

Philadelphia Artists' Collective

Marlowe's Edward II

Adapted and Directed by Adam Immerwahr

Cast

Krista Apple: Isabella

James Ijames: Gaveston/Elder Spenser/Lightborn

John Jezior: Kent/Bishop of Winchester/Lord 2 (81)

Ian Lithgow: Leicester/Archbishop of Canterbury/Arundel/Second Poor Man
(pg 2)/Attendant (27)

Kevin Meehan: Younger Spenser//Gurney/Bishop of Coventry (pg 7)

Reuben Mitchell: Lancaster/Messenger (49)/Soldier (72)

Bi Jean Ngo: Prince (King Edward III)/First Poor Man (pg 2)/Guard (pg 8)/
Attendant (pg 13)/Soldier (37)/Herald (43)/

Jared Reed: Edward II

Buck Schirner: Warwick/Abbot/Lord 1 (79)

Harry Smith: Younger Mortimer

Greg Wood: Elder Mortimer/Baldock/Matrevis

Charlotte Northeast: Stage Directions

Act One, Scene One

Enter Gaveston reading on a letter that was brought him from the king.

GAVESTON

“My father is deceased, come Gaveston,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.”
Ah, words that make me surfeit with delight:
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston
Than live and be the favorite of a king?
Sweet prince I come! These, these thy amorous lines
Might have enforced me to have swum from France,
And like Leander, gasped upon the sand,
So thou wouldst smile and take me in thy arms.
The sight of London to my exiled eyes
Is as Elysium to a new come soul--
Not that I love the city or the men,
But that it harbors him I hold so dear:
The king, upon whose bosom let me die,
And with the world be still at enmity.
What need the arctic people love star-light,
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers.
My knee shall bow to none but to the king.

Enter two POOR MEN

But how now? What are these?

FIRST POOR MAN

Such as desire your worship's service.

GAVESTON

What canst thou do?

FIRST POOR MAN

I can ride.

GAVESTON

But I have no horses. What art thou?

SECOND POOR MAN

A soldier, that hath serv'd against the Scot.

GAVESTON

Why there are hospitals for such as you,
I have no war, and therefore, sir, be gone.

SECOND POOR MAN

Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,
That wouldst reward them with an hospital.

Offers to go.

GAVESTON

(aside:) I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope.
(to them:) You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not viewed my Lord the king.
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

FIRST POOR MAN

We thank your worship.

GAVESTON

I have some business, leave me to my self.

SECOND POOR MAN

We will wait hear about the court.

GAVESTON

Do. *(They exit.)* These are not men for me.
I must have wanton Poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please.
Music and poetry is his delight;
Therefore I'll have Italian masques by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men like satyrs grazing on the lawns
Shall with their goat feet dance an antic hay.
Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see.
Such things as these best please his majesty,
My lord. Here comes the king and the nobles
From the parliament, I'll stand aside.

Enter KING, KENT, LANCASTER, ELDER MORTIMER, YOUNGER MORTIMER, WARWICK, and ATTENDANTS.

EDWARD
Lancaster.

LANCASTER
My Lord.

GAVESTON
(aside) That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor.

EDWARD
Will you not grant me this? *(aside)* In spite of them
I'll have my will, and these two Mortimers
That cross me thus shall know I am displeas'd.

ELDER MORTIMER
If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston.

GAVESTON
(Aside) That villain Mortimer, I'll be his death.

YOUNGER MORTIMER
Mine uncle here, this Earl, and I myself,
Were sworn to your father at his death
That he should ne'er return into the realm.
And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath,
This sword of mine--that should offend your foes--
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armor up.

GAVESTON
(Aside) *Mort dieu!*

EDWARD
Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words.
Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?
Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?
I will have Gaveston, and you shall know
What danger 'tis to stand against your king.

GAVESTON
(Aside) Well done, Ned!

LANCASTER

My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,
That naturally would love and honor you,
But for that base and obscure Gaveston?
Four earldoms have I besides Lancaster,
These will I sell to give my soldiers pay,
Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm.
Therefore if he be come, expel him straight.

KENT

How dare you brave the king unto his face?
Brother, revenge it! And let these their heads
Preach upon poles for trespass of their tongues.

WARWICK

Oh, our heads!

EDWARD

Ay, yours! And therefore I would wish you grant--

LANCASTER

Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.

YOUNGER MORTIMER

I cannot, nor I will not. I must speak.
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.
Come uncle, let us leave the brainsick king.
Adieu, my Lord, and either change your mind
Or look to see the throne where you should sit
To float in blood, and at thy wanton head,
The glozing head of thy base minion thrown.

Exit all except EDWARD, KENT, GAVESTON

EDWARD

I cannot brook these haughty menaces!
Am I a king and must be overrul'd?
Brother, display my ensigns in the field;
I'll bandy with the barons and the earls,
And either die, or live with Gaveston.

GAVESTON

I can no longer keep me from my lord.

Steps forward

EDWARD

What, Gaveston? Welcome! Kiss not my hand!
Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee!
Why should'st thou kneel, know'st thou not who I am?
Thy friend, thy self, another Gaveston.
Not Hylas was more mourned of Hercules,
Then thou hast been of me since thy exile.

GAVESTON

And since I went from hence, no soul in hell
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.

EDWARD

I know it. Brother, welcome home my friend.
Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,
And that high-minded Earl of Lancaster.
I have my wish, in that I joy thy sight,
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.
I here create thee Lord high Chamberlain,
Chief Secretary to the state and me,
Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of Man.

GAVESTON

My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

KENT

Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.

EDWARD

Cease, brother, for I cannot brook these words.
Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts,
Therefore to equal it receive my heart.
If for these dignities thou be envied,
I'll give thee more, for but to honor thee
Is Edward pleas'd with kingly regiment.
Fear'st thou thy person? Thou shalt have a guard;
Wantest thou gold? Go to my treasury;
Wouldst thou be loved and feared? Receive my seal.
Save or condemn, and in our name command
What so thy mind affects, or fancy likes.

GAVESTON

It shall suffice me to enjoy your love;

Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
As Caesar riding in the Roman street
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

Enter the BISHOP OF CONVENTRY

EDWARD
Whither goes my Lord of Coventry so fast?

BISHOP
To celebrate your father's exequies.
But is that wicked Gaveston return'd?

EDWARD
Ay, priest, and lives to be revenged on thee
That wert the only cause of his exile.

GAVESTON
'Tis true. And but for reverence of these robes
Thou shouldst not plod one foot beyond this place.

BISHOP
I did no more then I was bound to do.
And Gaveston, unless thou be reclaim'd,
As then I did incense the parliament,
So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

GAVESTON
Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.

Lays hold of the BISHOP

EDWARD
Throw off his golden mitre! Rend his stole!
And in the channel christen him anew!

KENT
Ah, brother! Lay not violent hands on him
For he'll complain unto the see of Rome.

GAVESTON
Let him complain unto the sea of hell,
I'll be reveng'd on him for my exile.

EDWARD
No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods.

Be thou lord bishop, and receive his rents,
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain.
I give him thee, here use him as thou wilt.

GAVESTON

He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.

EDWARD

Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt.

BISHOP

For this offense be thou accurs'd of God.

EDWARD

Who's there? Convey this priest to the tower.

BISHOP

True, true.

GUARDS TAKE HIM AWAY

EDWARD

But in the meantime. Gaveston, away,
And take possession of his house and goods.
Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard
To see it done, and bring thee safe again.

They exit.

Act One, Scene Two

Enter the ELDER and YOUNGER MORTIMER, toward WARWICK and LANCASTER.

WARWICK

'Tis true, the Bishop is in the tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveston.

LANCASTER

What? Will they tyrannize upon the Church?
Ah, wicked king! Accursed Gaveston!

YOUNGER MORTIMER

Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him sure,
Unless his breast be sword-proof, he shall die.

ELDER MORTIMER
How now! Why droops the Earl of Lancaster?

YOUNGER MORTIMER
Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent?

LANCASTER
That villain Gaveston is made an earl.

ELDER MORTIMER
An earl!

WARWICK
Ay, and besides, Lord Chamberlain of the realm,
And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.

ELDER MORTIMER
We may not--nor we will not--suffer this.

YOUNGER MORTIMER
Why post we not from hence to levy men?

LANCASTER
"My lord of Cornwall now" at every word!
And arm in arm the king and he doth march:
Nay, more, the guard upon his lordship waits,
And all the court begins to flatter him.

WARWICK
Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods, and scorns, and smiles at those that pass.

ELDER MORTIMER
Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?

LANCASTER
All stomach him, but none dare speak a word.

MORTIMER
Ah, that bewrays their baseness, Lancaster.
Were all the earls and barons of my mind,
We'll hale him from the bosom of the king
And at the court-gate hang the peasant up,
Who, swol'n with venom of ambitious pride,

Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

WARWICK

Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace.

LANCASTER

His countenance bewrays he is displeas'd.

ARCHBISHOP

First were his sacred garments rent and torn;
Then laid they violent hands upon him; next
Himself imprisoned, and his goods asseiz'd.

LANCASTER

My lord, will you take arms against the king?

ARCHBISHOP

What need I? God himself is up in arms
When violence is offered to the church.

YOUNG MORTIMER

Then will you join with us, that be his peers,
To banish or behead that Gaveston?

ARCHBISHOP

What else, my lords? For it concerns me near,
The Bishopric of Coventry is his.

Enter the ISABELLA

YOUNG MORTIMER

Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?

ISABELLA

Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent;
For now my lord the king regards me not
But dotes upon the love of Gaveston.
He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;
And when I come he frowns, as who should say,
"Go whether whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston. "

ELDER MORTIMER

Is it not strange, that he is thus bewitched?

YOUNGER MORTIMER

Madam, return unto the court again:
That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile
Or lose our lives: and yet ere that day come,
The king shall lose his crown; for we have power,
And courage too, to be reveng'd at full.

ARCHBISHOP

But yet lift not your swords against the king.

LANCASTER

No, but we'll lift Gaveston from hence.

WARWICK

And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.

ISABELLA

Then let him stay, for rather than my lord
Shall be oppressed by civill mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolic with his minion.

ARCHBISHOP

My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak:
We and the rest that are his counsellors,
Will meet, and with a general consent
Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.

LANCASTER

What we confirm the king will frustrate.

MORTIMER

Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

LANCASTER

Come then, let's away.

MORTIMER

Madam, farewell.

ISABELLA

Farewell, sweet Mortimer, and for my sake,
Forbear to levy arms against the king.

MORTIMER

Ay, if words will serve; if not, I must.

They exit.

Act One, Scene Three

Enter GAVESTON and KENT

GAVESTON

Edmund, the mighty prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,
With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,
Are gone towards Lambeth. There let them remain.

They exit.

Act One, Scene Four

*Enter LANCASTER, WARWICK, ELDER and YOUNGER
MORTIMER, ARCHBISHOP, and ATTENDANTS.*

LANCASTER

Here is the form of Gaveston's exile:
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.

ARCHBISHOP

Give me the paper.

LANCASTER

Quick, quick, my lord; I long to write my name.

WARWICK

But I long more to see him banish'd hence.

MORTIMER

The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,

Enter EDWARD, GAVESTON, and KENT

EDWARD

What? Are you mov'd that Gaveston sits here?
It is our pleasure; we will have it so.

LANCASTER

Your grace doth well to place him by your side,
For nowhere else the new earl is so safe.

ELDER MORTIMER

What man of noble birth can brook this sight?
See what a scornful look the peasant casts.

YOUNGER MORTIMER

Their downfall is at hand, their forces down:
We will not thus be fac'd and over-peer'd.

EDWARD

Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer!

ELDER MORTIMER

Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston!

They seize him.

KENT

Is this the duty that you owe your king?

WARWICK

We know our duties, let him know his peers.

EDWARD

Whither will you bear him? Stay, or ye shall die!

ELDER MORTIMER

We are no traitors, therefore threaten not.

GAVESTON

No, threaten not my lord, but pay them home.
Were I a king--

YOUNGER MORTIMER

Thou villain! Wherefore talks thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

EDWARD

Were he a peasant, being my minion,
I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.

LANCASTER

My lord, you may not thus disparage us,
Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston.

ELDER MORTIMER

And with the Earl of Kent that favors him.

KENT and GAVESTON are removed.

EDWARD

Nay, then lay violent hands upon your king.
Here Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne;
Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown!
Was ever king thus overrul'd as I?

LANCASTER

Learn then to rule us better, and the realm.

WARWICK

Think you that we can brook this upstart pride?

EDWARD

Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.

ARCHBISHOP

Why are you mov'd? Be patient, my lord,
And see what we your counsellors have done.

YOUNGER MORTIMER

My lords, now let us all be resolute,
And either have our wills, or lose our lives.

EDWARD

Meet you for this, proud over-daring peers?
Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me
This isle shall fleet upon the ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde.

ARCHBISHOP

You know that I am legate to the Pope,
On your allegiance to the see of Rome
Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.

YOUNGER MORTIMER

Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we
Depose him and elect another king.

EDWARD

Ay, there it goes. But yet I will not yield.
Curse me. Depose me. Do the worst you can.

ARCHBISHOP

Remember how the Bishop was abused:
Either banish him that was the cause thereof
Or I will presently discharge these lords
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.

EDWARD

(Aside) It boots me not to threat; I must speak fair;
The Legate of the Pope will be obey'd.
(To Archbishop) My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm;
(To Lancaster) Thou Lancaster, high admiral of our fleet;
(To Young Mortimer) Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;
(To Warwick) And you, lord Warwick, president of the North;
If this content you not,
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy
And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may have some nook or corner left
To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.

ARCHBISHOP

Nothing shall alter us, we are resolv'd.

LANCASTER

Come, come, subscribe.

YOUNGER MORTIMER

Why should you love him, whom the world hates so?

EDWARD

Because he loves me more then all the world.
Ah, none but rude and savage minded men
Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston;
You that be noble borne should pity him.

WARWICK

You that are princely borne should shake him off.
For shame, subscribe, and let the clown depart.

ELDER MORTIMER

(To ARCHBISHOP) Urge him, my lord.

BISHOP

Are you content to banish him the realm?

EDWARD

I see I must, and therefore am content.
Instead of ink, I'll write it with my tears.

YOUNGER MORTIMER

The king is love-sick for his minion.

EDWARD signs.

EDWARD

'Tis done, and now accursed hand fall off.

LANCASTER

Give it me, I'll have it publish'd in the streets.

YOUNGER MORTIMER

I'll see him presently dispatch'd away.

ARCHBISHOP

Now is my heart at ease.

WARWICK

And so is mine.

This will be good news to the common sort.

ELDER MORTIMER

Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

Exit all but EDWARD.

EDWARD

How fast they run to banish him I love.
They would not stir, were it to do me good.
Why should a king be subject to a priest?
As for the peers that back the clergy thus,
If I be king, not one of them shall live.

Enter GAVESTON

GAVESTON

My lord, I hear it whispered everywhere,
That I am banish'd, and must fly the land.

EDWARD

'Tis true, sweet Gaveston. Oh, were it false!
The Legate of the Pope will have it so,
And thou must hence, or I shall be depos'd.
But I will reign to be reveng'd of them;
And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.
Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough;
And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou dost,
I'll come to thee. My love shall ne'er decline.

GAVESTON

Is all my hope turn'd to this hell of grief?

EDWARD

Rend not my heart with thy too-piercing words,
Thou from this land, I from my self am banish'd.

GAVESTON

To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston;
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks
The blessedness of Gaveston remains,
For nowhere else seeks he felicity.

EDWARD

And only this torments my wretched soul,
That whether I will or no thou must depart.
Be governor of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide, till fortune call thee home.

GAVESTON

'Tis something to be pitied of a king.

EDWARD

Thou shalt not hence! I'll hide thee, Gaveston.

GAVESTON

I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.

EDWARD

Kind words and mutual talk makes our grief greater;
Therefore with dumb embracement let us part.
Stay, Gaveston, I cannot leave thee thus.

GAVESTON

For every look, my lord, drops down a tear,
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.

EDWARD

The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And therefore give me leave to look my fill.
But come, sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way.

GAVESTON

The peers will frown.

EDWARD

I pass not for their anger. Come let's go.
Oh, that we might as well return as go.

Enter ISABELLA

ISABELLA

Whither goes my lord?

EDWARD

Fawn not on me, French strumpet, get thee gone.

ISABELLA

On whom but on my husband should I fawn?

GAVESTON

On Mortimer, with whom, ungentle Queen—
I say no more, judge you the rest, my lord.

ISABELLA

In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston.
Is't not enough, that thou corrupt'st my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honor thus in question?

GAVESTON

I mean not so, your grace must pardon me.

EDWARD

Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,
And by thy means is Gaveston exil'd.
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconcil'd to me.

ISABELLA

Your highness knows it lies not in my power.

EDWARD

Away then. Touch me not. Come, Gaveston.

ISABELLA

Villain! 'Tis thou that robb'st me of my lord!

GAVESTON

Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.

EDWARD

Speak not unto her, let her droop and pine.

ISABELLA

Wherein, my lord, have I deserv'd these words?
Witness the tear that Isabella sheds;
Witness this heart, that, sighing for thee, breaks.
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel!

EDWARD

And witness, heaven, how dear thou art to me.
There weep, for till my Gaveston be repeal'd,
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.

Exit GAVESTON and EDWARD

ISABELLA

O miserable and distressed Queen!
Would when I left sweet France and was embark'd,
That charming Circes walking on the waves,
Had chang'd my shape! Or, at the marriage day,
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison!
Or with those arms that twin'd about my neck,
I had been stifl'd, and not lived to see
The king my lord thus to abandon me.
Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries,
For never doted Jove on Ganymede,
So much as he on cursed Gaveston.
But that will more exasperate his wrath,
I must entreat him, I must speak him fair,
And be a means to call home Gaveston.
And yet he'll ever dote on Gaveston,
And so am I forever miserable.

Enter LANCASTER, WARWICK, and the ELDER and YOUNGER MORTIMER

LANCASTER

Look, where the sister of the king of France,
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast.

WARWICK

The king, I fear, hath ill entreated her.

YOUNGER MORTIMER

Madam, how fares your grace?

ISABELLA

Ah, Mortimer, now breaks the king's hate forth,
And he confesseth that he loves me not.

YOUNGER MORTIMER

Cry quittance Madam then, and love not him.

ISABELLA

No, rather will I die a thousand deaths,
And yet I love in vain, he'll ne'er love me.

LANCASTER

Fear ye not Madam, now his minion's gone
His wanton humor will be quickly left.

ISABELLA

Oh never, Lancaster! I am enjoin'd
To sue unto you all for his repeal!
This wills my lord, and this must I perform
Or else be banish'd from his highness' presence.

LANCASTER

For his repeal, Madam? He comes not back
Unless the sea cast up his shipwreck'd body.

YOUNGER MORTIMER

But madam, would you have us call him home?

ISABELLA

Ay Mortimer, for till he be restor'd,
The angry king hath banish'd me the court;
And therefore as thou lov'st and tender'st me,
Be thou my advocate unto these peers.

YOUNGER MORTIMER

What, would ye have me plead for Gaveston?

ELDER MORTIMER

Plead for him he that will, I am resolv'd.

LANCASTER

And so am I, my lord: dissuade the Queen.

ISABELLA

Oh Lancaster, let him dissuade the king,
For 'tis against my will he should return

WARWICK

Then speak not for him, let the peasant go.

ISABELLA

'Tis for my self I speak, and not for him.

LANCASTER

No speaking will prevail, and therefore cease.

YOUNGER MORTIMER

Fair Queen forbear to angle for the fish
Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead;
I mean that vile torpedo, Gaveston,
That now, I hope, floats on the Irish seas.

ISABELLA

But I will tell thee reasons of such weight
As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.

YOUNGER MORTIMER

It is impossible, but speak your mind.

ISABELLA

My Lords, that I abhor base Gaveston,
I hope your honors make no question;
And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,
'Tis not for his sake, but for your avail--
Nay, for the realms behoof, and for the king's.

LANCASTER

Can this be true 'twas good to banish him,
And is this true to call him home again?

ISABELLA

Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead?

WARWICK

I would he were.

ISABELLA

Why then my lord, give me but leave to speak!
Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold
Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends
As he will front the mightiest of us all?
And whereas he shall live and be belov'd,
'Tis hard for you to work his overthrow.
But were he here, detested as he is,
How easily might some base slave be subborn'd,
To greet his lordship with a poniard;
And none so much as blame the murderer,
But rather praise him for that brave attempt,
For purging of the realm of such a plague.

WARWICK

She saith true.

LANCASTER

Ay, but how chance this was not done before?

ISABELLA

Because my lords, it was not thought upon.
Nay more, when he shall know it lies in you
To banish him, and then to call him home,
'Twill make him vail the top-flag of his pride
And fear to offend the meanest noble man.

ELDER MORTIMER

But how if he do not?

YOUNGER MORTIMER

Then may we with some color rise in arms;
For howsoever we have borne it out
'Tis treason to be up against the king.
So shall we have the people of our side,
Which, for his father's sake, lean to the king,
But cannot brook a night-grown mushrump,
Such a one as my "Lord of Cornwall" is.
And when the commons and the nobles join,
'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston;
We'll pull him from the strongest hold he.

My lords, if to perform this I be slack,
Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.

LANCASTER

On that condition Lancaster will grant.

WARWICK

And so will I.

ELDER MORTIMER

And I.

YOUNGER MORTIMER

And Mortimer will rest at your command.

ISABELLA

And when this favor Isabel forgets,
Then let her live abandon'd and forlorn.
But see in happy time, my lord the king,
Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his way,
Is new return'd. This news will glad him much;
Yet not so much as me. I love him more
Then he can Gaveston, would he lov'd me
But half so much, then were I treble blest.

Enter EDWARD, mourning.

EDWARD

He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn.
Did never sorrow go so near my heart
As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston.

ISABELLA

Hark how he harps upon his minion.

EDWARD

My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston.
Ah, had some bloodless fury rose from hell
And with my kingly scepter stroke me dead,
When I was forc'd to leave my Gaveston.

LANCASTER

Diablo, what passions call you these?

ISABELLA

My gracious lord, I come to bring you news
That Gaveston, my Lord, shall be repeal'd.

EDWARD

Repeal'd? The news is too sweet to be true.

ISABELLA

But will you love me, if you find it so?

EDWARD

If it be so, what will not Edward do?

ISABELLA

For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.

EDWARD

For thee, fair Queen, if thou lov'st Gaveston,
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.

ISABELLA

No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these, my lord, nor let me have more wealth
Than I may fetch from this rich treasury.
Oh, how a kiss revives poor Isabel.

EDWARD

Once more receive my hand, and let this be,
A second marriage 'twixt thy self and me.

ISABELLA

And may it prove more happy than the first.
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair
That wait attendance for a gracious look,
And on their knees salute your majesty.

EDWARD

Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king,
Live thou with me as my companion.

LANCASTER

This salutation overjoys my heart.

EDWARD

Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor:
These silver hairs will more adorn my court
Than gaudy silks, or rich embroidery.
Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.

WARWICK

Slay me my lord, when I offend your grace.

EDWARD

But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?
Be thou commander of our royal fleet,
Or if that lofty office like thee not,
I make thee here Lord Marshal of the realm.

YOUNGER MORTIMER

My lord, I'll marshal so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

EDWARD

And as for you, lord Mortimer of England,
Be you the general of the levied troops
That now are ready to assail the Scots.

ELDER MORTIMER

In this your grace hath highly honored me,
For with my nature war doth best agree.

ISABELLA

Now is the king of England rich and strong,
Having the love of his renowned peers.

EDWARD

Ay, Isabella ne'er was my heart so light.

EDWARD

Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.
Now let us in, and feast it royally.
Against our friend the Earl of Cornwall comes
We'll have a general tilt and tournament!

Exit all except for the MORTIMERS

ELDER MORTIMER

Nephew, I must to Scotland; thou stayest here.
Leave now to oppose thy self against the king.

Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,
And seeing his mind so dotes on Gaveston,
Let him without controlment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their minions,
Great Alexander lov'd Hephaestion,
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droop'd.
And not kings only, but the wisest men;
The Roman Tully lov'd Octavius,
Grave Socrates, wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
Freely enjoy that vain light-headed earl,
For riper years will wean him from such toys.

YOUNGER MORTIMER

Uncle, his wanton humor grieves not me;
But this I scorn: that one so basely borne
Should by his sovereign's favor grow so pert
And riot it with the treasure of the realm,
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay.
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and in his Tuscan cap
A jewel of more value than the crown.
Whiles other walk below, the king and he
From out a window laugh at such as we,
And flout our train, and jest at our attire:
Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.

ELDER MORTIMER

But nephew, now you see the king is chang'd.

MORTIMER

Then so am I, and live to do him service.
But whiles I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstart.
You know my mind, come Uncle, let's away.

They exit.

Act Two, Scene One

Enter SPENSER and BALDOCK.

BALDOCK.

Spenser,
Seeing that our Lord th'earl of Gloucester's dead,
Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?

SPENSER

Not Mortimer, nor any of his side,
Because the king and he are enemies.
Baldock: learn this of me, a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us,
But he that hath the favor of a king,
May with one word, advance us while we live:
So Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall is the man,
On whose good fortune Spenser's hope depends.

BALDOCK

What, mean you then to be his follower?

SPENSER

No, his companion, for he loves me well,
And would have once prefer'd me to the king.

BALDOCK

But he is banish'd; there's small hope of him.

SPENSER

Ay, for a while, but Baldock mark the end,
A friend of mine told me in secrecy,
That he's repeal'd, and sent for back again.

Act Two, Scene Two

*Enter EDWARD, ISABELLA, LANCASTER, MORTIMER, WARWICK, KENT,
ATTENDANTS.*

EDWARD

The wind is good, I wonder why he stays,
I fear me he is wrack'd upon the sea.

ISABELLA

Look Lancaster how passionate he is,
And still his mind runs on his minion.

LANCASTER

My Lord.

EDWARD

How now! What news? Is Gaveston arriv'd?

MORTIMER

Nothing but Gaveston! What means your grace?
You have matters of more weight to think upon:
The King of France sets foot in Normandy.

EDWARD

A trifle, we'll expel him when we please.

MORTIMER

If in his absence thus he favors him,
What will he do when as he shall be present?

LANCASTER

That shall we see, look where his lordship comes.

Enter GAVESTON.

EDWARD

My Gaveston!
Welcome to Tynemouth! Welcome to thy friend!
Thy absence made me droop and pine away,
For as the lovers of fair Danae,
When she was lock'd up in a brazen tower,
Desir'd her more, and wax'd outrageous,
So did it sure with me. And now thy sight
Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.

GAVESTON

Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth mine;
Yet have I words left to express my joy:
The shepherd nipp'd with biting winter's rage
Frolics not more to see the painted spring,
Than I do to behold your Majesty.

EDWARD

Will none of you salute my Gaveston?

LANCASTER

Salute him? Yes. (*gay stereotype*) Welcome Lord Chamberlain.

MORTIMER

(*same*) Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall.

WARWICK

(*same*) Welcome Lord Governor of the Isle of Man.

LANCASTER
(*same*) Welcome, Master Secretary!

KENT
Brother, do you hear them?

EDWARD
Still will these earls and barons use me thus?

GAVESTON
My Lord I cannot brook these injuries.

EDWARD
Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant.

GAVESTON
Base leaden Earls that glory in your birth,
Go sit at home and eat your tenant's beef,
And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low
As to bestow a look on such as you.

LANCASTER
Yet I disdain not to do this for you.

Draws his sword.

EDWARD
Treason! Treason!
(*to Attendants*) Convey hence Gaveston, they'll murder him!

GAVESTON
The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.

MORTIMER
Villain thy life, unless I miss mine aim.

chases after GAVESTON, missing him

ISABELLA
Ah furious Mortimer! What hast thou done?

MORTIMER
No more than I would answer were he slain.

Exit GAVESTON, attended. Isabella leaves.

EDWARD

Yes, more then thou canst answer though he live.
Dear shall you both aby this riotous deed:
Out of my presence, come not near the court.

MORTIMER

I'll not be barr'd the court for Gaveston.

LANCASTER

We'll haul him by the ears unto the block.

EDWARD

Look to your own heads, his is sure enough.

WARWICK

Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.

KENT

Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.

EDWARD

Nay all of them conspire to cross me thus!
But if I live, I'll tread upon their heads
That think with high looks thus to tread me down.
Come Edmund, let's away and levy men,
'Tis war that must abate these Barons' pride!

MORTIMER

Nay, I'll speak my mind.

LANCASTER

And so will I, and then my lord farewell.

MORTIMER

The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows
And prodigal gifts bestowed on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasure dry and made thee weak.
The murmuring commons, overstretched, break.

LANCASTER

Look for rebellion, look to be depos'd.
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.

MORTIMER

The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbor ride thy ships unrigg'd.

LANCASTER

What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?

MORTIMER

Who loves thee, but a sort of flatterers?

LANCASTER

Thy gentle Isabella, sole sister to Valois,
Complains, that thou hast left her all forlorn.

MORTIMER

Thy court is naked, being bereft of those
That makes a king seem glorious to the world,
I mean the peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love.
Libels are cast again thee in the street,
Ballads and rimes, made of thy overthrow.

LANCASTER

The Northern borderers, seeing their houses burnt,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

MORTIMER

When wert thou in the field with banner spread?
But once, and then thy soldiers march'd like players,
With garish robes, not armor, and thy self
Bedaub'd with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favors hung like labels down.

LANCASTER

If ye be mov'd, revenge it as you can.
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.

LANCASTER, WARWICK, and MORTIMER exit.

EDWARD

My swelling heart for very anger breaks!
How oft have I been baited by these peers?
And dare not be reveng'd, for their power is great.
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels

Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws
And let their lives blood slake thy furies' hunger!

KENT

My lord, I see your love to Gaveston
Will be the ruin of the realm and you,
And therefore brother, banish him for ever.

EDWARD

Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?

KENT

Ay, and it grieves me that I favored him.

EDWARD

Traitor be gone! Whine thou with Mortimer.

KENT

So will I, rather than with Gaveston.
No marvel though thou scorn thy noble peers,
When I, thy brother, am rejected thus.

KENT exits.

EDWARD

Away!
Poor Gaveston, that hast no friend but me.
Do what they can, we'll live in Tynemouth here.
And so I walk with him about the walls,
What care I though the Earls begirt us round?
Here comes she that's cause of all these jars.

Enter ISABELLA, GAVESTON, BALDOCK, and SPENSER.

ISABELLA

My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in arms.

EDWARD

Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you favor him.

ISABELLA

Thus do you still suspect me without cause.

GAVESTON

My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.

EDWARD

Pardon me, sweet; I forgot my self.

ISABELLA

Your pardon is quickly got of Isabel.

EDWARD

The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,
That to my face he threatens civil wars.

GAVESTON

Why do you not commit him to the tower?

EDWARD

I dare not, for the people love him well.
But let them go, and tell me what are these.
Tell me, where wast thou borne? What is thine arms?

BALDOCK

My name is Baldock, and my gentry
I fetch'd from Oxford, not from heraldry.

EDWARD

The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn.
Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.

BALDOCK

I humbly thank your majesty.

EDWARD

Knowest thou him, Gaveston?

GAVESTON

Ay, my lord,
His name is Spenser, he is well allied;
For my sake let him wait upon your grace,
Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.

EDWARD

Then Spenser wait upon me, for his sake
I'll grace thee with a higher style ere long.

SPENSER

No greater titles happen unto me
Then to be favored of your majesty.

EDWARD

Ah Gaveston, think that I love thee well.

GAVESTON

I know my lord, many will stomach me,
But I respect neither their love nor hate.

EDWARD

The head-strong barons shall not limit me;
He that I list to favor shall be great.
Come let's away, and when our feasting ends,
Have at the rebels, and their complices!

They exit.

Act Two, Scene Three

Enter LANCASTER, MORTIMER, WARWICK, KENT

KENT

My lords, of love to this our native land,
I come to join with you, and leave the king;
And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof
Will be the first that shall adventure life.

LANCASTER

He is your brother, therefore have we cause
To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.

KENT

Mine honor shall be hostage of my truth,
If that will not suffice, farewell my lords.

MORTIMER

Stay Edmund, never was Plantagenet
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.
Let us with these our followers scale the walls
And suddenly surprise them unawares.

WARWICK

And I'll follow thee.

MORTIMER

Drums strike alarum, raise them from their sport,
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston.

LANCASTER

None be so hardy as to touch the King,
But neither spare you Gaveston, nor his friends.

They exit.

Act Two, Scene Four

battle sounds. Enter EDWARD and SPENSER, ISABELLA and GAVESTON

EDWARD

Fly, fly, my lords, the earls have got the hold.
Take shipping and away to Scarborough,
Spenser and I will post away by land.

GAVESTON

Oh stay my lord, they will not injure you.

EDWARD

I will not trust them, Gaveston away.

GAVESTON

Farewell my Lord.

EDWARD

Farewell sweet Gaveston.

ISABELLA

No farewell to poor Isabel, thy Queen?

EDWARD

Yes, yes, for Mortimer your lover's sake.

ISABELLA

Heavens can witness, I love none but you.

Exit all but ISABELLA

From my embracements thus he breaks away!
Oh, that mine arms could close this isle about
That I might pull him to me where I would,
Or that these tears that drizzle from mine eyes
Had power to mollify his stony heart,
That when I had him we might never part.

Enter LANCASTER, MORTIMER, and WARWICK.

LANCASTER

I wonder how he scap'd.

MORTIMER

Who's this, the Queen?

ISABELLA

Ay Mortimer, the miserable Queen
Whose pining heart, her inward sighs have blasted,
And body with continual mourning wasted.
These hands are tir'd, with haling of my lord
From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston;
And all in vain, for when I speak him fair,
He turns away and smiles upon his minion.

MORTIMER

Cease to lament, and tell us where's the king?

ISABELLA

What would you with the king? Is't him you seek?

LANCASTER

No madam, but that cursed Gaveston.
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster
To offer violence to his sovereign;
We would but rid the realm of Gaveston.
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.

ISABELLA

He's gone by water unto Scarborough,
Pursue him quickly and he cannot scape;
The king hath left him, and his train is small.

MORTIMER

Here in the river rides a Flemish bark;
Lets all aboard, and follow him amain.
Madam, stay you within this castle here.

ISABELLA

No Mortimer, I'll to my lord the king.

MORTIMER

Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.

ISABELLA

You know the king is so suspicious,
As if he hear I have but talk'd with you
Mine honor will be call'd in question;
And therefore gentle Mortimer be gone.

MORTIMER

Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,
But think of Mortimer as he deserves.

The men exit.

ISABELLA

So well hast thou deserv'd, sweet Mortimer,
As Isabel could live with thee for ever.
In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
Whose eyes are fix'd on none but Gaveston.
Yet once more I'll importune him with prayers,
If he be strange and not regard my words,
My son and I will over into France;
And to the king my brother there complain
How Gaveston hath robb'd me of his love.
But yet I hope my sorrows will have end,
And Gaveston this blessed day be slain.

Exit.

Act Two, Scene Five

Enter GAVESTON pursued.

GAVESTON

Yet, lusty lords, I have escap'd your hands,
Your threats, your larums, and your hot pursuits;
And though divorced from king Edward's eyes,
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurpris'd,
Breathing in hope
To see his royal sovereign once again.

Enter WARWICK, LANCASTER, MORTIMER, and SOLDIERS

WARWICK

Upon him soldiers, take away his weapons!

MORTIMER

Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,

Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils,
Base flatterer, yield! And were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,
Upon my weapon's point here shouldst thou fall
And welter in thy gore.

LANCASTER

Monster of men,
That, like the Greekish strumpet train'd to arms
And bloody wars, so many valiant knights
Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death!
King Edward is not here to buckler thee.

WARWICK

Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave?
Go soldiers, take him hence, for by my sword
His head shall off.

Enter ARUNDEL

LANCASTER

How now, my lord of Arundel?

ARUNDEL

My lords, King Edward greets you all by me.

WARWICK

Arundel, say your message.

ARUNDEL

His majesty,
Hearing that you had taken Gaveston,
Entreateth you by me, that but he may
See him before he dies; for why he says,
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall.
And if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.

WARWICK

How now?

GAVESTON

Renowned Edward, how thy name
Revives poor Gaveston.

WARWICK

No, it needeth not.
Arundel, we will gratify the king
In other matters; he must pardon us in this.
Soldiers away with him!

MORTIMER

Thus we'll gratify the king,
We'll send his head by thee, let him bestow
His tears on that; for that is all he gets
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.

ARUNDEL

My lords, it is his majesty's request,
And in the honor of a king he swears
He will but talk with him and send him back.

WARWICK

When, can you tell? Arundel, no,
We know that he will, if he seize him once,
Violate any promise to possess him.

ARUNDEL

Then if you will not trust his grace in keep;
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.

MORTIMER

It is honorable in thee to offer this,
But for we know thou art a noble gentleman,
We will not wrong thee so,
To make away a true man for a thief.

GAVESTON

Treacherous earl, shall not I see the king?

MORTIMER

The king of heaven perhaps, no other king.

They exit

Act Three, Scene One

Enter EDWARD and SPENSER, BALDOCK

EDWARD

I long to hear an answer from the Barons

Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.
Ah Spenser, not the riches of my realm
Can ransom him. Ah, he is mark'd to die.
I know the malice of the younger Mortimer,
Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
Inexorable; and I shall never see
My lovely Pierce, my Gaveston again,
The Barons overbear me with their pride.

SPENSER

Were I King Edward, England's sovereign,
Great Edward Longshank's issue, would I bear
These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontroll'd
These Barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine own realm? My lord, pardon my speech:
Did you regard the honor of your name,
You would not suffer thus your majesty
Be counterbuff'd of your nobility.
Strike off their heads and let them preach on poles!

EDWARD

Yea gentle Spenser, we have been too mild,
Too kind to them, but now have drawn our sword,
And if they send me not my Gaveston,
We'll steel it on their crest and poll their tops.

BALDOCK

This haught resolve becomes your majesty,
Not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highness were a school boy still,
And must be aw'd and govern'd like a child.

Enter ELDER SPENSER, an old man, father to the young Spenser

ELDER SPENSER

Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars.

EDWARD

Welcome old man. Com'st thou in Edwards aide?
Then tell thy prince, of whence, and what thou art.

ELDER SPENSER

Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
Brown bills, and targeteers four hundred strong,
Sworn to defend king Edward's royal right.

I come in person to your majesty,
Spenser, the father of Hugh Spenser there,
Bound to your highness everlastingly,
For favors done in him, unto us all.

EDWARD
Thy father Spenser?

SPENSER
True, and it like your grace,
That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown,
His life, my lord, before your princely feet.

EDWARD
Welcome ten thousand times, old man again!
Spenser, this love, this kindness to thy King,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.
Spenser, I here create thee Earl of Wilshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favor,
That as the sun-shine shall reflect o'er thee.

SPENSER
My lord, here comes the Queen.

Enter ISABELLA and the PRINCE

EDWARD
Madam, what news?

ISABELLA
My lord I take my leave
To make my preparation for France.

EDWARD
Madam, we will that you with speed be shipp'd.
We will employ you and your little son,
You shall go parley with the king of France.

PRINCE
Commit not to my youth things of more weight
Than fits a prince so young as I to bear.

EDWARD
Go, go in peace, leave us in wars at home.

ISABELLA

Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their king.

ISABELLA and PRINCE exit, enter ARUNDEL

EDWARD

What, lord Arundel, dost thou come alone?

ARUNDEL

Yea my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.

EDWARD

Ah traitors, have they put my friend to death?

ARUNDEL

I did your highness message to them all,
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, upon the honour of my name
That I would undertake to carry him
Unto your highness and to bring him back.

EDWARD

And tell me, would the rebels deny me that?

ARUNDEL

They bare him to his death, and in a trench
Strake off his head, and march'd unto the camp.

EDWARD

Oh shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die!

SPENSER

My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword
Upon these Barons. Hearten up your men,
Let them not unreveng'd murder your friends!

EDWARD

(Kneeling) By earth, the common mother of us all,
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof,
By this right hand, and by my father's sword,
And all the honors longing to my crown,
I will have heads and lives for him as many,
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers!
Traucherous Warwick! Traitorous Mortimer!
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,

That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
You villains that have slain my Gaveston!
And in this place of honor and of trust,
(*Rising*) Spenser, sweet Spenser, I adopt thee here,
And merely of our love we do create thee
Earl of Gloucester, and Lord Chamberlain,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

SPENSER

My lord, here is a messenger from the Barons,
Desires access unto your majesty.

EDWARD

Admit him near.

Enter the HERALD.

HERALD

Long live king Edward, England's lawful lord.

EDWARD

So wish not they, I wis, that sent thee hither.
Thou com'st from Mortimer and his complices,
A ranker route of rebels never was.
Well, say thy message.

HERALD

The Barons, up in arms, by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness;
And bid me say as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of blood
You will this grief have ease and remedy,
That from your princely person you remove
This Spenser, as a putrifying branch,
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves
Empale your princely head, your diadem,
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,
Say they, and lovingly advise your grace,
To have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers.
This granted, they, their honors, and their lives,
Are to your highness vow'd and consecrate.

SPENSER

Ah traitors! Will they still display their pride?

EDWARD

Away, tarry no answer, but be gone.
Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign
His sports, his pleasures, and his company?
Yet ere thou go, see how I do divorce

Embraces Spenser.

Spenser from me. Now get thee to thy lords
And tell them I will come to chastise them,
For murdering Gaveston. Hie thee, get thee gone,
Edward with fire and sword follows at thy heels.

Exit HERALD

My lords, perceive you how these rebels swell?
Soldiers, good hearts, defend your sovereign's right,
For now, even now, we march to make them stoop.
Away.

They Exit

INTERMISSION

Act Three, Scene Three

*Enter KING EDWARD, ELDER SPENSER, YOUNGER SPENSER,
BALDOCK, NOBLEMEN*

EDWARD

Why do we sound retreat? Upon them lords!
This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword
On those proud rebels that are up in arms.

SPENSER

I doubt it not my lord, right will prevail.

ELDER SPENSER

'Tis not amiss, my liege, for either part
To breathe a while. Our men with sweat and dust
All chok'd well near, begin to faint for heat.

EDWARD

Saint George for England, and king Edwards right!

Big-ass battle.

Enter EDWARD and his FOLLOWERS with MORTIMER, WARWICK, LANCASTER and KENT captive.

EDWARD

Now lusty lords, now not by chance of war,
But justice of the quarrel and the cause,
Vail'd is your pride. Methinks you hang the heads;
But we'll advance them, traitors. Now 'tis time
To be aveng'd on you for all your braves,
And for the murder of my dearest friend,
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,
Good Pierce of Gaveston my sweet favorite.
Ah rebels, recreants, you made him away.

KENT

Brother, in regard of thee and of thy land
Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.

EDWARD

So sir, you have spoke, away, avoid our presence.

KENT is taken away.

WARWICK

Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces;
'Tis but temporal that thou canst inflict.

LANCASTER

The worst is death, and better die to live
Than live in infamy under such a king.

EDWARD

Away with them: my lord of Winchester.
These lusty leaders Warwick and Lancaster,
I charge you roundly off with both their heads,
Away!

WARWICK

Farewell vain world.

LANCASTER

Sweet Mortimer, farewell.

ELDER SPENSER takes them away.

MORTIMER

England, unkind to thy nobility,
Groan for this grief. Behold how thou art maimed.

EDWARD

Go take that haughty Mortimer to the tower,
There see him safe bestow'd; and for the rest,
Do speedy execution on them all.
Be gone!

MORTIMER

What Mortimer! Can ragged stony walls
Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven?
No Edward, England's scourge, it may not be;
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.

MORTIMER is taken away.

EDWARD

Sound drums and trumpets, march with me my friends.
Edward this day hath crown'd him king anew.

Exit.

Act Four, Scene One

Near the tower. Enter EDMUND EARL OF KENT

KENT

Fair blows the wind for France: blow gentle gale,
Till Edmund be arriv'd for England's good!
Nature, yield to my country's cause in this.
A brother? No, a butcher of thy friends!
Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence?
But I'll to France, and cheer the wrongéd Queen,
And certify what Edward's looseness is.
Unnatural king, to slaughter noble men
And cherish flatterers!
Mortimer I stay thy sweet escape.
Stand gracious, gloomy night to his device.

Enter MORTIMER disguised.

MORTIMER

Holla, who walketh there? Is't you my lord?

KENT
Mortimer tis I,
But hath thy potion wrought so happily?

MORTIMER
It hath, my lord; the warders all asleep,
I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace.
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?

KENT
Fear it not.

They exit.

Act Four, Scene Two

Enter ISABELLA and PRINCE.

ISABELLA
Ah boy, our friends do fail us all in France!
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind,
What shall we do?

PRINCE
Madam, return to England,
And please my father well, and then a fig
For all my uncles' friendship here in France!
I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly;
He loves me better than a thousand Spensers.

ISABELLA
Ah boy! Thou art deceiv'd, at least in this,
To think that we can yet be tune'd together!
No, no, we jar too far. Unkind Valois!
Unhappy Isabel! When France rejects,
Whither, oh whither dost thou bend thy steps?

Enter KENT and MORTIMER

KENT
Madam, long may you live,
Much happier then your friends in England do!

ISABELLA
Lord Edmund and Lord Mortimer alive?

Welcome to France! The news was here my lord
That you were dead, or very near your death.

MORTIMER

Lady, the last was truest of the twain.
But Mortimer, reserv'd for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldom of the Tower,
And lives t'advance your standard, good my lord.

PRINCE

How mean you? And the king my father lives?
No, my lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.

ISABELLA

Not son! Why not? I would it were no worse.
But gentle lords, friendless we are in France.

MORTIMER

Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
Told us at our arrival all the news--
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
Hath show'd himself: but madam, right makes room
Where weapons want, and though a many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in England
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,
To see us there appointed for our foes.

KENT

Would all were well, and Edward well reclaim'd,
For England's honor, peace, and quietness.

MORTIMER

But by the sword, my lord, it must be deserv'd.
The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers.

PRINCE

I think king Edward will out-run us all.

ISABELLA

Nay son, not so; and you must not discourage
Your friends that are so forward in your aid.

Act Four, Scene Three

Enter EDWARD, ARUNDEL, the two SPENSERS, with others.

EDWARD

Thus after many threats of wrathful war
Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends!
My lord of Gloucester, do you hear the news?

SPENSER

What news, my lord?

EDWARD

Why man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realm, my lord of Arundel
You have the note, have you not?

ARUNDEL

From the lieutenant of the tower, my lord.

EDWARD

I pray let us see it, what have we there?
Why so, they bark'd apace a month ago;
Now on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite.
Now sirs, the news from France. Gloucester, I trow
The lords of France love England's gold so well
As Isabella gets no aide from thence.
What now remains? Have you proclaimed, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?

SPENSER

My lord, we have, and if he be in England,
He will be had ere long I doubt it not.

EDWARD

If, dost thou say? Spenser, as true as death,
He is in England's ground; our port-masters
Are not so careless of their king's command.

Enter a MESSENGER

How now, what news with thee? from whence come these?

MESSENGER

Letters my lord, and tidings forth of France:
To you my lord of Gloucester from Levune.

EDWARD
Read.

SPENSER

(reading) My duty to your honor premised, etc., I have, according to instructions in that behalf, dealt with the king of France his lords, and effected that the Queen all discontented and discomfited, is gone; whither if you ask, into Flanders. With her are gone lord Edmund, and the lord Mortimer, having in their company divers of your nation, and others; and as constant report goeth, they intend to give King Edward battle in England, sooner then he can look for them.

This is all the news of import.

Your honour's in all service, Levune.

EDWARD

Ah, villains, hath that Mortimer escap'd?
With him is Edmund gone associate?
Welcome, o' Gods name, madam, and your son!
England shall welcome you, and all your rout.
Gallop apace bright, Phoebus through the sky;
And dusky night, in rusty iron car,
Between you both shorten the time, I pray,
That I may see that most desired day
When we may meet these traitors in the field.
Ah, nothing grieves me but my little boy
Is thus misled to countenance their ills!
Come friends, to Bristow, there to make us strong!

Exeunt.

ACT FOUR, SCENE FOUR

Enter ISABELLA, her son, EDMUND earl of KENT, MORTIMER

ISABELLA

Now lords, our loving friends and countrymen,
Welcome to England all with prosperous winds!
Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,
To cope with friends at home; a heavy case,
When force to force is knit, and sword and lance
In civil broils makes kin and country men
Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
With their own weapons gor'd. But what's the help?
Misgovern'd kings are cause of all this wrack;
And Edward, thou art one among them all,
Whose looseness hath betrayed thy land to spoil
And made the channels overflow with blood

Of thine own people. Patron shouldst thou be
But thou---

MORTIMER

Nay madam, if you be a warrior,
You must not grow so passionate in speeches.
Lords, sith that we are by sufferance of heaven
Arriv'd and armed in this prince's right,
Here for our country's cause swear we to him
All homage, fealty and forwardness;
And for the open wrongs and injuries
Edward hath done to us, his queen, and land,
We come in arms to wreck it with the sword,
That England's queen in peace may repossess
Her dignities and honors, and withal
We may remove these flatterers from the king
That havock England's wealth and treasury.

Exeunt.

Act Four, Scene Five

Enter the KING, BALDOCK, and SPENSER, flying about the stage.

SPENSER

Fly, fly, my Lord! The Queen is overstrong!
Her friends doe multiply and yours do fail.
Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breath.

EDWARD

What, was I borne to fly and run away,
And leave the Mortimers conquerers behind?
Give me my horse and lets reinforce our troupes.
And in this bed of honor die with fame.

BALDOCK

O no, my lord! This princely resolution
Fits not the time. Away, we are pursu'd.

Exeunt.

Act Four, Scene Six

Enter KENT alone with a sword and target.

KENT

This way he fled! But I am come too late.

Edward, alas my heart relents for thee!
Proud traitor Mortimer, why dost thou chase
Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword ?
Vile wretch, and why hast thou, of all unkind,
Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?
Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head,
Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs
To punish this unnatural revolt!
Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life:
O fly him then! But Edmund, calm this rage;
Dissemble or thou diest; for Mortimer
And Isabel do kiss while they conspire,
And yet she bears a face of love forsooth!
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate.

Enter ISABELLA, MORTIMER, the young Prince.

ISABELLA

Successful battles gives the God of kings
To them that fight in right and fear his wrath.
Since then successfully we have prevail'd,
Thanked be heaven's great architect and you!
Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,
We here create our well-beloved son,
Of love and care unto his royal person,
Lord Warden of the realm; and sith the fates
Have made his father so infortunate,
Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
As to your wisdom fittest seems in all.

KENT

Madam, without offence if I may ask,
How will you deal with Edward in his fall?

PRINCE

Tell me good uncle, what Edward do you mean?

KENT

Nephew, your father; I dare not call him king.

MORTIMER

My lord of Kent, what needs these questions?
'Tis not in her controlment, nor in ours,
But as the realm and parliament shall please,
So shall your brother be disposed of.

(*To Isabella*) I like not this relenting mood in Edmund,
Madam, tis good to look to him betimes.

ISABELLA
My lord, the Mayor of Bristow knows our mind.

MORTIMER
Yea madam, and they scape not easily
That fled the field.

ISABELLA
 Baldock is with the king,
A goodly chancellor, is he not, my lord?

MORTIMER
So are the Spensers, the father and the son.

KENT
This, Edward, is the ruin of the realm.

Enter Leicester, with ELDER SPENSER.

LEICESTER
God save Queen Isabel and her princely son.
Madam, the Mayor and Citizens of Bristow,
In sign of love and duty to this presence,
Present by me this traitor to the state,
Spenser, the father to that wanton Spenser.

ISABELLA
We thank you all.

MORTIMER
 Your loving care in this
Deserveth princely favors and rewards.
But where's the king and th'other Spenser fled?

LEICESTER
Spenser the son, created earl of Gloucester,
Is with that smooth-tongu'd scholar Baldock gone,
And shipp'd but late for Ireland with the king.

MORTIMER
(*Aside*) Some whirlwind fetch them back, or sink them all.
They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.

PRINCE

Shall I not see the king my father yet?

KENT

(Aside) Unhappy Edward, chas'd from England's bounds.

MORTIMER

Madam, what resteth? Why stand ye in a muse?

ISABELLA

I rue my lord's ill fortune; but alas,
Care of my country call'd me to this war.

MORTIMER

Madam, have done with care and sad complaint.
Your king hath wrong'd your country and himself,
And we must seek to right it as we may.
Meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block:
Your lordship cannot privilege your head.

ELDER SPENSER

Rebel is he that fights against his prince,
So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.

MORTIMER

Take him away, he prates. You Leicester,
SPENSER led off
Shall do good service to her Majesty,
Being of countenance in your country here,
To follow these rebellious runagates.
We in meanwhile, madam, must take advice
How Baldock, Spenser, and their complices,
May in their fall be followed to their end.

Exeunt omnes

Act Four, Scene Seven

Enter the ABBOT, EDWARD, SPENSER, and BALDOCK

ABBOT

Have you no doubt my Lord, have you no fear.
As silent and as careful will we be
To keep your royal person safe with us.

EDWARD

Father, thy face should harbor no deceit,
O hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,
Pierc'd deeply with sense of my distress,
Could not but take compassion of my state!
Come Spenser, come Baldock, come sit down by me;
Make trial now of that philosophy
That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suck'dst from Plato and from Aristotle.
Father, this life contemplative is heaven,
O that I might this life in quiet lead!
But we, alas, are chaste, and you my friends,
Your lives and my dishonor they pursue.

ABBOT

Your grace may sit secure, if none but we
Do know of your abode.

SPENSER

Not one alive, but shrewdly I suspect
A gloomy fellow in a mead below;
He gave a long look after us my lord,
And all the land I know is up in arms,
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

BALDOCK

We were embark'd for Ireland, wretched we,
With awkward winds and sore tempests driven
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear
Of Mortimer and his confederates.

EDWARD

Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer
That bloody man? Good father, on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care.
O, might I never open these eyes again,
Never again lift up this drooping head,
O, never more lift up this dying heart!

SPENSER

Look up my lord. Baldock, this drowsiness
Betides no good. Here even we are betray'd!

Enter with Welch hooks, LEICESTER

LEICESTER

(aside) The Queen's commission, urg'd by Mortimer:
What cannot gallant Mortimer with the Queen?
Alas, see where he sits, and hopes unseen
T'escape their hands that seek to reave his life!
(to them) Spenser and Baldock, by no other names,
I arrest you of high treason here.
Stand not on titles but obey th'arrest,
'Tis in the name of Isabel the Queen.
My lord, why droop you thus ?

EDWARD

Oh day! The last of all my bliss on earth!
Center of all misfortune. Oh my stars,
Why do you lour unkindly on a king?
Comes Leicester, then, in Isabella's name,
To take my life, my company from me?
Here man, rip up this panting breast of mine
And take my heart, in rescue of my friends.

LEICESTER

Away with them.

SPENSER

It may become thee yet,
To let us take our farewell of his grace.

EDWARD

Spenser, Ah sweet Spenser, thus, then, must we part.

SPENSER

We must my lord, so will the angry heavens.

EDWARD

Nay so will hell and cruel Mortimer;
The gentle heavens have not to do in this.

BALDOCK

My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm,
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves.
Our lots are cast, I fear me so is thine.

EDWARD

In heaven we may, in earth ne'er shall we meet.
And Leicester, say what shall become of us?

LEICESTER

Your majesty must go to Killingworth.

EDWARD

Must! 'Tis somewhat hard, when kings must go.

LEICESTER

Here is a litter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.

EDWARD

A litter hast thou, lay me in a hearse
And to the gates of hell convey me hence.
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore;
For friends hath Edward none but these and these,
And these must die under a tyrant's sword.
Sweet Spenser, gentle Baldock, part we must.
Father, farewell. Leicester, thou stay'st for me,
And go I must. Life, farewell, with my friends.

Exeunt EDWARD and LEICESTER.

SPENSER

O, is he gone? Is noble Edward gone?
Parted from hence, never to see us more!
Rend, sphere of heaven, and fire forsake thy orb!
Earth, melt to air! Gone is my sovereign,
Gone, gone alas, never to make return!

BALDOCK.

Spenser, I see our souls are fleeted hence;
We are depriv'd the sun-shine of our life.
Reduce we all our lessons unto this:
To die, sweet Spenser, therefore live we all;
Spenser, all live to die, and rise to fall.

Exeunt.

Act Five, Scene One

Enter EDWARD, LEICESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER

LEICESTER

Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament;
Imagine Killingworth castle were your court

And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.

EDWARD.

Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows,
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allay'd;
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
But when the imperial Lion's flesh is gor'd,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up into the air.
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
The ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural Queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison.
But when I call to mind I am a king,
Me thinks I should revenge me of the wrongs
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sun-shine day?
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?

BISHOP

Your grace mistakes, it is for England's good
And princely Edward's right we crave the crown.

EDWARD

No, tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head,
For he's a lamb, encompassed by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!

LEICESTER

My lord, why waste you thus the time away?
He stays your answer: will you yield your crown?

EDWARD

Ah Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause;
To give ambitious Mortimer my right.
But what the heavens appoint, I must obey.

Here, take my crown, the life of Edward too,

Takes off crown.

Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay a while, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glitt'ring crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head, the latest honor due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wished right.
Continue ever, thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king!
But day's bright beams doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wished crown.
Inhuman creature, nurs'd with Tiger's milk,
Why gape thou for thy sovereign's overthrow?
My diadem, I mean, and guiltless life.
See, monster see, I'll wear my crown again!

Puts on crown

What, fear thou not the fury of thy king?
But hapless Edward, thou art fondly led;
They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seeks to make a new elected king;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyred with endless torments;
And in this torment, comfort find I none
But that I feel the crown upon my head;
And therefore let me wear it yet a while.

BISHOP

My Lord, the parliament must have present news,
And therefore say: will you resign or no.

The king rageth.

EDWARD

I'll not resign, but whilst I live, be king!
Traitor be gone, and join thou with Mortimer!
Elect, conspire, install, do what thou will,
Their blood and thine shall seal these treacheries.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER

This answer I'll return, and so farewell.

LEICESTER

Call him again my lord, and speak him fair,
For if he goes, the prince shall lose his right.

EDWARD

Call thou him back, I have no power to speak.

LEICESTER

My lord, the king is willing to resign.

BISHOP

If he be not, let him choose.

EDWARD

O would I might, but heavens and earth conspire
To make me miserable. Here, receive my crown.
Receive it? No, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.
He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be called the murderer of a king,
Take it! What, art thou mov'd? Pity thou me?
Then send for unrelenting Mortimer
And Isabel, whose eyes being turn'd to steel
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.
Yet stay, for rather than I will look on them,
Here, here! (*Gives the Crown*) Now sweet God of heaven,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for aye enthroned in heaven!
Come death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or if I live, let me forget my self.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER

My lord---

EDWARD

Call me not lord, away, out of my sight!
Ah pardon me! Grief makes me lunatic.
Let not that Mortimer protect my son;
More safety is there in a Tiger's jaws
Than his embracements. Bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs;
(He gives a handkerchief)
If with the sight thereof she be not mov'd,
Return it back and dip it in my blood.
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule

Better than I; yet how have I transgress'd,
Unless it be with too much clemency?

BISHOP

And thus, most humbly do I take my leave.

Exeunt BISHOP OF WINCHESTER with the crown.

EDWARD

Farewell, I know the next news that they bring
Will be my death; and welcome shall it be:
To wretched men, death is felicity.

Exeunt omnes

Act Five, Scene Two

Enter MORTIMER, and ISABEL.

MORTIMER

Fair Isabel, now have we our desire;
The proud corrupters of the light-brain'd king
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself lies in captivity.
Be rul'd by me, and we will rule the realm:
Think therefore, madam, that imports us much
To erect your son with all the speed we may,
And that I be protector over him.

ISABELLA

Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,
Be thou persuaded that I love thee well,
And therefore so the prince my son be safe,
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt
And I my self will willingly subscribe.

MORTIMER

First would I hear news he were depos'd,
And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter BISHOP OF WINCHESTER with crown.

Thanks, gentle Winchester.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER
The king hath willingly resign'd his crown.

ISABELLA
O happy news! Send for the prince my son.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER
But we have heard that Edmund laid a plot,
To set his brother free, no more but so.

ISABELLA
Then let some other be his guardian.

Exit WINCHESTER

MORTIMER
Let me alone, here is the privy seal-
Whose there? Call hither Gurney and Matrevis!
To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,
Leicester shall be discharg'd, the king remov'd,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.

ISABELLA
But Mortimer, as long as he survives
What safety rests for us, or for my son?

MORTIMER
Speak, shall he presently be dispatch'd and die?

ISABELLA
I would he were, so 'twere not by my means.

Enter Matrevis and Gurney.

MORTIMER
Enough. Matrevis, write a letter presently
Unto the Lord of Leicester from our self,
That he resign the king to thee and Gurney;
And when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name.

MATREVIS
It shall be done, my lord.
(Writes)

MORTIMER.
Gurney.

GURNEY

My Lord.

MORTIMER

As thou intend'st to rise by Mortimer,
Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he please,
Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,
And neither give him kind word, nor good look.

GURNEY

I warrant you, my lord.

MORTIMER

And this above the rest, because we hear
That Edmund casts to work his liberty,
Remove him still from place to place by night,
And by the way to make him fret the more,
Speak curstly to him; and in any case
Let no man comfort him, if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words.

MATREVIS

Fear not my Lord, we'll do as you command.

MORTIMER

So now away, post thither-wards amain.

ISABELLA

Whither goes this letter, to my lord the king?
Commend me humbly to his Majesty
And tell him that I labour all in vain,
To ease his grief, and work his liberty.
And bear him this, as witness of my love.

Gives a ring.

MATREVIS

I will madam.

Exit MATREVIS and GURNEY

MORTIMER

Finely dissembled! Do so still, sweet Queen.
Here comes the young prince with the Earl of Kent.

ISABELLA

Some thing he whispers in his childish ears.

MORTIMER.

If he have such access unto the prince
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dash'd.

ISABELLA

Use Edmund friendly, as if all were well.

Enter KENT and PRINCE

MORTIMER

How fares my honorable lord of Kent?

KENT

In health, sweet Mortimer; how fares your grace?

ISABELLA

Well, if my Lord your brother were enlarg'd.

KENT

I hear of late he hath depos'd himself.

ISABELLA

The more my grief.

MORTIMER

And mine.

KENT

(Aside) Ah, they do dissemble!

ISABELLA

Sweet son come hither, I must talk with thee.

MORTIMER

Thou, being his uncle, and the next of blood,
Do look to be protector o'er the prince?

KENT

Not I my lord; who should protect the son,
But she that gave him life? I mean the Queen.

PRINCE

Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown!
Let him be king, I am too young to reign.

ISABELLA

But be content, seeing it his highness' pleasure.

PRINCE

Let me but see him first, and then I will.

KENT

Ay, do, sweet Nephew.

ISABELLA

Brother, you know it is impossible.

PRINCE

Why, is he dead?

ISABELLA

No, God forbid!

KENT

I would those words proceeded from your heart.

MORTIMER

Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favor him
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?

KENT

The more cause have I now to make amends.

MORTIMER

(Aside to Isabella)

I tell thee 'tis not meet, that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince.

(To PRINCE)

My lord, he hath betrayed the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.

PRINCE

But he repents, and sorrows for it now.

ISABELLA

Come son, and go with this gentle Lord and me.

PRINCE

With you I will, but not with Mortimer.

MORTIMER

Why youngling, s'dain'st thou so of Mortimer?
Then I will carry thee by force away.

MORTIMER goes to grab PRINCE

PRINCE

Help, uncle Kent! Mortimer will wrong me!

ISABELLA

Brother Edmund, strive not, we are his friends,
Isabel is nearer than the earl of Kent.

KENT

Sister, Edward is my charge; redeem him.

ISABELLA.

Edward is my son, and I will keep him.

Is going off

KENT

(Aside)

Mortimer shall know that he hath wronged me.
Hence will I haste to Killingworth castle
And rescue aged Edward from his foes,
To be reveng'd on Mortimer and thee.

Exeunt omnes

Act Five, Scene Three

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY with the KING and soldiers.

MATREVIS

My lord, be not pensive, we are your friends.
Men are ordain'd to live in misery;
Therefore come, dalliance dangereth our lives.

EDWARD

Friends, whither must unhappy Edward go?
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast
And give my heart to Isabel and him:
It is the chiefest mark they level at.

GURNEY

Not so my liege, the Queen hath given this charge:
To keep your grace in safety,
Your passions make your dolours to increase.

EDWARD

This usage makes my misery increase!
But can my air of life continue long,
When all my senses are annoy'd with stench?
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,
Where I am starv'd for want of sustenance.
My daily diet, is heart breaking sobs
That almost rents the closet of my heart.
Thus lives old Edward not reliev'd by any,
And so must die, though pitied by many.
O water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst,
And clear my body from foul excrements.

MATREVIS

Heres channel-water, as our charge is given.
Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.

EDWARD

Traitors away! What will you murder me?
Or choke your sovereign with puddle water?

GURNEY

No, but wash your face, and shave away your beard
Lest you be known, and so be rescued.

MATREVIS

Why strive you thus? Your labour is in vain.

EDWARD.

The wren may strive against the Lion's strength,
But all in vain; so vainly do I strive
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

They wash him with puddle water, and shave his beard away.

Immortal powers, that knows the painful cares
That waits upon my poor distressed soul,
O level all your looks upon these daring men,
That wrongs their liege and sovereign, England's king!

O Gaveston, it is for thee that I am wrong'd!

MATREVIS

Come, come, away! Now put the torches out,
We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

Enter KENT

GURNEY

How now, who comes there?

MATREVIS

Guard the king sure, it is the earl of Kent.

EDWARD

O gentle brother, help to rescue me!

MATREVIS

Keep them a sunder! Thrust in the king.

KENT

Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.

GURNEY

Lay hands upon the earl for this assault.

KENT

Lay down your weapons, traitors, yield the king!

MATREVIS

Edmund, yield thou thy self, or thou shalt die.

GURNEY

Bind him, and so convey him to the court.

KENT

Where is the court but here? Here is the king,
And I will visit him, why stay you me?

MATREVIS

The court is where lord Mortimer remains,
Thither shall your honour go, and so farewell.

Exit MATREVIS and GURNEY with KING, leaving KENT with soldiers

KENT

O miserable is that common-weal,
Where lords keep courts, and kings are lock'd in prison!

Exeunt omnes.

Act Five, Scene Four

Enter MORTIMER alone

MORTIMER

The king must die, or Mortimer goes down,
The commons now begin to pity him,
Yet he that is the cause of Edwards death,
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age;
And therefore will I do it cunningly.
This letter, written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, thus shall it go.
Within this room is lock'd the messenger
That shall convey it, and perform the rest;
And by a secret token that he bears
Shall he be murder'd when the deed is done.
Lightborn, Come forth.

Enter LIGHTBORN.

Art thou as resolute as thou wast ?

LIGHTBORN

What else my lord? And far more resolute.

MORTIMER

And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?

LIGHTBORN

Ay, Ay, and none shall know which way he died.

MORTIMER

But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent.

LIGHTBORN

Relent, ha, ha! I use much to relent.

MORTIMER

Well, do it bravely, and be secret.

LIGHTBORN

You shall not need to give instructions;
'Tis not the first time I have kill'd a man.
I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers,
To strangle with a lawn thrust through the throat,
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needle's point,
Or whilst one is a sleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his ears,
Or open his mouth, and pour quicksilver down.
But yet I have a braver way then these.

MORTIMER

Whats that?

LIGHTBORN

Nay, you shall pardon me. None shall know my tricks.

MORTIMER

I care not how it is, so it be not spied:
Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis,
Gives him a letter
At every ten miles' end thou hast a horse.
Take this, away! And never see me more.

LIGHTBORN

No?

MORTIMER

No, unless thou bring me news of Edward's death.

LIGHTBORN

That will I quickly do. Farewell my lord.
Exit.

MORTIMER

The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
The proudest lords salute me as I pass;
I seal, I cancel, I do what I will.
Fear'd am I more then lov'd, let me be fear'd,
And when I frown, make all the court look pale.
They thrust upon me the Protectorship,
And sue to me for that that I desire.
Now is all sure, the Queen and Mortimer
Shall rule the realm, the king; and none rule us.
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance;
And what I list command who dare control?

And that this be the coronation day,
It pleaseth me, and Isabel the Queen.

Trumpets within.

The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

Enter PRINCE (Edward III), ISABELLA, ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY,

ARCHBISHOP

Long live King Edward, by the grace of God
King of England, and Lord of Ireland.

Drinks.

ISABELLA

Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

Enter Soldiers with KENT prisoner.

MORTIMER

What traitor have we there with blades and bills?

SOLDIER

Edmund, the Earl of Kent.

KING EDWARD III

What hath he done?

SOLDIER

'A would have ta'en the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

MORTIMER

Did you attempt his rescue? Edmund speak.

KENT

Mortimer, I did. He is our king
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.

MORTIMER

Strike off his head. He shall have martial law.

KENT

Strike off my head? Base traitor, I defy thee.

KING EDWARD III

My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.

MORTIMER

My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.

KENT

Stay villains.

KING EDWARD III

Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Entreat my lord Protector for his life.

ISABELLA

Son, be content, I dare not speak a word.

KING EDWARD III

Nor I, and yet me thinks I should command.
But seeing I cannot, I'll entreat for him:
My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.

MORTIMER

'Tis for your highness' good, and for the realms.
(*To his soldiers*) How often shall I bid you bear him hence?

KENT

Art thou king? Must I die at thy command?

MORTIMER

At our command. Once more away with him.

KENT

Let me but stay and speak. I will not go!
Either my brother or his son is king,
And none of both them thirst for Edmund's blood.
And therefore soldiers whether will you hale me?

Soldiers take KENT away to be beheaded.

KING EDWARD III

(*To Isabella*) What safety may I look for at his hands
If that my Uncle shall be murdered thus?

ISABELLA

Fear not sweet boy, I'll guard thee from thy foes.
Had Edmund liv'd, he would have sought thy death.
Come son, we'll ride a hunting in the park.

KING EDWARD III

And shall my Uncle Edmund ride with us?

ISABELLA

He is a traitor, think not on him, come.

Exeunt omnes.

Act Five, Scene Five

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY

MATREVIS

Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the castle run,
From whence a damp continually ariseth
That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king, brought up so tenderly.

GURNEY

And so do I, Matrevis. Yesternight
I opened but the door to throw him meat,
And I was almost stifled wit the savour.

MATREVIS

He hath a body able to endure
More then we can inflict, and therefore now
Let us assail his mind another while.

GURNEY

Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

MATREVIS

But stay, whose this?

Enter LIGHTBORN.

LIGHTBORN

My lord protector greets you.

Gives letter.

GURNEY
Whats here?

LIGHTBORN
Know you this token? I must have the king.

Gives token.

MATREVIS
Ay, stay a while, thou shalt have answer straight.
(*To Gurney*) This villain's sent to make away the king.

GURNEY
I thought as much.

MATREVIS
And when the murders done,
See how he must be handled for his labour.
(*to lightborn*) What else? Here is the keys, this is the lake,
Do as you are commanded by my lord.

LIGHTBORN
I know what I must do. Get you away;
Yet be not far off, I shall need your help.
See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red hot.

MATREVIS
Very well.

GURNEY
Need you any thing besides?

LIGHTBORN
What else? A table.

GURNEY
Thats all?

LIGHTBORN
Ay, Ay. So when I call you, bring it in.

MATREVIS
Fear not you that.

GURNEY

Here's a light to go into the dungeon.

Exit MATREVIS and GURNEY

LIGHTBORN

So, now

Must I about this gear; ne'er was there any

So finely handled as this king shall be,

Foh, heres a place indeed with all my heart!

EDWARD is discovered.

EDWARD

Who's there? What light is that? Wherefore comes thou?

LIGHTBORN

To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

EDWARD

Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.

Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

LIGHTBORN

To murder you my most gracious lord?

Far is it from my heart to do you harm.

The Queen sent me to see how you were used,

For she relents at this your misery.

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,

To see a king in this most piteous state?

EDWARD

Weep'st thou already? List a while to me:

This dungeon where they keep me is the sink

Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

LIGHTBORN

O villains!

EDWARD

And there in mire and puddle have I stood

This ten days' space, and lest that I should sleep,

One plays continually upon a drum.

They give me bread and water, being a king;

So that for want of sleep and sustenance,

My mind's distemper'd and my body's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.

LIGHTBORN

O speak no more my lord, this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest your self a while.

EDWARD

These looks of thine can harbor nought but death;
I see my tragedy written in thy brows--
Yet stay a while; forbear thy bloody hand
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

LIGHTBORN

What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

EDWARD

What means thou to dissemble with me thus?

LIGHTBORN

These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

EDWARD

Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left, receive thou this.

Gives him a jewel.

Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harbor'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind and save thy soul!
Know that I am a king-- oh, at that name
I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown?
Gone! Gone! and do I remain alive?

LIGHTBORN

You're overwatch'd my lord, lie down and rest.

EDWARD

But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep,
For not these ten days have these eyes lids clos'd.

Now as I speak they fall; and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sits thou hear?

LIGHTBORN

If you mistrust me, I'll be gone my lord.

EDWARD

No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay.

He closes eyes.

LIGHTBORN

He sleeps.

EDWARD

(Waking) O let me not die yet! Stay! Oh stay a while.

LIGHTBORN

How now, my Lord?

EDWARD

Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep I never wake.
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus;
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

LIGHTBORN

To rid thee of thy life. Matrevis come!

MATREVIS and GURNEY enter

EDWARD

I am too weak and feeble to resist.
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!

LIGHTBORN

Run for the table. And get me the spit.

MATREVIS and GURNEY exit for table

EDWARD

O spare me or dispatch me in a trice!

MATREVIS and GURNEY return with table.

LIGHTBORN

So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, least that you bruise his body.
The spit!

They hold down Edward, and LIGHTBORN sodomizes him with the red hot spit. EDWARD dies.

MATREVIS

I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore let us take horse and away.

LIGHTBORN

Tell me sirs, was it not bravely done?

GURNEY

Excellent well, take this for thy reward.

GURNEY stabs LIGHTBORN

Come let us cast the body in the moat
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord.
Away!

Exeunt omnes.

Act Five, Scene Six

Enter MORTIMER and ISABELLA, seperately

ISABELLA

Ah, Mortimer! The king my son hath news
His father's dead, and we have murdered him.

MORTIMER

What if he have? The king is yet a child.

ISABELLA

Ay, but he tears his hair and wrings his hands
And vows to be reveng'd upon us both;
Into the council chamber he is gone
To crave the aide and succour of his peers.
Ay me, see where he comes, and they with him!
Now Mortimer begins our tragedy.

Enter KING EDWARD III with LORDS

LORD 1

Fear not my lord, know that you are a king.

KING EDWARD III

Villain!

MORTIMER

How now my lord?

KING EDWARD III

Think not that I am frightened with thy words.
My father's murdered through thy treachery,
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse
Thy hateful and accursed head shall lie,
To witness to the world that by thy means
His kingly body was too soon interr'd.

ISABELLA

Weep not, sweet son.

KING EDWARD III

Forbid not me to weep! He was my father,
And had you lov'd him half so well as I
You could not bear his death thus patiently.
But you, I fear, conspir'd with Mortimer.

MORTIMER

Who is the man dare say I murdered him?

KING EDWARD III

Traitor! In me my loving father speaks,
And plainly saith 'twas thou that murder'dst him.

MORTIMER

But hath your grace no other proof than this?

KING EDWARD III

Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.

Shows the letter.

MORTIMER

(To Isabella) False Gurney hath betrayed me and himself.

ISABELLA

I fear'd as much! Murder cannot be hid.

MORTIMER

'Tis my hand; what gather you by this.

KING EDWARD III

That thither thou didst send a murderer.

MORTIMER

What murderer? Bring forth the man I sent.

KING

Ah Mortimer, thou know'st that he is slain!
And so shalt thou be too. Why stays he here?
Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth!
Hang him I say, And set his quarters up.--
But bring his head back presently to me.

ISABELLA

For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer.

MORTIMER

Madam, entreat not, I will rather die
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.

KING EDWARD III

Hence with the traitor, with the murderer.

MORTIMER

Base fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel
There is a point, to which when men aspire,
They tumble headlong down; that point I touch'd,
And seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
Why should I grieve at my declining fall?
Farewell fair Queen, weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and as a traveller,
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

KING EDWARD III

What, suffer you the traitor to delay?

Guard removes MORTIMER

ISABELLA

As thou received'st thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer.

KING EDWARD III

This argues, that you spilt my fathers blood,
Else would you not entreat for Mortimer.

ISABELLA

I spill his blood? No.

KING EDWARD III

Ay, madam, you; for so the rumor runs.

ISABELLA

That rumor is untrue! For loving thee,
Is this report rais'd on poor Isabel.

KING EDWARD III

Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower
Till further trial may be made thereof.
If you be guilty, though I be your son,
Think not to find me slack or pitiful.

ISABELLA

Nay, to my death; for too long have I liv'd,
When as my son thinks to abridge my days.

KING EDWARD III

Away with her! Her words enforce these tears,
And I shall pity her if she speak again.

ISABELLA

Shall I not mourn for my beloved lord,
And with the rest accompany him to his grave?

LORD 2

Thus madam, 'tis the kings will you shall hence.

ISABELLA

He hath forgotten me. Stay, I am his mother.

LORD 2

That boots not; therefore gentle madam go.

ISABELLA

Then come sweet death, and rid me of this grief.

Exit ISABELLA and LORD 2. LORD 1 returns with Mortimer's head.

LORD 1

My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.

KING EDWARD III

Go fetch my father's hearse, where it shall lie;
And bring my funeral robes. Accursed head,
Could I have rul'd thee then as I do now,
Thou hadst not hatch'd this monstrous treachery!
Here comes the hearse. Help me to mourn, my lords.
Sweet father, here unto thy murder'd ghost
I offer up this wicked traitor's head,
And let these tears distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and innocence.