

Warner 1606 William Warner, A continuance of Albions  
England (London, 1606). STC 25085

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ALBIONS ENG-  
LAND:  
By the first Author. W.W.

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CHAP. 94.

[O]Ne Makebeth, who had traitrously his sometimes  
Souereigne slaine,  
And like a Monster not a Man vsurpt in Scotland  
raigne,  
Whose guiltie Conscience did it selfe so feelingly  
accuse,  
As nothing not applide by him against himselfe he vewes,

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No whispring but of him, gainst him all weapons feares he borne,  
All Beings iointly to reuenge his Murthres thinks he sworne,  
Wherefore (for such are euer such in selfe-tormenting mind)  
But to proceed in bloud he thought no safetie to find.  
All Greatnesse therefore, saue his owne his, driftings did infest:  
Wit so is wisdomes Excrement, and dangerously transgrest.  
But Pomp, nor Policie, the poore in spirit shall be blest,  
When at the generall Doome our Soules and Sathan shall contest.

One Banquho, powrefulst of the Peers, in popular affection  
 And prowess great, was murthred by his tyrannous direction.  
 Fleance therefore this Banquhos sonne fled thence to Wales for feare,  
 Whome Gruffyth kindly did receiue, and cherisht nobly there.  
 This grew so rare in Court, as him did euery Eie and Eare  
 Desier to see for person, for discourse delight to heare.  
 King Gruffyths Daughter, Paragon for bewtie and for wit,  
 He followed with such Offices to complet Courtship fit,  
 That each to other sympathiz'd such settled liking, as  
 Her heart to his, his heart to hers transplantiuely did passe.  
 In other Courts for either Sexe not amorous to appeare  
 Was not to be a Courtior, but such boldnesse faulted theare:  
 Her lou'd of him, him lou'd of her, was patent to them both,  
 Yet dombly so, and either that should th'other noote it loth.  
 Not he, by Sonnets passonate, did giue the world to wit  
 That he was turnd Hermaphrodit, and she the cause of it:  
 Nor borrowed she of Phaos box thereby to seeme more faire,  
 As those that fondly rob themselues by Arte of that they are.  
 Through this occasion lastly thus he nakt to her his heart:  
 I pree thee, Fleance, tell quoth she, which I haue heard in part,  
 The Storie of Fairies that foretold thy Fathers fate,  
 For why? I know not why, but sure it throbs my heart of late.  
 Throb may it so it thriue, quoth he, in you to that euent  
 Diuind by them, nor hope I you can Destinie preuent:  
 But howsoeuer thus it was. King Duncane when aliuie,

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To Makbeth and my father did great Dignities deriue,  
 As chiefest for their births, their wit, and valour, also thay  
 Held friendship long, and luckely in Scotch affaires did sway.  
 Three Fairies in a priuate walke to them appeared, who  
 Saluted Makbeth King, and gaue him other Titles too:  
 To whom my father, laughing, said they dealt vnequall dole,  
 Behighting nought thereof to him, but to his Friend the whole.  
 When of the Weird-Elfes one of them, replying, said that he  
 Should not be King, but of his Streene a many Kings should be.  
 So vanish they: and what they said of Makbeth now we see.  
 But murdred is my father, and of him remains but me,  
 Nor shall what they diuin'd effect, vnlesse, sweet Sweet, by thee.  
 What blush you, Lady, pree thee let me busse that blush away,  
 He said, and did it, She to seeke euen of a womans Nay.  
 When Louers opportunely meet to chaffer fire and flaxe,  
 Will somtimes falles too soone a worke, and Wit thereof doth taxe:  
 This amorous Couples close Contract perform'd such earnest sport,  
 As worsenewes than would their tongues her belly did report.  
 The fault apparant, Fleance was by furious Gruffyth kild,  
 And she, deliuered of a Sonne, was in affliction hild.  
 The rather for an Aliant had preuailed in that case,

Than which amongst the Welsh-men then was nothing more disgrace.  
And, soothly, vnto these our times in Europe scarce is knowne  
As North-Wales is, a Nation more intirely People-one,  
But that so long in one same Land haue hild them thinke I none,  
If be not naturall Irish for abode and Breede out-worne.  
From these so haplesse Parents yeat an happie Sonne proceeded,  
Well educated of the King, and prouing nobly deeded,  
At age admir'd for actiue, and for high imployments apt:  
But for the vertuous to haue bin enuied euer hapt.  
One taxing him of Bastardie, words more than he could brooke,  
Was slaine by him: who fearing Law his flight to Scotland tooke.  
Where Walter (for it was his name) exact of noble blood,

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And Grand-sonne to the King of Wales, in publique fauour stood.  
Amongst great honors, which his great Achiuements well did merit,  
He was Lord Steward of the Land: which Sur-name all inherit  
Of him descended to this day: which Surname, and which Streene  
Hath blest the Scots with Princes eight, Ours also numbers neene:  
Great Monarke of great Britaine now, so amply neuer any:  
Long may he liue an happie King, of him may Kings be many.  
Boast of his triple royall blood from you yee Cambrian Brutes,  
Which to his high discents Else-where not lowest ranked sutes.  
For Tudor from Cadwallader, and Iames from Tudor claimes,  
From Gruffyths royall Daughter too himselve a Brute he names,  
From Gladys, Mortimer his wife Prince Dauids sister and  
Vndoubted heire, he also hath in blood and ownes your Land.  
Great Britaine, sith a Briton doth remonarchize thy Throne,  
Remaūd thy name: Brute had, Iames hath the whole, as els had none.

What then remaines, sith all is Ones, but all be one in all,  
And Schismes be reconcilde or scourg'd, for God quaints not with  
The great Surname of Steward, how it royaliz'd shall rest / Baal.  
For amplier Storie, and of Wales shall be awhile digrest.