

*Enter Prince Edward with his poniard in his hand, Lacy and Margret.*

Edward.

Lacy, thou canst not shroud thy traitorous thoughts,  
Nor cover as did Cassius all his wiles,  
For Edward hath an eye that looks as far  
As Lynceus from the shores of Grecia.  
Did not I sit in Oxford by the Friar,  
And see thee court the maid of Fressingfield,  
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kiss?  
Did not proud Bungay draw his portace forth,  
And joining hand in hand had married you,  
If Friar Bacon had not struck him dumb,  
And mounted him upon a spirit's back  
That we might chat at Oxford with the friar?  
Traitor what answerst, is not all this true?

Lacy.

Truth all, my Lord, and thus I make reply:  
At Harleston fair there courting for your grace,  
When, as mine eye surveyed her curious shape  
And drew the beautiful glory of her looks  
To dive into the centre of my heart,  
Love taught me that your honour did but jest,  
That princes were in fancy but as men,  
How that the lovely maid of Fressingfield  
Was fitter to be Lacy's wedded wife  
Than concubine unto the Prince of Wales.

Edward.

Injurious Lacy, did I love thee more  
Than Alexander his Hephestion?  
Did I unfold the passion of my love,  
And lock them in the closet of thy thoughts?

Wert thou to Edward second to himself,  
Sole friend, and partner of his secret loves,  
And could a glance of fading beauty break,  
The enchained fetters of such private friends?  
Base coward, false, and too effeminate  
To be co-rival with a prince in thoughts.  
From Oxford have I posted since I dined,  
To quite a traitor 'fore that Edward sleep.

Margaret.

'Twas I, my Lord, not Lacy stepped awry,  
For oft he sued and courted for yourself,  
And still wooed for the courtier all in green,  
But I, whom fancy made but over fond,  
Pleaded my self with looks as if I loved,  
I fed mine eye with gazing on his face,  
And still bewitched loved Lacy with my looks,  
My heart with sighs, mine eyes pleaded with tears,  
My face held pity and content at once,  
And more I could not cipher out by signs  
But that I loved Lord Lacy with my heart.  
Then worthy Edward measure with thy mind,  
If women's favours will not force men fall,  
If beauty and if darts of piercing love,  
Is not of force to bury thoughts of friends.

Edward.

I tell thee, Peggy, I will have thy loves;  
Edward or none shall conquer Margaret.  
In frigates bottomed with rich Sethin planks,  
Topped with the lofty firs of Lebanon,  
Stemmed and encased with burnished ivory  
And overlaid with plates of Persian wealth,  
Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waves

And draw the Dolphins to thy lovely eyes,  
To dance Lavoltas in the purple streams,  
Sirens with harps and sliver psalteries,  
Shall weight with music at thy frigate's stem,  
And entertain fair Margaret with her lays.  
England and England's wealth shall wait on thee,  
Britain shall bend unto her prince's love,  
And do due homage to thine excellence,  
If thou wilt be but Edward's Margaret.

Margaret.

Pardon my lord if Jove's great royalty,  
Sent me such presents as to Danae,  
If Phoebus tied in Latona's webs,  
Come courting from the beauty of his lodge,  
The dulcet tunes of frolic Mercury,  
Not all the wealth heaven's treasury affords,  
Should make me leave Lord Lacy or his love.

Edw.

I have learned at Oxford then this point of schools,  
*Abbata causa, tollitur effectus,*  
Lacy, the cause that Margaret cannot love  
Nor fix her liking on the English Prince,  
Take him away, and then the effects will fail.  
Villain prepare thy self, for I will bathe  
My poniard in the bosom of an Earl.

Lacy.

Rather than live and miss fair Margaret's love,  
Prince Edward stop not at the fatal doom,  
But stab it home, end both my loves and life.

Marg.

Brave Prince of Wales, honoured for royal deeds,  
'Twere sin to stain fair Venus' courts with blood,  
Love's conquests end my Lord in courtesy.  
Spare Lacy gentle Edward, let me die,  
For so both you and he do cease your loves.

Edward.

Lacy shall die as traitor to his Lord.

Lacy.

I have deserved it, Edward act it well.

Margret.

What hopes the Prince to gain by Lacy's death?

Edward.

To end the loves twixt him and Margaret.

Marg.

Why, thinks King Henry's son that Margret's love  
Hangs in the uncertain balance of proud time  
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?  
No, stab the earl, and 'fore the morning sun  
Shall vaunt him thrice over the lofty east,  
Margaret will meet her Lacy in the heavens.

Lacy.

If ought betides to lovely Margaret,  
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,  
Europe's rich wealth, nor England's monarchy,  
Should not allure Lacy to over-live.  
Then Edward, short my life and end her loves.

Margret.

Rid me, and keep a friend worth many loves.

Lacy.

Nay, Edward, keep a love worth many friends.

Margret.

And if thy mind be such as fame hath blazed,  
Then princely Edward let us both abide  
The fatal resolution of thy rage,  
Banish thou fancy, and embrace revenge,  
And in one tomb knit both our carcasses,  
Whose hearts were linked in one perfect love.

Edward.

Edward art thou that famous prince of Wales,  
Who at Damasco beat the Saracens,  
And brought'st home triumph on thy lances point,  
And shall thy plumes be pulled by Venus down?  
Is it princely to dissever lovers' leagues,  
To part such friends as glory in their loves?  
Leave Ned, and make a virtue of this fault,  
And further Peg and Lacy in their loves,  
So in subduing fancy's passion,  
Conquering thy self thou getst the richest spoil.  
Lacy, rise up. Fair Peggy, here's my hand.  
The Prince of Wales hath conquered all his thoughts  
And all his loves he yields onto the earl.  
Lacy, enjoy the maid of Fressingfield,  
Make her thy Lincoln countess at the church,  
And Ned as he is true Plantagenet,  
Will give her to thee frankly for thy wife.

Lacy.

Humbly I take her of my sovereign,

As if that Edward gave me England's right,  
And riched me with the Albion diadem.