

[SCENE IX.

Before a cave near Wakefield.]

*Enter the Earl of Kendal, L[ord] Bonfield,
Sir Gilbert, and Jenkin, the clown.*

KEND. Come away, Jenkin.

JEN. Come, here is his house.—Where be
you, ho?

GEORGE. [Within.] Who knocks there?

KEND. Here are two or three poor men,
father,

Would speak with you.

GEORGE. [Within.] Pray, give your man
leave to lead me forth.

KEND. Go, Jenkin, fetch him forth.

JEN. Come, old man.

Enter George a Greene, disguised.

KEND. Father, here is three poor men come
to question

Thee a word in secret that concerns their
lives. 10

GEORGE. Say on, my sons.

KEND. Father, I am sure you hear the
news,

How that the Earl of Kendal wars
against the king.

Now, father, we three are gentlemen by
birth,

But younger brethren that want reven-
ues,

And for the hope we have to be preferred,
If that we knew that we shall win,

We will march with him;

If not, we will not march a foot to
London more.

Therefore, good father, tell us what shall
happen, 20

Whether the king or the Earl of Kendal
shall win.

GEORGE. The king, my son.

KEND. Art thou sure of that?

GEORGE. Ay, as sure as thou art Henry
Momford,

The one L[ord] Bonfield, the other Sir
Gilbert.

KEND. Why, this is wondrous, being blind
of sight,

His deep perseverance ¹ should be such to
know us.

GILB. Magic is mighty and foretelleth
great matters.

¹ Perceivrance, porception.

Indeed, father, here is the earl come
see thee,

And therefore, good father, fable n
with him.

GEORGE. Welcome is the earl to my po
cell,

And so are you, my lords; but let n
counsel you

To leave these wars against your kin
And live in quiet.

KEND. Father, we come not for advice
war,

But to know whether we shall win
leese.²

GEORGE. Lose, gentle lords, but not b
good King Edward;

A baser man shall give you all the fo

KEND. Ay, marry, father, what man
that?

GEORGE. Poor George a Greene, the pi
ner.

KEND. What shall he?

GEORGE. Pull all your plumes, and so
dishonor you.

KEND. He! As how?

GEORGE. Nay, the end tries all; but
it will fall out.

KEND. But so it shall not, by my hono
Christ!

I'll raise my camp, and fire Wakefie
town,

And take that servile pinner, George
Greene,

And butcher him before King Edward
face.

GEORGE. Good my lord, be not offend
For I speak no more than art reveal

to me.

And for greater proof
Give your man leave to fetch me my staf

KEND. Jenkin, fetch him his walking staff.

JEN. Here is your walking staff.

GEORGE. I'll prove it good upon you
carcasses;

A wiser wizzard never met you yet,
Nor one that better could foredoom
your fall.

Now I have singled you here alone,
I care not, though you be three to one
[Throws off his disguise.]

KEND. Villain, hast thou betrayed us? 60

² Lose. ³ Defeat.
⁴ I.e., as an animal is selected from a herd for
hunting.

GEORGE. Momford, thou liest! Never was
I traitor yet;

Only devised this guile to draw you on
for to be combatants.

Now conquer me, and then march on
to London!

But shall go hard but I will hold you
task.¹

CHOR. Come, my lord, cheerly; I'll kill
him hand to hand.

KEND. A thousand pound to him that
strikes that stroke!

GEORGE. Then give it me, for I will have
the first.

*Here they fight; George kills Sir Gilbert and
takes the other two prisoners.*

HON. Stay, George; we do appeal.

GEORGE. To whom? 70

HON. Why, to the king!

For rather had we bide what he appoints,
'Than here be murdered by a servile
groom.

KEND. What wilt thou do with us?

GEORGE. Even as Lord Bonfield wished,²
You shall unto the king;

And, for that purpose, see where the
justice is placed.

Enter Justice.

JUST. Now, my Lord of Kendal, where be
all your threats?

Even as the cause, so is the combat
fallen;

Else one could never have conquered
three. 80

KEND. I pray thee, Woodroffe, do not
twit me;

If I have faulted, I must make amends.

GEORGE. Master Woodroffe, here is not a
place for many
Words;

I beseech ye, sir, discharge all his sol-
diers,

'That every man may go home unto his
own house.

JUST. It shall be so. What wilt thou do,
George?

GEORGE. Master Woodroffe, look to your
charge;

Leave me to myself.

JUST. Come, my lords. 90

Exit all but George.

¹ If I do not keep you busy.

² Original reads *wist*.

GEORGE. Here sit thou, George, wearing
a willow wreath,

As one despairing of thy beauteous
love.

Fie, George, no more!

Pine not away for that which cannot be.

I cannot joy in any earthly bliss

So long as I do want my Bettris.

Enter Jenkin.

JEN. Who see a master of mine?

GEORGE. How now, sirrah! Whither away?

JEN. Whither away? Why, who do you
take me to be?

GEORGE. Why, Jenkin, my man. 100

JEN. I was so once indeed, but now the
case is altered.

GEORGE. I pray thee, as how?

JEN. Were not you a fortune teller today?

GEORGE. Well, what of that?

JEN. So sure am I become a juggler.

What will you say if I juggle your sweet-
heart?

GEORGE. Peace, prating losel! ³ Her jeal-
ous father

Doth wait over her with such suspicious
eyes

That, if a man but dally by her feet,
He thinks it straight a witch ⁴ to charm
his daughter. 110

JEN. Well, what will you give me if I
bring her hither?

GEORGE. A suit of green and twenty
crowns besides.

JEN. Well, by your leave, give me room.
You must give me something that you
have lately worn.

GEORGE. Here is a gown. Will that serve
you? [Gives his gown.]

JEN. Ay, this will serve me. Keep out of
my circle,

Lest you be torn in pieces with she-
devils.—

Mistress Bettris—once, twice, thrice!

He throws the gown ⁵ in, and she comes out.

O, is this no cunning?

GEORGE. Is this my love, or is it but her
shadow? 120

JEN. Ay, this is the shadow, but here is
the substance.

³ Worthless fellow.

⁴ Spell.

⁵ Original reads *ground*.