie,
I will not giue a penncie for a lyfe,
Nor halfe a halfe penncie to shun grim death,
Since for to liue is but to seeke to die,
And dying but beginning of new lyfe,
Let come the houre when he that rules it will,
To liue or die I hold indifferent.

Enter king Iohn and Charles.

Ioh: A fodaine darknes hath defaft the skie,
The windes are crept into their caues for feare,
The leaues moue not, the world is hylfe and still,
The birdes ceafe finging, and the wandring brookes,
Murmure no wonted greeting to their shores,
Silence attends some wonder, and expecteth
That heauen should pronounce some prophesie,
Where or from whom proceeds this silence Charles?

Cb: Our men with open mouthes and flaring eyes,
Looke on each other, as they did attend,
Each others wordes, and yet no creature speakes,
A tongue-tied feare hath made a midnight houre,
And speeches sleepe through all the waking regions.

Ioh: But now the pompous Sunne in all his pride,
Lookt through his golden coach vpon the worlde,
And on a fodaine hath he hid himselfe,
That now the vnder earth is as a graue,
Darke, deadly, silent, and uncomfortable. A clamor of ravens
Harke, what a deadly outcrie do I heare?
Cb. Here comes my brother Phillip.

Ioh. All dismaid, What fearefull wordes are those thy lookes preface?

Pr. A flight, a flight.

Ioh: Coward what flight? thou lefst there needs no flight.

Pr. A flight.

Km: Awake thy cruene powers, and tell on
The substance of that verie feare in deed,
Which is so gably printed in thy face,
What is the matter?
A flight of rauens
Do creke and houre o'er our fouldiers heads on misty oer
And keepe in triangles and corned fquares,
Right as our forces are embattled,
With their approach there came this fowle fog,
Which now hath hid the airy flower of heaven,
And made at noone a night unnaturall,
Vpon the quaking and dismayed world,
In briefe, our fouldiers have let fall their armes,
and stand like metamorphos'd images,
Bloudlefe and pale, one gazing on another,
And many a faire against a famish'd few,
Come but to dine vpon their handie worke,
and praise vpon the carrion that they kill,
For when we see a horse laid downe to die,
although not dead, the rauens do now bare their beak
Sitt watching the departure of his life,
Even the rauens for the carcasses,
Of those poor English that are made to die,
Houre about, and as they cry to vs,
Tis but for meat that we must kill for them,
Awaie and comfort my fouldiers,
and fall the trumpets, and at once dispatch
This little busines of a silly fraud,
Exit Pr.
Another noble, Salisbury brought in by a French Captaine.
Behold my liege, this knight and fortie noble,
Of whom the better part are flaine and fled,
With all indur'd to brake our ranks,
And make their waie to the incompaft prince,
Dispace of him as please your maiestie,
Go, & the next bough fouldier that shoule be/part
Disgrace it with his booke presently,
Eor I doo hold a tree in France too good.
To be the gallopes of an English theefe.

Sa: My Lord of Normandie, I haue your passe;
And warrant for my safetie through this land.
Cb: Villiers procurd it for thee, did he not?
Sa: He did,
Cb: And it is currant, thou shalt freely passe.
En: I freely to the gallows to be hangd,
Without deniall or impediment.
Awaie with him.

Wi. I hope your highnes will not so disgrace me,
and daie the vertue of my scaleat armes,
He hath my neuer broken name to shew,
Careftred with this princely hande of mine,
and rather let me leaque to be a prince,
Than break the stable verdict of a prince,
I doo befech you let him passe in quiet,
Kr: Thou and thy word lie both in my command,
What canst thou promise that I cannot breake?
Which of these twaine is greater infamie,
To disobey thy father or thy selfe?
Thy word nor no mans may exceed his power,
Nor that same man doth neuer breake his wordes,
That keepeis it to the utmost of his power.
The breach of faith dwells in the soules content,
Which if thy selfe without consent doo breake,
Thou art not charged with the breach of faith.
Go hang him, for thy licene lies in mee,
and my contraint standes the excufe for thee.
Cb: What am I not a soldier in my word?
Then armes adieu, and let them fight that list,
Shall I not give my girdle from my waft?
But with a gardion I shall be controd,
To faie I may not give my things awaye,
Upon my foule, had Edward prince of Wales
Ingagde his word, writ downe his noble hand,
For all your knights to passe his fathers land,
The roiall king to grace his warlike sonne,
Would not alone safely conduct giue to them.

But
The Rainge of king

But with all bountie feast'd them and theirs.
Kis: Dwellst thou on presidents, then be it so,
Say Englishman of what degree thou art.
Sa: An Earle in England, though a prisoner here,
And those that knowe me call me Salisbury.
Kis: Then Salisbury, say whether thou art bound.
Sa: To Callicc where my liege king Edward is,
Kis: To Callicc Salisbury, then to Callicc packe,
and bid the king prepare a noble graue,
To put his princely sonne blacke Edward in,
and as thou trauelt westward from this place,
Some two leagues hence there is a loftie hill,
Whosee top seemes to heare, for the imbracing skie,
Doth hide his high head in her azure boforme,
Vpon whose tall top when thy foot attaines,
Looke backe vpon the humble vale beneath,
Humble of late, but now made proud with armes,
and thence behold the wretched prince of Wales,
Hoopt with a bond of yron round about,
After which fight to Callicc spurre amaine,
and faire the prince was smooothered, and not flaine,
and tell the king this is not all his ill,
For I will greet him ere he thinkes I will,
Awaie be gone, the smoake but of our shot,
Will choake our foes, though bullets hit them not. Exit.

Allarum. Enter prince Edward and Arteys.
Arte: How fares your grace, are you not shot my Lord?
Pri: No deare Arteys, but choate with duske and fmoake,
And stept aside for breath and frithe airc.
Arte: Breath then, and too it again, the amazed French are quite distract with gazong on the crowes,
and were our quiuers full of shaftes againe,
Your grace should see a glorious day of this,
O for more arrowes Lord, thats our want.
Pri: Courage Arteys, a sig for feathered shaftes,
When feathered foules doo bandie on our side,
What need we fight, and sweate, and kepe a coile,
When railing crowes out-solde our aduersaries.
Edward the third.

vp, vp Artys, the ground it selfe is armd,
Fire containing flint, command our bowes
To hurle a waie their pretie colored Ew,
and to it with stones a waie Artys, a waie,
My soule doth prophesie we win the daie,

Exeunt.

Allarum.
Enter king John.
Our multitudes are in themselves confounded,
Dismayed, and dismoured, swift starting fear
Hath buz'd a cold dismaie through all our armie,
and euery pettie diisaduantage prompts
The fear possessed abiest soule to flye,
My selfe whose spirit is feele to their dull lead,
What with recalling of the prophesie,
and that our native stones from English armes
Rebell against vs, finde my selfe attainted
With strong surprise of weake and yeelding fear.

Enter Charles.
Fly father flye, the French do kill the French,
Some that would stand, let drive at some that flye,
Our drums strike nothing but discouragement,
Our trumpets sound dishonor, and retire,
The spirit of fear that feareth not but death
Cowardly works confusion on it selfe.

Enter Phillip.
Plucke out your cies, and see not this daies shame,
An arme hath beate an arme, one poore David
Hath with a stone foild twentie four Goliah,
Some twentie naked staruelings with small flints
Hath drunk backe a puissant host of men,
Araid and fent in all accompaniments,
Job: Mordiu they quait at vs, and kill vs vp,
No less then foure thousand wicked elders,
Hauie foure leane flaues this daie floneda death.
Gb: O that I were some other countryman,
This daie hath set derision on the French,
and all the world will blut and scorne at vs.
Km: What is there no hope left?
Pr: No hope but death to burie vp our shame.
The Reign of King

Ki. Make vp once more with me the twentie parts.
Of those that live, are men now to quelle,
The feeble handfull on the adverse part,

Cb. Then charge againe, if heauen be not opposed

VVe cannot loose the daie.

Kin. On awaie.

Enter Audley wounded, & rescued by two squires.

Efg. How fares my Lord;

Aud. Even as a man may do
That dines at such a bloudie feast as this,

Efg. I hope my Lord that is no mortall scarre

And. No matter if it be, the count is cast,
and in the worst ends but a mortall man,
Good friends conuey me to the princely Edward to speake
That in the crimson brauerie of my bloud,
I may become him with flattering him,
Ille smile and tell him that this open scarre,
Doth end the harueft of his Audleys warre.

Enter prince Edward, king John, Charles, and all
with Ensignes spred.

Retreat sound.

Pri. Now John in France, & lately John of France,
Thy bloudie Ensignes are my captiue colours,
and you high vanting Charles of Normandie,
That once to daie sent me a horse to fly,
are now the subiects of my clemencie.

Fie Lords, is it not a shame that English boies
VVhoe early daies are yet not worth a beard,
Should in the bosome of your kingdome thus,
One against twentie beate you vp together.

Km. Thy fortune, not thy force hath conquer'd vs

Pri. an argument that heauen ayes the right

Sec, see. Artos doth bring with him along,
the late good counsell gius to my soule,
VVelcome Artos, and welcome Phillip to,
VVho now of you or I have need to praye.

Now is the prouerbe vefch'd in you,
Too bright a morning breeds a louring daie.

Sound
Edward the third.

Sound Trumpets, enter Audley.

But say, what grym disconsolacion comes here,
Alas what thou and armed men of France,
Haue writ that note of death in Audleys face:
Speake thou that woest death with thy careles,
and lookt so merrily upon thy graue, (smile)
As if thou were enamored on thyne end,
What hungry sword hath so bereauct thy face.
And lopt a true friend from my loving soule:
Ah, O Prince thy sweet bemoning speech to me.
Is as a morneful knell to one dead licie.
Pr:Deare Audley if my tongue ring out thy end:
My armes shall the graue, what may I do,
To win thy life, or to reuenge thy death,
If thou wilt drinke the blood of captyue kings,
Or that it were restoritue, command
A Heath of kings blood, and Ile drinke to thee,
If honor may dispence for thee with death,
The neuer dying honor of this daie,
Share whole Audley to thy selfe and liue.
And; Victorious Prince, that thou art so, behold
A Cæsar's fame in kings captiuitie;
If I could hold dym death but at a bay,
Till I did see my liege thy loyall father,
My soule should yeeld this Castle of my flesh,
This mangled tribute with all willinges;
To darkenes consummation, dust and Wormes,
Pr: Cheerely bold man, thy soule is all to proud,
To yeeld her Citie for one little breach,
Should be divorc'd from her earthly spoule,
By the soft temper of a French mens sword:
Lo, to repaire thy life, I give to thee,
Three thousand Marks a yeere in English land.
Ah: I take thy gift to pay the debts I owe;
These two poore Esquires redeemd me from the
With lusty & deer hazzard of their liues; (French
What thou haft giuen me I give to them,
And as thou lovest me Prince, lay thy content.
To this bequeath in my last testament.

Pr. Renowned Audrey, true and have from mee,
This gift twice doubled to these Esquires and thee
But live or die, what thou hast giuen away,
To these and theirs shall lasting freedome stay,
Come gentlemen, I will see my friend bestowed,
With in an easie Litter, then wele march,
Proudly toward Callis with tryumphant pace,
Vnto my royall father, and there bring,
The tribut of my wars, faire Fraunce his king. Ex.

Enter five Citizens in their Shirts, barefoot, with
    halteres about their necks.

Enter King Edward, Queen Phillip, Derby, soldiery.

Ed. No more Queene Phillip, pacifie your selfe,
    Copland, except he can excuse his fault,
Shall finde displeasure written in our lookes,
And now vnto this proud resistling towne,
Souldiers assault, I will no longer stay,
To be deluded by their fale delacies,
Put all to sword, and make the spoyle your owne.

All: Mercy King Edward, mercie gratious Lord.
K: Contemptuous villaines, call ye now for truce?
    Mine cares are stopp against your bootelesse cryes,
Sound drums allarum, draw threatening swords?

All: Ah noble Prince, take pitie on this towne,
    And heare vs mighttie kings,
We claime the promis that your highenes made,
The two daies respit is nor yet expirde,
And we are come with willingnes to beare,
What tortering death or punishment you please,
So that the trembling multitude be sаued.
K: My promis, well I do confesse as much;
    But I require the cheepest Citizens,
And men of most account that shoulde submit,
You peraduenture are but servile grooms,
Or some fелomorphic robbers on the Sea,
Whome apprehended law would execute,
    Albeit severity lay dead in vs,
Edward the third.

No no ye cannot ouerreach vs thus,
Two: The Sun dread Lord that in the western fall,
Beholds vs now low brought through miserie,
Did in the Orient purple of the morn,
Salute our comming forth when we were knowne
Or may our portion be with damned fiends,
Ks: If it be so, then let our covenant stand,
We take possession of the towne in peace,
But for your felues looke you for no remorse,
But as imperiall justicke hath decreed,
Your bodies shalbe dragd about these wals,
And after feele the stroake of quartering steele,
This is your dome, go fouldiers see it done.
Q: Ah be more milde vnto these yeelding men,
It is a glorious thing to stablishe peace,
And kings approch the nearest vnto God,
By giuing life and safety vnto men,
As thou intendeft to be king of Franchise,
So let her people liue to call thee king,
For what the sword cuts downe or fire hath spoild
Is held in reputation none of ours.
Ks: Although experience teach vs, this is true,
That peacefull quietnes brings most delight,
When most of all abusess are controld,
Yet in somuch it shalbe knowne that we,
As well can master our affections,
As conquer other by the dynt of sword,
Phillip preuaile, we yeeld to thy request,
These men shall liue to boast of clemencie,
And tyrannie strike terror to thy selfe.
Two: long liue your highnes, happy be your reigne
Ks: Go get you hence, returne vnto the town,
And if this kindnes hath deserued your loue,
Learne then to reverence Edw. as your king. Ex.
Now might we heare of our affaires abroad,
We would till gloomy Winter were ore spent,
Disposse our men in garrision a while,
But who comes heere?
The Raigne of king

Enter Copland and King D said.

De Copland my Lord, and David King of Scots:

Is this the proud presumtious Esquire of the North,

That would not yeele his prifoner to my Queen,

Cop I am my liege a Northen Esquire indeed,

But neither proud nor insolent I trust,

K: What moude thee then to be so obstinate,

To contradict our royall Queens desire?

No wilfull disobedience mightie Lord,

But my deferit and publicke law at armes,

I tooke the king my felfe in single fight,

and like a foouldier would be loath to loose

The leaft preheminence that I had won.

And Copland straight upon your highnes charge,

Is come to France, and with a lowly minde,

Doth vail the bonnet of his victory;

Receive dread Lorde the custome of my fraught,

The wealthie tribut of my laboring hands,

Which should long since have been surrendered up,

Had but your gratious self bin there in place.

Q: But Copland thou didst scorne the kings com-,

Neglecting our commissiun in his name.

Cop His name I reverence, but his person more,

His name shall keepe me in alleagunce still,

But to his person I will bend my knee.

King I praiue thee Phillip let displeasure paffe,

This man doth please mee, and I like his words,

For what is he that will attmeat great deeds,

and loose the glory that ensues the same,

all riuers have recourse vnto the Sea,

and Coplands faith relation to his king.

Kneele therefore downe, now rise king Edwards

and to maintayne thy Rate I freely giue,

Fowe hundred marks a yere to thee and thine:

welcom lord Salisbury, what news from Britaine.

Enter Salisbury.

Sa: This mightie king, the Country we haue won.
And Charles de Mountford regent of that place,
Presentes your highnes with this Coronet,
Protesting true allegiance to your Grace.

Ks: We thanke thee for thy seruice valient Earle
Challenge our favour for we owe it thee:
S. a: But now my Lord, as this is joyful newes,
So must my voice be tragical againe,
and I must sing of dolefull accidents,
Ks: What haue our men the overthrow at Poictiers,
Or is our sonne beset with too much odds?
S. a: He was my Lord, and as my worthilulle selfe,
With fortie other servicable knihtes,
Vnder safe conduct of the Dolphins seale,
Did traualie that way, finding him distrest,
A troupe of Launces met vs on the way,
Surprised and brought vs prisoners to the king,
Who proud of this, and eager of revenge,
Commanded straight to cut of all our heads,
And sure we had dye but that the Duke,
More full of honor then his angry fyre,
Procured our quicke deliverance from thence,
But ere we went, salute your king, quoth hee,
Bid him provide a funerall for his sonne,
To day our sword shall cut his thred of life,
And sooner then he thinkes wele be with him:
To quittance those displeasures he hath done,
This said, we passe not daring to reply,
Our harts were dead, our lookes diffusd and wan,
Wandering at last we clyned vnto a hill,
From whence although our griefe were much be-
Yet now to see the occasion with our cies, (fore
Did thrice so much increase our benvines,
For there my Lord, oh there we did descry
Downe in a vallie how both armies laie:
The French had cast their trenches like a ring,
And every Barricados open front,
Was thicke imbolt with brazen ordynance,

Edward the third.
Heere stood a battle of ten thouand hores,
There twise as many pikes in quadrant wise,
Here Crosbowes and deadly wounding darts,
And in the middd like to a slender poynt,
Within the compass of the horizon,
as twere a rising bubble in the see,
A Hafle wand a midly awood of Pynes,
Or as a beare fast chained yeto a stake,
Stood famous Edward still expecting when
Those doggs of Fraunce would falten on his heate
Anon the death procuring knell begins,
Off goe the Cannons that with trembling noyse,
Did shake the very Mountayne where they stood,
Then found the Trumpets clangor in the aire,
The batailles ioyne, and when we could no more,
Difcerne the difference twixt the friend and foe,
So intricate the darke confusion was;
Away we turnd our watrie cies with fights,
as blacke as poudre fuming into smoke,
And thus I feare, vnhappy haue I told,
The moxt vnitimely tale of Edwardes fall.
Qu: Ah me, is this my welcome into Fraunce:
Is this the comfort that I looke to haue,
When I should mette with my beloued sonne:
Sweete Ned, I would aby mother in the see
Had been prouison of this mortall griefe,
Kne: Content thee Phillip, as noo tears will serve,
To call him backe, if he be taken hence,
Comfort thy selfe as I do gentle Queene,
With hope of thine safety and of dye revenge,
He bids me to prouide his funerall,
And so I will, but all the Peeres in Fraunce,
Shall mourners be, and wepe out bloody teares,
Vntill their emptie vaines be drye and seare.
The pilers of his house shalbe his bones,
The mould that couers him, their Cittie affere,
His knell the greatte eye of dying men,
Edward the third.

And in the stead of tapers on his tombe,
an hundred fiftie towers shall burning blaze,
While we bewaile our valiant sonnes decease.
After a flourish founded within, enter an herald.
He, Reioyce my Lord, ascend the imperial throne
The mightie and redoubted prince of Wales,
Great servitor to bloudie Mars in armes,
The French mans terror and his countries fame,
Triumphant rideth like a Romans peere,
and lowly at his ftirop comes a foot
King John of France, together with his sonne,
In captiue bonds, whose diadem he brings
To crown thee with, and to proclaim thee king.
Ki, Away with mourning Phillip, wipe thine eyes
Sound Trumpets, welcome in Plantaginet.

Enter Prince Edward, king John, Philip, Audrey, Artois.

Ki: As things long lost when they are found again,
So doth my sonne reioyce his fathers heart,
For whom euen now my soule was much perplexe.
Q. Be this a token to expresse my joy, kis these.
For inward passions will not let me speake.
Pr. My gracious father, here receive the gift,
This wreath of conquest, and reward of warre,
Got with as nuckle peril of our lives,
as ere was thing of price before this daye,
Infall your highnes in your proper right,
and heere withall I render to your hands
These prisoners, chiefe occasion of our strife.
Ki: So John of France, I see you keepe your word
You promisst to be sooner with our selfe.
Then we did thinke for, and tis so in deed,
But had you done at first as now you do.
How many ciuill townes had floode vntoucht,
That now are turnd to ragged heaps of stones?
How many peoples liues mightst thou have saft,
that are vntimely funke into their graves.

Edward, recount not things irreuocable.
The Raigne of King

Tell me what ranfome thou requiredst to have?

King: Thy ranfome Iohn, hereafter shall be known
But first to England thou must cross the seas,
To see what entertainment it affords,
How ere it fals, it cannot be so bad,
as ours hath bin since we arruide in France,
Job: Accursed man, of this I was fortold,
But did misconfer what the prophet told.
Pri: Now father this petition Edward makes,
To thee whose grace hath bin his strongest shield
That as thy pleasure chose me for the man,
To be the instrument to shew thy power,
So thou wilt grant that many princes more,
Bred and brought vp within that little Ile,
May still be famous for lyke victories:
and for my part, the bloudie fears I bare,
The wearey nights that I haue watcht in field,
The dangerous conflicts I haue often had,
The fearfull marches were proffered me,
The heat and cold, and what else might displease
I wish were now redoubled twentie fold,
So that hereafter ages when they reade
The painfull trafficke of my tender youth
Might thereby be inflamed with such resolue,
as not the territories of France alone,
But likewise Spain, Turkie, and what countries else
That justly would provoke faire Englands Ire,
Might at their presence tremble and retire.
K: Here English Lordes we do proclaim a rest
an intercession of our painfull armes,
Sheath vp your swords, refresh your weary limbs,
Peruse your spoiles, and after we haue breathed
a daie or two within this haunt townes,
God willing then for England wele be shipt,
VYhere in a happe hour I trust we shal
Arise three kings, two princes, and a queene.

FINIS.
PR  Edward III (Drama)
2859  The reign of King Edward
Al  III
1589a

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