

# Edward II

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## SCORE

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*“Whither must unhappy Edward go?”*

## CHARACTERS

QUEEN ISABELLA	Soprano
PRINCE EDWARD	Treble
MORTIMER	Mezzo or Counter-tenor
PIERS DE GAVESTON	Tenor
EDMUND Earl OF KENT	Tenor
KING EDWARD II	High Baritone
SPENCER	Bass
EARL/BISHOP #1/HERALD	Tenor
EARL/BISHOP #2	Baritone
EARL/BISHOP #3	Baritone
EARL/BISHOP #4	Bass
MESSENGER/MATREVIS	Bass
Soldiers/Dancers, etc.	Mute/Danced roles

## ORCHESTRA

Piccolo  
2 Oboes  
(2 *alt cor Anglaise*)  
Clarinet in B-flat  
(*alt bass clarinet*)  
Bassoon  
(*alt contrabassoon*)

Horn in F  
2 Trumpets in B-flat  
Trombone  
Piano  
Percussion  
Timpani  
Strings

# Edward II

## Act I, scene i

*(Bare stage. Gaveston appears out of the darkness - Edward and Isabella become dimly visible farther upstage (separately))*

EDWARD and GAVESTON  
Come! Gaveston!

EDWARD  
My father is dead!

EDWARD and GAVESTON  
Come! Gaveston!

ISABELLA  
Gaveston! Gaveston!

EDWARD and GAVESTON  
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.

ISABELLA  
Ah!

GAVESTON  
Ah! words that fill me with delight!

EDWARD and GAVESTON  
Come, Gaveston.

*(Edward fades from view)*

GAVESTON  
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston than  
live and be

ISABELLA and GAVESTON  
...the fav'rite...

*(Isabella fades from view - Gaveston alone)*

GAVESTON

of a king?

Sweet Prince, I come;  
Sweet prince, I come;  
These these thy amorous lines  
Might have made me swim from France,  
And, like Leander gasp gasp upon the sand,  
So you would smile  
Would smile and take me in your arms.  
Sweet prince, I come;

The sight of London to my exiled eyes is as  
Elysium to a newcomer soul:  
Not that I love the city or the men,  
But that it holds him I hold so dear  
Upon whose bosom let me die  
And let the world still be as enemies.  
Enemies.  
Enemies.

*(voices off)*

*(enter Edward)*

ISABELLA and MORTIMER  
Gaveston!

EARLS  
My lord, hate Gaveston  
Hate Gaveston  
Base and obscure Gaveston

ISABELLA  
Gaveston!

*(Enter Isabella, Mortimer, Kent, Earls -  
observed by Gaveston)*

EDWARD  
Will you not grant me this?

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

EARLS  
Hate Gaveston

MORTIMER  
We swore to your father at his death that  
Gaveston should ne'er return into the realm.

MORTIMER and EARLS  
We swore!

GAVESTON  
That villain Mortimer I'll be his death!

MORTIMER  
And know, my lord, ere I will break my  
oath,  
This sword that should offend your foes  
shall sleep  
sleep within the scabbard at thy need,

EDWARD  
I'll make thee rue these words;  
Will you contradict thy king?

EARLS  
We swore to your father at his death that

MORTIMER and EARLS  
Gaveston shall/should ne'er return into the  
realm;  
We swore!

EDWARD  
Ah I will have Gaveston!

ISABELLA, MORTIMER, KENT and  
GAVESTON  
Ah!

EDWARD  
Gaveston!

ISABELLA and EARL  
Bridle thy anger gentle Mortimer.

MORTIMER  
I cannot nor I will not. I must speak.

KENT  
Dare you brave the King unto his face?  
Brother, revenge it and let their heads preach  
upon poles for the treason of their  
tongues!

MORTIMER  
O our heads!

EDWARD  
Ay, yours; and therefore I wish you grant.

MORTIMER  
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our  
heads,  
And strike off his who makes you threaten  
us.  
Come, let us leave the brainsick king  
And henceforth parley with our naked  
swords.

*(Exeunt Isabella, Mortimer and Earls)*

EDWARD  
I cannot brook these haughty menaces:  
Am I a king and must be overruled?  
Am I a king...  
Brother, I will have Gaveston  
And they shall know what danger 'tis to  
stand against their king!

*(Gaveston comes forward)*

Gaveston!

GAVESTON  
I can no longer keep me from my lord!

EDWARD  
Gaveston!

Welcome! kiss not my hand, embrace me  
Gaveston, as I do thee;  
Why should you kneel? know'st thou not  
who I am?  
Thy friend thy self, another Gaveston!  
Welcome!  
Brother, welcome my friend. embrace me  
Gaveston.

I have my wish in that I joy thy sight  
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land  
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee  
hence!

Not Hylas more was mourned of Hercules  
Than thou hast been of me.

GAVESTON  
And since I went from hence,  
No soul in Hell  
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.

EDWARD  
Not Hylas more was mourned of Hercules  
Not Hylas more was mourned.

EDWARD  
Welcome.  
I here create thee Lord High Chamberlain,  
Chief Secretary to the state and me,  
Earl of Cornwall,  
King and Lord of Man.

GAVESTON  
My lord

KENT  
Brother

GAVESTON  
My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

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

GAVESTON  
Far exceed my worth. Far exceed

EDWARD  
Cease brother, cease.  
Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my  
gifts, and so receive my heart.  
And so receive my heart

GAVESTON  
It shall suffice me to enjoy thy love,  
Thy heart. Thy heart.

*(Exit Edward and Gaveston)*

KENT  
Brother Brother

*(Exit Kent)*

MOTET *(offstage)*  
EDWARD  
Amor qui cor vulnerat Humanum,  
quem generat Carnalis affectio,...  
[Love that wounds the human heart,  
that carnal affection generates,...]

GAVESTON  
Aucun vont sovent  
Por lor envie Mesdisant d'amur,  
Mais Mais ilh n'est si bone vie  
Com d'amer loiaument;  
Car d'ameir vient tote cortoisie,  
Tote honur Et tos biens ensengnemens.  
[Some,  
through envy, often speak ill of love;  
But there is no life so good  
as loving loyally.  
For from loving comes all courtesy  
all honour, and all good breeding.]

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*(Enter Mortimer and Earls (Bishops))*

EARL

My lord, will you take arms against the king?

BISHOP (EARL 4)  
God himself is up in arms

MORTIMER, EARLS and BISHOP (EARL 4)  
God himself is up in arms  
When violence is offered to the Church.  
When violence is offered to the Church.

BISHOP (EARL 4)  
'Tis true the bishop is in the tower  
And goods and body giv'n to Gaveston.  
MORTIMER  
And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,  
For vailing of his bonnet, one good look.  
Thus arm in arm the King and he doth march  
Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits,  
And all the court begins to flatter him.  
To flatter him.

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

MORTIMER and EARLS  
Wicked king, accursed Gaveston! accursed  
      Gaveston!  
Gaveston!  
Accursed Gaveston!

EARL  
This ground which is corrupted with their  
      steps  
Shall be their timeless sepulchre or mine.

MORTIMER  
Let that Frenchman guard him sure;  
Unless his breast be swordproof he shall die.  
      or be the ruin of the realm and us.  
Will you join me?

*(Enter Isabella)*

ISABELLA  
Ah!

MORTIMER  
Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?

ISABELLA  
Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,  
To live in grief and baleful discontent;  
For now my lord the king regards me not,  
But dotes upon the love of Gaveston.

He claps his cheeks and hangs about his  
      neck,  
Smiles in his face and whispers, whispers,  
      whispers in his ears;

And when I come, he frowns, as who should  
      say  
'Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have  
      Gaveston'.

MORTIMER and EARL  
Is it not strange that he is thus bewitched?  
Strange.

ISABELLA  
Unto the forest I go, gentle Mortimer,  
To live in grief  
My lord the king regards me not.

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

EARLS  
We have power to be revenged at full.  
EARL 3  
But yet lift not your swords against the king.



EARL 1  
No, but we'll lift Gaveston from hence.

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

ISABELLA  
Ah then let him stay;

MORTIMER and EARLS  
And war must be the means.

ISABELLA  
Then let him stay then let him stay; for  
rather than my lord shall be oppressed,  
I will endure a melancholy life,  
And let him frolic with his minion.

MORTIMER and EARLS  
War.

ISABELLA and EARL 3  
Lift not your sword against the king.

EARL 3  
To ease all this but hear me speak:  
We we and the rest that are his counsellors  
Will meet, and with a general consent  
Confirm his banishment with our hands and  
seals.

MORTIMER  
Madam, farewell.

## **Act I, scene ii**

### **CORONATION SCENE**

*(Edward enters to first fanfare; Isabella,  
Mortimer and Earls to second fanfare;  
Gaveston to third. Edward notices  
Gaveston (ms 323) Edward dons  
ceremonial robes)*

ISABELLA  
Farewell sweet Mortimer:

GAVESTON and EDWARD (*offstage*)  
Carnalis affectio

ISABELLA  
And for my sake  
Lift not your sword against the king.

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

*(Exeunt)*

EDWARD  
Amor qui cor vulnerat Humanum,  
quem generat

GAVESTON  
Aucun vont sovent  
Por lor envie Mesdisant d'amur,  
Mais Mais ilh n'est si bone vie  
Com d'amer loiaument;

GAVESTON and EDWARD  
Carnalis affectio  
Numquam sine vicio...

GAVESTON  
What greater bliss...?

EDWARD  
Carnalis affectio

ISABELLA, GAVESTON, KENT, and  
EARLS  
Long live King Edward!  
Long live King Edward!

MORTIMER

Long live King Edward.

BISHOP

Sire, do you grant to be held and observed  
the just laws and customs that the  
community of your realm shall determine,  
and will you defend and strengthen them  
to the honour of God?

EDWARD

I grant and promise them.

BISHOP

Sire, will you grant and keep and by your  
oath confirm to the people of England the  
laws and customs given to them by the  
previous just and Godfearing kings and  
especially the laws, customs and liberties  
granted to the clergy and people by the  
glorious king, the sainted Edward, your  
predecessor?

EDWARD

I grant and promise them.  
The things which I have promised,  
I will perform and keep.  
So help me God.

So help me God.

BISHOPS

Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet  
anointed Solomon king;

BISHOP 1

And as Solomon was anointed by Zadok the  
priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you  
anointed bless'd, and consecrated king  
over this people, this people the lord,  
your God hath given you to rule

BISHOPS

Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet  
anointed Solomon king; and all the  
people rejoiced and said:

ISABELLA, MORTIMER, GAVESTON,  
KENT, EARLS (BISHOPS)

God save the king

ISABELLA, GAVESTON, KENT, EARLS  
(BISHOPS)

Long live the king.  
Long live the king.

BISHOPS

May he live forever, Amen

BISHOP 1

In the name of the Father, Son and holy  
ghost, Amen.

*(Edward is seated on throne with Isabella to  
one side, and Gaveston on the other)*

EDWARD

What, are you moved that Gaveston sits  
here?

It is our pleasure; we will have it so.

EARL 1

Your grace doth well to place him by your  
side, for nowhere else is he so safe.

MORTIMER

What man of noble birth can brook this  
sight?

See what a scornful look the peasant casts.  
Their downfall is at hand, their forces down;  
We will not thus be faced and overpeered.

EDWARD

Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer.

MORTIMER

Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston.

KENT

Is this the duty that you owe your king?

EDWARD

Where will you take him?  
Stay, or you shall die.

MORTIMER and EARLS  
We are no traitors therefore threaten not.

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

MORTIMER  
Thou villain,  
Why talk of a king  
That hardly are a gentleman by birth?

EDWARD  
Were he but a peasant being my minion I'll  
make you stoop to him.

MORTIMER and EARL  
Away with hateful Gaveston

MORTIMER  
...and Kent that favours him!

EDWARD  
Nay, then lay violent hands upon your king!  
Nay, then lay violent hands upon your king!  
Was ever king thus overruled as I?  
Then lay violent hands upon your king!

Here, Mortimer sit thou in Edward's throne.  
Wear you my crown.  
Was ever king thus overruled as I?

MORTIMER and EARLS  
Then learn to rule better.

EDWARD  
Lay violent hands upon your king.

MORTIMER and EARLS  
Then learn to rule better.

EARLS  
Subscribe to his exile!

MORTIMER  
If he refuse, Depose him, and elect another  
king.

EDWARD  
Ay, there it goes; yet I will not yield.  
So curse me, depose me; do the worst you  
can;  
I will have Gaveston.

MORTIMER and EARLS  
Depose him! Elect another king.

EARL 3  
Nothing shall alter us; we are resolved

EARL 2  
Come, come subscribe.

MORTIMER  
Why should you love him whom all the  
world hates so?

EDWARD  
Because he loves me more than all the  
world.

*(subscribes - Exeunt manet Edward)*

*spoken:* How fast they run to banish him I  
love.

*(enter Gaveston)*

GAVESTON  
I hear it whispered ev'ry where that we must  
part...

EDWARD  
'Tis true were it false!

GAVESTON

...again.

EDWARD

Thou must hence, or I shall be deposed.

GAVESTON

I am banished.

EDWARD

'Tis true.

GAVESTON

Is all my hope turned to this hell of grief?

I am banished.

EDWARD

Rend not my heart with thy too piercing  
words.

GAVESTON

Is all my hope turned to this hell of grief?

I am banished.

EDWARD

'Tis true sweet Gaveston  
But I will reign to be revenged of them,  
Gaveston.

GAVESTON and EDWARD

Here, take my picture, and let me wear thine.

EDWARD

Thou shall not hence; I'll hide thee, I'll hide  
thee, Gaveston, I'll hide thee. I'll hide  
thee.

GAVESTON

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

EDWARD

Kind words and mutual talks makes our  
grief greater  
*spoken:* With silent embracement let us part

*(enter Isabella)*

ISABELLA

Whither goes my lord?

EDWARD

Fawn not on me, French strumpet get thee  
gone.

ISABELLA

On whom but on my husband should I  
fawn?

GAVESTON

On Mortimer; with whom, ungentle queen, I  
say no more  
Judge you the rest, my lord.

ISABELLA

In saying this, thou wrongst me Gaveston.  
Is't not enough thou corrupts my lord, but  
thou must call my honour thus in  
question?

GAVESTON

I mean not so; your grace must pardon me.

EDWARD

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

ISABELLA

Your highness knows it lies not in my  
powers.

EDWARD

Away then, touch me not; come Gaveston.

ISABELLA

Villain, it is you that rob me of my lord.  
It is you that rob me of my lord.

GAVESTON

Madam, it is you that rob me of my lord.  
You rob me of my lord MY lord.

EDWARD

Speak not let her droop and pine.

ISABELLA

Wherein, my lord, have I deserved these  
words?

Witness these tears that Isabella sheds.  
Witness this heart, that sighing sighing for  
thee breaks,  
How dear my lord is to Isabel  
How dear  
Witness these tears...  
Witness this heart...  
How dear...  
How dear...

EDWARD

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

*(exit Edward and Gaveston)*

ISABELLA

Oh, mis'erable and distressed queen!

Would when I left sweet France and was  
embarked  
That charming Circes walking on the waves  
Had changed my shape;

O mis'erable and distressed queen

Or at the marrieday with those arms that  
twined about my neck  
I had been stifled, and not lived to see the  
king my lord thus to abandon me.

Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth with  
ghastly murmur of my sighs and my cries;  
For never doted Zeus on Ganymede so much  
as Edward on cursed Gaveston!

Mortimer I must speak him fair, and be a  
means to call home Gaveston.

*(Exit)*

\*\*\*

*(Isabella, Mortimer and Earls dimly visible  
or Voices offstage)*

MORTIMER

Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead?

EARL 1

I would he were.

EARLS

Hate Gaveston.

MORTIMER

'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow...

ISABELLA

Come, Gaveston.

MORTIMER

...while he is out of our reach.  
But were he here, how easily might some  
base slave be bribed to greet his lordship  
with a sword.

ISABELLA, MORTIMER and EARLS

Come Gaveston.

Come, Gaveston and share the kingdom with  
your dearest friends.

\*\*\*

## Act II, scene i

*(Edward, also Mortimer and Isabella)*  
*(The coast at Tynemouth)*

EDWARD

The wind is good.  
I wonder why he stays.  
I fear he is wracked upon the sea.  
I wonder why he stays.  
How now, what news of Gaveston?

MORTIMER and ISABELLA  
Always Gaveston!

EDWARD

My heart beats like the Cyclops' hammers  
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,  
My heart beats  
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston.  
My heart beats...  
My heart beats...

ISABELLA and MORTIMER  
Look, Gaveston comes

EDWARD

Come, Gaveston!

*(enter Gaveston)*

My Gaveston!

GAVESTON  
Ah!

EDWARD

Welcome to Tynemouth,  
Welcome to thy friend! Welcome.  
Thy absence made me droop and pine away.  
Made me droop and pine  
...And now thy sight  
Is sweeter far than was thy parting  
Bitter to my sobbing heart.

GAVESTON

Sweet lord and king, your speech  
preventeth mine,  
Yet have I words left to express my joy:  
The shepherd nipped with biting winter's  
rage...

EDWARD

Thy absence made me droop and pine pine  
pine away.  
Made me pine

GAVESTON

...Frolics not more to see the painted spring,  
Than I do to behold your majesty.

GAVESTON and EDWARD

Ah!

MORTIMER

Welcome, Lord Chamberlain.  
Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall.  
Welcome, Lord Governor of the Isle of Man.  
Master Secretary, Welcome.

GAVESTON

My lord...My lord...

ISABELLA

Ay me...Ay me...Ay me...

EDWARD

Answer; I'll be thy warrant.

GAVESTON

Go Go sit at home and eat your tenant's beef,  
Go and come not here to scoff at Gaveston,  
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep  
so low  
As to bestow a look on such as you.

MORTIMER

Yet I disdain not to do this for you.

*(draws his sword)*

[GAVESTON: *The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace. (they fight.)*

MORTIMER: *Villain, thy life, unless I miss mine aim.] (Mortimer wounds Gaveston)*

EDWARD

Treason, treason!  
Gaveston!

ISABELLA

Ah Mortimer, what hast thou done?  
Ah Mortimer...

MORTIMER

No more than I would answer were he slain.

*(Gaveston is taken away)*

EDWARD

More than thou canst answer, though he  
live;  
Dear shall you pay. You shall pay.  
Out of my presence!  
Come not near the court.

MORTIMER

I'll not be barred the court for Gaveston.  
No, we'll hale him by the ears unto the  
block.  
Look to your crown, if you back him thus.  
*(exit Mortimer)*

ISABELLA

Ah Mortimer...  
*(exit Isabella)*

"CHORUS" *(offstage)*

Maidens of England, sore may you mourn.  
For your lemans you have lost at Bannocks  
bourne.

\*\*\*

EDWARD

My swelling heart for anger breaks!  
Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men  
Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston.

My swelling heart for anger breaks!

How oft have I been baited by these peers,  
And dare not be revenged, for their power is  
great?

Their power is great.

My swelling heart for anger breaks!

Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels  
Affright a lion?

Edward, unfold thy paws,

And let their lives' blood slake thy fury's  
hunger.

\*\*\*

SPENCER

Come, Gaveston! Gaveston...

He loves me well.

And though he left me, now that he hath the  
favour of a king,

He may, with one word, advance us while  
we live.

Come, Gaveston!

He loved me...

Gaveston is the man

On whose good fortune Spencer's hope  
depends

Come, Gaveston

Come, Gaveston

\*\*\*

*(enter Kent)*

KENT

My lord, I see your love to Gaveston  
Will be the ruin of the realm and you,  
For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars;  
Brother, banish him for ever.  
For ever.

EDWARD

Are you an enemy to my Gaveston?  
Poor Gaveston, that hast no friend but me.

KENT and ISABELLA

My lord, I see your love to Gaveston  
Will be the ruin of the realm and you,  
Will be the ruin of the realm

VOICES (*offstage*)

Look for rebellion.  
Look to be deposed.

MORTIMER (*offstage*)

Look to be deposed.

KENT

For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars.

EDWARD

Do what they can, we'll live in Tynemouth  
here,  
And so I walk with him about the walls,  
What care I though the earls begirt us round?  
What care I?

ISABELLA and KENT

My lord, I see your love to Gaveston  
Will be thy ruin

ISABELLA

'Tis thought the earls are up in arms.

EDWARD

Ay, 'tis likewise thought you favour him.  
Be gone!  
Whine thou with Mortimer.

ISABELLA

Thus do you still suspect me without cause.

(*enter Gaveston with Spencer*)

ISABELLA and KENT

My lord?

EDWARD

What care I?

(*exit Isabella*)

Now Mortimer is grown so brave  
That to my face he threatens wars.

GAVESTON

Commit him to the tower

EDWARD

I dare not, for the people love him well.

GAVESTON

Why then, we'll have him privily made  
away.

EDWARD

Would the earls and he had all caroused  
A bowl of poison to each other's health.  
But let them go, and tell me who is this?

GAVESTON

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

(*exeunt manet Kent*)



## Act II, scene ii

*(Kent; enter Mortimer and Earls)*

KENT

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

I come to join with you

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

MORTIMER

Stay Edmund Stay. Never was Plantagenet  
False of his word; and therefore trust we  
thee.

Now, my lords, know this,  
That Gaveston is secretly arrived  
And here in Tynemouth frolics with the  
king.  
Frolics with the king.

Let us scale the walls,  
And suddenly surprise them unawares.  
I'll give the onset.

EARLS/BISHOPS

And I'll follow thee.

KENT

And I'll follow thee.

MORTIMER

This tottered ensign of my ancestors,  
Will I advance upon this castle walls.  
Drums strike alarum! Raise them from their  
sport,  
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston.

*(exeunt)*

\*\*\*

EDWARD

O tell me Spencer where is Gaveston?  
Where is Gaveston?  
Gaveston.

SPENCER

I fear me he is slain, my gracious lord.

EDWARD

No, No, here he comes!  
Fly, fly my lords; the earls have got the hold.  
Take shipping to Scarborough;  
Spencer and I will post away by land.

GAVESTON

O stay, my lord; they will not injure you.

EDWARD

I will not trust them  
I will not trust them, Gaveston. Away!

GAVESTON

Farewell my lord.

EDWARD

Farewell, Farewell, sweet Gaveston.

*(exeunt - Isabella enters)*

ISABELLA

No farewell to poor Isabel, thy queen?  
From my embracements thus he breaks  
away.

*(Mortimer and his party burst in)*

MORTIMER

The queen!

EARLS/BISHOPS

I wonder how he 'scaped?

ISABELLA

Ay, the miserable queen,  
Whose hands are tired with haling of my  
lord  
From Gaveston

MORTIMER and EARLS/BISHOPS  
Gaveston!

ISABELLA

From wicked Gaveston.

MORTIMER

Cease to lament and tell me where's the  
king.

ISABELLA

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

EARLS/BISHOPS

No Madam, but that cursed Gaveston.

MORTIMER

Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.

ISABELLA

He's gone by water unto Scarborough.  
Pursue him quickly.

EARL/BISHOP

The wind that bears him hence will fill our  
sails.

EARL/BISHOP

Come, 'tis but an hour's sailing.

EARL/BISHOP

The wind that bears him hence will fill our  
sails.

MORTIMER

Madam, stay you within this castle here.

ISABELLA

No, I'll to my lord the king.

MORTIMER

Rather sail with us.

ISABELLA

If the king hear that I have but talked with  
you  
Mine honour will be called in question.

MORTIMER

Madam, I cannot stay;  
But think of Mortimer as he deserves.

*(exeunt all but Isabella)*

ISABELLA

So well hast thou deserved, sweet Mortimer,  
That Isabel could live with thee for ever.

*(stumbling against or noticing some  
reminder of the king)*

But yet I hope my sorrows will have end,  
And Gaveston this day be slain.

\*\*\*

GAVESTON

Yet, lusty lords, I have escaped your hands,  
Your threats, your larums, and your hot  
pursuits;  
And though divorcèd from King Edward's  
eyes,  
Yet liveth Piers of Gaveston unsurprised.

ISABELLA, MORTIMER, EDWARD,  
EARLS  
Gaveston!

GAVESTON

Breathing in hope to see the king again.

ISABELLA, MORTIMER, EDWARD,  
EARLS  
Gaveston!

GAVESTON  
To see my lord again.  
Sweet prince, I come.

EARLS  
Ah!

*(enter Mortimer, Earls and Soldiers)*

MORTIMER  
Upon him soldiers!

Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,

EARL/BISHOP  
Monster of men,

MORTIMER  
Corrupter of thy king,  
Upon my weapon's point here shouldst thou  
fall,  
And welter in thy gore

EARL/BISHOP  
Look for no other fortune than death.  
Kind Edward is not here to buckler thee.

EARL/BISHOP  
Gaveston, short warning Shall serve thy  
turn:  
His head shall off.  
It is our country's cause  
That here severely we will execute  
Hang him at a bough!

GAVESTON  
My lord -

MORTIMER  
But for thou wert a favourite of a king,

Thou shalt have so much honour at our  
hands.

GAVESTON  
I thank you all, my lords. Then I perceive  
That heading is one, and hanging the other;  
And death is all.

*(enter Messenger)*

MESSENGER  
My lords, King Edward greets you all by me.

GAVESTON  
Renowned Edward, how thy name  
Revives poor Gaveston.

MORTIMER and EARLS/BISHOPS  
Say your message.

MESSENGER  
His majesty,  
Entreateth you by me that he may but see  
Gaveston before he dies;  
For he knows that die he shall.  
King Edward will be mindful of this  
courtesy.

GAVESTON  
Ah Edward, how thy name  
Revives poor Gaveston.

MORTIMER and EARLS/BISHOPS  
It need not.

MORTIMER  
We will gratify the king  
In other matters; he must pardon us in this.

MESSENGER  
If you will not trust his grace in keep,  
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.

MORTIMER  
We will not wrong thee so, to make away

A true man for a thief.

EARL/BISHOP#1

My lord Mortimer, and you my lords each  
one,

Because the king so earnestly  
Desires to see the man before his death,  
I will upon mine honour undertake  
To carry him, and bring him back again;  
Provided this - that you my lord  
Will join with me.  
Join with me.

EARLS/BISHOPS#2,3 and 4

What wilt thou do?  
Cause yet more bloodshed? Is it not enough  
That we have taken him, but must we now  
let him go?

MORTIMER and EARL/BISHOP

Leave him on 'had I wist'

EARL/BISHOP#1

My lords, if you dare trust me,  
Upon my oath I will return him back.

MESSENGER

My lords, what say you?

MORTIMER

Do your pleasures; I know how 'twill prove.

GAVESTON

Sweet prince, I come  
To see thee ere I die.  
Sweet prince, I come

MORTIMER

Return him on your honour.

*(exeunt manent EARL/BISHOP#1,  
MESSENGER, GAVESTON, and a few  
soldiers. MORTIMER and  
EARL/BISHOP#3 are seen whispering as  
they leave)*

EARL/BISHOP#1 *(spoken)*

I do commit this Gaveston to thee;  
Be thou this night his keeper; in the morning  
We will discharge thee of him.  
*(exit EARL/BISHOP#1 and MESSENGER)*

EDWARD *(off (up) stage)*

Amor...

GAVESTON

Ah

EDWARD *(off (up) stage)*

Come, Gaveston...to thy dearest  
friend.

GAVESTON

[ARIA]

*(enter EARL/BISHOP#3 and soldiers.  
Mortimer is visible to the audience  
(upstage), but does not take part in the  
action)*

GUARD *(shouted)*

I see it is your life these arms pursue.

*(struggling)*

MORTIMER

Commend me to your master,  
My friend, and tell him that I watched it  
well.  
Come, Gaveston, and let thy shadow parley  
with the king.

*(struggling, the soldiers force Gaveston  
down, surrounding him and  
EARL/BISHOP#3 - blocking from sight)*

Ah!

*(The axe falls - blackout on Mortimer - slow  
fade on main stage)*

### Act III, scene i

*Lights up on Edward facing stage right with  
Spencer standing very close behind him.*

EDWARD  
But I will reign to be revenged of them.

*Lights slowly up on bodies of Warwick,  
Lancaster, etc. Spencer turns Edward's  
head away from the ghastly scene.*

SPENCER  
I must have shows and nightly revels  
to bend the pliant king which way I please;

*Spencer leads Edward to the throne where  
they sit*

My men like satyrs grazing on the lawns  
Shall dance.

[DANCE OF SPENCER'S MEN]

*(during the dance, Mortimer appears among  
the bodies held by 2 guards)*

MORTIMER *(aside)*  
England, unkind to thy nobility,  
Groan groan for this grief;  
Behold how thou art maimed.  
No Edward, no no it may not be;

*Mortimer is dragged off. Dance continues*

EDWARD  
Gaveston, Gaveston...

*enter Kent*

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

EDWARD  
Away!

*exit Kent. Dance: Spencer vs. Gaveston*

*Kent and Mortimer appear (positioned as  
before - Mortimer unguarded)*

KENT  
Proud Edward, dost thou banish me  
Unnatural king!

MORTIMER  
England, unkind to thy nobility,

MORTIMER and KENT  
Groan groan for this grief;

KENT  
To slaughter men and cherish flatterers  
Groan groan for this grief;

MORTIMER  
Behold how thou art maimed.

MORTIMER and KENT  
No Edward, no no it may not be;

*The dance continues - enter Isabella and  
Prince Edward.*

ISABELLA  
My lord  
*(Edward can not be distracted from the  
dance.)*  
My lord!  
*(The dance stops abruptly at a sign from  
Spencer)*

Valois our brother, king of France,  
Hath seized Aquitaine into his hands.  
I will to France with this our son.

France and England will soon be friends  
again.

*exit Isabella and Prince Edward*  
*the dance resumes*

SPENCER (*aside to one of his men*)  
Be gone in haste, and with advice  
Bestow this treasure on the lords of France  
That Isabel shall make her complaints against the  
king in vain.

ISABELLA  
Ah boy, our friends do fail us all in France;  
The lords are cruel and Valois unkind!  
Unkind.

KENT  
Proud Edward, unnatural king...

MORTIMER  
England...

MORTIMER and KENT  
Unkind to thy nobility

ISABELLA, MORTIMER and KENT  
Groan for this grief

MORTIMER and KENT  
To slaughter men

ISABELLA and KENT  
To/and cherish flatterers  
Behold how I am wronged.

ISABELLA, MORTIMER and KENT  
No Edward, it may not be.  
It may not be.

ISABELLA  
Unhappy Isabel, when France rejects;  
Whither, o whither dost thou bend thy steps?

KENT

Fair blow the winds for France; blow gentle  
gale

Blow gentle gale till Edmund be arrived for  
England's good.

For England's good  
Fair blow the winds.

Mortimer, I stay thy sweet escape  
Stand gracious, gloomy night to his device.

MORTIMER  
Is't you, my lord?

KENT  
'Tis I;  
Hath thy potion wrought so happily?

MORTIMER  
It hath my lord: the warders all asleep,  
I thank them, gave me leave to pass in  
peace.

MORTIMER and KENT  
Fair blow the winds for France; blow gentle  
gale

MORTIMER  
I'll cheer the wronged queen,

KENT  
And certify what Edward's looseness is.

MORTIMER and KENT  
For England's good  
Fair blow the winds

*(exeunt Kent and Mortimer) - dance*  
*continues. - (enter Messenger who is met*  
*by Spencer who gives a sign and the*  
*dancers pause)*

HERALD  
Long live King Edward, England's lawful  
lord.  
The barons by me salute  
Your highness with long life and happiness;

And bid me say as plaintiff to your grace,  
That you from your princely person must  
remove  
This Spencer as a putrifying branch  
That deads the royal vine.

*Edward rushes forward enraged*

This granted, they, their honours and their  
lives,  
Are to your highness vowed and consecrate.

EARLS, etc.  
England.  
England.

ISABELLA, MORTIMER and KENT  
Proud Edward!

ISABELLA, MORTIMER, KENT, EARLS,  
etc.

England, unkind to thy nobility,  
Groan groan for this grief;  
To slaughter men and cherish flatterers...  
Behold how thou art maimed.  
No Edward, no no it may not be;

EDWARD  
See how Edward divorces Spencer.

## Act III, scene ii

KENT

This way he fled,  
But I am come too late.  
Edward, Brother,  
Alas, alas, My heart relents for thee.  
Brother.  
Proud traitor Mortimer,  
Why dost thou chase thy lawful king,  
Thy sov'reign, with thy sword?  
Vile wretch, and why hast thou of all  
unkind,  
Borne arms against thy brother and thy king.  
Rain showers of vengeance on my cursèd  
head!  
Rain showers of vengeance.  
Edward! This Mortimer aims at thy life;  
O fly him then!

ABBOT

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

EDWARD

Father thy face should harbour no deceit  
O hadst thou ever been a king,  
Thy heart pierced deeply could not but take  
compassion on my state.  
Stately and proud, in riches and in train,  
Once I was powerful and full of pomp;  
But what is he, whom rule and empire hath  
not  
In life or death made mis'erable.  
Come, Spencer, sit by me.  
Father, this life contemplative is heaven.  
O that I might this life in quiet lead!

*(Isabella's men are visible upstage – they  
enter and arrest Spencer and Edward)*

O Day, the last of all my bliss on earth.

O my stars! O day, the last... O day!

Come you then in the name of Isabel  
To take my life and company from me?  
Here man, rip up this panting breast of mine  
and take my heart in rescue of my friend  
Spencer, Ah sweet Spencer;  
thus then must we part?

SPENCER

We must, my lord.  
We must

ABBOT

My heart with pity grieves to see this sight;  
a king to bear such words and proud  
commands!

SPENCER

We must, my lord.  
So will the angry heavens.

EDWARD

Nay, so will hell and Mortimer!

EDWARD and SPENCER  
and Mortimer.

SPENCER

It is in vain to grieve or storm.

EDWARD

In heaven we may, in earth  
never shall we meet again.

SPENCER

Never shall we meet again.

EDWARD

What shall become of us?

EARL/BISHOP



Your Majesty must go to Kenilworth.

EDWARD

Must.

'Tis somewhat hard when kings must go.  
Part we must Sweet Spencer.  
Life, farewell

\*\*\*

ISABELLA and MORTIMER

Ah! Ah!

MORTIMER

Fair Isabel now have we our desire.

ISABELLA

Now we have our desire.

MORTIMER

Be ruled by me and

ISABELLA and MORTIMER

we shall rule the realm.

The proud corrupters of the lightbrained  
king  
have done their homage to the lofty gallows,  
And he himself lies in captivity.

MORTIMER

Fair Isabel now have we our desire.

ISABELLA

Now we have our desire.

MORTIMER

Be ruled by me and

ISABELLA and MORTIMER

we shall rule the realm.

ISABELLA

Ah!

Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,

Be thou persuaded that I love thee well.  
Sweet Mortimer.

MORTIMER

First would I hear news that he were  
deposed,  
Then leave me alone to deal with him. Ah!  
Ah.

ISABELLA

So the prince my son be safe,  
conclude against his father what thou wilt.

\*\*\*

EARL/BISHOP

My lord, will you yield your crown?

EDWARD

Ah, To lose my crown without cause,  
To give ambitious Mortimer my right.

EARL/BISHOP

Your grace mistakes  
It is for England's good,  
And princely Edward's right  
We claim the throne

EDWARD

No, 'tis for Mortimer,  
not young Edward's head;  
For he's a lamb encompassed by wolves  
wolves that in a moment will shorten his life  
for he's a lamb...  
Let not Mortimer protect my son,  
More safety is there in a tiger's jaws.  
I am still a king.  
I should revenge me of the wrongs  
that Mortimer and Isabel have done.  
But what are kings when regiment is gone  
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day.  
Here, take my crown.  
The life of Edward too.  
Two kings of England cannot reign at once.

EARL/BISHOP

My lord,

Will you resign or no?

EDWARD

No

EARL/BISHOP

My lord,

If they go your son shall lose his right!

ISABELLA and MORTIMER

Ah!

PRINCE Edward

Ah.

## Act IV

EDWARD

Whither must unhappy Edward go?

This usage makes my misery increase.  
Thus lives old Edward, not relieved by any,  
Not relieved by any

But can my air of life continue long  
When all my senses are annoyed with  
stench?

Thus lives old Edward  
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,  
Thus lives old Edward, not relieved by any.

And thus must die

Water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst  
And clear my body from foul excrements.

GUARDS

Here's water,  
Here's water,  
Here's water

EDWARD

Immortal powers, that know the painful  
cares  
That wait upon my poor distressed soul.  
O level all your looks upon these men  
That wrong their liege and sovereign,  
England's king.

O Gaveston,

GAVESTON and SPENCER

Amor

EDWARD

Gaveston, it is for thee that I am wronged!  
For me, both thou and Spencer died;

For me...

GAVESTON

Amor.

Thy friend thyself

SPENCER

Amor

EDWARD

Another Gaveston.

For me...

And for thy sakes, a thousand wrongs I'll  
take.

\*\*\*

*(Enter Mortimer alone)*

MORTIMER

The king must die, or Mortimer goes down  
Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death  
Is sure to pay for it when his son is of age;  
And therefore will I do it cunningly.

This letter

Contains his death yet bids them save his  
life:

'Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum  
est';

Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst.  
But read it thus:

'Edwardum occidere, nolite timere bonum  
est';

Fear not to kill the king. 'tis good he die.

Thus shall it go,

And we be quit that caused it to be done.

*(enter Lightborn)*

MORTIMER

There must be no outward sign that he was  
murdered.

LIGHTBORN

None shall know which way he died.

*(exit Lightborn)*

MORTIMER

The prince I rule, the queen do I command;  
The proudest lords salute me as I pass.  
Now all is sure: the queen and Mortimer  
Shall rule the realm, the king; and none rule  
us.

I am so great that Fortune cannot harm me.  
Now all is sure.

ALL

Long live King Edward!

MORTIMER

Long live King Edward.  
The king I rule, his mother I command.  
Now all is sure.

\*\*\*

ISABELLA (*alone*)

Sweet Mortimer, now have our desire.  
Our desire...  
So the king, my son, be safe  
Conclude against his father...  
Our desire...desire.

I rue my lord's ill fortune,  
But, alas, what safety rests for us  
While he survives?

What's done cannot be undone.

The god of kings  
Gives successful battles  
To them that fight in right.  
Success is ours.

ISABELLA and MORTIMER

Now all is sure

\*\*\*

EDWARD

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

LIGHTBORN

I come to comfort you and give you good  
news.

EDWARD

Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy  
looks.  
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

LIGHTBORN

Far is it from my heart to do you harm.  
The queen relents at this your misery.  
And what eyes can refrain from tears

EDWARD

This dungeon where they keep me is the sink  
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.  
And there in mire and puddle have I stood  
These ten days; and lest I sleep  
One plays upon a drum.

This water strengthens my limbs.  
This stench makes me great.

My mind's distempered and my bodies  
numbed;

'Tis a wonder I do not die.  
I do not die, and you are here.

LIGHTBORN

I come to comfort you.  
Lie down and rest.

EDWARD

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.

Change thy mind and save thy soul.  
Know that I am a king...

LIGHTBORN

Lie down and rest.  
Rest

EDWARD  
For not these ten days have these eyes' lids  
closed;  
Now as I speak they fall: and yet with fear  
Open again. Why do you sit here?

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

EDWARD  
No, no;  
Thou wilt only return; and therefore stay.

LIGHTBORN  
Rest.

EDWARD  
Oh let me not die!

Something still buzzes in mine ears,  
And tells me, if I sleep I never wake.  
Why do you come here?

LIGHTBORN  
Come!!

*(enter guards with table and spit)*

*(They assault Edward, who screams and dies)*

GUARD  
I fear me that this cry will raise the town

LIGHTBORN  
Was it not bravely done?

GUARD  
Excellent well: take this for thy reward.

*(stabs Lightborn)*

\*\*\*

MORTIMER

I am so great that Fortune cannot harm me.  
I stand as Jove's huge tree,  
And others are but shrubs compared to me;  
All tremble at my name - and I fear none.  
Let's see who dare impeach me for his  
death.

EDWARD III  
Think not that I am frightened with thy words  
My father's murdered through thy treachery  
And thou shalt die

ISABELLA  
Weep not my son.

EDWARD III  
Forbid me not to weep; he was my father.  
And had you loved him half so well as I,  
You could not bear his death so patiently.

Why stays he here?  
Hang him, I say, and set his quarters up.

ISABELLA  
For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer  
As thou receivest thy life from me,  
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer.

EDWARD III  
Mother, you are suspected for his death;  
And therefore we commit you to the Tower.

Away with her

ISABELLA  
Shall I not mourn with thee for thy beloved  
father?

GUARD  
Thus Madam, 'tis the king's will you shall  
hence.

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

GUARD

That matters not; gentle Madam, go.

ISABELLA

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

EDWARD III

Fetch my father's hearse and bring my  
funeral robes.

Mortimer! Could I have ruled thee then, as I  
do now

Here comes the hearse; help me mourn.

Sweet father here, unto thy murdered ghost,

I offer up this wicked traitor.

Let these tears distilling from my eyes

Be witness of my grief and innocence.