

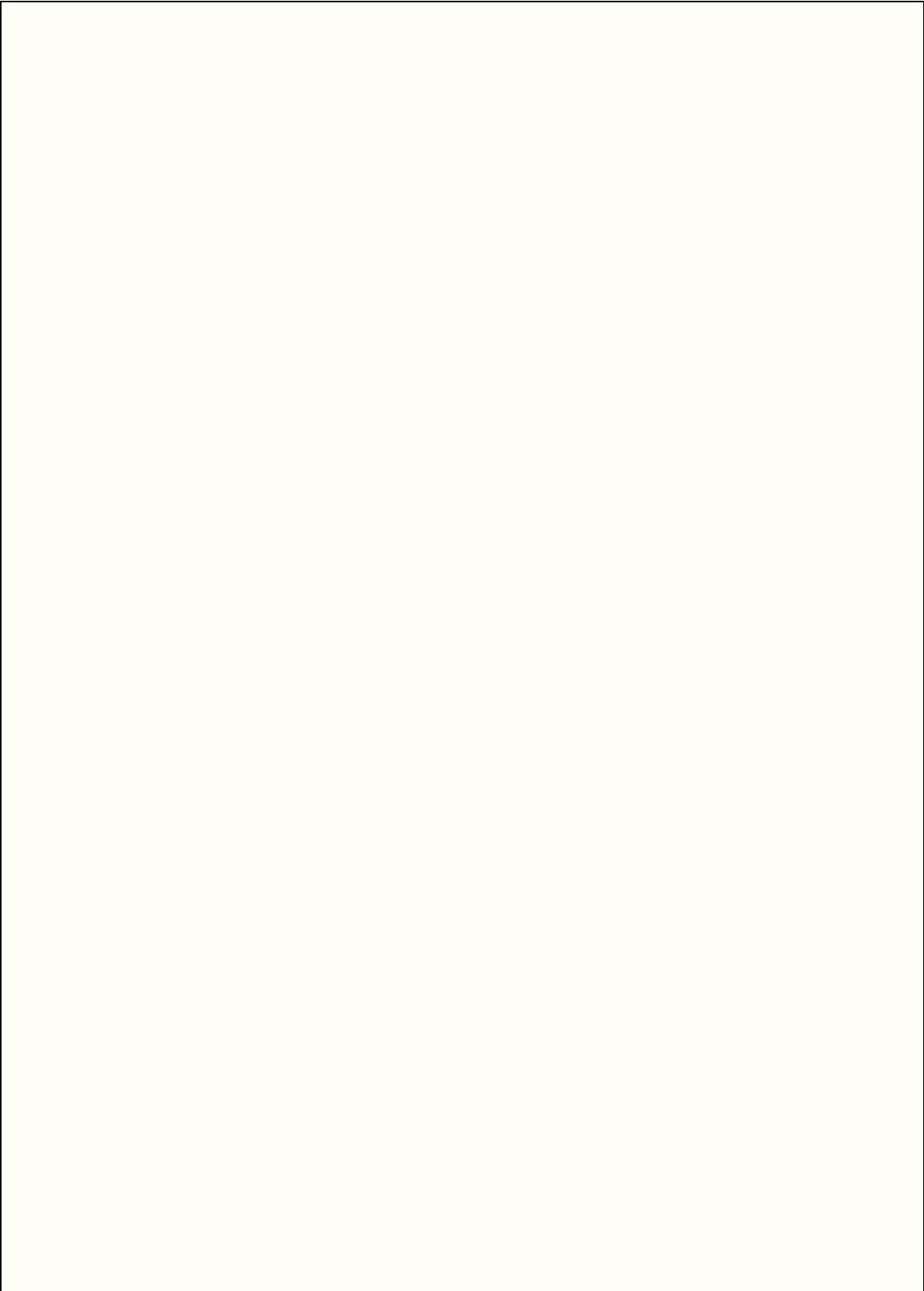
CERTAINE DE-

u//es and fhewes prefented to
her MAIESTIE by the Gentlemen of
Grayes-Inne at her Highnesse Court in
Greenewich , *the twenty eighth day of*
Februarie in the thirtieth yeare of her
MAIESTIES moft happy
Raigne.

{printer's device}

AT LONDON

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1587.



A N INTRODVCTI-

on penned by Nicolas Trotte

*Gentleman one of the society of Grayes-Inne ; which
was pronounced in manner following . viz. Three
Mufes came vpon the Stage apparelled accordingly
bringing fiue Gentlemen Students with them attired*

*in their vsuall garments,whom one of the Mufes preferen-
ted to her MAIESTIE as Captiues: the caufe
whereof fhe deliuered by fpeech
as followeth.*

O F Conqueft (gratious Queene) the figs & fruits,
Atchiu'd gainft fuch, as wrongfully withheld
The feruice by choice wits to *Mufes* due;
In humblieft wife, thefe Captiues we prefent.
And leaft your highnes might fufpect the gift 5
As spoile of Warre, that Iuftice might impeach;
Heare and difcerne how iuft our quarrell was
Auowed (as you fee) by good fucceffe.
A Dame there is, whom men *Aftrea* terme,
Sh ee that pronounceth Oracles of Lawes, 10
Who to prepare fit feruants for her traine
As by Commiffion takes vp flowring wits,
Whom firft fhe fchooleth to forget and fcorne
The noble skills of language and of Arts,
The wifedome, which difcourfe of ftories teach, 15
The ornaments which various knowledge yeelds;
But Poefie fhe hath in moft difdaine,
And Marfhals it next Follyes fcorned place.
Then, when fhe hath thefe worthy Prints defac'd
Out of the minds that can endure her hand, 20
What doth fhe then fupplie in fteede of thefe?
Forfooth fome olde reports of altered lawes,
Clamors of Courts, and cauls vpon words,

Grounds

<π2r>

Grounds without ground, supported by conceit,	
And reafons of more subtiltie then fenfe,	25
What fhall I fay of Moote points ftraunge, and doubts	
Still argued but neuer yet agreed?	
And fhee, that doth deride the Poets lawe,	
Beaufe he muft his words in order place,	
Forgets her formes of pleading more precife,	30
More bound to words then is the Poets lore:	
And for thefe fine conceits fhe fitly chofe,	
A tongue that Barbarifme it felfe doth vfe.	
We noting all thefe wrongs did long expect	
There hard condition w ^o uld haue made them wife,	35
To offer vs their feruife plac'd fo ill,	
But finding them addicted to their choyce,	
And fpecially defirous to prefent	
You Maieftie with fruits of Prouince newe,	
Now did refolue to double force and skill,	40
And found and vfde the vantage of the time,	
Surprifde their fort, and tooke them Captiues all.	
So now fubmiffe, as to their ftate belongs	
They gladly yeelde their homage long withdrawne,	
And Poetry which they did moft contemne	45
They glory now her fauours for to weare.	
My fifters laught to fee them take the penne,	
And lofe their wits all in vnwoonted walkes.	
But to your highnes that delight we leaue,	
To fee thefe Poets newe their Stile aduaunce.	50
Such as they are, or naught or litle worth,	
Deigne to accept, and therewith we befeech,	
That nouelty giue price to worthlefse things.	
¶ Vnto this fpeech one of the Gentlemen answered as followeth.	
G OOD Ladies vnacquaint with cunning reach,	
And eafly led to glory in your powre,	55
Heare now abafht our late diffembled minds.	

Not

Not now the first time as your felues beft knowe.	
Ye Mufes fought our feruice to commaund,	
Oft haue ye wandred from Pernaffus hill,	
And fhewed your felues with fweet & tempting grace,	60
But yet returnd your traine encreafde with fewe.	
This refolution doth continue ftill.	
Vnto <i>Aftreas</i> name we hounour beare ,	
Whofe found perfektions we doe more admire,	
Then all the wanted ftore of Mufes guifts .	65
Let this be one (which laft you put in vre,	
In well deprauing that deferueth praife)	
No eloquence, difguifing reafons fhape,	
Nor Poetrie, each vaine affections nurce,	
No various hiftorie that doth leade the minde	70
Abroad to auncient tales from infant vfe,	
Nor thefe, nor other moe, too long to note,	
Can winne <i>Aftreas</i> feruants to remoue	
Their feruice,once deuote to better things.	
They with attentiu mindes and ferious wits,	75
Reuolue records of deepe Iudiciall Acts,	
They waigh with fteaddy and indifferent hand	
Each word of lawe, each circumftance of right,	
They hold the grounds which time & vfe hath footh'd	
(Though fhallow fenfe conceiue them as conceits)	80
Prefumptuous fenfe,whofe ignorance dare iudge	
Of things remou'd by reafon from her reach.	
One doubt in mootes by argument encreafc'd	
Cleares many doubt ^s , experience doth obiect.	
The language fhe firft chofe,and ftill retaines,	85
Exhibites naked truth in apteft termes.	
Our Induftrie maintaineth vnimpeach't	
Prerogatiue of Prince,refpect to Peeres,	
The Commons libertie,and each mans right:	
Suppreffeth mutin force,and prackticke fraude.	90
	Things,

<π3r>

Things that for worth our ftudious care deferue.
 Yet neuer did we banifh nor reiect
 Thofe ornaments of knowledge nor of touns.
 That flander enuious ignorance did raife.
 With Mufes ftill we entercourfe allowe, 95
 T'enrich our ftate with all there forreine freight:
 But neuer homage nor acknowledgement
 Such as of Subiects alleageance doth require.
 Now heere the caufe of your late Conqueft wonne
 We had difcouered your intent to be 100
 (And fure ye.Ladies are not fecretre all
 Speach and not filence is the Mufes grace)
 We well perceiu'd (I fay) your minde to be
 T'imploie fuch prifoners,as themfelues did yeeld
 To ferue a Queene,for whom her pureft gold 105
 Nature refind,that fhe might therein fette
 Both priuate and imperiall vertues all.
 Thus (Soueraigne Lady of our lawes and vs)
 Zeale may tranfforme vs into any fhape.
 We,which with trembling hand the penne did guide 110
 Neuer well pleafde all for defire to pleafe
 For ftill your rare perfections did occurre
 VVhich are admir'd of Mufes and of men
 Oh with howe fteddie hand and heart affur'd
 Should we take vp the warlicke Lance or Sword 115
 VVith minde refolu'd to fpend our loyall blood
 Your leaft commaund with fpeede to execute.
 O that before our time the fleeting fhippe,
 Ne'r wandred had in watery wildernes,
 That we might firft that venture vndertake 120
 In ftrange attempt t'approue our loyall hearts.
 Be it Souldiers,Seamen,Poets,or what els.
 In feruice once inioynd,to ready mindes
 Our want of vfe fhould our deuoyer encreafe.

Now

<π3v>

Now fincein fteade of art we bring but zeale, 125
In fteade of prayfe we humbly pardon craue.
The matter which we purpofe to prefent,
Since ftreights of time our liberty controwles
In tragike note the plagues of vice recounts.
How futes a Tragedie for fuch a time? 130
Thus. For that fince your facred Maieftie
In gracious hands the regall Scepter held
All Tragedies are fled from State,to ftadge.

Nicholas Trotte.

<π4r>

The misfortunes of Arthur (V-

*ther Pendragons Sonne) reduced into Tragicall notes
by THOMAS HVGHES one of the societie of
Grayes-Inne. And here fet downe as it past from vnder
his handes and as it was presented , excepting certaine 5
wordes and lines, where some of the Actors either helped
their memories by brief omiffion: or fitted their acting by
some alteration . With a note in the ende, of such spea-
ches as were penned by others in lue of some of these
hereafter following.*

10

<π4v>

The argument of the

Tragedie.

A T a banquet made by *Vther Pendragon* for the folemnifying of his conquest against the Saxons,he fell inamoured with *Igerna* wife to *Gorlois* Duke of *Cornwell*. Who perceiuing the Kings paffion, departed with his wife and prepared warres at *Cornwell*, where alfo in a ftrong holde beyond him hee placed her 5
Then the King leuied an armye to fuppreffe him, but waxing impatient of his defire to *Igerna*, transformed himfelfe by *Merlin* his cunning, into the likeneffe of *Gorlois* , And after his acceptance with *Igerna* he returned to his fiedge,where he flew *Gorlois*. *Igerna* was deliuered of *Arthur* and *Anne* twins of the fame birth. *Vther Pendragon* 15. yeres after pur- 10
fuing the *Saxons* was by them poyfoned. *Arthur* delighted in his fifter *Anne*, who made him father of *Mordred*. Seuenteene yeres after *Lucius Tiberius* of Rome demanded a tribute due by the conquest of *Cæfar*. *Arthur* gathered the powers of 13. Kinges besides his owne,and leauing his Queene *Gueneuora* in the tuition of *Mordred*,to whome likewife he committed the kingdome in his abfence , arri- 15
ued at *Fraunce*, where after 9. yeares warres, he fent the flaine bodie of *Tiberius* vnto *Rome* for the tribute. During this abfence *Mordred* grew ambitious, for th’effecting whereof he made loue to *Gueneuora*, who gaue eare vnto him.Then by th’affiftance of *Gilla* a *Brittish* Lord hee vfurped, and for maintenance enter- 20
tayned with large promifes, the *Saxons*,*Irish*,*Pictes*,& *Normands*. *Gueneuora* hearing that *Arthur* w as alreadie embarked for returne, through difpaire purpofing diuerfly,fometimes to kill her husband,fometimes to kill her felfe,at laft refolued to enter into religion. *Arthur* at his landing was refifted on the ftronds of *Douer*, where he put *Mordred* to flight. The laft field was fought at *Cornwell*, where after the death of one hundred and twentie thoufand fauing on either fide 20, 25
Mordred receiued his death,and *Arthur* his deadly wound.

¶ The Argument and manner of the

firft dumbe fhewe.

S Ounding the musicke, there rofe three furies from vnder the ftage apparelled ac-
cordingly with fnakes and flames about their blacke haires and garments. The
first with a Snake in the right hande and a cup of wine with a Snake athwart the
cup in the left hand. The fecond with a firebrand in the right hande, and a Cupid in
the left : The thirde with a whippe in the right hande and a Pægafus in the left. 5
VVhiles they went masking about the ftage,there came from another place three Nuns
which walked by them felues . Then after a full fight giuen to the beholders, they all
parted, the furies to *Mordreds* houle,the Nuns to the Cloifter. By the first furie with
the Snake and Cup was fignified the Banquet of *Vther Pendragon*, and afterward his
death which infued by poyfoned cup . The fecond furie with her firebrand & Cupid 10
repreftented *Vthers* vnlawfull heate and loue conceyued at the banquet , which neuer
ceafted in his pofteritie.By the third with her whip and Pægafus was prefigured the cru-
eltie and ambition which thence infued and continued to th’effecting of this tragidie.
By the Nuns was fignified the remorfe and difpaire of *Gueneuora*, that wanting other
hope tooke a Nunrie for her refuge. After their departure, the fowre which repreftented 15
the Chorus tooke their places.

A<1r> The

{****}

The argument of the first Act.

- 1
- I
- N the first scene the spirit of **Gorlois** Duke of Cornwall, the man first & most wronged in this historie being dispoild both of Wife , Dukedome and life craueth reuenge for these iniuries,denouncing the whole misfortune infuing .
- 2
- In the second scene. **Gueneuora** hearing that **Arthur** was on Seas returning, desperately manaceth his death,from which intent she is diffwaded by **Fronia**,a Lady of her Court & priuie to her secretes .
- 3
- In the third sceue **Gueneuora** perplexedly mindeth her owne death, whence being difwaded by her sifter she resolueth to enter into Religion.
- 4
- In the fourth scene **Mordred** goeth about to perfwade **Gueneuora** to perfist in her loue , but misfeth thereof : And then is exhorted by **Conan**(a noble mā of **Brytain**)to reconcile himselfe to his Father at his comming , but refufeth so to doe and resolueth to keepe him from landing by battaile.
- 5
- 10
- 15

The names of the speakers.

Gorlois Duke of Cornwalls ghoft.	Cheldrich Duke of Saxonie.
Gueneuora the Queéene.	The Lorde of the Pictes.
Fronia a Lady of her trayne.	Arthur King of great Brytain.
Angharad sifter to the Queéene.	Cador Duke of Cornwall.
Mordred the Ufurper.	Hoel King of little Brittain.
Conan a faithfull counfeller.	The Heralt from Mordred.
Nuntius of Arthurs landing.	Afchillus King of Denmarke.
The Heralt from Arthur.	The King of Norwaye.
Gawin King of Albanie.	A number of Souldiers.
Gilla : a Brytishe Earle.	Nuntius of the laft battell.
Gillamor king of Ireland.	Gildas a noble man of Brytain.

C H O R V S.

{****}

<A1v>

THE FIRST ACT
and first scene.

Gorlois.

GORL: S Ince thus through channells blacke of Limbo lake,
And déepe infernall floude of Stygian pöole,
The gaftly Caron's boate tranported backe
Thy ghoft,from Pluto's pittes and glowming fhades,
To former light once loft by Deftnies döome: 5
Where proude Pendragon broylde with shamefull luft,
Dispoylde theé erft of wife,of lande, and life:
Nowe (Gorlois) worke thy wiſh,caſt here thy gaule,
Glutte on reuenge : thy wrath abhorrs delays.
What though (befides Pendragons poyſoned end) 10
The vile reproch he wrought thee by thy phere,
Through déepe increafe of crymes alike is plagude?
And that the flame thou ſuffredſt for his luſts,
Reboundeth backe,and ſtifeleth in his ſtocke?
Yet is not miſchiefe's meafure all fulilde, 15
Nor wreake ſufficient wrought : Thy murdered corſe
And Dukedome reft, for heauier vengeance cries.
Come therefore bloömes of fetled miſchiefes röote,
Come ech thing elſe, what furie can inuent,
Wreake all at once,infect the ayre with plagues, 20
Till badd to worſe , till worſe to worſt be turnde.
Let miſchiefes know no meane , nor plagues an end.
Let th'offsprings finne exceéde the former ſtocke:
Let none haue time to hate his former fault,
But ſtill with freſh ſupplie let puniſht cryme 25
Increafe, till tyme it make a complet finne.
Goe to : ſome fact, which no age ſhall allowe,
Nor yet conceale : ſome fact muſt néedes be darde,
That for the horror great and outrage fell
Thereof,may well befeeme Pendragons bröode. 30
And firſt, whiles Arthurs nauies homewards flott
Triumphantly bedeckt with Romaine ſpoyles:
Let Guenouer expreſſe what franticke möodes
Distract a wife, when wronging wedlockes rights,
Both fonde and fell, ſhe loues and loathes at once. 35
Let déepe diſpaire purſue,till loathing life
Her hatefull heade in cowle and cloiſter lurke.
Let traiterous Mordred kéépe his fire from ſhoare.
Let Bryttaine reſt a pray for forreine powers ,
Let ſworde and fire ſtill fedde with mutuall ſtrife 40
Tourne all the Kings to ghoaſtes, let ciuill warres
And diſcorde ſwell till all the realme be torne.
Euen in that foyle whereof my ſelfe was Duke,
Where firſt my ſpowſe Igerna brake her vowe,
Where this vngracious offspring was begotte, 45
In Cornwell, there, let Mordreds death declare,

A 2<r> Let

A R T H V R .

50

55

60

65

Exit.

Gneneuora. Fronia.

5

10

15

20

<A2v>

Sufficed

<i>A R T H V R .</i>		5
	Sufficed for thy foyle : yet fhalt thou finde	25
	Farre woorfe at home : Thy deepe displeafed fpowfe.	
	What e’r thou haft fubdude in all thy ftay,	
	This hand fhall nowe fubdue : then ftay thy fill.	
	What’s this? my mind recoyls,and yrkes thefe threats:	
	Anger delayes,my grief gynnes to affwage,	30
	My furie faintes,and facred wedlockes faith	
	Prefents it felfe. Why fhunft thou fearefull wrath?	
	Add coals a frefhe, preferue me to this venge.	
	At left exyle thy felfe to realms vnknownen,	
	And fteale his wealth to helpe thy banifht ftate,	35
	For flight is beft. O bafe and hartleffe feare.	
	Theft? exyle? flight? all thefe may Fortune fende	
	Unfought : but thee befeémes more high reuenge.	
	Come fpitefull fiends,come heapes of furies fell,	
	Not one, by one, but all at once : my breaft	40
	Raues not inough : it likes me to be filde	
	With greater monfters yet. My hart doth throbbe:	
	My liuer boyles: fome what my minde portendes,	
	Uncertayne what : but whatfoeuer,it’s huge.	
	So it excede,be what it will : it’s well.	45
	Omit no plague,and none will be inough.	
	Wrong cannot be reueng’d,but by exceffe.	
FRON.	O fpare this heate: you yeélde too much to rage,	
	Y’are too vniuft : is there no meane in wrong?	
GVEN.	Wrong claymes a meane,when firft you offer wronge,	50
	The meane is vaine, when wrong is in reuenge.	
	Great harmes cannot be hidde,the grieve is fmall,	
	That can receaue aduife,or rule it felfe.	
FRON.	Hatred concealde doth often happe to hurte,	
	But once profest,it oftner failes reuenge.	55
	How better tho, wert to repreffe your yre?	
	A Ladies beft reuenge is to forgiue.	
	What meane is in your hate? how much foe’r	
	You can inuent,or dare: fo much you hate.	
GVEN.	And would you knowe what meane there is in hate?	60
	Call loue to minde,and feé what meane is there.	
	My loue, redoubled loue,and conftant faith	
	Engaged vnto Mordred workes fo deepe:	
	That both my hart and marrow quite be burnt,	
	And fynewes dried with force of wöntleffe flames,	65
	Defire to ioy him ftill,torments my mynde:	
	Feare of his want doth add a double grieve.	
	Loe here the loue, that ftirres this meaneleffe hate.	
FRON.	Eschew it farre: fuch loue impugnes the lawes.	
GVEN.	Unlawfull loue doth like,when lawfull lothes.	70
FRON.	And is your loue of huf bande quite extinct?	
GVEN.	The greater flame muft néedes delay the leffe.	
	Befides,his fore reuenge I greatly feare.	
FRON.	How can you then attempt a frefh offence?	
GVEN.	Who can appoint a ftint to her offence?	75
<i>A 3<r></i>		But

FRON. But here the greatneffe of the fact should moue.
GVEN. The greater it,the fitter for my griefe:
FRON. To kill your spowfe? GVEN. A ftranger,and a foe.
FRON. Your leidge and king? GVEN. He wants both Realme and Crowne.
FRON. Nature affordes not to your sexe fuch ftrength. 80
GVEN. Loue, anguifh,wrath, will foone afforde inough.
FRON. What rage is this ? GVEN. Such as himfelfe fhall rue.
FRON. Whom Gods doe preffe inough, will you annoy?
GVEN. Whom Gods doe preffe, they bende : whom man annoyes,
He breakes. FRON. Your griefe is more then his defertes: 85
Ech fault requires an equall hate : be not feure,
Where crimes be light : as you haue felt, fo greéue.
GVEN. And feémes it light to want him nine yeare fpace?
Then to be fpoild of one I hold more deare?
Thinke all to much,b’it ne’r fo iuft,that feédes 90
Continuall griefe:the lafting woe is worft.
FRON. Yet let your highneffe fhun thefe desperate moods,
Caft of this rage,and fell difpofed minde.
Put not fhame quite to flight,haue fome regard
Both of your fex,and future fame of life. 95
Ufe no fuch cruell thoughts, as farre exceéde
A manly minde,much more a womans hart.
GVEN. Well:fhame is not fo quite exiled,but that
I can,and will respect your fage aduife.
Your Counfell I accept,gine leaue a while, 100
Till fiery wrath may flake,and rage relent. Exit FRON.

The third fcene.

Gueneuora. Angharat.

GVEN. T HE loue,that for his rage will not be rulde,
Muft be refrainde:fame fhall receiue no foile.
Let Arthur liue,whereof to make him fure,
My felfe will dye,and fo preuent his harmes.
Why ftayeft thou thus amazde O flouthfull wrath? 5
Mischiefe is meant,difpatch it on thy felfe.
ANGH. Her breaft not yet appeafde from former rage
Hath chaungde her wrath,which wanting meanes to worke
An others woe,(for fuch is furies wóont,)
Seékes out his owne,and raues vpon it felfe. 10
Affwage(alas)that ouer feruent ire,
Through to much anger,you offend too much:
Thereby the rather you deferue to liue,
For feéming worthy in your felfe to dye.
GVEN. Death is decreéd:what kinde of death,I doubt: 15
Whether to dround,or ftifill vp his breath.
On forcing bloud,to dye with dint of knife.
All hope of prosperous hap is gone,my fame,
My faith,my fpoufe:no good is left vnloft:
My felfe am left,ther’s left both feas and lands, 20
<A3v> And

A R T H V R		7
	And fword,and fire,and chaines,and choice of harmes. O gnawing eafeleffe griefe.Who now can heale My maymed minde?it muft be heald e by death.	
ANGH.	No mifchiefe muft be done,whiles I be by, Or if there muft,there muft be more then one. If death it be you feeke,I feéke,it too: Alone you may not die,with me you may.	25
GVEN.	They,that will driue th'unwilling to their death, Or frufrate death in thofe, that faine would die, Offend alike. They fpoile, that booteleffe fpare.	30
ANGH.	But will my teares and mournings moue you nought?	
GVEN.	Then is it beft to die,when friends doe mourne.	
ANGH.	Ech where is death:that,fates haue well ordainde, That ech man may bereaue himfelfe of life, But none of death:death is fo fure a doome: A thoufand ways doe guide vs to our graues. Who then can euer come too late to that, Whence, when h'is come, he neuer can returne? Or what auailles to haften on our ends, And long for that, which deftenies hauefworne?	35 40
	Looke backe in time,to late is to repent, When furious rage hath once cut of the choice.	
GVEN.	Death is an end of paine,no paine it felfe. If't meéte a plague,for fuch exceffiue wrong, Should be fo fhort?Soould one ftroke anfwere all? And wouldft thou dye?Well:that contents the lawes, What then for Arthurs ire? What for thy fame, Which thou haft ftainde?What for thy ftocke thou fhamft? Not death,nor life alone can giue a full Reuenge:ioyne both in one.Die:and yet liue· Where paine may not be oft,let it be long. Seéke out fome lingering death,whereby,thy corfe May neither touch the dead,nor ioy the quicke. Dye:but no common death:paffe Natures boundes.	45 50
ANGH.	Set plaintes afide,despaire yeélds no reliefe. The more you fearch a wounde,the more it ftings.	55
GVEN.	When guiltie mindes torment them felues,they heale: Whiles woundes be cur'd,griefe is a falue for griefe.	
ANGH.	Griefe is no iuft efteémer of our deédes: What fo hath yet beéne done,proceédes from chaunce.	60
GVEN.	The minde,and not the chaunce, doth make th'unchaft,	
ANGH.	Then is your fault from Fate,you reft excufde: None can be deémed faultie for her Fate.	
GVEN.	No Fate, but manners fayle, when we offende. Impute mifhaps to Fates, to manners faultes.	65
ANGH.	Loue is an error, that may blinde the beft.	
GVEN.	A mightie error oft hath feémde a finne. My death i s vowed,and death muft neédes take place. But fuch a death, as ftandes with iuft remorfe: Death,to the worlde,and to her flipperie ioyes: A full deuorce from all this Courtly pompe.	70
<A4r>		Where

A R T H V R .

Which to accomplifh: pray my deereft friends,
That they forthwith attyrde in faddeft guife, 75
Conduct me to the Cloifter next hereby,
There to profefse, and to renounce the world.

Exit.

The fourth scene.

Mordred. Gueneuora. Conan.

MORD. T HE houre which earst I always feared most,
The certaine ruine of my desperate state,
Is happened now: why turnst thou (minde) thy back?
Why at the first assault doest thou recoile?
Trust to't: the angry Heauens contriue some spight, 5
And dreadfull doome, t'augment thy curfed hap.
Oppose to ech reuenge thy guiltie heade,
And shun no paine nor plague fit for thy fact.
What shouldst thou feare, that feélt not what to hope?
No danger's left before, all's at thy backe. 10
He safely stands, that stands beyond his harmes.
Thine (death) is all, that East, or West can féé,
For theé we liue, our comming is not long,
Spare vs, but whiles we may prepare our graues,
Though thou wert flowe, we hasten of our felues. 15
The houre that gaue, did also take our liues:
No sooner men, then mortall were we borne.
I féé mine end drawes on, I fééle my plagues.
GVEN. No plague for one ill borne, to dye as ill.
MORD. O Queéne! my sweéte affociate in this plunge, 20
And desperate plight, beholde, the time is come,
That either iustifies our former faults,
Or shortly sets vs free from euery feare.
GVEN. My feare is past, and wedlock loue hath wonne.
Retire we thither yet, whence first we ought 25
Not to haue stird. Call backe chaste faith againe.
The way, that leads to good, is ne'r to late:
Who so repents, is guiltlesse of his crimes.
MORD. What meanes this course? Is Arthurs wedlocke safe?
Or can he loue, that hath iust cause to hate? 30
That nothing else were to be feared:

<A4v>

Is

Is moft apparant, that he hates at home,
What e'r he be, whose fanfie strays abroad?
Thinke then, our loue is not vnknownen to him:
Whereof what patience can be fafely hopte? 35
Nor loue, nor foueraignetie can beare a peére.
GVEN. Why doft thou ftill ftirre vp my flames delayde?
His strays and errors muft not moue my minde.
A law for priuate men bindes not the King.
What, that I ought not to condemne my liedge, 40
Nor can, thus guiltie to myne owne offence?
Where both haue done amiffe, both will relent.
He will forgiue, that néedes muft be forgiuen.
MORD. A likely thing: your faults muft make you friends:
What fets you both at odds, muft ioine you both: 45
Thinke well he cafts already for reuenge,
And how to plague vs both. I know his law,
A Iudge feuere to vs, milde to himfelfe.
What then auailles you to returne to late,
When you haue pafte to farre? You féede vaine hopes. 50
GVEN. The further pafte, the more this fault is yours:
It feru'd your turne, t'ufurpe your fathers Crowne.
His is the crime, whom crime ftands moft in ftéede.
MORD. They, that confpire in faults offend a like:
Crime makes them equall, whom it iointly ftaines. 55
If for my fake you then pertooke my guilt,
You cannot guileffe féeme, the crime was ioint.
GVEN. Well should ~~he~~ the féeme moft guileffe vnto theé,
Whate'r she be, that's guiltie for thy fake.
The remnant of that sober minde, which thou 60
Hadft heretofore nere vanquifht, yet refifts.
Suppreffe for flame that impious mouth fo taught,
And to much f kild t'abufe the wedded bed.
Looke backe to former Fates: Troy ftill had ftoode,
Had not her Prince made light of wedlocks lore. 65
The vice, that threw downe Troy, doth threat thy Throne:
Take heéde: there Mordred ftands, whence Paris fell. Exit.
CONA. Since that your highnes knowes for certaine truth
What power your fire prepares to claime his right:
It néerely now concernes y^ou to refolue 70
In humbliest fort to reconcile your felfe
Gainft his returne: MORD. will warre. CONA. that lies in chaunce.
MORD. I haue as great a fhare in chaunce, as he.
CONA. His waies be blinde, that maketh chaunce his guide.
MORD. Whose refuge lies in Chaunce, what dares he not? Chance 75
CONA. Warres were a crime farre worfe then all the reft.
MORD. The fafeft paffage is from bad to worfe.
CONA. That were to paffe too farre, and put no meane.
MORD. He is a foole, that puts a meane in crimes.
CONA. But fword and fire would caufe a common wound. 80
MORD. So fword and fire will often feare the foare.

B<1r>

Extre=

	10	A R T H V R .	
CONA.		Extremest cures must not be used first.	
MORD.		In desperate times,the headlong way is best.	
CONA.		Y'haue many foes. MORD . No more then faithful friends.	
CONA.		Trust to't,their faith will faint,where Fortune failes.	85
		Where many men pretend a love to one,	
		Whose power may do what good,and harme he will:	
		T'is hard to say,which be his faithful friends.	
		Dame Flatterie flitteth oft:the loves and hates	
		With time,a present friend an absent foe.	90
		But yet y'll hope the best:Euen then you feare	
		The worst. Feares follow hopes,as fumes doe flames.	
		Mischiefe is sometimes false:but ne'r secure:	
		The wrongfull Scepter's held with trembling hand.	
MORD.		Whose rule wants right,his safety's in his Sword.	95
		For Sword and Scepter comes to Kings at once.	
CONA.		The Kingliest point is to affect but right,	
MORD.		Weake is the Scepters hold,that seeks but right,	
		The care whereof hath danger'd many Crownes.	
		As much as water differeth from the fire,	100
		So much man's profit iarres from what is iust.	
		A free recourse to wrong doth oft secure	
		The doubtful feate,and plucks downe many a foe.	
		The Sword must seldom cease:a Soueraignes hand	
		Is scanty false,but whiles it smites.Let him	105
		Usurpe no Crowne,that likes a guiltles life:	
		Aspiring power and Iustice field agreed.	
		Healwayes feares,that flames to offer wrong.	
CONA.		What woman would use such wrong against his fire?	
MORD.		Come woman,come fire,I first preferre my selfe.	110
		And since a wrong must be , then it excels,	
		When t'is to gaine a Crowne . I hate a peeré,	
		I loath,I yrke,I do detest a head.	
		B't Nature, be it Reason , be it Pride,	
		I love to rule : my minde nor with,nor by,	115
		Nor after any claimes , but chiefe and first.	
CONA.		Yet thinke what fame and grievous bruits would runne	
		Of such disloyall and vniust attempts.	
MORD.		Fame goes not with our Ghosts , the senselesse foule	
		Once gone,neglects what vulgar brute reports.	120
		She is both light and vaine . CONAN . She noteth though.	
		She feareth States . CONAN . She carpeeth ne'r the lesse.	
MORD.		She's soon suppressed . CONAN . As soon she springs againe,	
MORD.		Toungs are vntamde : and Fame is Enuies Dogge,	
		That absent barckes,and present fawnes as fast.	125
		It fearing dares , and yet hath neuer done,	
		But dures : though Death redeeme vs from all foes	
		Besides , yet Death redeemes vs not from Toungs.	
		E'r Arthur land , the Sea shall blush with blood.	
		And all the Stronds with smothering slaughters reeke.	130
		Now (Mars) protect me in my first attempt.	
		If Mordred scape , this Realme shall want no warres.	
		Exeunt. CHORVS.	
		<B1v>	

CHORVS.

- 1 **See here the drifts of Gorlois Cornish Duke,**
And deepe desire to shake his Soueraignes Throne:
How foule his fall,how bitter his rebuke,
Whiles wife , and weale , and life , and all be gone?
He now in Hell tormented wants that good: 5
Lo, lo the end of trayterous bones and blood.
- 2 **Pendragon broylde with flames of filthy fires,**
By Merlins mifts inioyde Igera's bed,
Next spoiled Gorlois doubting his desires,
Then was himselfe through force of poyfson fped. 10
Who fowes in finne, in finne shall reape his paine:
The Dooe is fworne: Death guerdon's death againe.
- 3 **Whiles Arthur warres abroade and reapes renowne,**
Gueneuora preferres his fonnes desire.
And trayterous Mordred ftill usurpes the Crowne, 15
Affording fuell to her que nchleffe fire.
But Death's too good,and life too fweete for theafe,
That wanting both,should tast of neithers ease.
- 4 **In Rome the gaping gulfe would not decreafe,**
Till Curtius corfe had clofde her yawning iawes: 20
In Theb's the Rotte and Murreine would not ceafe,
Till Laius broode had paide for breach of lawes:
In Brytain warres and difcord will not stent:
Till Vther's line and offpring quite be spent.

The Argument of the fecond Act.

- 1 I N the first Scene a **Nuntio** declareth the fucceffe of Arthur
warres in **France**, and **Mordred's** foile that refited his laⁿ
ding.
- 2 In the fecond Scene **Mordred** enraged at the ouerthrow, vov
eth a fecond battaile, notwithstanding **Conan's** diffwafion t 5
the contrarie.
- 3 In the third Scene **Gawin** (brother to **Mordred** by the m^o
ther) with an Heralt from **Arthur** to imparle of peace,but aft
some debate therof peace is reiected.
- 4 In the fourth Scene the King of **Ireland** &other forrein Princ
affure **Mordred** of their affiftane againft **Arthur**. 10

*¶ The Argument and manner of the
fecond dumbe fhewe.*

W HILES the Muficke founded there came out of *Mordred's* houf
man ftately attyred reprefenting a King , who walking once about t
Stage . Then out of the houfe appointed for *Arthur*, there came thr
Nymphes apparailed accordingly , the first holding a *Cornucopia* in her hand ,
fecond a golden braunch of Oliue , the third a fheaffe of *Corne* . Thefe orde 5
one after another offered thefe prefents to the King who fcornefully refufed :

B 2<r> /////

12

A R T H V R.

After the which there came a man bareheaded , with blacke long fhagged haire
downe to his fhoulders , apparaild with an Irifh iacket and fhirt , hauing an
Irifh dagger by his fide and a dart in his hand . Who firft with a threatning
countenance looking about ; and then fpying the King , did furiously chafe and 10
driue him into *Mordreds* houfe. The King reprented *Mordred*. The three
Nymphes with their proffers the treatice of peace , for the which *Arthur* fent
Gawin with an Herault vnto *Mordred* who re iected it: The Irifh man fignified
Reuenge and Furie which *Mordred* conceiued after his foile on the Shoares,
whereunto *Mordred* headlong yeeldeth himfelfe. 15

THE SECOND
act and firft Scene.

Nuntius.

NVNT. L

O here at length the ftately type of Troy,
And Brytain land the promift feate of Brute,
Deckt with fo many fpoyles of conquered Kings.
Haile natiue foyle, thefe nine years fpace vnfeéne:
To theé hath long renownmed Rome at laft 5
Held up her hands, bereaft of former pompe.
But firft inflamde with wónted valures heate,
Amidft our foreft fiedge and thickeft broyles,
She ftoutly fought, and fiercely waged warres.
Tiberius courage gaue, vpbraiding oft 10
The Romane force, their wónted lucke, and long
Retained rule, by warres throughout the world.
What flame it were, fince fuch atchiued fpoiles,
And conquets gaind both farre and wide, to want
Of courage then, when moft it fhould be mou'd. 15
How Brytaines erft paide tribute for their peace,
But now rebell, and dare them at their dóores:
For what was Fraunce but theirs? Herewith incenft
They fiercely rau'd, and bent their force a frefh. 20
Which Arthur fpying, cryed with thundring voyce,
Fye, (Brytaines) fye: what hath bewicht you thus?
So many Nations foilde, muft Romans foile?
What flouth is this? Haue you forgot to warre,
Which ne'r knew houre of peace? Turne to your foes, 25
Where you may bath in blood, and fight your fill.
Let courage worke: what can he not that dares?
Thus he puiffant guide in doubtfull warres,
A fhame to fhun his foes, inflamde his friends.
Then yeélding to his ftately Stead the raignes, 30
He furious driues the Romaine troupes about:
He plies each place, leaft Fates mought alter ought,
Purfuing hap, and vrging each fucceffe.
He yeélds in nought, but instantly perfifts
In all attempts, wherein what fo withftands 35

<B2v>His

His wifh, he ioyes to worke a way by wracke.
And matching death to death,no paffage feeke,
But what deftruction works, with blade or blood.
He fcorne the yeelded way, he fiercely raues
To breake aud brufe the rancks in thickeft throngs, 40
All headlong bent, and prone to prefent fpoile.
The foes inforc't withftand : but much difmaide
They fenfeleffe fight, whiles millions lofe their liues.
At length Tiberius, pierft with point of fpeare,
Doth bleeding fall, engoard with deadly wound. 45
Hereat the reft recoile,and headlong flie,
Each man to saue himfelfe. The battaile quailles
And Brytaines winne vnto their moft renowne.
Then Arthur tooke Tiberius breatheleffe Corfe,
And fent it to the Senators at Rome, 50
With charge to fay : This is the tribute due
Which Arthur ought, as time hereafter ferues,
He'il pay the like againe : the whiles he refts
Your debtor thus. But O ! this this fweete fucceffe
Purfu'd with greater harmes, turn'd fone to fowre. 55
For lo : when forreine foiles and feas were paf
With fafe returne, and that the King fhould land:
Who, but his onely fonne (O outrage rare)
With hugie hoaft withftode him at the fhoare?
There were preparte the forreine aides from farre, 60
There were the borrowed powers of diuers Kings,
There were our parents, brethren, fonnes and kinne,
Their wrath, their ire, there Mordred was thy rage.
Where erft we fought abroad for foes to foile,
Beholde, our Fates had fent vs foes vnfought. 65
When forreine Realmes fupplanted want fupplie:
O bleffed Home, that hath fuch boonne in ftore.
But let this part of Arthurs prowefse lurke,
Nor let it e'r appeare by my report,
What monftrous mifchiefes raue in ciuill warres. 70
O rather let due teares, and waylings want:
Let all in filence finke, what hence infu'd.
What beft deferueth mention here,is this:
That Mordred vanquifht trusted to his flight,
That Arthur ech where victor is returnd. 75
And lo : where Mordred comes with heauy head,
He wieldes no flender waight that wieldes a Crowne. Exit.

The fecond fcene.

Mordred. Conan.

MORD. A Nd hath he wonne? Be Stronds& fhoares poffeft?
Is Mordred foiled? the realme is yet vnwonne:
And Mordred liues referu'd for Ar thurs death:
B 3<r> Well

Well : t'was my firft conflict : I knew not yet

What warres requir'd : but now my fword is fleht,

5

And taught to goare and bath in hoateft bløde.

Then thinke not Arthur that the Crowne is wonne :

Thy firft fucceffe may rue our next affault.

Euen at our next incounter (hap when'twill)

I vowe byHeauen, by Earth, by Hell, by all,

10

That either thou, or I, or both fhall dye.

CONA. Nought fhoulde be rafhly vowde againft your fire.

MORD. Whofe breaft is free from rage may foone b'aduifde.

CONA. The beft redrefse for rage is to relent.

MORD. Tis better for a King to kill his foes.

15

CONA. So that the Subiects alfo iudge them foes.

MORD. The Subiects muft not iudge their Kings decrees.

CONA. The Subiects force is great. ARTH. Greater the Kings.

CONA. The more you may, the more you ought to feare.

MORD. He is a foole,that feareth what he may.

20

CONA. Not what you may,but what you ought is iuft,

MORD. He that amongft fo many,fo vniuft,

Seékes to be iuft,feékes perill to him felfe.

CONA. A greater perill comes by breach of lawes.

MORD. The Lawes doe licence as the Soueraigne lifts.

25

CONA. Left ought he lift,whom lawes doe licence moft.

MORD. Imperiall power abhores to be reftrainde.

CONA. As much doe meaner rooms to be compeld.

MORD. The Fates haue heau'de and raifde my force on high.

CONA. The gentler fhoulde you preffe thofe, that are low.

30

MORD. I would be feard: CONA.The caufe why Subiects hate.

MORD. A kingdom's kept by feare. CONA. And loft by hate.

He feares as man himfelfe, whom many feare.

MORD. The timerous Subiect dares attempt no chaundge.

CONA. What dares not desperate dread ? CONA. What torturethreats. 35

CONA. O fpare, tweare faffer to be lou'de. MORD. As fafe

To be obaide. CONA. Whiles you command but well.

MORD. Where Rulers dare commaund but what is well:

Powre is but prayer,commaundment but request.

CONA. If powre be ioynde with right, men muft obay.

40

MORD. My will muft goe for right. CONA. If they affent.

MORD. My fword shall force affent: CONA. No Gods forbid.

MORD. What?fhall I ftande whiles Arthur fheads my bloode?

And muft I yeelde my necke vnto the Axe?

Whom Fates conftrayne, let him forgoe his bliffe:

45

But he that neédleffe yeldes vnto his bane,

When he may fhunne, doth well deferue to loofe

The good he cannot vfe:who woulde fustaine

A fafer life,that may maintaine the beft?

We cannot part the Crowne : A regall Throne

50

Is not for two : The Scepter fittes but one.

But whether is the fitter of us two,

That muft our swordes decerne: and fhortly fhall.

CONA. How much were you to be renowned more,

<B3v>

If

A R T H V R		15
	If cafting off thefe ruinous attempts,	55
	You woulde take care howe to fupplie the loffe,	
	Which former warres,and forraine broyles haue wrought.	
	Howe to deferue the peoples heartes with peace,	
	With quiet reft,and deépe defired eafe.	
	Not to increafe the rage that long hath raignde,	60
	Nor to deftroy the realme,you feeke to rule.	
	Your Father rearde it vp, you plucke it downe.	
	You loofe your Countrey whiles you winne it thus:	
	To make it yours, you ftriue to make it none.	
	Where Kings impofe too much, the Realme enuies :	65
	Goodwill withdrawes,affent becomes but flowe.	
MORD.	The firft Art in a Kingdome is,to fcorne	
	The Enuie of the Realme. He cannot rule,	
	That feares to be enuide. What can diuorce	
	Enuie from Soueraigntie ? Muft my deferts?	70
	No. Tis my happe that Brytain ferues my tourne	
	That feare of me doth make the Subiects crouch,	
	That what they grudge,they do conftrayned yeeld.	
	If their affents be flowe, my wrath is fwift,	
	Whom fauour failes to bende, let furie breake.	75
	If they be yet to learne, let terrour teach,	
	What Kings may doe , what Subiects ought to beare.	
	Then is a Kingdome at a wifhed ftaye,	
	When whatfoeuer the Souereigne wills,or nilles,	
	Men be compelde as well to praife,as beare,	80
	And Subiects willes inforc'd againft their willes.	
CONA.	But who fo feeke trne praife,and iust renowme,	
	Would rather feeke their praying heartes,then tongues.	
MORD.	Tr ^{ue} praife may happen to the bafeft groome,	
	A forced prayfe to none, but to a Prince.	85
	I wish that moft , that Subiects moft repine.	
CONA.	But yet where warres doe threaten your eftate,	
	There needeth friendes to fortifie your Crowne.	
MORD.	Ech Crowne is made of that attractiue moulde,	
	That of it felfe it drawes a full defence.	90
CONA.	That is a iuft,and no vfupred Crowne.	
	And better were an exiles life,then thus	
	Difloyally to wronge your Sire and Liedge.	
	Thinke not that impious crimes can proper long,	
	A time they fcape,in time they be repaide.	95
MORD.	The hngeft crimes bring beft fucceffe to fome.	
CONA.	Those fome be rare. MORD. Why may not I be rare?	
CONA.	It was their hap. MORD. It is my hope. CONA. But hope	
	May miffe, where hap doth hurle. MORD. So hap may hit,	
	Where hope doth aime. CONAN. But hap is laft, and rules	100
	The ftearne. MORD. So hope is firft, and hoifts the faile.	
CONA.	Yet feare : the firft and laft doe fielde agréé.	
MORD.	Nay dare : the firft and laft haue many meanes.	
	But ceafe at length : your fpeech molefts me much:	
	My minde is fixt. Giue Mordred leaue to doe,	105
	B 4<r>	What

What Conan neither can allow, nor like.
CONA. But loe an Herault sent from Arthurs hoaft:
Gods graunt his meffage may portend our good.

The third scene.

Herault. Gawin. Mordred.

HERA. Y OUR Sire (O Prince) confidering what diftreffe,
The Realme fustaines by both your mutuall warres,
Hath sent your brother Gawin Albane King
To treat of truce, and to imparle of peace.
MORD. Speake brother : what commaundment fends my Sire? 5
What meffage doe you bring? My life, or death?
GAWI. A meffage farre vnmeete, moft needefull tho.
The Sire commaunds not, where the Sonne rebels:
His loue defcends too deepe to with your death.
MORD. And mine afcends to high to with his life. 10
GAWI. Yet thus he offreth : though your faults be great,
And moft difloyall to his deepe abufe:
Yet yeelde your felfe : he'il be as prone to grace,
As you to ruth : An Vncle, Sire, and Liedge.
And fitter were your due fubmiffion done, 15
Then wrongfull warres to reauue his right and Realme.
MORD. It is my fault, that he doth want his right:
It is his owne, to vexe the Realme with warres.
GAWI. It is his right, that he attempts to feeke:
It is your wrong, that driueth him thereto. 20
MORD. T'is his infatiate minde, that is not fo content,
Which hath fo many Kingdomes more befides.
GAWI. The more you ought to tremble at his powre.
MORD. The greater is my conqueft, if I winne.
GAWI. The more your foile, if you should hap to loofe. 25
For Arthurs fame, and vallure's fuch , as you
Should rather imitate, or at the leaft
Enuie, if hope of better fanfies faile.
For whereas Enuie raignes, though it repines,
Yet doth it feare a greater then it felfe. 30
MORD. He that enuies the valure of his foe,
Detects a want of valure in himfelfe.
He fondly fights, that fights with fuch a foe,
Where t'were a fhame to loofe, no praife to winne:
But with a famous foe, fucceede what will, 35
To winne is great renowne, to loofe leffe foile.
His conquests, were they more, difmaie me not:
The oftner they haue beene, the more they threat.
No danger can be thought both fafe, and oft:
And who hath oftner waged warres then he? 40
Efcape fecure him not : he owes the price:
Whom chaunce hath often mift, chaunce hits at length
Or,

A R T H V R.		17
	Or, if that Chaunce haue furthered his fucceffe, So may the mine: for Chaunce hath made me king.	
GAWI.	As Chaunce hath made you King,fo Chaunce may change. Prouide for peace : that's it the higheft piers, No ftate except, euen Conquerours ought to feéke. Remember Arthurs ftrength, his conquestes late, His fierie mynde, his high aspiring heart. Marke then the oddes : he expert,you vntried: He ripe,you greéne : yeelde you, whiles yet you may, He will not yeelde: he winnes his peace with warres.	45 50
MODR.	If Chaunce may chaunge,his Chaunce was laft to winne. The likelier now to loofe : his hautie heart And minde I know : I feéle mine owne no leffe. As for his ftrength,and f kill,I leaue to happe: Where many meéte, it lies not all in one. What though he vanquifht haue the Romaine troupes? That bootes him not : him felfe is vanquifht here. Then waigh your wordes againe : if Conquerours ought To feéke for peace : The Conquered muft perforce. But he'll not yeélde, he'il purchafe peace with warres. Well : yeelde that will : I neither will, nor can: Come peace, come warres, chufe him : my danger's his, His faffetie mine, our ftates doe ftande alike. If peace be goød, as goød for him, as me: If warres be goød, as goød for me,as him.	55 60 65
GAWI.	What Curfed warres (alas) were thofe, wherein Both fonne and fire shoulde fo oppofe themfelues? Him, whom you nowe vnhappie man purfue, If you fhould winne, your felfe would firft bewayle. Giue him his Crowne, to keepe it perill breeds.	70
MORD.	The Crowne Ile keepe my felfe: infue what will : Death muft be once : how fœone, I left respect. He beft prouides that can beware in time, Not why, nor when : but whence,and where he fals. What fœole, to liue a yeare or twaine in reft, Woulde loofe the ftate,and honour of a Crowne?	75
GAWI.	Consider then your Fathers grieve, and want : Whom you bereaue of Kingdome, Realme, and Crowne.	80
MORD.	Truft me: a huge and mightie kingdome tis, To beare the want of Kingdome, Realme, and Crowne.	
GAWI.	A common want, which woorkes ech worldlings woe, That many haue too much, but none inough. It were his praife, could he be fo content, Which makes you guiltie of the greater wrong. Wherefore thinke on the doubtfull ftate of warres, Where Mars hath fway, he keepes no certayne courfe. Sometimes he lettes the weaker to preuaile, Some times the ftonger ftoupes: hope,feare, and rage With eyleffe lott rules all, vncertayne good, Moft certaine harmes, be his affured happes. No lucke can laft,nowe here,now their it lights:	85 90
	C<1r>	No

	No fstate alike, Chaunce blindly fmatcheth all, And Fortune maketh guiltie whom fhe listes.	95
/ORD.	Since therefore feare,and hope,and happe in warres Be all obfcure,till their fucceffe be feene: Your fpeech doth rather driue me on to trie, And truft them all,mine onely refuge now.	
GAWI.	And feare you not fo ftrange and vncouth warres ?	100
MORD.	No,were they warres that grew from out the ground.	
GAWI.	Nor yet your fire fo huge, your felfe so fmall?	
MORD.	The fmallest axe may fell the hugeft oake.	
GAWI.	Nor that in felling him,your felfe may fall?	
MORD.	He falleth well,that falling fells his foe.	105
GAWI.	Nor common Chance whereto each man is thrall?	
MORD.	Small manhood were to turne my backe to Chance.	
GAWI.	Nor that,if Chance afflict,kings brooke it not?	
MORD.	I beare no breaft fo vnpreparde for harmes. Euen that I holde the kinglieft point of all, To brooke afflictions well: And by how much The more his fstate and tottering Empire faggess, To fixe fo much the fafter foote on ground. No feare but doth foreiudge, and many fall Into their Fate,whiles they doe feare their Fate. Where courage quailles,the feare exceeds the harme, Yea worfe than warre it felfe,is feare of warre.	110 115
GAWI.	Warre feemeth fweete to fuch as haue not tried : But wifedome wils we fhould forecast the worft. The end allowes the act: that plot is wife, That knowes his meanes,and leaft relies on Chance. Efchue the courfe where errour lurkes,their growes But grieve,where paine is fpent,no hope to fpeed. Striue not aboue your ftrengh:for where your force Is ouer matchte with your attempts,it faints, And fruitlefse leaues,what bootlefse it began.	120 125
MORD.	All things are rulde in conftant courfe : No Fate But is forefet, The firft daie leades the laft. No wifedome then: but difference in conceit, Which workes in many men,as many mindes. You loue the meane,and follow vertues race: I like the top,and aime at greater bliffe. You reft content,my minde afpires to more: In brieft,you feare,I hope:you doubt,I dare. Since then the fageft counfailes are but ftrifes , Where equall wits may wreaft each fide alike, Let counfaile go:my purpofe muft proceede : Each likes his courfe,mine owne doth like me beft. Wherefore e'r Arthur breath, or gather strength, Affault we him: leaft he affault vs firft. He either muft deftroie,or be deftroide. The mifchiefe's in the midft:catch he that can.	130 135 140
GAWI.	But will no reafon rule that desperate minde?	
MORD.	A fickle minde that euerie reafon rules.	

I reft refolu'd : aud to my Sire fay thus: 145
If here he ftay but threé daies to an end,
And not forthwith difcharge his band and hoaft,
Tis Mordreds oath : affure himfelfe to die.
But if he finde his courage fo to ferue,
As for to ftand to his defence with force: 150
In Cornewa^lle if he dare,I'le trye it out.
GAWI. O ftrange contempt : like as the craggy rocke,
Refifts the ftreames, and flings the waltering waues
A loöfe, fo he reiects and fcorne my words. Exit.

The fourth fcene.

Gilla. Gillamor. Cheldrichus.
Dux Pictorum. Conan.

MORD. L O, where (as they decreéd) my faithfull friends
Haue kept their time, be all your powers repaired?
GILLA. They be : and all with ardent mindes to Mars,
They cry for warres,and longing for th'allarme
Euen now they with t'incounter with their foes. 5
MORD. What could be wifht for more ? Puiffant King.
For your great helpe and valiant Irifh force,
If I obtaine the conqueft in thefe warres,
Whereas my father claimes a tribute due
Out of your Realme, I here renounce it quite. 10
And if affiftance neéde in doubtfull times,
I will not faile to aide you with the like.
GYLL. It doth fuffice me to difcharge my Realme,
Or at the leaft to wreke me on my foes.
I rather like to liue your friend and piere, 15
Then reft in Arthurs homage and difgrace.
MORD. Right noble Duke, through whom the Saxons vow^e
Their liues with mine, for my defence in warres:
If we preuaile and may fubdue our foes :
I will in lieu of your fo high deferts, 20
Geue you and yours all Brytifh lands that lie
Betweéne the floud of Humber,and the Scottes,
Befides as much in Kent as Horfus and
Hengiftus had, when Vortigern was King.
CHEL. Your gracious proffers I accept with thanks, 25
Not for the gaine, but that the good defire
I haue henceforth to be your fubiect here,
May thereby take effect : which I esteeme
More then the rule I beare in Saxon foile.
MORD. (Renowmed Lord) for your right hardy Picts, 30
And chofen warriors to maintaine my caufe,
If our attempts receiue a good fucceffe,
The Albane Crowne I giue to you and yours.

C 2<r> Your

PICT. Your highnes bountie in fo high degreee,
 Were caufe inough to moue me to my beft. 35
 But fure your felfe, without regard of meede,
 Should finde both me and mine at your commaund.

MORD. **Lord Gilla,if my hope may take successe,**
And that I be thereby vndoubted King,
The Cornish Dukedome I allot to you. 40

GILLA. My Liedge to further your defir'd attempts,
I ioyfully shall spend my dearest blood.
The rather, that I found the King your Sire
So heauy Lord to me, and all my stocke.

MORD. Since then our rest is on't, and we agreed 45
To warre it out : what resteth now but blowes?
Driue Deftnies on with fwords,Mars frames the meanes ,
Henceforth what Mordred may, now lies in you.
Ere long if Mars infne with good succeffe,
Looke whatfoe'r it be, that Arthur claimes, 50
By right,or wrong, or conquests gaind with blood,
In Brytaine, or abroade is mine to giue.

To shewe I would haue said : I cannot giue,
 What euery hand must giue vnto it felfe.
 Whereof who lifts to purchase any share,
 Now let him feeke and winne it with his Sword:
 The Fates haue laide it open in the field.

What Starres (O Heauens) or Poles,or Powers diuine
Doe graunt fo great rewards for thofe that winne?
Since then our common good, and ech mans care
Requires our ioint affiftance in thefe toyles:
Shall we not hazard our extreameft hap,
And rather fpend our Fates, then fpare our foes?

The caufe, I care for moft, is chiefly yours:
This hand and hart fhall make mine owne fecure. 65
That man fhall fee me foiled by my felfe,
What e'r he be, that fees my foe vnfoilde.

Feare not the feild becaufe of Mordreds faults,
Nor shrinke one iotte the more for Arthurs right.
Full fafely Fortune guideth many a guilt,
And Fates haue none but wretches whom they wrenche.

Wherefore make speéde to cheare your Souldiers harts,
That to their fires you yet may adde more flames.
The fide that seékes to winne in ciuill warres,
Muft not content it selfe with woonted heate.

Exeunt omnes preter Mordred & Conan.

CONA. W **Ould God your highnes had beéne more aduifde,
Ere too much will had drawen your wits too farre:
Then had no warres indangerd you, nor yours,
Nor Mordreds cause required forreine care.**

MORD. **A troubled head : my minde reuolts to feare,** 80
And beares my body backe : I inwards feéle my fall.

<C2v>

Mv

My thoughts misgeue me much : downe terror : I
Perceiue mine ende : and desperate though I must
Despise Dispaire, and somewhat hopelesse hope.
The more I doubt,the more I dare : by feare
I finde the fact is fittest for my fame.

85

What though I be a ruine to the Realme,
And fall my selfe therewith? No better end.
His last mishaps doe make a man secure.
Such was King Priams ende, who, when he dyed,
Clofde and wrapt vp his Kingdome in his death.
A folemn pompe, and fit for Mordreds minde,
To be a graue and tombe to all his Realme. Exeunt.

90

CHORVS.

- 1 Ye Princely Peéres extold to feates of State,
Seéke not the faire, that soone will turne to fowle:
Oft is the fall of high and howering Fate,
And rare the roome, which time doth not controule.
The fastest feate is not on highest hill,
Where windes,and stormes, and thunders thumpe their ill.
Farre fafer were to follow found aduife,
Then for such pride to pay so deare a price.
- 2 The mounting minde that climes the hauty cliftes,
And foaring seékes the tip of lofty type,
Intoxicats the braine with giddy drifts,
Then rowles, and reéles, and falles at length plum ripe.
Loe : heauing hie is of so small forecast,
To totter first, and tumble downe at last.
Yet P ægafus still reares himselfe on hie,
And coltishly doth kicke the cloudes in Skie.
- 3 Who fawe the grieve engrauen in a Crowne,
Or knew the bad and bane whereto it's bound:
Would neuer sticke to throwe and fling it downe,
Nor once vouchsafe to heaue it from the ground.
Such is the sweéte of this ambitious powre,
No sooner had,then turnde eftsoones to fowre:
Atchieu'd with enuie, exercised with hate,
Garded with feare,supported with debate.
- 4 O restless race of high aspyring head,
O worthlesse rule both pittied and inuiud:
How many Millions to their losse you lead:
With loue and lure of Kingdomes blisse vntryed?
So things vntasted cause a quenchlesse thirst,
Which,were they knowne,would be refused first,
Yea,oft we seé, yet seéing cannot shonne
The fact,we finde as fondly dar'd, as donne.

5

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15

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25

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<C3r>

The

The argument of the third Act.

- 1
- I N the firft Scene **Cador** and **Howell** incite and exhort **Ar=**
thur vnto warre: Who mooued with Fatherly affection to-
wards his fonne,notwithftanding their perfwasions refolueth
vpon peace.
- 2
- In the fecond Scene , an Herault is fent from **Mordred** to com- 5
maund **Arthur** to difcharge his armies vnder paine of death , or
otherwife if he dare, to trie it by Battaile.
- 3
- In the third Scene **Arthur** calleth his Affiftants and Souldiers
together, whom he exhorteth to purfue their foes.
- 4
- In the fourth Scene **Arthur** between grieffe and defpaire refol- 10
ueth to warre.

¶ *The Argument and manner of the*
third dumbe shewe.

D Vring the Muficke after the fecond Act . There came vppon the ftage
two gentlemen attyred in peaceable manner , which brought with
them a Table, Carpet, and Cloth : and then hauing couered the Table
they furnifht it with incenfe on the one ende , and banqueting difhes on the o-
ther ende : Next there came two gentlemen apparelled like Souldiers with two 5
naked Swordes in their hands , the which they laide a croffe vpon the Table.
Then there came two fumptuously attyred and warrelike , who , fpying this
preparation fmelled the incenfe and tafted the banquet. During the which there
came a Meffenger and deliuered certaine letters to thofe two that fedde on the
daineties : who, after they had well viewed and perufed the letters , furiously 10
flung the banquet vnder feete: and violently fnatching the Swordes vnto them,
they haftily went their way . By the firft two that brought in the banquet was
meant the feruaunts of Peace, by the fecond two were meant the feruaunts of
Warre : By the two laft were meant *Arthur* and *Cador*, By the Meffenger and his
Letters was meant the defiance from *Mordred*. 15

THE THIRD ACT
and Fyrfte fcene.

Arthur. Cador. Howell.

ARTH. I **S this the welcome that my Realme prepares?**
Be thefe the thanks I winne for all my warres ?
Thus to forbid me land ? to flaie my friends ?
To make their bloud diftaine my Countrie shoares?
My fonne(belike)leaft that our force should faint 5
For want of warres, preparede vs warres himfelfe.
He thought(perhaps)it mought empaire our fame,

<C3v>If

A R T H V R		23
If none rebeld,whose foile might praife our power.		
I s this the fruit of Mordreds forward youth,		
And tender age difcreet beyond his yeres?		10
O falfe and guilfull life,O craftie world:		
How cunningly conuaieft thou fraude vnfeene ?		
Thambicious f eemeth meeke,the wanton chaft,		
Disguifed vice for vertue vant s it felfe.		
Thus(Arthnr)thus hath Fortune plaid her part,		15
Blinde for thy weale , cleare fighted for thy woe.		
Thy kingdome's gone, thy phere affordes no faith,		
Thy fonne rebels,of all thy wonted pompe		
No tot is left,and Fortune hides her face.		20
No place is left for prosperous plight,mifhaps		
Haue roome and waies to runne and walke at will.		
Lo (Cador) both our ftates, your daughter's truft,		
My fonn's respect,our hopes repofde in both.		
CADO.	The time(puiffant Prince)permits not now	25
To moane our wrongs,or fearch each feuerall fore.		
Since Arthur thus hath ranfactt all abroad,		
What meruaile ist,if Mordred raue at home?		
When farre and neere your warres had worne the world,		
What warres were left for him,but ciuill warres,		
All which requires reuenge with fword and fire,		30
And to purfue your foes with prefence force.		
In iust attempts Mars giues a rightfull doome.		
ARTH.	Nay rather(Cador)let them runne their race,	35
And leaue the Heauens reuengers of my wrong.		
Since Brytaines prosperous ftate is thus debafde		
In feruile fort to Mordreds curfed pride,		
Let me be thrall, and leade a priuate life :		
None can refufe the yoake his Countrie beares.		40
But as for warres, infooth my flefh abhorres,		
To bid the battayle to my proper bloud.		
Great is the loue,which nature doth inforce		
From kin to kin,but moft from fire to fonne.		
HOWE.	The noble necke difdaines the feruile yoke,	45
Where rule hath pleasde,subiection feemeth ftrange.		
A King ought alwaies to preferre his Realme,		
Before the loue he beares to kin or fonne.		
Your Realme deftroide is neere reftord againe,		
But time may fend you kine and fonnes inough.		
ARTH.	How hard it is to rule th'afpiring minde,	50
And what a kingly point it feemes to thofe,		
Whofe Lordlie hands the ftately Scepter fwaies,		
Stillto purfue the drift they firft decreed :		
My wonted minde and kingdome lets me know.		
Thinke not,but if you driue this hazard on,		
He desperate will refolue to winne or die:		55
Whereof who knowes which were the greater guilt,		
The fire to flaie the fonne,or fonne the fire.		
CADO.	If bloudie Mars doe fo extreemly fwaie,	That
C 4<r>		

	24	<i>A R T H V R .</i>	
		That either fonne or fire muft needs be flaine, Geue Lawe the choice : let him die that deferues. Each impotent affection notes a want.	60
		No worfe a vice then lenitie in Kings , Remiffe indulgence foone vndoes a Realme. He teacheth how to finne,that winkes at finnes, And bids offend, that fuffereth an offence. The onely hope of leaue increafeth crimes, And he that pardoneth one,emboldneth all To breake the Lawes.Each patience foftereth wrongs.	65
		But vice feuerely punifht faints at foote, And creepes no further off, then where it falls. One fower example will preuent more vice, Than all the beft perfwasions in the world. Rough rigour lookes out right, and ftill preuailes: Smooth mildneffe lookes too many waies to thriue. []Wherefore fince Mordreds crimes haue wrongd the Lawes In fo extreame a fort , as is too ftrange :	70 75
		Let right and iuftice rule with rigours aide, And worke his wracke at length,although too late : That damning Lawes , fo damned by the Lawes , Hee may receiue his deepe deferued doome . So let it fare with all,that dare the like: Let fword, let fire,let torments be their end. Seueritie vpholds both Realme and rule.	80
ARTH.		Ah too feuere,farre from a Fathers minde . Compaffion is as fit for Kings as wrath. Lawes muft not lowre. Rule oft admitteth ruthe. So hate,as if there were yet caufe to loue: Take not their liues as foes,which may be friends . To fpoile my fonne were to difpoile my felfe : Oft,whiles we feeke our foes , we feeke our foiles . Let's rather feeke how to allure his minde With good deferts : deferts may winne the worft.	85 90
HOWE.		Where Cato firft had faued a theefe from death, And after was himfelfe condemnd to die : When elfe not one would execute the doome, Who but the theefe did vndertake the tafke? If too much bountie worke fo bad effects In thankleffe friends,what for a ruthleffe foe ? Let Lawes haue ftill their courfe,the ill difpofde Grudge at their liues, to whom they owe too much.	95
ARTH.		But yet where men with reconciled mindes Renue their loue with recontinued grace, Attonement frames them friends of former foes, And makes the moodes of fwelling wrath to fwage. No fafter friendfhip,than that growes from grieve, When melting mindes with mutuall ruth relent. How clofe the feuered fkinne vnites againe, When falues haue smoothlie heald the former hurts?	100 105
CADO.		I neuer yet fawe hurt fo smoothly heald,	
		<C4v>But	

But that the skarre bewraid the former wound:
 Yea, where the falue did fooneft clofe the f kinne, 110
 The fore was oftner couered vp than cur'de.
 Which feftering deepe and filde within, at laft
 With fodaine breach grew greater than at firft,
 What then for mindes, which haue reuenging moodes,
 And ne'r forget the croffe they forced beare? 115
 Where to if reconcilment come, it makes
 The t'one fecure, whiles t'other workes his will.
 Attonement field defeates, but oft deferres
 Reuenge : beware a reconciled foe.
 ARTH. Well, what auails to linger in this life, 120
 Which Fortune but referues for greater griefe?
 This breath drawes on but matter of mishap :
 Death onely frees the guiltlesse from anoies.
 Who fo hath felt the force of greedie Fates,
 And dur'de the laft decree of griffie death, 125
 Shall neuer yeeld his captiue armes to chaines,
 Nor drawne in triumph decke the victors pompe.
 HOWE. What meane thefe wordes? Is Arthur forc'de to feare,
 Is this the fruit of your continuall warres,
 Euen from the firft remembrance of your youth? 130
 ARTH. My youth (I graunt) and prime of budd ing years
 Puft vp with pride and fond defire of praife,
 Foreweéning nought what perils might enfue,
 Aduentured all, and raught to will the raignes.
 But now this age requires a fager courfe, 135
 And will aduifde by harmes to wifedome yeélds.
 Thofe fwelling fpirits the felfe fame caufe which firft
 Set them on gog, euen Fortunes fauours quaild.
 And now mine oftneft f kapes doe f kare me moft,
 I feare the trappe, whereat I oft haue tript : 140
 Experience tels me plaine that Chance is fraile,
 And oft, the better pafte, the worfe to come.
 CADOR. Refit thefe doubts : tis ill to yeeld to harmes .
 T'is fafeft then to dare when moft you feare.
 ARTH. As fafe fometime to feare, when moft we dare. 145
 A caufelesse courage giues repentance place.
 HOWE. If Fortune fawne. ARTH. Each waie on me fhe frowns.
 For winne I, loofe I, both procure my griefe.
 CADOR. Put cafe you winne, what griefe? ARTH. Admit I doe,
 What ioy? CADOR. Then may you rule. ARTH. When I may die. 150
 CADOR. To rule is much. ARTH. Small if we couet naught.
 CADOR. Who couets not a Crowne. ARTH. He that difcernes
 The fwoord aloft. CADOR. That hangeth faft. ARTH. But by
 A haire. CADOR. Right holdes it vp. ARTH. Wrong puls it downe.
 CADOR. The Commons helpe the King. ARTH. They fometime hurt. 155
 CADOR. At least the Peeres . ARTH. Sield, if allegiance want.
 CADOR. Yet Soueraigntie. ARTH. Not, if fubiectiion faile.
 CADOR. Doubt not, the Realme is yours. ARTH. T'was mine till now.
 CADOR. And fhall be ftill. ARTH. If Mordred lift. CADOR. T'were well

D<1r>

You

26	<i>A R T H V R .</i>	
	Your crowne were wonne. ARTH.Perhaps tis bettes loft.	160
/OWE.	The name of rule shoud moue a princely minde.	
/RTH.	Truft me,bad things haue often glorious names.	
/OWE.	The greatest good that Fortune can affoord.	
ARTH.	A dangerous good that wifedome would eschue.	
HOWE.	Yet waigh the hearefaie of the olde renowme,	165
	And Fame the Wonderer of the former age:	
	Which ftill extolls the facts of worthyft wights,	
	Preferring no deferts before your deeds .	
	Euen fhe exhorts you to this new attempts,	
	Which left vntryde your winnings be but loffe.	170
ARTH.	Small credit will be giuen of matters paf	
	To Fame,the Flatterer of the former age.	
	Were all beleeu'd which antique brute imports,	
	Yet wifedome waighes the perill ioinde to praife:	
	Rare is the Fame (marke well all ages gone)	175
	Which hath not hurt the houle it most enhaun'ft.	
	Befides, Fame's but a blaft that founds a while,	
	And quickly ftints, and then is quite forgot.	
	Looke whatfoe'r our vertues haue atchieu'd,	
	The Chaos vaft and greedy time deuours.	180
	To day all Europe rings of Arthurs praife:	
	T'wilbe as hufht, as if I ne'r had beéne.	
	What bootes it then to venture life or limme,	
	For that , which neédes e'r long we leaue,or loofe,	
CADO.	Can blinde affection fo much bleare the wife,	185
	Or loue of graceleffe Sonne fo witch the Sire?	
	That what concernes the honour of a Prince	
	With Countries good and Subiects iuft request,	
	Should lightly be contemned by a King?	
	When Lucius fent but for his tribute due,	200
	You went with thirteéne Kings to roote him out:	
	Haue Romaines, for requiring but their owne,	
	Aboad your nine yeares brunts:Shall Mordred fcape,	
	That wrong'd you thus in honour, Queéne, and Realme?	
	Were this no caufe to ftirre a King to wrath,	205
	Yet fould your Conquests late atchieu'd gainft Rome	
	Inflame your minde with thirft of full reuenge.	
ARTH.	Indeéde, continuall warres haue chafte our mindes,	
	And good fucceffe hath bred impatient moods.	
	Rome puffes vs vp, and makes vs too too fierce:	210
	There, Brytaines, there we ftand, whence Rome did fall .	
	Thou Lucius mak'ft me proude, thou heau'ft my minde:	
	But what?fhall I efteéme a Crowne ought elfe,	
	Then as a gorgeous Creft of eafeleffe Helme,	
	Or as fome brittel mould of glorious pompe,	215
	Or glittering glaffe, which, whiles it fhines, it breakes?	
	All this a fodaine Chaunce may dafh, and not	
	Perhaps with thirteéne Kings , or in nine yeares:	
	All may not finde fo flowe and lingring Fates.	
	What, that my Country cries for due remorfe	220
	<D1v> And	

And some reliefe for long fuftained toyles?
By Seas and Lands I dayly wrought her wrecke,
And spareleffe fpent her life on euery foe.
Eche where my Souldiers perifht, whileft I wonne:
Throughout the world my Conqueft was their spoile. 225
A faire reward for all their deaths, for all
Their warres abroad, to giue them ciuill warres.
What bootes it them referu'd from forreine foiles
To die at home? What ende of rutheleffe rage?
At leaft let age , and Nature worne to nought, 230
Prouide at length their graues with wifhed groanes.
Pitty their hoary haire, their feeble fifts,
Their withered lims,their ftrengths confumde in Campe.
Muft they ftill ende their liues amongeft the blades?
Refts there no other Fate whiles Arthur raignes? 235
What deeme you me? a furie fedde with blood,
Or fome Ciclopian borne and bred for braules?
Thinke on the minde, that Arthur beares to peace:
Can Arthur please you no where but in warres?
Be witneffe Heauens how farre t'is from my minde, 240
Therewith to spoile or facke my natiue foile:
I cannot yeelde, it brookes not in my breaft,
To feeke her ruine, whom I erft haue rulde.
What reliques now fo e'r both ciuill broyles,
And forreine warres haue left, let thofe remaine: 245
Th'are fewe inough, and Brytaines fall too faft.

The fecond scene.

An Herault from Mordred.

HOWE. L O here an Herault fent from Mordreds Campe,
A froward meffage,if I reede aright :
We mought not ftirre his wrath : perhaps this may:
Perfwafions cannot moue a Brytaines mood,
And yet none fooner ftung with prefent wrong. 5
HERAV. Haile peereleffe Prince, whiles Fortune would,our King,
Though now bereft of Crowne and former rule.
Vouchsafe me leaue my meffage to impart,
No iotte inforft, but as your Sonne affords.
If here you ftay but threed dayes to an ende, 10
And not forthwith difcharge your bands and hoaft,
Ti's Mordreds oath : Affure your felfe to die.
But if you finde your courage fo to ferue,
As for to ftand to your defence with force,
In Cornewell (if you dare) he'il trye it out. 15
ARTH. Is this the choyce my Sonne doth fend his Sire,
And muft I die? Or trye it if I dare?
To die were ill, thus to be dar'd is worfe.
<D2r> Display

The third fcene.

Gawin King of Albanie. Afchillus King of Den=
marke. King of Norway. A number
of Souldiers.

ARTH. O

Friends and fellowes of my werieft toyles,
Which haue borne out with me fo many brunts,
And desperate ftormes o^f wars an d brainficke Mars:
Loe now the hundreth month wherein we winne.
Hath all the bloud we f^pent in forreine Coasts,

5

The wounds, and deaths, and winters boad abroad,
Deferued thus to be difgrac'd at home?
All Brytaine rings of warres : No towne, nor fielde
But fwarmes with armed troupes : the muftering traines
Stop vp the ftreétes: no leffe a tumult's raifde,

10

Then when Hengiftus fell and Horfus fierce
With treacherous truce did ouerrunne the Realme.
Each corner threatneth Death : both farre and nere
Is Arthur vext. What if my force had faild,
And ftandarde falne,and enfignes all beene torne,

15

And Roman troupes purfude me at the heéles,
With luckleffe warres affaid in forreine foiles?
Now that our Fortune heaues vs vp thus hie,
And Heauens themfelues renewe our olde renowme :
Muft we be darde? Nay,let that Princocke come,

20

That knowes not yet himfelfe, nor Arthurs force,
That ne'r yet waged warres, that's yet to learne
To giue the charge : Yea let that Princocke come,
With fodayne Souldyers pampered vp in peace,
And gowned troupes, and wantons worne with eafe:

25

With fluggifh Saxons crewe, and Irifh kernes,
And Scottifh aide, and falfe redfhanked Picts,
Whofe flaughters yet muft teach their former foyle.
They fhall perceauue with forrow e'r they part,
When all their toyles be tolde, that nothing workes

30

So great a waft and ruine in this age,
As doe my warres. O Morered bleffed Sonne:
No doubt,theſe market mates fo highly hier'd
Muft be the ftay of thy vfurped ftate.
And leaft my head inclining now to yeares,

35

Should ioy the reft, which yet it neuer reapt:
The Traytor Gilla, traind in treacherous iarres,
Is chiefe in armes, to reaue me of my Realme.
What corner (ah) for all my warres fhall fhrowde
My bloodleffe age : what feate for due deferts?

40

<D2v>

What

What towne, or field for auncient Souldiers reft?

What houle? What rooffe? What walls for weried lims?

Stretch out againe , fretch out your conquering hands,

Still muft we vfe the force fo often vfde.

To thofe,that will purfue a wrong with wreke, 45

He giueth all, that once denies the right.

Thou foile which erft Diana did ordaine

The certaine feate and bowre of wandring Brute:

Thou Realme which ay I reuerence as my Saint,

Thou ftately Brytaine th'auncient tipe of Troy, 50

Beare with my forced wrongs : I am not he,

That willing would impeach thy peace with warres.

Lo here both farre and wide I Conqueror ftand,

Arthur each where thine owne, thy Liedge, thy King.

Condemne not mine attempts : he, onely he 55

Is fole in fault, that makes me thus thy foe.

Here I renounce all leagues and treats of truce,

Thou Fortune henceforth art my garde and guide.

Hence peace, on warres, runne Fates, let Mars be iudge,

I erft did truft to right,but now to rage. 60

Goe : tell the boy that Arthur feares no brags,

In vaine he feékes to braue it with his Sire.

I come (Mordred) I come , but to thy paine.

Yea, tell the boy his angry father comes,

To teach a Nouist both to die, and dare. Herault Exit. 65

HOWE. If we without offence (O greateft guide

Of Brytifh name? may poure our iuft complaints:

We moft millike that your too milde a moode

Hath thus withheld our hands and fwords from ftrokes.

For what? were we behind in any helpe? 70

Or without caufe did you misfdoubt our force,

Or truth fo often tried with good fuccesse ?

Goe to : Conduct your army to the fielde,

Place man to man, oppofe vs to our foes:

As much we neéde to worke, as wifh your weale. 75

CADO. Seémes it fo fowre to winne by ciuill warres?

Were it to goare with Pike my fathers braeft,

Were it to riue and cleaue my brothers head,

Were it to teare peécemeale my deareft childe,

I would inforce my grudging handes to helpe. 80

I cannot terme that place my natiue foyle,

Whereto your trumpets fend their warrlike founds.

If cafe requir'd to batter downe the Towres

Of any Towne, that Arthur would deftroy:

Yea, wer't of Brytaines felfe, which moft I rede: 85

Her bulwarkes, fortrefse, rampiers, walles and fence,

Thefe armes fhould reare the Rams to runne them downe.

Wherefore ye Princes,and the reft my mates,

If what I haue auerd in all your names,

Be likewise fuch as ftands to your content, 90

Let all your Yeas auow my promife true.

D 3<r>

Yea

SOVL. **Yea,yea,&c.**

ASCH. **Wherein renowned King my selfe,or mine,
My life,my Kingdome,and all Denmarke powre
May ferue your turne,account them all your owne.** 95

KING **And whatfoe'r my force or Norwaie aide
/f Norway. May helpe in your attempts, I vow it here.**

GAWI. **As heretofore I alwayes ferude your heaft,
So let this daie be iudge of Gawins truft.** 100

**Either my brother Mordred dies the death
By mine affault,or I at least by his.**

ARTH. **Since thus(my faithfull mates)with vowes alike,
And equall loue to Arthurs cause you ioyne
In common care,to wreake my priuate wrongs:** 105

**Lift vp your Ensignes eft,stretch out your strengths,
Purfue your Fates,performe your hopes to Mars,
Loe here the last and outmost worke for blades.
This is the time that all our valour craues.**

This time by due desert restores againe 110

**Our goods,our lands,our liues,our weale and all.
This time declares by Fates whose cause is best,
This,this condemnes the vanquisht side of guilt.
Wherefore if for my sake you scorne your felues,
And spare no sword nor fire in my defence :** 115

**Then whiles my censure iustifies your cause,
Fight,fight amaine:and cleare your blades from crime,
The Iudge once change,now warres are free from guilt.
The better cause giues vs the greater hope
Of prosperous warres,wherein if once I hap** 120

**To spie the wonted signes,that neuer faile
Their guide,your threatning lookes, your fire eies,
And bustling bodies preft to present spoile:
The field is wonne. Euen then me thinkes I see
The wonted wafts , and scattered heads of foes,** 125

**The Irish carcas kickt,and Pictes opprest,
And Saxons flaine,to swim in streames of blood.
I quake with hope. I can assure you all,
We neuer had a greater match in hand.**

March on : delaye no Fates whiles Fortune fawnes, 130

The greatest praise of warres confits in speed.

Exeunt Regis et Cohors.

The fourth scene.

Cador. Arthur.

CADO. S **Ince thus (victorious King) your Peéres, allies,
Your Lords , and all your powres be ready preft,
For good,for bad, for whatfoe'r shall hap,
To spend both limme and life in your defence:
Cast of all doubts,and rest your selfe on Mars:** 5

A hopeleffe feare forbids a happy Fate.
ARTH. In sooth (good Cador) fo our Fortune fares,
As neédes we muft returne to wónted force.
To warres we muft : but fuch vnhappy warres,
As yeéld no hope for right or wrong to scape. 10
My felfe forefeés the Fate, it cannot fall
Without our deareft blood : much may the minde
Of penfiue Sire prefage, whose Sonne fo finnes.
All truth, all truft, all blood, all bands be broke,
The feédes are fowne that fpring to future fpoyle, 15
My Sonne, my Nephew, yea each fide my felfe,
Nerer then all(woe's me)too nere, my foe.
Well : t'is my plague for life fo lewdly ledde,
The price of guilt is ftill a heauier guilt.
For were it light, that eu'n by birth my felfe 20
Was bad, I made my fifter bad : nay were
That alfo light, I haue begot as bad.
Yea worfe, an heire affignde to all our finnes.
Such was his birth : what bafe, what vulgar vice
Could once be loókt for of fo noble blood? 25
The deéper guilt descends, the more it rootes:
The younger imps affect the huger crimes. Exeunt.

C H O R U S .

1 When many men affent to ciuill warres ,
And yeélde a suffradge to inforce the Fates:
No man bethinkes him of his owne mishappe,
But turnes that lucke vnto an other's fhare.
Whereas if feare did firft forewarne ech foyle, 5
Such loue to fight would breéd no Brytains bane.
And better were ftill to preferue our peace,
Then thus to vent for peace through waging warres.
What follie to forgoe fuch certayne happes,
And in their fteede to feede vncertayne hopes? 10
Such hopes as oft haue puft vp many a Realme,
Till croffe fucceffe hath preft it downe as deépe :
Whiles blind affection fetcht from priuate caufe
Mifguiding wit hath makt in wifedom's vaile,
Pretending what in purpose it abhorr'd. 15
2 Peace hath threé foes incamped in our breafte,
Ambition, Wrath, and Enuie : which fubdude,
We fhould not faile to finde eternall peace.
T'is in our powre to ioy it all at will,
And fewe there be, but if they will, they may: 20
But yet euen thofe, who like the name of peace,
Through fond defire repine at peace it felfe.
Betweéne the hope whereof, and it it felfe,
A thoufand things may fall:that further warres .
The very fpeéch fometimes and treats of truce, 25
Is flafht and cut a funder with the fword.

D 4<r> Nor

32

A R T H V R .

Norfield the name of peace doth edge our mindes,
 And sharpeneth on our furie till we fight:
 So that the mention made of loue and reft
 Is oft a whettstone to our hate and rage.

30

3 Lo here the end, that Kingly pompe imparts,
 The quiet reft, that Princely pallace plights.
 Care vpon care, and euery day a newe
 Fresh ryfiyg tempeft tires the toffed mindes.
 Who ftriues to ftand in pompe of Princely port,
 On guiddy top and culme of flippery Court,
 Findes oft a heauy Fate, whiles too much knowne
 To all, he falles vnknowne vnto himfelfe.
 Let who fo elfe that lift, affect the name,
 But let me feéme a Potentate to none :
 My flender barke shall ceeépe anenft the fho^are,
 And fhunne the windes, that fweépe the waltering waues.
 Prowde Fortune ouerhippes the faffest Roades,
 And feékes amidft the furging Seas thofe Keéles,
 Whofe lofty tops and tacklings touch the Cloudes.

35

40

45

4 O bafe, yet happy Bœres ! O giftes of Gods
 Scant yet perceau'd : when poudred Ermine roabes
 With fecret fighes miftrufing their extreames,
 In bailefull breaft forecaft their foultring Fates,
 And ftirre, and ftriue, and ftorme, and all in vaine:
 Behold, the Peafant pœre with tattered coate,
 Whofe eyes a meaner Fortune feédes with fleépe ,
 How fafe and found the careleffe Snudge doth fnore.
 Low rœffed lurkes the houle of flender hap,
 Coftleffe, not gay without, fcant cleane within:
 Yet fafe : and oftner fhroudes the hoary haires,
 Then haughty Turrets rearde with curious art,
 To harbour heads that wield the golden Crefte.
 With endleffe carke in glorious Courts and Townes,
 The troubled hopes and trembling feares doe dwell.

50

55

60

The Argument of the fourth Act.

- 1 I N the firft Scene **Gildas** and **Conan** conferre of the ftate of **Brytaine**.
- 2 In the Second Scene **Nuntius** maketh report of the whole bat= taile , with the death of **Mordred** and **Arthurs** and **Cadors** deadly wound.
- 3 In the third Scene **Gildas** and **Conan** lament the infortunate ftate of the Countrie.

<D4v>

The

¶ *The Argument and manner of the*
fourth dumbe shewe.

D Vring the Muficke appointed after the third act,there came a Lady Cou
ly attyred with a counterfaite Childe in her armes, who walked softly
the Stage. From an other place there came a King Crowned, who likew
walked on an other part of the Stage. From a third place there came foure Soul
ers all armed , who fpying this Lady and King, vpon a fodaine purfued the Lac 5
from whom they violently tooke her Childe and flung it againft the walles; Sh
in mournefull fort wringing her hands paffed her way. Then in like manner th
fette on the King, tearing his Crowne from his head, and cafting it in peeeces v
der feete draue him by force away; And fo paffed themfelues ouer the Stage.
this was meant the fruit of Warre, which fpareth neither man woman nor chilc 10
with the ende of *Mordreds* vfurped Crowne.

THE FOVRTH ACT
and firft fcene.

Gildas. Conan.

GILD. L **ORD Conan, though I know how hard a thing**
It is, for mindes trainde vp in Princely Thrones,
To heare of ought againft their humor’s courfe:
Yet : fithence who forbiddeth not offence,
If well he may, is caufe of fuch offence: 5
I could haue wifht (and blame me not my Lord)
Your place and countnance both with Sonne and Sire,
Had more preuailde on either fide, then thus
T’haue left a Crowne in danger for a Crowne
Through ciuill warres, our Countries woonted woe. 10
Whereby the Kingdom’s wound ftill fefttring deépe,
Sucks vp the mifchiefe’s humor to the hart.
The ftaggering ftate of Brytaines troubled braines,
Headficke, and fore incumbred in her Crowne,
With guiddy fteps runnes on a headlong race. 15
Whereto this tempeft tend’s, or where this ftorme
Will breake, who knowes? But Gods auert the worft.
CONA. **Now furely (Gildas) as my duety ftood,**
Indifferent for the beft to Sonne and Sire:
So (I proteft) fince thefe occafions grewe, 20
That in the depth of my defire to please,
I more efteémde what honeft faith requir’d
In matters meéte for their eftates and place:
Than how to feéde each fond affection prone
To bad effects, whence their difgrace mought growe. 25
And as for Mordreds desperate and difloyall plots,
E<1r> They

33

A R T H U R .

They had beéne none, or fewer at the leaft,
Had I preuail'd : which Arthur knowes right well.
But eu'n as Counters goe sometimes for one,
Sometimes for thousands more, sometimes for none: 30
So men in greateft countnance with their King,
Can worke by fit perfwasion sometimes much:
But sometimes leffe : and sometimes nought at all.
GILD. Well: wee that haue not spent our time in warres,
But bent our courfe at peace, and Countries weale, 35
May rather now expect what ftrange euent,
And Chaunce infues of thefe fo rare attempts:
Then enter to difcourfe vpon their caufe,
And erre as wide in wordes, as they in deédes.
GONA. And Lo : to fatiffie your wifh therein, 40
Where comes a Souldier fwearing from the Camps.

The fecond fcene.

Nuncius.

NVNC. T

HOU Eccho fhri! that hauntft the hollow hilles,
Leaue off that wønt to fnatch the latter word:
Howle on a whole difcourfe of our diftreffe,
Clippe of no claufe : found out a perfect fenfe.
GILD. What frefh mifhap (alas) what newe annoy, 5
Remoues our penfiue mindes from wonted woes,
And yet requires a newe lamenting møde?
Declare : we ioy to handle all our harmes:
Our many griefes haue taught vs ftill to mourne. 10
NVNC. But (ah) my tounge denies my fpeech his aide:
Great force doth driue it forth : a greater keépes
It in. I rue furprifde with wøntleffe woes.
CONA. Speake on, what grieve fo e'r our Fates afford. 15
NVNC. Small griefes can fpeake : the great aftonifht ftand.
GILD. What greater finnes could hap, then what be paft?
What mifchiefes could be meant, more then were wrought?
NVNC. And thinke you thefe to be an end to finnes?
No. Crime procédes : thofe made but one degréé. 20
What mifchiefes earft were done, terme facred deédes:
Call nothing finne,but what hath fince infu'd.
A greater grieve requires your teares : Behold
Thefe frefh annoyes: your laft mifhaps be ftale.
CONA. Tell on (my friend) fufpend our mindes no more: 25
Hath Arthur loft?Hath Mordred wøonne the field?
NVNC. O : nothing leffe. Would Gods it were but fo.
Arthur hath woonne : but we haue loft the field.
The field? Nay all the Realme, and Brytaines bounds.
GILD. How fo? If Arthur woonne, what could we loøfe? 30
You fpeake in cloudes, and caft perplexed wordes.
Unfolde at large : and fort out forrowes out.

<E1v>

Then

A R T H V R .		34
NVNC.	Then lift a while : this instant shall vnwrappe Thofe acts, thofe warres, thofe hard euent, that all The future age shall eu'r haue caufe to curfe.	35
	Now that the time drewe on, when both the Camps Should meét in Cornwell fieldes th'appointed place: The reckeleffe troupes , whom Fates forbad to liue Till noone, or night, did ftorme and raue for warres. They fwarmde about their Guydes, and cluftring cald For signes to fight, and fierce with vprores fell, They onwards hayld the haftning howres of death. A direfull frenzie rofe : ech man his owne, And publike Fates all heédleffe headlong flung.	40
	On Mordreds fide were fixtie thoufande men, Some borrowed powres, some Brytans bred at home. The Saxons, Irifh, Normans, Pictes, and Scottes Were firft in place, the Brytanes followed laft.	45
	On Arthurs fide there were as manie more. Iflandians, Gothes, Noruegians, Albanes, Danes, Were forraine aides, which Arthur brought from Fraunce, A truftie troupe, and tryed at many a trench.	50
	That nowe the day was come, wherein our State For aye fhould fall, whenceforth men might inquire What Brytaine was : thefe warres thus neere bewraide. Nor could the Heauens no longer hide thefe harmes, But by prodigious signes portende our plagues.	55
	For lo : er both the Campes encountering coapt, The Skies and Poles oppofed themfelues with ftormes. Both Eaft , and Weft with tempeftes darke were dim'd, And fhoweres of Hayle, and Rayne outrageous powr'd . The Heauens were rent, ech fide the lightnings flaht, And Clowdes with hideous clappes did thundering roare.	60
	The armies all agaft did fenfeleffe ftand, Miftrufting much, both Force, and Foes, and Fates. T'was harde to fay , which of the two appal'd Them moft, the monftrous ayre, or too much feare.	65
	When Arthur fpide his Souldiers thus amaz'd, And hope extinct, and deadly dreade drawne on: My mates (quoth he) the Gods doe fkowre the fkies, To feé whofe caufe and courage craues their care. The Fates contende to worke fome ftraunge euent: And Fortune feéks by ftormes in Heauens and Earth, What pagions fhe may play for my behoofe. Of whom fhe knowes, fhe then deferues not well, When lingring ought, fhe comes not at the firft.	70
	Thus faide: reioycing at his dauntleffe minde, They all reuiude, and former feare recoylde. By that the light of Titan's troubled beames Had pearceing fattered downe the drowping fogges, And greeted both the Campes with mutuall viewe: Their choller fwelles, whiles fell difpofed mindes Bounce in their breafte, and ftirre vncertayne ftormes.	75
	E 2<r> Then	80

	35	<i>A R T H V R.</i>	
		Then palenes wanne and fterne with cheareleffe chaunge, Poffeffing bleake their lippes and bloodleffe cheékes, With troublous trembling fhewes their death is nere.	85
		When Mordred fawe the danger thus approacht, And boyftrous throngs of Warriors threatning blood: His instant ruines gaue a nodde at Fates, And minde though prone to Mars, yet daunted paufde.	90
		The hart which promift earft a fure fucceffe, Now throbs in doubts : nor can his owne attempts, Afforde him feare, nor Arthurs yeelde him hope. This paffion lafts not long, he fœone recalls His auncient guife, and wonted rage returnes.	95
		He loathes delayes, and fcorcht with Scepters luft, The time and place, wherein he oft had wifht To hazarde all vpon extreameft Chaunce, He offred fpies, and fpide purfues with fpeéde.	
		Then both the Armies mette with equall might, This ftird with wrath, that with defire to rule: And equall proweffe was a fpurre to both. The Irifh King whirlde out a poyfnd Dart, That lighting pearced déepe in Howels braines, A p ^e érelaffe Prince and nere of Arthurs bloud.	100 105
		Hereat the Aire with vprore lowde refoundes, Which efts on mountains rough rebounding reares. The Trumpets hoarce their trembling tunes doe teare And thundring Drummes their dreadful Larums ring. The Standards broad are blowne, and Enfignes fspread, And euery Nation bends his wœnted warres.	110
		Some nere their foes, fome further off doe wound, With dart, or fword, or fhaft, or pike, or fpeare, The weapons hide the Heauens : a night compofde Of warrelike Engines ouerfhades the field. From euery fide thefe fatall fignes are fent: And boyftrous bangs with thumping thwacks fall thicke.	115
		Had both thefe Camps beéne of vfurping Kings, Had euery man thereof a Mordred beéne, No fiercelier had they fought for all their Crownes. The murders meaneleffe waxt, no art in fight, Nor way to ward nor trie each others fkill, But thence the blade, and hence the bloud enfues.	120
CONA.		But what? Did Mordreds eyes indure this fight?	
NVNC.		They did. And he himfelfe the fpurre of fiends And Gorgons all, leaft any part of his Scapt fr ^e é from guilt, enflamde their mindes to wrath. And, with a valure more, then Vertue yeélds, He chearde them all, and at their backe with long Outreached fpeare, ftirde vp each lingring hand. All furie like frounft vp with frantick frets.	125 130
		He bids them leaue and fhunne the meaner fort, He fhewes the Kings, and Brytaines nobleft peéres.	
GILD.		He was not now to feéke what bloud to drawe:	
		<E2v>He	

<i>A R T H V R.</i>		36
	He knewe what iuice refresht his fainting Crowne.	135
	T∞ much of Arthurs hart. O had he wift	
	How great a vice fuch vertue was as then.	
	In Ciuill warres, in rooting vp his Realme?	
	O frantike fury, farre from Ualures praife.	
NVNC.	There fell Afchillus ftout of Denmarke King,	140
	There valiant Gawin Arthurs Nephew deare,	
	And late by Augels death made Albane King,	
	By Mordreds hand hath loft both life and Crowne.	
	There Gilla wounded Cadore Cornifh Duke,	
	In hope to winne the Dukedome for his meede.	145
	The Norway King, the Saxons Duke, and Picts,	
	In wofull sort fell groueling to the ground.	
	There Prince and Peafant both lay hurlde on heapes:	
	Mars frownde on Arthurs mates : the Fates waxt fierce,	
	And iointly ranne their race with Mordreds rage.	150
CONA.	But with what ioy (alas) fhall he returne,	
	That thus returnes, the happier for this fiede?	
NVNC.	Thefe odds indure not long, for Mars retires,	
	And Fortune pleafde with Arthurs moderate feare,	
	Returnes more full, and friendlyer then her w∞nt.	155
	For when he faw the powers of Fates oppofde,	
	And that the dreadfull houre thus haftened on:	
	Perplexed much in minde, at length refolues,	
	That feare is couered beft by daring moft.	
	Then forth he pitcht : the Saxon Duke withft∞de,	160
	Whom with one ftroke he headleffe fent to Hell.	
	Not farre from thence he fpide the Irifh King,	
	Whofe life he tooke as price of broken truce.	
	Then Cadore foreward preft, and haplie mette	
	The Traytor Gilla, worker of thefe warres,	165
	Of whom by death he tooke his due reuenge.	
	The remnant then of both the Camps concurre,	
	They Brytaines all, or moft : few Forreines left.	
	Thefe wage the warres, and hence the deaths infue.	
	Nor t'one, nor t'other fide, that can deftroy	170
	His foes fo faft, as tis it felfe deftroyed.	
	The brethren broach their bloud: the Sire his Sonnes,	
	The Sonne againe would proue by t∞ much Wrath,	
	That he, whom thus he flew, was not his Sire.	
	No bl∞od nor kinne can fwage their irefull m∞odes.	175
	No forreine foe they feéke, nor care to finde:	
	The Brytaines bloud is fought on euery fide.	
	A vaine difcourfe it were to paint at large	
	The feuerall Fates, and foiles of either fide.	
	To tell what grones and fighes the parting Ghofts	180
	Sent forth : who dying bare the felleft breaft:	
	Who chaunged cheare at any Brytaines fall:	
	Who oftneft ftrooke : who beft beftowde his blade:	
	Who ventred moft : who ftoode : who fell : who failde:	
	Th'effect declares it all : thus far'd the field.	185
E 3<r>		Of

Of both theſe Hoafte ſo huge and maine at firſt,
There were not left on either ſide a ſcore,
For Sonne, and Sire to winne, and looſe the Realme.

The which when Mordred ſaw, and that his Sire
Gainſt foes, and Fates themſelues would winne the field, 190
He figh'd, and twixt deſpaire and rage he cryed,
Here (Arthur) here, and hence the Conqueſt comes:
Whiles Mordred liues, the Crowne is yet vnwonne.

Hereat the prince of prowefſe much amaz'd,
With thrilling teares, and countnance caſt on ground, 195
Did groaning fetch a deepe and earnefull figh.

Anone they fierce encountering both concur'd,
With grieſly lookes, and faces like their Fates:
But diſpar mindes, and inward moodes vnlike.

The Sire with minde to ſafegard both, or t'one: 200
The Sonne to ſpoile the t'one, or hazard both.
No feare, nor fellnes failde on either ſide:
The wager lay on both their liues and bloods.

At length when Mordred ſpyde his force to faint,
And felt him ſelfe oppreſt with Arthurs ſtrength, 205
(O hapleſſe lad, a match vnmeete for him)
He loathes to liue in that afflicted ſtate,
And valiant with a forced Vertue, longs
To die the death : in which perplexed minde,
With grenning teeth, and crabbed lookes he cryes, 210
I cannot winne : yet will I not be wonne.

What ſhould we ſhun our Fates, or play with Mars,
Or thus defraude the warres of both our bloods?
Whereto doe we referue our ſelues? Or why
Be we not fought ere this, amongſt the dead? 215
So many thouſands murthred in our cauſe,
Muſt we ſuruiue, and neither winne nor looſe?

The Fates that will not ſmile on either ſide,
May frowne on both : So ſaying forth he flings,
And deſperate runs on point of Arthurs Sword, 220
(A Sword (alas) prepar'd for no ſuch uſe)
Whereon engoarde he glides, till nere approcht,
With dying hand he hewes his fathers head.
So through his owne annoy, he noyes his Liedge:
And gaines by death acceſſe to daunt his Sire. 225

There Mordred fell, but like a Prince he fell.
And as a braunch of great Pendragons grafte
His life breaths out, his eyes forfake the Sunne,
And fatall Cloudes inferre a laſting Clips.
There Arthur ſtaggering ſcant ſuſtaind him ſelfe, 230
There Cador found a deepe and deadly wound,
There ceaſt the warres, and there was Brytaine loft.

There lay the choſen youths of Mars, there lay
The peereleſſe Knights, Bellona's braueſt traine.
There lay the Mirrours rare of Martiall praife, 235
There lay the hope and br aunch of Brute ſuppreſt.

<E3v>

There

There Fortune laid the prime of Brytaines pride,
There laide her pompe,all topfie turuie turnde. Exit.

The third scene.

Gildas. Conan.

GILD.

C

Ome cruell griefes,fpare not to fretch our ftrenghs,
Whiles bailefull breaftef inuite our thumping fifts.
Let euery figne,that mournefull paffions worke,
Exprefse what piteous plighthe our mindes amaze.
This day fupplants what no day can fupply,
Thefe handes haue wrought thofe waftes, that neuer age,
Nor all the broode of Brute fhall e'r repaire.
That future men may ioy the furer reft,
Thefe warres preuent their birth,and nip their fpring.
What Nations earft the former age fubdude
With hourelie toyles to Brytaines yoke,this day
Hath fet at large,and backwardes turnde the Fates.
Hencefoorth the Kernes may fafely tread their bogges:
The Scots may now their inrodes olde renewe,
The Saxon^s well may vow their former claimes,
And Danes without their danger driue vs out.
Thefe warres found not the'ffect of woonted warres,
Nor doth their waight the like impreffion woorke:
There feuerall Fates annoyde but feuerall men,
Heere all the Realme and people finde one Fate.
What there did reache but to a Souldiers death,
Containes the death of all a Nation here.
Thefe blades haue giuen this Ifle a greater wounde,
Then tyme can heale.The fruite of ciuill warres:
A Kingdom's hand hath goard a Kingdom's heart,
When Fame fhall blaze thefe acts in latter yeares,
And time to come fo many ages hence
Shall eftf report our toyles and Brytifh paynes:
Or when perhaps our Childrens Children reade,
Our woefull warres displaid with fkilfull penne:
They'l thinke they heere fome founds of future facts,
And not the ruines olde of pompe long paf.
Twill mooue their mindes to ruth,and frame a frefh
New hopes,and feares,and vowes,and many a wifh,
And Arthurs caufe fhall ftill be fauour'd moft.
He was the ioy,and hope, and hap of all,
The Realmes defence,the fole delay of Fates,
He was our wall and forte,twice thirteene yeares
His fhoulders did the Brytaine ftate fupport.
Whiles yet he raignd,no forren foes preuailde,
Nor once could hope to binde the Brytaine boundes:
But ftill both farre and nere were forc'd to flie,
E 4<r> They

5
10
15
20
25
30
35
40

Surcharg'd with burden of their owne exceffe.
So Fortune wearyed with our often warres,
Is forc'd to faint,and leaue vs to our fates. 40
If men haue mindes prefaging ought their harmes,
If euer heaunie heart foreweene her woe:
What Brytaine liues,fo far remou'd from home,
In any Ayre,or Pole,or Coaft abroad:
But that euen now through Natures sole instinct, 45
He feeles the fatall fword imbrue his breaft,
Wherewith his natiue foyle for aye is flaine?
What hopes, and happes lye wafted in thefe warres?
Who knowes the foyles he fuffered in thefe fieldes?

The argument of the fift Act.

- 1 I N the firft fcene **Arthur** and **Cador** returned deadlie wounded
and bewaild the miſfortune of themſelues and their Countrie,
and are likewiſe bewailed of the **Chorus**.
2 In the ſeconde fcene the Ghoſt of **Gorlois** returneth reioy-
cing at his reuendge,and wiſhing euer after a happier **Fate** vnto 5
Brytaine,which done,he deſcendeth where he firſt roſe.

¶ *The Argument and manner of the
fift and laſt dumbe ſhewe.*

S Ounding the Muficke , foure gentlemen all in blacke halfe armed, halfe vn-
armed with blacke ſkarffes ouerthwart their ſhoulders ſhould come vppon
the ſtage. The firſt bearing alofte in the one hand on the trunchion of a
ſpeare an Helmet, an arming ſworde, a Gauntlet , &c. representing the Trophea:
in the other hand a Target depicted with a mans hart fore wounded & the blood 5
gufhing out,crowned with a Crowne imp'rial and a Lawrell garland,thus writ-
ten in the toppe. *En totum quod ſuperest*, ſignifying the King of *Norway* which
ſpent himſelfe and all his power for *Arthur*,and of whom there was left nothing
but his heart to inioy the conqueſt that infued. The ſeconde bearing in the one
hand a filuer veſſell full of golde,pearles,and other iewels representing the *Spolia*: 10
in the other hande a Target with an Olephant and Dragon thereon fiercely com-
bating, the Dragon vnder the Olephant and ſucking by his extreme heate the
blood from him is cruſhed in peeces with the fall of the Olephant, ſo as both die
at laſt, this written aboue,*Victor, an Victus?* representing the King of *Denmarke*,
who fell through *Mordreds* wound, hauing firſt with his ſouldiers deſtroyed the 15
moſt of *Mordreds* armie.The third bearing in the one hand a *Pyramis* with a Law-
rell wreath about it repreſenting victorie. In the other hand a Target with this
deuife : a man ſleeping,a ſnake drawing neere to ſting him, a Leazard preuenting
the Snake by fight,the Leazard being deadlie wounded awaketh the man, who
feeing the Leazard dying, purſues the Snake, and kils it, this written aboue, *Tibi* 20
morimur. Signifying *Gawin* King of *Albanye* flaine in *Arthurs* defence by *Mor-*
dred,whom *Arthur* afterwardeſ ſlewe. The fourth bearing in the one hande a
broken piller, at the toppe thereof the Crowne and Scepter of the vanquiſht
King,both broken afunder,reprefenting the conqueſt ouer vfurpation : in the o-
ther hand a Target with two Cockes painted thereon, the one lying dead,the o- 25
other

ther with his winges broken,his eyes pecked out, and the bloode euerye where
gufhing forth to the grounde, he standing vppon the dead Cocke and crowing
ouer him, with this embleme in the toppe, *Qua vici, perdidit*, signifying *Cador*
deadly wounded by *Gilla* whom he flewe. After thefe followed a King languish-
ing in complet Harneffe blacke,brused & battered vnto him,befprinkled with 30
blood.On his head a Lawrell garland,leaning on the fhoulders of two Heraults in
mourning gownes & hoods,th'on in *Mars* his coate of arms,the other in *Arthurs*,
presenting *Arthur* victoriously but yet deadly wounded. there followed a page
with a Target whereon was portraited a Pellican pecking her blood out of her
breft to feede her young ones,through which wound fhe dieth,this writen in the 35
toppe, *Quafoui, perit*, signifying *Arthurs* too much indulgencie of *Mordred*, the
caufe of his death. All this repreftented the difmayed and vnfortunate victorie of
Arthur,which is the matter of the Act infuing.

THE FIFT ACT
and firft Scene.

Arthur.Cador. Chorus.

ARTH. C Ome Cador, as our frendfhip was moft firme
Throughout our age,fo now let's linke as faft.
Thus did we liue in warres,thus let vs dye
In peace,and arme in arme pertake our Fates.
Our woundes,our greéfe,our wifh, our hap alike, 5
Our end fo neere, all craue eche others helpe.

CADO. O King,beholde the fruite of all our Fame:
Lo here our Pompe confumed with our felues,
What all our age with all our warres had wonne,
Loe here one day hath loft it all at once. 10
Well:fo it likes the Heauens:thus Fortune gibes:
She hoyfeth vp to hurle the deeper downe.

CHOR. O facred Prince:what fight is this we feé?
1 Why haue the Fates re feru'd vs to thefe woes
Our onely hope:the ftay of all our Realme: 15
The pillar of our ftate : thus fore oppreft?
O would the Gods had fauour'd vs fo much:
That, as we liu'd partakers of your paines,
And likewife ioyde the fruit of your exploytes:
So hauing thus bereft our Soueraignes bliffe, 20
They had with more indifferent doome conioynd
The Subiects both,and Soueraignes bane in one.
It now (alas) ingendereth double greéfe,
To rue your want,and to bewaile our woes.

ARTH. Rue not my Brytaines what my rage hath wrought, 25
But blame your King, that thus hath rent your Realme.
My meaneleffe moods haue made the Fates thus fell,
And too much anger wrought in me too much.
For had impatient ire indu'rde abufe,

<F1v> And

A R T H V R .		42
	And yeélded where refistance threatned fpoyle:	30
	I mought haue liu'd in forreine coaftes vnfoilde,	
	And fix fcore thoufand men had bene vnmoande.	
	But wrong incenfig wrath to take reuenge	
	Preferred Chaunce before a better choyfe.	35
CHOR.	T'was Mordreds wrong and to vniuft desertes	
2	That iuftly mœoude your Highneffe to fuch wrath:	
	Your claime requir'd no leffe then thofe attempts:	
	Your caufe right good was praif'd,and praide for moft.	
ARTH.	I claimd my Crowne,the caufe of claime was good,	40
	The meanes to clame it in fuch forte was bad.	
	Yea : rather then my Realme and natiue foile	
	Should wounded fall,thus brufed with thefe warres:	
	I should haue left both Realme,and right,and all:	
	Or dur'd the death ordaind by Mordreds oath.	45
CADO.	And yet fo farre as Mars coulde bide a meane,	
	You hateleffe fought the fafegard of them all.	
	Whereto the better caufe, or badder Chaunce	
	Did drawe,you ftill inclinde : preferring oft	
	The weaker fide,fometimes for loue,fometimes	50
	For right,(as Fortune fwaide) your Sonne,your felfe.	
	So pittie fpar'd, what reafon fought to fpoyle:	
	Till all at length,with equall fpoyle was fpent.	
CHOR.	Would Gods your minde had felt no fuch remorfe,	
3	And that your foes had no fuch fauour founde.	55
	So mought your friends haue had far frendlier Fates,	
	If Rebels for their due deferts had dyde.	
	The wickeds death is fafety to the iuft.	
	To fpare the Traitors,was to fpoile the true.	
	Of force he hurtes the good,that helps the bad.	60
	In that you fought your Countries gaine,t'was well:	
	In that you fhunned not her loffe,t'was hard.	
	Good is the frend,that feeke to do vs good:	
	A mighty frend,that doth preuent our harmes.	
ARTH.	Well:fo it was:it cannot be redrest:	65
	The greater is my greefe,that feés it fo.	
	My lyfe (I feele) doth fade,and forrowes flowe,	
	The rather that my name is thus extinct.	
	In this refpect, fo Mordred did fuccede,	
	O,that my felfe had falne,and Mordred liu'd:	70
	That hauing conquer'd all my foes but him,	
	I mought haue left you him,that conquer'd me.	
	O heaue wretched lotte:to be the laft	
	That falles,to viewe the buriall of my Realme.	
	Where each man elfe hath fealt his feuerall Fate,	75
	I onely pine opprest with all their Fates.	
CHOR.	Although your Highneffe do fufteine fuch greéfe,	
4	As needes enforceth all your Realme to rue:	
	Yet fince fuch ruth affordeth no releefe,	
	Let due difcretion fwage each cureleffe fore,	80
	F 2<r>	And

43		A R T H V R.	
And beare the harmes,that run without redreffe.			
The loffe is ours,that loofe fo rare a Prince,		The breath-	
You onely win,that fee your foe here foilde.		leffe body of	
ARTH.	A caufeleeffe foe. When warres did call me hence	Mordred in	
	He was in yeares but young,in wit too olde.	85	Armour as he
	As vertue shineth moft in comlieft wightes,		fell is brought
	When inward gifts are deckt with outward grace:		vpon the
	So did his witte and feature feede that hope,		Stadge.
	Which fallfely trainde me to this wofull hap.		
	His minde tranformed thus,I cannot chufe	90	
	But long to fee what change his face fuftaines.		
	My blood and kinred doubled in his birth,		
	Inspires a mixt,and t'wice defcending loue,		
	Which driues my dying vaines to wifh his view.		
	Unhealme his luckeleeffe head,fet bare his face:	95	
	That face which earft pleaf'd me and mine to much.		
CHOR.	Seé(wortheft King) the hope of all your Realme,		
I	Had not his luft to rule preuented all.		
ARTH.	I fee (alas) I fee (hide,hide againe:		
	O fpare mine eyes) a witneffe of my crimes:	100	
	A fearefull vifion of my former guilt:		
	A dreadfull horror of a future doome:		
	A prefent gaule of minde.O happie they,		
	Whofe fpotleeffe liues attaine a dreadleeffe death.		
	And thou,O hapleeffe boye,O fpight of Fates,	105	
	(What mought I terme thee,Nephew, Sonne,or both?)		
	Alas,how happie fould we both haue bene,		
	If no ambitious thought had vext thy head ,		
	Nor thou thus ftriu'de to reaue thy Fathers rule,		
	But ftaide thy tyme,and not forftalde vs both?	110	
CADO.	The hoat fpurde youth that forfte the forward fteédes,		
	Whiles neédes he would his Fathers Chariot guide,		
	Neglecting what his Sire had faid in charge,		
	The fires,which firft he flung about the poles,		
	Himfelfe at laft moft wofull wretch inflamde.	115	
	So to much loue to houer in the Heauens		
	Made him to paie the price of rafh attemptes.		
ARTH.	What ruth, (ah,) rent the woful Fathers hart,		
	That fawe himfelfe thus made a Sonneleeffe Sire?		
	Well:fince both Heauens and Hell confpir'd in one,	120	
	To make our endes a mirror to the worlde,		
	Both of inceftious life,and wicked birth:		
	Would Gods the Fates that linckt our faultes alike,		
	Had alfo fram'de our minds of frendlier mouldes:		
	That,as our linage had approcht too neere,	125	
	So our affections had not fwaru'd to farre.		
	Then mought I liu'd t'inlarge the Brytaines praife,		
	In rearing efts the firft triumphant Troy		
	And after thou fucceeding mine attemptes,		
	Haue fpent thy courage in a iufter caufe.	130	
	But t'would not be : Ambition grew to greate:		
	<F2v>		We

**We could not ioyne our mindes : our Fates we ioynde:
And through thy blood, a way was made to mine.**

CHOR. **And muft we neédes (O worthieft Peéres) forgoe,**

2 **By this vntimely Fate our greateft hope?** 135
**That in your ripeft yeares and likelyeft time,
Your chieft force fhould on this fodaine fall?**

CHOR. **Haue you throughout your youth made Brytaines pompe**

3 **A Soueraigne of fo many Nations ftout,**
To th'end ere halfe your age vntimely death 140
Should leaue vs Subiect to our wønted foiles?

CHOR. **Seé, feé, our idle hopes, our brittle truft,**

4 **Our vaine defires, our ouer fickle ftate.**
Which, though a while they fayle on quiet feas,
Yet finke in furge, e re they ariue to Rode. 145
**O wofull warres, O Mordreds curfed pride,
That thus hath wrought both King, and Kingdomes woe.**

CADO. **Let plaints and mournings paffe, fet moanes a part.**

They made much of themfelues: Yea too too much
They lou'd to liue, that feéing all their Realme 150
Thus topfie turuey turnd, would grudge to dye.

ARTH. **Yea fure : fince thus (O Fates) your cenfure feémes,**

That free from force of forreine foes, there refts,
That Mordred reape the glory of our deaths:
B't so : driue on your doome, worke your decreé: 155
We feareleffe bide what bane fo e'r you bidde.

And though our ends thus haftened through your heafte,
Abruptly breake the courfe of great attempts:
Yet goe we not inglorious to the ground:
Set with a part : we haue perfourmd inough. 160

The Irifh King and Nation wilde we tamde:
The Scots and Picts, and Orcade Ifles we wanne:
The Danes and Gothes and Frifeland men with all
The Ifles inferted nere those Seas, And next
The Germaine King, and Saxons we fubdude. 165

Not Fraunce, that could preuaile againft our force,
Nor laftly Rome, that rues her pride fuppreft.
Ech forreine power is parcell of our praife,
No titles want to make our foes affraide.

This onely now I craue (O Fortune erft 170
My faithfull friend) let it be fone forgot,
Nor long in minde, nor mouth, where Arthur fell.
Yea : though I Conquerour die, and full of Fame:
Yet let my death and parture reft obfcure.
No graue I neéde (O Fates) nor buriall rights, 175
Nor ftately hearce, nor tombe with haughty toppe:
But let my Carkaffe lurke : yea, let my death
Be ay vnknownen, fo that in euery Coaft
I ftill be feard, and loekt for euery houre.

Exeunt. Arthur & Cador.

CHOR. **Lo here the end that Fortune fends at laft** 180

1 **To him, whom firft fhe heau'd to higheft happe.**

F 4 <=3r>

The

45

A R T H V R .

The flattering looke wherewith he long was led:
The smiling Fates , that oft had fedde his Fame:
The many warres and Conquests, which he gaind,
Are dafht at once : one day inferres that foile, 185
Whereof fo many yeares of yore were freeé.

CHOR. O willing world to magnifie man's fstate:
2 O moft vnwilling to maintaine the fame.
Of all miſfortunes and vnhappy Fates,
Th'unhappieft feémes, to haue beéne hapie once. 190
T'was Arthur fole, that neuer found his ioyes
Diſturb'd with woe, nor woes relieu'd with ioye.
In prosperous fstate all Heauenly powres afpir'd:
Now made a wretch, not one, that fpares his ſpoile.

CHOR. Yea Fortunes ſelfe in this afflicted caſe, 195
3 Exacts a paine for long continued pompe.
She vrgeth now the bliffe of wónted weale,
And beares him downe with waight of former Fame.
His prayſes paſt be preſent ſhame: O tickle truſt:
Whiles Fortune chops and chaungeth euery Chaunce. 200
What certaine bliffe can we enioy a liue,
Unleſſe, whiles yet our bliffe endures, we die?

CHOR. Yea : ſince before his laſt and outmoſt gaſpe,
4 None can be deemde a happy man or bleſt , 205
Who dares commit him ſelfe to prosperous Fates,
Whoſe death prepaſte attends not hard at hand?
That ſithence death muſt once determine all,
His life may ſóoner flie, then Fortune flitte.

The ſecond ſcene.

Gorlois.

GORL.

N

OW Gorlois fwage thy ſelfe. Pride hath his pay:
Murther his price : Adult'rie his defert:
Treaſon his meéde : Diſloyaltie his dóome:
Wrong hath his wreake : and Guilt his guerdon beares.
Not one abuſe erft offered by thy foes 5
But ſince moſt ſternely puniſht, is now purg'd.
Where thou didſt fall, eu'n on the ſelfe fame foile
Pendragon, Arthur, Mordred, and their ſtocke,
Found all their foiles : not one hath ſcapte reuenge:
Their line from firſt to laſt quite razed out. 10
Now reſt content, and worke no further plagues:
Let future age be freeé from Gorlois Ghoſt.
Let Brytaine henceforth bath in endleſſe weale.
Let Virgo come from Heauen, the glorious Starre:
The Zodiac's ioy: the Planets chiefe delight: 15
The hope of all the yeare : the eaſe of Skies:
The Aires reliefe , the comfort of the Earth.
That vertuous Virgo borne for Brytaines bliffe:

<F3v>

That

A R T H V R		46
That pierleffe braunch of Brute : that fweéte remaine		
Of Priam's ftate : that hope of fpringing Troy:	20	
Which time to come, and many ages hence		
Shall of all warres compound eternall peace,		
Let her reduce the golden age againe,		
Religion, eafe, and wealth of former world.		
Yea, let that Virgo come and Saturnes raigne,	25	
And yeares oft ten times tolde expirde in peace.		
A Rule, that elfe no Realme fhall euer finde,		
A Rule most rare, vnheard, vnseéne, vnread,		
The fole example that the world affordes.		
That (Brytaine) that Renowme, yea that is thine.	30	
B'it fo : my wrath is wrought. Ye furies blacke		
And vglie fhapes,that houle in holes beneath:		
Thou Orcus darke, and deepe Auernas nooke,		
With dukifh dennes out gnawne in gulfes belowe,		
Receauue your ghafly charge,Duke Gorlois Ghoaft:	35	
Make roome:I gladly thus reuengde returne.		
And though your paine fupaffe,I greete them tho:		
He hates each other Heauen, that haunteth Hell.		
Defcendit.		
EPILOGVS .		
S	Ee héere by this t he tickle truft of tyme:	
	The falfe affiance of each mortall force,	
	The wauering waight of Fates:the fickell trace,	
	That Fortune trips:the many mockes of life:	
	The cheereleffe change : the eafeleffe brunts and broyles,	5
	That man abides : the reftleffe race he runnes.	
	But moft of all,feé héere the peéreleffe paines:	
	The lafting panges:the ftintleffe greéfes: the teares:	
	The sighes:the grones:the feares:the hopes:the hates:	
	The thoughts and cares,that Kingly pompe impartes.	10
	What follies then bewitch thambicious mindes,	
	That thirft for Scepters pompe the well of woes?	
	Whereof (alas)fhould wretched man be proude,	
	Whofe firft conception is but Sinne,whofe birth	
	But paine,whofe life but toyle,and neédes must dye?	15
	Sée héere the ftore of great Pendragons broode,	
	The to'ne quite dead,the to'ther haftening on,	
	As men,the Sonne but greene,the Sire but ripe:	
	Yet both foreftalde ere halfe their race were run.	
	As Kinges, the mightieft Monarches in this age,	20
	Yet both fuppreft and vanquifht by themfelues.	
	Such is the brittle breath of mortall man,	
	Whiles humane Nature workes her dayly wrackes:	
	Such be the crazed crefts of glorious Crownes,	
	Whiles worldly powers like fudden puffes do paffe.	25
	And yet for one that goes, an other comes,	
F 4 <r>		Some

A R T H V R .

30

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FINIS.

Thomas Hughes.

*Sat cytò, fì fat benè : vtcunq̃ :
Quod non dat spes, dat optio.*

$$\{****\}$$

¶ Heere after followe fuch

speeches as were penned by others, and pronounced in stead of some of the former speeches penned by Thomas Hughes.

<F4v>

A speech penned by William

Fulbecke gentleman, one of the societie of Grayes-

Inne , and pronounced in ftead of *Gorlois*

his first speech penned by Thomas

Hughes , and fet downe in the first

Scene of the first Acte.

A **Lecto : thou that haft excluded mee**

From feeldes Elyfyan,where the guiltleffe foules

Avoide the fcourge of Radamanthus Ire:

Let it be lawfull,(fith I am remou'd

From bleffed llands,to this curfed fhoare,

This loathed earth where Arthurs table ftandes,

With Ordure foule of Harpies fierce difteind,)

The fates and hidden secrets to disclose

Of blacke Cocytus and of Acheron,

The floudes of death the lakes of burning foules.

Where Hellish frogges doe prophecie reuenge:

Where Tartars sprights with carefull heede attende

The difmall fummons of Alectoes mouth.

My felfe by precept of Proserpina,

Commaunded was in prefrence to appeare,

Before the Synode of the damned fprightes.

In fearefull m∞de I did performe their heft,

And at my entrance in th' inchaunted fnakes,

Which wrap themfelus about the furies neckes,

Did hiffe for ioy:and from the dreadfull benthe

The supreme furie thus affignde her charge.

Gorlois quoth ſhe thou thither muſt aſcend.

Whence through the rancour of malicious foes

Wearyed with woundes thou didst descend to vs.

Make Brytaine now the marke of thy reuenge

On ruthleffe Brytaines and Pendragons race,

Disburffe the treafure of thy Hellifh plagues.

Let blood contend with blood, Father with Sonne,

Subiect with Prince, and let confusion raigne.

She therewithall enioynde the dufkie cloudes

Which with their darkeneffe turnde the earth to Hell,

Conuert to blood and poure downe ftreames of blood.

Cornewell fhall groane, and Arthurs foule fhall figh,

Before the conscience of Gueneuora

The map of hell shall hang and fiendes shall rage:

And Gorlois ghoft exacting punifhment.

With

G<1r>

With dreames, with horrors and with deadly traunce
Shall gripe their hearts : the vifion of his corfe
Shalbe to them,as was the terror vile
Of flaming whippes to Agamemnons fonne. 40
And when the Trumpet calles them from their reft
^Aurora fhall with watry cheekes behold
Their flaughtered bodies prostrate to her beames.
And on the banckes of Cambala fhall lye
The bones of Arthur and of Arthurs knightes: 45
Whose fleete is now tryumphing on the feas.
But fhall bee welcom'd with a Tragedie.
Thy natie foyle fhallbe thy fatall gulfe
Arthur:thy place of birth thy place of death.
Mordred fhallbe the hammer of my hate 50
To beate the bones of Cornifh Lordes to duft.
Ye rauening birdes vnder Celenoes power,
I doe adiure you in Alectoes name.
Follow the sworde of Mordred where he goes.
Follow the sworde of Mordred for your foode. 55
Aspyring Mordred,thou must also dye.
And on the Altar of Proferpina
Thy vitall blood vnto my Ghost fhall fume.
Heauen,Earth,and hell, concurre to'plague the man.
That is the plague of Heauen,Earth, and hell. 60
Thou bids Alecto: I purfue my charge.
Let thy Ceraftæ whistle in mine eares,
And let the belles of Pluto ring reuenge.

¶ One other fpeeche penned

by the fame gentleman , and pronounced in fteade
of Gorlois his laft fpeeche penned by Tho-
mas Hughes , and fet downe in the fe-
cond Scene of the fift and laft Act.

D Eath hath his conquest : hell hath had his wifh.
Gorlois his vow : Alecto her defire.
Sinne hath his pay : and blood is quit with blood.
Reuenge in Tryumphe beares the ftrugling hearts.
Now ^Gorlois pearce the craggie Rockes of hell. 5
Through chinckes wherof infernall sprites do glaunce,
Returne this anfwere to the furies courte.
That Cornewell trembles with the thought of warre:
And Tamers flood with drooping pace doth flowe,
For

<G1v>

For feare of touching Camballs bloodie streame.	10
Brytaine remember.write it on thy walles.	
Which neyther tyme nor tyrannie may race.	
That Rebelles. Traytors and conspirators,	
The femenarye of lewde Cateline,	
The Baftard Cooie of Italian birdes.	15
Shall feele the flames of euer flaming fire.	
Which are not quenched with a fea of teares.	
And fince in thee fome glorious ftarre must fhine.	
When many yeares and ages are expirde	
Whose beames fhall cleare the mift of mifcontent	20
And make the dampe of Plutoes pit retire.	
Gorlois will neuer fray the Brytans more.	
For Brytaine then becomes an Angels land,	
Both Diuels and sprites muft yeelde to Angels power,	
Vnto the goddeffe of the Angels land.	25
Vaunt Brytaine vaunt, of her renowned raigne,	
Whose face deterres the haggas of hell from thee:	
Whose vertues holde the plagues of heauen from thee,	
Whose prefence makes the earth fruitfull to thee:	
And with forefight of her thrice happie daies,	30
Brytaine I leaue thee to an endleffe praife.	

Besides theſe ſpeeches there was alſo penned a **Chorus**
 for the firſt act, and an other for the ſecond act, by Maſter
Frauncis Flower , which were pronounced accor-
 dingly. The dumbe ſhowes were partly deuifed by Mai-
 ſter **Chriſtopher Yeluerton**, Maſter **Frauncis**
Bacon,Maſter **Iohn Lancaſter** and others,
 partly by the faide Maſter **Flower**,who
 with Maſter **Penroodocke** and
 the faid Maſter **Lancaſter**
 directed theſe procee-
 dings at Court.
 (. .)
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<G2v>