

Bacon's Magic Enacted Script

Enter Rafe Simnell in Edwardes apparel, Edward, Warren, Ermsby disguised.

Rafe.

Where be these vagabond knaves that they attend no better on their master?

Edward.

If it please your honour we are all ready at an inch.

Rafe.

Sirra Ned, I'll have no more post horse to ride on, I'll have another fetch.

Ermsby.

I pray you how is that my Lord?

Rafe.

Marry sir, I'll send to the I'll of Ely for four or five dozen of geese, and I'll have them tied six and six together with whipcord, Now upon their backs will I have a fair field bed, with a canopy, and so when it is my pleasure I'll flee into what place I please; this will be easy.

Warren.

Your honour hath said well, but shall we to Brasenose college before we pull off our boots.

Ermsby.

Warren well motioned, we will to the Friar

Before we reveal it within the town.

Rafe see you keep your countenance like a Prince.

Rafe.

Wherefore have I such a company of cutting knaves to wait upon me, but to keep and defend my countenance against all mineenemies: have you not good swords and bucklers.

Enter Bacon and Miles.

Ermsby.

Stay who comes here.

Warren.

Some scholar, and we'll ask him where Friar Bacon is.

Bacon.

Why thou arrant dunce shall I never make thee good scholar, doth not all the town cry out, and say, Friar Bacons subsizar is the greatest blockhead in all Oxford, why thou canst not speak one word of true Latin.

Miles.

No sir, yes what is this else; *Ego sum tuus homo*, I am your man, I warrant you sir as good Tully's phrase as any is in Oxford.

Bacon.

Come on sir, what part of speech is Ego.

Miles.

Ego, that is I, marry *nomen substantivo*.

Bacon.

How prove you that?

Miles.

Why sir let him prove himself and a will, "I" can be heard, felt and understood.

Bacon.

Oh gross dunce.

Here beat him.

Edw.

Come let us break off this dispute between these two. Sirra, where is Brazennose College.

Miles.

Not far from Coppersmith's hall.

Edward.

What doest thou mock me.

Miles.

Not I sir, but what would you at Brazennose?

Ermsby.

Marry we would speak with friar Bacon.

Miles.

Whose men be you.

Ermsby.

Marry scholar here's our master.

Rafe.

Sirra I am the master of these good fellows, mayst thou not know me to be a Lord by my reparrel.

Miles.

Then here's good game for the hawk, for here's the master fool, and a covey of cockscomb's,
one wise man I think wouldspring you all.

Edward.

Gog's wounds Warren kill him.

Warren.

Why Ned I thinkthe devil be in my sheath, I cannot get out my dagger.

Ermsby.

Nor I mine, 'Swounds Ned I think I am bewitched.

Miles.

A company of scabs, the proudest of you all draw your weapon if he can, See how boldly I speak
now my master is by.

Edward.

I strive in vain, but if my sword be shut,
And conjured fast by magic in my sheath,
Villain here is my fist.

Strike him a box on the ear.

Miles.

Oh I beseech you conjure his hands too, that he may not lift his arms to his head, for he is light
fingered.

Rafe.

Ned strike him, I'll warrant thee by mine honour.

Bacon.

What meaes the English prince to wrong my man,

Edward.

To whom speakest thou.

Bacon.

To thee.

Edward.

Who art thou.

Bacon.

Could you not judge when all your swords grew fast,
That friar Bacon was not far from hence:

Edward king Henry's son and Prince of Wales,
Thy fool disguised cannot conceal thyself,
I know both Ermsby and the Sussex Earl,
Else Friar Bacon had but little skill.
Thou comest in post from merry Fressingfield,
Fast fancied to the keeper's bonny lass,
To crave some succour of the jolly friar,
And Lacy Earl of Lincoln hast thou left,
To treat fair Margret to allow thy loves:
But friends are men, and love can baffle lords.
The Earl both woos and courts her for himself.

Warren.
Ned this is strange, the friar knoweth all.

Ermsby.
Appollo could not utter more than this.

Edward.
I stand amazed to hear this jolly Friar,
Tell even the very secrets of my thoughts:
But learned Bacon since thou knowest the cause,
Why I did post so fast from Fressingfield.
Help Friar at a pinch, that I may have
The love of lovely Margret to my self;
And as I am true Prince of Wales, I'll give
Living and lands to strength thy college state.

Warren.
Good Friar help the Prince in this.

Rafe.
Why servant Ned, will not the friar do it. Were not my sword glued to my scabbard by
conjuration, I would cut off his head and
make him do it by force.

Miles.
In faith my lord, your manhood and your sword all alike, they are so fast conjured that we shall
never see them.

Ermsby.
What doctor in a dump, tush help the prince,
And thou shalt see how liberal he will prove,

Bacon.
Crave not such actions, greater dumps than these,

I will my lord strain out my magic spells,
For this day comes the earl to Fresingfield,
And fore that night shuts in the day with dark,
They'll be betrothed each to other fast:
But come with me, we'll to my study straight,
And in a glass prospective I will show
What's done this day in merry Fresingfield.

Edward.
Gramercies Bacon, I will quite thy pain.

Bacon.
But send your train my lord into the town,
My scholar shall go bring them to their Inn:
Mean while we'll see the knavery of the earl.

Edward.
Warren leave me and Ermsby, take the fool,
Let him be master and go revel it,
Till I and Friar Bacon talk a while.

Warren.
We will my lord.

Rafe.
Faith Ned and I'll lord it out till thou comest, I'll be
Prince of Wales over all the black pots in Oxford.

Exeunt.

Bacon and Edward goes into the study.

Bacon.
Now frolic Edward, welcome to my Cell,
Here tempers Friar Bacon many toys:
And holds this place his consistory court,
Wherein the devils plead homage to his words,
Within this glass prospective thou shall see
This day what's done in merry Fressingfield,
Twixt lovely Peggy and the Lincoln earl.

Edward.
Friar thou glad'st me, now shall Edward try,
How Lacy meaneth to his sovereign lord.

Bacon.
Stand there and look directly in the glass,

Enter Margret and Friar Bungay.

Bacon.

What sees my lord.

Edward.

I see the keeper's lovely lass appear,
As bright-sun as the paramour of Mars,
Only attended by a jolly friar.

Bacon.

Sit still and keep the crystal in your eye,

Margret.

But tell me friar Bungay is it true,
That this faire courteous country swain,
Who says his father is a farmer nigh,
Can be lord Lacy earl of Lincolnshire.

Bungay.

Peggie tis true, tis Lacy for my life,
Or else mine art and cunning both doth fail:
Left by prince Edward to procure his loves,
For he in green that help you run your cheese,
Is son to Henry and the prince of Wales.

Margret.

Be what he will his lure is but for lust.
But did lord Lacy like poor Margret,
Or would he deign to wed a country lass,
Friar, I would his humble handmaid be,
And for great wealth, quite him with courtesy.

Bungay.

Why Margret doest thou love him.

Margret.

His personage like the pride of vaunting Troy,
Might well avouch to shadow Helen's cape:
His wit is quick and ready in conceit,
As Greece afforded in her chief prime
Courteous, ah Friar full of pleasing smiles,
Trust me I love too much to tell thee more,
Suffice to me he is England's paramour.

Bungay.

Hath not each eye that viewed thy pleasing face,
Surnamed thee fair maid of Fressingfield.

Margret.

Yes Bungay, and would God the lovely Earl
Had that in esse, that so many sought.

Bungay.

Fear not, the Friar will not be behind,
To show his cunning to entangle love.

Edward.

I think the Friar courts the bonny wench,
Bacon, me thinks he is a lusty churl.

Bacon.

Now look my lord.

Enter Lacy.

Edward.

Gog's wounds Bacon here comes Lacy.

Bacon.

Sit still my lord and mark the comedy.

Bungay.

Here's Lacy, Margret step aside awhile.

Lacy.

Daphne the damsel, that caught Phoebus fast,
And locked him in the brightness of her looks,
Was not so beauteous in Apollo's eyes,
As is fair Margret to the Lincoln earl,
Recant thee Lacy thou art put in trust,
Edward thy sovereign's son hath chosen thee
A secret friend to court her for himself:
And darrest thou wrong thy Prince with treachery.
Lacy, love makes no exception of a friend,
Nor deems it of a Prince, but as a man:
Honour bids thee control him in his lust,
His wooing is not for to wed the girl,
But to entrap her and beguile the lass:
Lacy thou lovest, then brook not such abuse,
But wed her, and abide thy Princes frown:
For better die, then see her live disgraced.

Margret.

Come Friar I will shake him from his dumps,
How cheer you sir, a penny for your thought:
Your early up, pray God it be the near,
What come from Beckles in a morn so soon.

Lacy.

Thus watchful are such men as live in love,
Whose eyes brook broken slumbers for their sleep,
I tell thee Peggie since last Harlston faire,
My mind hath felt a heap of passions.

Margret.

A trusty man that court it for your friend,
Woo you still for the courtier all in green.
I marvel that he sues not for himself.

Lacy.

Peggie, I pleaded first to get your grace for him,
But when mine eyes surveyed your beauteous looks
Love like a wag, straight dived into my heart,
And there did shrine the idea of your self:
Pity me though I be a farmer's son,
And measure not my riches but my love.

Margret.

You are very hasty for to garden well,
Seeds must have time to sprout before they spring,
Love ought to creep as doth the dials shade,
For timely ripe is rotten too too soon.

Bungay.

Deus hic, room for a merry Friar,
What youth of Beckles, with the keeper's lass,
Tis well, but tell me hear you any news.

Margret.

No, Friar what news.

Bungay.

Here you not how the pursuivants do post,
With proclamations through each country town:

Lacy.

For what gentle friar tell the news.

Bungay.

Dwelt thou in Beckles & heard not of these news,
Lacy the Earl of Lincoln is late fled
From Windsor court disguised like a swain,
And lurks about the country here unknown.
Henry suspects him of some treachery,
And therefore doth proclaim in every way,
That who can take the Lincoln earl, shall have
Paid in the Exchequer twenty thousand crowns.

Lacy.

The earl of Lincoln, Friar thou art mad,
It was some other, thou mistakest the man:
The earl of Lincolne, why it cannot be.

Margret.

Yes very well my lord, for you are he,
The keeper's daughter took you prisoner,
Lord Lacy yield, I'll be your jailor once.

Edward.

How familiar they be Bacon.

Bacon.

Sit still and mark the sequel of their loves.

Lacy.

Then am I double prisoner to thy self,
Peggie, I yield, but are these news in jest,

Margret.

In jest with you, but earnest unto me:
For why, these wrongs do wring me at the heart,
Ah how these earls and noble men of birth,
Flatter and feign to forge poor women's ill.

Lacy.

Believe me lass, I am the Lincoln earl,
I not deny, but tired thus in rags
I lived disguised to win fair Peggie's love.

Margret.

What love is there where wedding ends not love?

Lacy.

I meant fair girl to make thee Lacy's wife.

Margret.

I little think that earls will stoop so low,

Lacy.

Say, shall I make thee countess ere I sleep.

Marg.

Handmaid unto the earl so please himself
A wife in name, but servant in obedience.

Lacy.

The Lincoln countess, for it shall be so,
I'll plight the bands and seal it with a kiss.

Edward.

Gog's wounds Bacon they kiss, I'll stab them,

Bacon.

Oh hold your hands my lord it is the glass.

Edward.

Choler to see the traitors 'gree so well,
Made me think the shadows substances.

Bacon.

Twere a long poinard my lord, to reach between
Oxford and Fresingfield, but sit still and see more.

Bungay.

Well lord of Lincolne, if your loves be knit,
And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree:
To avoid ensuing jars, I'll hamper up the match,
I'll take my portace forth, and wed you here,
Then go to bed and seal up your desires.

Lacy.

Friar content, Peggie how like you this?

Margret.

What likes my lord is pleasing unto me.

Bungay.

Then hand-fast hand, and I will to my book,

Bacon.

What sees my lord now.

Edward.

Bacon, I see the lovers hand in hand,
The Friar ready with his portace there,
To wed them both, then am I quite undone,
Bacon help now, if ere thy magic served,
Help Bacon, stop the marriage now,
If devils or necromancy may suffice,
And I will give thee forty thousand crowns.

Bacon.

Fear not my lord, I'll stop the jolly Friar,
For mumbling up his orisons this day.

Lacy.

Why speakst not Bungay, Friar to thy book.

Bungay is mute, crying Hud hud.

Margret.

How lookest thou friar, as a man distraught,
Reft of thy senses Bungay, show by signs
If thou be dumb what passions holdeth thee.

Lacy.

He's dumb indeed: Bacon hath with his devils
Enchanted him, or else some strange disease,
Or apoplexy hath possessed his lungs:
But Peggie what he cannot with his book
We'll twixt us both unite it up in heart.

Margret.

Else let me die my lord a miscreant.

Edward.

Why stands friar Bacon so amazed.

Bacon.

I have struck him dumb my lord, & if your honour please
I'll fetch this Bungay straightway from Fressingfield,
And he shall dine with us in Oxford here.

Edward.

Bacon, do that and thou contentest me,

Lacy.
Of courtesy Margret let us lead the friar
Unto thy father's lodge, to comfort him
With brothers to bring him from this hapless trance.

Margret.
Or else my lord, we were passing unkind
To leave the friar so in his distress.

Enter a devil, and carry Bungay on his back.

Margret.
O help my lord, a devil, a devil my lord,
Look how he carries Bungay on his back:
Lets hence for Bacons spirits be abroad.

Exeunt.

Edward.
Bacon I laugh to see the jolly Friar
Mounted upon the devil, and how the earl
Flees with his bonny lass for fear,
As soon as Bungay is at Brazennose,
And I have chatted with the merry friar,
I will in post hie me to Fressingfield,
And quite these wrongs on Lacy ere it be long,

Bacon.
So be it my lord, but let us to our dinner:
For ere we have taken our repast awhile,
We shall have Bungay brought to Brazennose.

Exeunt.