MORTIMER Side

MORTIMER

I understand thy looks. That pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in, and but for shame
In such a parley should I answer thee.
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that’s a feeling disputation;
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn’t thy language, for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn’d,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer’s bower
With ravishing division to her lute.
MORTIMER Callback

EDMUND MORTIMER, EARL OF MARCH

The Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign’d;
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
Which being sealed interchangeably
(A business that this night may execute),
Tomorrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighboring gentlemen.