THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONSISTING OF

HISTORICAL PLAYS.

LONDON:


MDCCXLV.
PLAYS contain'd in this Volume.

KING HENRY VI. Part I.
KING HENRY VI. Part II.
KING HENRY VI. Part III.
KING RICHARD III.
KING HENRY VIII.
The First Part of

Henry

The

Sixth

A 2

Vol. IV.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING Henry VI.
Duke of Gloucester, Uncle to the King, and Protector.
Duke of Bedford, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.
Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, and 'great Uncle' to the King.
Duke of Exeter, Brother to King Henry IV.
Duke of Somerset.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot.
Young Talbot, his Son.
Mortimer, Earl of March.
Sir John Falstaff.
Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Lord Mayor of London.
Vernon, of the White Rose, or York Faction.
Basset, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.
Sir Thomas Gargrave.

Charles, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, and Titular King of Naples.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Alençon.
Bastard of Orleans.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, Daughter to Reignier, and afterwards Queen to K. Henry.
Joan la Pucelle, a Maid pretending to be inspir'd from Heaven, and setting up for the Championess of France.
Countess of Auvergne.

Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

The Scene is partly in England, and partly in France.

1 Uncle likewise
The First Part of

King Henry VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, and the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester and the Duke of Somerset.

BEDFORD.

Unn be the heav'ns with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your 'crisped' tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a King of so much worth.
Glow. England ne'er had a King until his time:
Virtue he had, deserving to command.
His brandish'd sword did blind men with its beams;
His arms spread wider than a Dragon's wings;

A 3

2 crystal...old edit. Warb. emend.
His sparkling eyes repleat with awful fire
More dazled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He never lifted up his hand but conquer'd.

*Exe. We mourn in black, why mourn we not in blood?*
*Henry is dead, and never shall revive:*
*Upon a wooden coffin we attend;*
*And death's dishonourable victory*
*We with our stately presence glorifie,*
*Like captives bound to a triumphant car.*
*What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,*
*That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?*
*Or shall we think the subtle-witted French*
*Conj'rors and forc'rors, that afraid of him*
*By magick verse have thus contriv'd his end?*

*Win. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.*
*Unto the French, the dreadful judgment-day*
*So dreadful will not be as was his fight.*
*The battels of the Lord of hofts he fought;*
*The church's pray'rs made him so prosperous. [pray'd,*

*Glou. The church? where is it? had not church-men*
*His thread of life had not so soon decay'd.*
*None do you like but an effeminate Prince,*
*Whom like a school-boy you may over-awe.*

*Win. Glo'sfer, whate'er we like, thou art Protector. And lookest to command the Prince and realm;*
*Thy wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,*
*More than God or religious church-men may.*

*Glou. Name not religion, for thou lovest the flesh, And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st, Except it be to pray against thy foes. [peace:*

*Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us;*
*Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms,*
*Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead:*
*Posterity await for wretched years,*
*When at their mothers moist eyes babes shall suck,*

Our
King Henry VI.

Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,
And none but women left to 'wail the dead!
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius 'Caesar.'

Scene II.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture;
Guion, Champaign, and Rheims, and Orleans,
Paris, Guyors, Poitiers, are all quite loft. [Coarfe?

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glu. Is Paris lost, and 'Orleans' yielded up?

If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery, but want of men and mony.

Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain sev'ral factions;
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings:
A third man thinks, without expence at all
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot;
Crop'd are the Flower-de-luces in your arms,
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,

3 Caesar, or bright 4 Roun

These
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of France; Give me my fureed coat, I'll fight for France. Away with these disgraceful, wailing robes; Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes, To weep their interminfor miferies.

SCENE III.

Enter to them another Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mif-
France is revolted from the English quite, [chance,
Except some petty towns of no import.
The Dauphin Charles is crowned King in Rheims,
The baftard Orleans with him is join'd:
Reignier Duke of Anjou takes his part,
The Duke of Alanson flies to his side. [Exit.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned King? all fly to him?
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly but to our enemies throats.

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardnes?
An army have I musterd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

SCENE IV.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious Lords, to add to your laments Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse, I must inform you of a difinal fght Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't fo?

3 Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'er-thrown. The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.

(a) England's. Pope

5 doth take
The tenth of August last, this dreadful Lord
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having scarce full six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluckt out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him,
Here, there, and every where, enrag’d he flew.
The French exclam’d, the devil was in arms,
All the whole army stood agaz’d on him.
His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush’d into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal’d up,
A If Sir John Falstaff had not play’d the coward;
He being in the 6 ‘rereward,’ (plac’d behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroak.
Hence grew the gen’ral wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies.
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin’s grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France with their chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain then? I will slay my self,
For living idly here in pomp and ease;
Whilst such a worthy leader wanting aid,
Unto his daftard foe-men is betray’d.

3 Meff. O, no, he lives, but is took prisoner,
And

(a) See the note on the fifth Scene of As 3. Pepc.

6 vaward
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford;
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend:
Four of their Lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewel, my masters, to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great St. George's feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 Mess. So you had need; 'fore Orleans besieg'd
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they so few watch such a multitude.

Exec. Remember, Lords, your oaths to Henry sworn:
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoak.

Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit Bedford.

Glo. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view th' artillery and ammunition,
And then I will proclaim young Henry King.
[Exit Gloucester.

Exec. To Eltham will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his special governor,
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be thus out of office:
The king from Eltham I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal. [Exit.

7 for Orleans is

SCENE
SCENE V.

Before Orleans in France.

Enter Dauphin, Alanson, and Reignier, marching with a drum and Soldiers.

Dan. MARS his true moving, ev'n as in the heav'ns
So in the earth to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the English side:
Now we are victors, upon us he finiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lye near Orleans:
Tho' still the famish'd English like pale ghosts
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alan. They want their porridge, and their fat Bull-beeves;
Either they must be dieted like mules
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor mony hath he to make war.

Dan. Sound, found alarum: we will rush on them:
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:
Him I forgive my death that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot 'to' fly. [Exeunt.

[Here alarum, they are beaten back by the English, with great loss.

Enter Dauphin, Alanson, and Reignier.

Dan. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?
Dogs, cowards, daftards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:

Two
Two other Lords, like Lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

A la. Froysard a countryman of ours records,
England all Oliver and Rowlands a bred,
During the time Edward the Third did reign:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Sampsons and Goliabs now
It sendeth forth to skirmish; one to ten!
Lean raw-bon’d rascals! who would e’er suppose
They had such courage and audacity!

Dau. Let’s leave this town, for they are hair-brain’d slaves,
And hunger will enforce them be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they’ll tear down, than forfake the siege.

Reig. I think by some odd gimmals or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else they could ne’er hold out so as they do:
By my consent we’ll e’en let them alone.

Alan. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where’s the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Dau. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall’d.

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay’d, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heav’n
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophesie she hath,

Exceeding

(a) Oliver and Rowland were two of the most famous Worthies in
the list of the twelve Peers of Charlemagne, and their exploits are co-
lebrated by the old Romantick Writers to that height of ridiculous ex-
travagance, and so equally, that it is hard to say from those accounts
which of the two was the most wonderful Hero: and from thence arose
the old English saying of a Rowland for your Oliver to signify, the
being even with one in a tale, or the matching one extraordinary thing
with another.

Warburton.

9 Goliabes
Exceeding the nine "Sibyls of old Rome:
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Daup. Go call her in; but first to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place;
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we found what skill she hath.

SCENE VI.

Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Reign. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats?
Pucel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? come, come from behind,
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd: there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart:
Stand back, you Lords, and give us leave a while.

Reign. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art:
Heav'n, and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And in a vision full of Majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success,
In compleat glory she reveal'd her self;
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I blest with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,

And

(a) Though the Sibyls were reckon'd more than nine, yet the books of
their oracles which were brought to Rome were but nine. Warburton.

And I will answer unpresumed.
My courage try by combat, if thou dar’st;
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

_Dau._ Thou hast astonish’d me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I’ll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

_Pucel._ I am prepar’d; here is my keen-edg’d sword,
Deck’d with fine Flow’r-de-luces on each side,
The which at _Tourain_ in St. _Catherine’s_ church
Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

_Dau._ Then come o’ God’s name, for I fear no woman.

_Pucel._ And while I live, I’ll ne’er fly from a man.

_Here they fight, and Joan la Pucelle overcomes._

_Dau._ Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

_Pucel._ Christ’s mother helps me, else I were too weak.

_Dau._ Whoe’er helps thee, ’tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou haft at once subdued;
Excellent _Pucelle_, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not Sovereign be,
’Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

_Pucel._ I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession’s sacred from above:
When I have chaced all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

_Dau._ Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

_Reig._ My Lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

_Alan._ Doubtless he strives this woman to her smock,
Else ne’er could he so long protract his speech.

_Reig._ Shall we disturb him since he keeps no mean?

_Alan._ He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

_Reig._
Reig. My Lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans or no?
Pucel. Why, no, I say; distrustful recreants!
Fight 'till the last gasp; for I'll be your guard.
Dau. What she says I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.
Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, Halcyon days,
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge it self,
'Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Caesar and his fortune bore at once.
Dau. Was Mahomet inspired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
Helen the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet St. Philip's daughters, a were like thee.
Bright star of Venus fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee?
Alan. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours,
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.
Dau. Presently try: come, let's away about it.
No prophet will I trust if she proves false. [Exeunt.

(a) Meaning the four daughters of Philip, mention'd in the 21st chap. of the Acts of the Apostles, who had all the gift of prophesying: He being there also called Philip the Evangelist.
The First Part of

SCENE VII.

Before the Tower-Gates in London.

Enter Gloucester, with his Serving-men.

Glou. If Am this day come to survey the Tower;
      Since Henry’s death I fear there is conveyance. a
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates. ’Tis Gloucester that calls.

1 Ward. Who’s there that knocketh so imperiously?
1 Man. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.
2 Ward. Who’er he be, you may not be let in.
1 Man. Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?
1 Ward. The Lord protect him! so we answer him;
We do no otherwise than we are will’d.

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There’s none Protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I’ll be your warrantize;
Shall I be flaunted thus by dunghill grooms?

Gloucester’s men rush at the Tower gates, and Woodville
the Lieutenant speaks within.

Wood. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?
Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates, here’s Glo’ser that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, noble Duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids;
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glou. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him ’fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, the haughty Prelate,
Whom Henry our late Sovereign ne’er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the King:
Open the gate, or I’ll shut thee out shortly.

Serv.

(a) By Conveyance is meant Theft, a clandestine conveyance of things away.
Serv. Open the gates there to the Lord Protector, We'll burst them open if you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower gates, Winchester and his men in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry, what means this? Glou. A Piel'd Priest, dost thou command me be shut out? Win. I do, thou most usurping Proditor, And not Protector of the King or realm.

Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator, Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead Lord, Thou that giv'st whores indulgencies to sin; I'll canvass thee in thy broad Cardinal's hat, If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot: This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain, To slay thy brother Abel if thou wilt.

(a) Peel'd, alluding to his shaven crown, a metaphor from a peel'd orange. Pope.

(b) The publick scaws were formerly under the district of the Bishop of Winchester. Pope.

(c) Damascus. N.B. About four miles from Damascus is a high hill, reported to be the same on which Cain slew his brother Abel. Maundr. Trav. p. 131. Pope.

(d) — if thou wilt.

Glou. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back: Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth, I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st, I heard thee to thy face.

Glou. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face? Draw, men, for all this privileged place. Blue coats to tawny. Priest, beware thy beard, I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly. Under my feet I'll stamp thy Cardinal's hat: In spight of Pope or dignities of church, Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Glo'ster, thou'll answer this before the Pope.

Glou. Winchester Goose, I cry a rope, a rope. Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay? Thee I'll chafe hence, thou Wolf in Sheep's array. Out, tawny-coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's —

1 Umpire, . . . old edit. Theob. emend.
The First Part of

Here, Gloucester’s men beat out the Cardinal’s; and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London, and his officers.

Mayor. Fie, Lords, that you, being supreme magistrates, Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, Mayor, for thou know’st little of my wrongs: Here’s Beaufort, that regards not God nor King, Hath here distraint’ed the Tower to his use.

Win. Here’s Gloster too, a foe to citizens, One that still motions war, and never peace, O’er-charging your free purses with large fines, That seeks to overthrow religion, Because he is Protector of the realm; And would have armour here out of the Tower, To crown himself King, and suppress the Prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[Here they skirmish again.

Mayor. Nought refts for me in this tumultuous strife, But to make open proclamation. Come, officer, as loud as e’er thou can’st.

Off. All manner of men assembled here in arms this day, against God’s peace and the King’s, we charge and command you in his Highness’s name, to repair to your several dwelling places, and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I’ll be no breaker of the law: But we shall meet, and tell our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we’ll meet to thy dear cost be sure; Thy heart-blood I will have for this day’s work.

Mayor. I’ll call for clubs, if you will not away: This Cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell; thou dost but what thou may’st.

Win. Abominable Gloster, guard thy head, For I intend to have it ere be long. [Exeunt.

Mayor. See the coast clear’d, and then we will depart.

Off. Good God! that Nobles should such stomachs bear! I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE VIII.

Changes to Orleans, in France.

Enter the Master-gunner of Orleans, and his Boy.

_M. Gun._Sirrah, thou know’st how Orleans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

_Boy._Father, I know, and oft have shot at them,
How e’er unfortunate I mis’d my aim.

_M. Gun._But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul’d by me:
Chief Master-gunner am I of this town,
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The Prince’s spials have informed me,
The English in the suburbs close intrench’d,
‘Watch’ through a secret grate of iron bars,
In yonder tow’r, to over-peer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us, with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ord’nance ’gainst it I have plac’d,
And fully ev’n these three days have I watch’d
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch.
If thou spy’st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the Governor’s. [Exit.

_Boy._Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I’ll never trouble you if I may spy them.

SCENE IX.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the turrets, with others.

_Sal._Talbot, my life, my joy, again return’d?
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got’st thou to be releas’d?
Discourse, I pr’ythee, on this turret’s top.

_B. 2_ Went

_Tal._
The First Part of

Sal. The Earl of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santraile;
For him was I exchang’d and ransom’d.
But with a base man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter’d me:
Which I disdain’d and scorn’d, and craved death,
Rather than I would be so ‘vile’ esteem’d.
In fine, redeem’d I was as I desir’d.
But O, the treach’rous Falstaff wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my pow’r.

Sal. Yet tellst thou not how thou wert entertain’d.

Sal. With scoffs and scorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open market-place produc’d they me,
To be a publick spectacle to all.
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg’d stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My gristy countenance made others fly,
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem’d me not secure:
So great a fear my name amongst them spread,
That they suppos’d I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had;
They walk’d about me ev’ry minute-while;
And if I did but flir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur’d,
But we will be reveng’d sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here through this grate I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glanfdale,

4 vilde
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our batt’ry next?

Gar. I think at the north gate, for there stand Lords.
Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For ought I see this city must be famish’d,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[Here they shoot; 5 ‘Salisbury and Sir Thomas Gargrave fall down.’]

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!
Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath crost us?
Speak, Salisbury; at least if thou can’st speake,
How far’st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheeks side struck off!
Accursed tow’r, accursed fatal hand
That hath contriv’d this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battels Salisbury o’ercame:
Henry the Fifth he first train’d to the wars.
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne’er leave striking in the field.
Yet liv’st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou haft to look to heav’n for grace. a

Heav’n, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, haft thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot, nay, look up to him.
O Salisbury, chear thy spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not die, while——

—He beckons with his hand, and smilés on me,
As who should say, when I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantagenet, I will; and, Nero-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:

B 3

Wretched

(a) —— to heav’n for grace.
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heav’n, be thou, &c.

5 and Salisbury falls down.
The First Part of

Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.]
What stir is this? what tumult's in the heav'n's?
Whence cometh this alarum and this noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. My Lord, my Lord, the French have gather'd
The Dauphin with one Joan la Pucelle join'd, [head.
A holy prophet is now risen up,
Is come with a great pow'r to raise the siege.

[Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans,

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you. a
Convey brave Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what daftard Frenchmen dare.

[Alarum. Exit.

[They carry out Salisbury and Sir Tho. Gargrave.

SCENE X.

Here an alarum again; and Talbot pursueth the Dauphin,
and driveth him: then enter Joan la Pucelle, driving
Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them:
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Enter Pucelle.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee,
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'fst.

Pucel.

(a) ——— a Salisbury to you.
Pucel or Pucel. Dolphin or Dog-fish,
Your hearts I'll flamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey brave, &c.
King HENRY VI.

Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.

[They fight.]

Talbot, farewell, thy hour is not yet come,
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

A short alarum. Then enter the town with Soldiers.

O'ertake me if thou canst, I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men,
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [Exit Pucelle.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel.
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear not force, like Hannibal
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lifts:
So Bees with smoak, and Doves with noisom stench,
Are from their hives and houses driv'n away.
They call us for our fierceness English dogs,
Now like their whelps we crying run away.

[A short alarum.

Hark, countrymen, either renew the fight,
Or tear the Lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your foil, give Sheep in Lions stead:
Sheep run not half so tim'rous from the Wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the Leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[Alarum. Here another skirmish.

It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us, or ought that we could do.
O would I were to die with Salisbury!

B 4

(a) — [They fight.

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.
Pucel. Talbot, farewell, &c.
The First Part of
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[Exit Talbot.
[Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.

SCENE XI.

Enter on the wall, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier, Alanson, and Soldiers.

Pucelle. Advance our waving colours on the walls, Rescued is Orleans from the English Wolves: Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Dauphin. Divinest creature, bright & fair's daughter, How shall I honour thee for this success! Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens, That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next. France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess! Recover'd is the town of Orleans; More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reignier. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town? Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires, And feast and banquet in the open streets, To celebrate the joy that God hath giv'n us.

Alanson. All France will be replete with mirth and joy, When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Dauphin. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won: For which I will divide my crown with her, And all the Priests and Friars in my realm Shall in procession sing her endless praise. A statelier pyramid to her I'll rear, Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:

(a) The gardens of Adonis were never represented under any local description, nor is any such thing implied in this place. They were only beds of earth put into portable cases of silver or other matter, in which were raised such flowers and herbs as were of quick growth and short continuance, the production and maturity of them being also hastened by artificial means. Upon this quickness of growth the allusion here is founded: though antiently the gardens of Adonis was a proverbial expression to signify transitory fleeting pleasures, and persons also of a slight trifling account. See Erasmi adagia. Bentley in Milton.
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals,
Ever before the Kings and Queens of France.
No longer on St. Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [Flourish. Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Orleans.

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Serjeant.

Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the wall, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

Cent. Serjeant, you shall. Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling ladders. Their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy are friends to us;
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted.
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed.
The First Part of

Bed. Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arms fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid? and be so martial?

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress, in whose conqu'ring name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways:
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.

Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

Cent. Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault. [Within.

[The English cry, St. George! A Talbot!

SCENE II.

The French leap o'er the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, Bastard, Alancon, Reignier, half ready and half unready.

Alan. How, now, my Lords? what all unready so?

Bast. Unready? I am glad we escap'd so well.

Reign. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize

More
More venturous, or desperate than this.

_Baft_. I think this _Talbot_ is a fiend of hell.

_Reig_. If not of hell, the heav'ns sure favour him.

_Alan_. Here cometh _Charles_, I marvel how he sped.

_Enter Dauphin and Joan._

_Baft_. Tut! holy _Joan_ was his defensive guard.

_Dau_. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain;
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

_Pucel_. Wherefore is _Charles_ impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my pow'r alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail?
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improv'd our soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

_Dau_. Duke of _Alanson_, this was your default,
That being Captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

_Alan_. Had all our quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

_Baft_. Mine was secure.

_Reig_. And so was mine, my Lord.

_Dau_. And for my self, most part of all this night
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the centinels.
Then how or which way should they first break in?

_Pucel_. Question, my Lord, no further of the case,
How or which way; 'tis sure they found some part
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather soldiers, scatter'd and disperse;
And lay new platforms to endanger them.  [Exeunt.

SCENE
The First Part of

SCENE III.

Within the walls of Orleans.

Alarum. Enter a Soldier crying, a Talbot! a Talbot! the French fly, leaving their cloaths behind.

Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left: The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword, For I have loaden me with many spoils, Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled, Whole pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth, Here found retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. [Retreat.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury, And here advance it in the market-place, The middle centre of this cursed town, Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul, For ev'ry drop of blood was drawn from him, There have at least five Frenchmen dy'd to-night. And that hereafter ages may behold What ruin happen'd in revenge of him, Within the chiefest temple I'll erect A tomb, wherein his corps shall be interr'd: Upon the which, that every one may read, Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans, The treach'rous manner of his mournful death, 'And what a terror he had been to France. But, Lords, in all our bloody massacre, I muse we met not with the Dauphin's Grace, His new-com in champion, virtuous Joan of Arc, Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began, Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds, They did amongst the troops of armed men Leap o'er the walls, for refuge in the field.
Bur. My self, as far as I could well discern
For smoak and dusty vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar’d the Dauphin and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving Turtle Doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We’ll follow them with all the pow’r we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my Lords! which of this Princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?
Tal. Here is the Talbot, who would speak with him?
Mess. The virtuous Lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me intreats, great Lord, thou would’st vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lyes;
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.
Bur. Is it ev’n so? nay, then I see our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comick sport,
When Ladies crave to be encounter’d with.
You can’t, my Lord, despise her gentle suit.
Tal. ‘Nay, trust me there:’ for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman’s kindness over-rul’d:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No truly, that is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcome: when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there’s no remedy,
I mean to prove this Lady’s courtesie.
Come hither, captain; you perceive my mind. [Whispers.

Capt. I do, my Lord, and mean accordingly. [Exit.

SCENE

7 Ne’er trust me then:
SCENE IV.

The Countess of Auvergne's Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you've done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your Ladyship
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome; what? is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false.
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and wizled Shrimp
Should strike such terror in his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But since your Ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll suit some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now? Go ask whither he goes.

Mess. Writhled
King Henry VI.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot, for my Lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Tal. Pris'ner? to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirsty Lord:
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wafted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha. [to moan.
Count. Laugh'st thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn
Tal. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,
To think that you have ought but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.
Count. Why? art not thou the man?
Tal. I am indeed.
Count. Then have I substance too.
Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of my self:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, Madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.
Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?
Tal. That will I shew you presently.

Winds
Winds his horn, drums strike up, a peal of Ordnance: Enter Soldiers.

How say you, Madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse;
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay’d, fair Lady, nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only with your patience that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have,
For soldiers stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Changes to London, in the Temple garden.

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk,
Vernon, and others.

Plan. Great Lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain’d the truth:
‘And was not’ wrangling Somerset in th’ error?
Suf. ’Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
I never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horfes, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a claw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any pur-blind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell’d.
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man’s eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty’d, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significance proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, and no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say withal I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, Lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,

9 Or else was
The First Part of

'Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are crop’d from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side. a

Som. Well, well, come on, who else?

Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you; [To Somerset.
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose to a bloody red. b

Plan. Now by this maiden blossom in my hand,

(a) — the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it oft,
Left bleeding you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, &c.

(b) — a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time your cheeks do counterfeit our roses,
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
’Tis not for fear, but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing to maintain his truth,
While thy confining canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I’ll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now by this maiden ———

I scorn
I scorn thee and thy 'faction, peevish boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole;
We grace the Yeoman by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset.
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring creftless Yeomen from so deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not for his craven heart say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard, Earl of Cambridge,
For treason 'headed in our late King's days?
And by his treason stand'st not thou attained,
Corrupted and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood,
And 'till thou be restor'd, thou art a Yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attained,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pole, and you your self,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this 'reprehension;
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colours for thy foes:
For these my friends in spight of thee shall wear.
Plan. And by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf.

1 passion, ... old edit. Theob. emend.
2 apprehension; ... old edit. Theob. emend.
The First Part of

Suf. Go forward, and be choak’d with thy ambition:
And so farewell until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Plan. How I am brav’d, and must perforce endure it!
War. This blot that they object against your house,
Shall be wip’d out in the next Parliament,
Call’d for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester:
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesie; this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night. a

SCENE VI.

A Prison.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and jailors.

Mor. Ind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Ev’n like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,

(a) — death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flow’r.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the flame.
Lawyer. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.

Come, let us four to dinner; I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

SCENE ———
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose waisting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent.
Weak shoulders over-born with burthening grief,
And pithless arms like to a wither’d vine
That droops his fable’s branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet whose strengthless stay is numb,
(Unable to support this lump of clay)
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

*Keep.* Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come;
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber,
And answer was return’d that he will come.

*Mor.* Enough: my soul then shall be satisfy’d.
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)  
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And ev’n since then hath Richard been obscur’d,
Depriv’d of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men’s miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth disnifs me hence.
I would his troubles likewise were expir’d,
That so he might recover what was lost!

*Enter* Richard Plantagenet.

*Keep.* My Lord, your loving nephew now is come.

*Mor.* Richard Plantagenet, ’friend,’ is he come?

*Plan.* I, noble uncle, thus ignobly us’d,
Your nephew, late despisèd Richard, comes.

*Mor.* Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latest gasp.
Oh, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kis.
And now declare, sweet stem from York’s great stock,

Why

3 my friend,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And in that case I'll tell thee my displeasure.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Amongst which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father Earl of Cambridge lost his head.

Mor. This cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me;
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his cousin Richard, Edward's Son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward King, the third of that descent.
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that young King Richard thus remov'd.
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,
I was the next by birth and parentage:
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To the Third Edward; whereas Bolingbroke
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that heroick line.
But mark; as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth
After his father Bolingbroke did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, (then deriv’d
From famous Edmund Langley Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was;)
Again in pitty of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And re-instal me in the diadem:
But as the rest, so fell that noble Earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress’d.

Plan. Of which, my Lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou feelest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet methinks my father’s execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politick:
Strong-fix’d is the house of Lancaster,
And like a mountain, not to be remov’d.
But now thy uncle is removing hence,
As Princes from their courts when they are cloy’d
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughter doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral.
And so farewell; and fair befal thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life, in peace and war! [Dies.

Plan. And peace, no war, befal thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,

C 4

And

4 do  5 be all ... old edit. Theob. emend.
And like a hermit over-past thy days.
Well I will lock his counfel in my breast,
And what I do imagine let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence, and I my self
Will see his burial better than his life.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choak'd with th' ambition of a meaner sort.
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redrefs them.
And therefore haste I to the Parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill th' advantage of my good. [Exit

ACT III. SCENE I.
The Parliament.


WINCHESTER.
Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd?
Humphry of Gloster, if thou canst accuse
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporary speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object. [patience
Glu. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands m
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.

Being made a tool by the Percies and others to countenance their quarrels.
Warburton.

6 the 7 redrefs, 8 will . . . old edit. Theob. emend.
Think not, although in writing I prefer’d
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg’d, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen.
No, Prelate, such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestif’rous, and dissentious pranks,
The very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace,
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree.
And for thy treach’ry, what’s more manifest?
In that thou laid’st a trap to take my life,
As well at London-Bridge, as at the Tower.
Beseide, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The King thy Sovereign is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Glo’ster, I do defie thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, perverse, ambitious,
As he will have me; how am I so poor?
How haps it then I seek not to advance
Or raise my self, but keep my wonted calling?
And for diffention, who preferreth peace
More than I do? except I be provok’d.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that which hath incens’d the Duke:
It is because no one should fway but he;
No one but he should be about the King;
And that engenders thunder in his breaf,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good——

Glow. As good?
Thou baftard of my grandfather!

Win. Ay, lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another’s throne?

Glow. Am not I then Protecor, fawcy Priest?

Win. And am not I a Prelate of the church?

Glow.
Glo. Yes, as an out-law in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unrev'rend Glo'ster!
Glo. Thou art reverend
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. This Rome shall remedy.
'Glo. 'Go thither then.
War. My Lord, it were your duty to forbear.

[To Winchester.

Som. 'I'll see the Bishop be not over-born:
Methinks my Lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks his Lordship should be humbler then,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue,  [Aside.
Let it be said, Speak, sirrah, when you shou'd,
Must your bold verdict enter talk with Lords?
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

K. Henry. Uncles of Glo'ster and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble Peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, Lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissention is a vip'rous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.

[A noise within, Down with the tawny coats.
K. Henry. What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishop's men.

[A noise again, Stones, Stones.

9 War. 1 Ay
King Henry VI.

Scene II.

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. O my good Lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the City London, pity us;
The 'Bishop's' and the Duke of Glo'ster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pates,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in ev'ry street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter several in skirmish with bloody pates:

K. Henry. We charge you on allegiance to our selves,
To hold your slaught'ring hands and keep the peace:
Pray, uncle Glo'ster, mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it
with our teeth.

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[Skirmish again.

Glou. You of my houshold, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 Serv. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Just and upright; and for your royal birth
Inferior to none; 'but his' Majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kind a father of the common-wealth,
To be disgraced by an Inkhorn-mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaught'rd by thy foes.

1 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead.

Glou. Stay, ' stay,'
And if you love me as you say you do,

Let
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.
  K. Henry. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
  War. My Lord Protector, yield: yield, Winchester;
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your Sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
  Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
  Glo. Compassion on the King commands me stoop,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
  War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the Duke
Hath banish’d moody discontented fury,
As by his soothed brows it doth appear.
Why look you still so stern and tragical?
  Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
  K. Henry. Fie, uncle Beaufort: I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?
  War. Sweet King! the Bishop hath a kindly gird:
For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
  Win. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.
  Glo. Ay, but I fear me with a hollow heart.
See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token ferveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt our selves and all our followers:
So help me God as I dissemble not!
  Win. [Aside.] So help me God as I intend it not!
  K. Henry. Oh loving uncle, gentle Duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters, trouble us no more,
But join in friendship as your Lords have done.

1 Serv. Content, I’ll to the surgeon’s.
2 Serv. So will I.
3 Serv. And I’ll see what phisick the tavern affords.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

War. Accept this scrawl, most gracious Sovereign,
Which ’in right’ of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your Majesty.

[Prince.
Glou. Well urg’d, my Lord of Warwick; For, sweet
An if your Grace mark ev’ry circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your Majesty.

K. Henry. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving Lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood,
So shall his father’s wrongs be recompens’d.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Henry. If Richard will be true, not that alone
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And faithful service ’till the point of death.

K. Henry. Stoop then, and let your knee against my foot.
And in reguardon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York.
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created Princely Duke of York.

Rich. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they

That

5 in the right
That grudge one thought against your Majesty!
All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of York!

[Aaside.

Glou. Now will it best avail your Majesty
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a King engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Henry. When Gloster says the word, King Henry

goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
Glou. Your ships already are in readines.

[Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue;
This late diffention grown betwixt the Peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame.
As feaster'd members rot but by degrees,
'Till bones and flesh and finews fall away:
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which in the time of Henry nam'd the Fifth
Was in the mouth of ev'ry fucking babe;
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,
And Henry born at Windsor should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth with
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

[Exit.

SCENE
SCENE IV.

Changes to Roan in France.

Enter Joan la Pucelle disguis’d, and four Soldiers with sacks upon their backs.

Pucel. THESE are the city gates, the gates of Roan,
Through which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men
That come to gather mony for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I’ll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Roan;
Therefore we’ll knock. [Knocks.

Watch. Qui va la?
Pucel. Paisans pauvres gens de France.
Poor market-folks that come to fell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in, the market-bell is rung.
Pucel. Now, Roan, I’ll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

[Exeunt.

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Reignier.

Dau. St. Dennis blest this happy stratagem!
And once again we’ll sleep secure in Roan.

Bast. Here enter’d Pucelle and her partisans:
Now she is there, how will she specific
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tow’r,
Which once discern’d, shews that her meaning is
No way to that (for weakness) which she enter’d.

Enter
Enter Joan la Pucelle on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.

Pucel. Behold this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Roan unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the "Talbotines."

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Dau. Now shines it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes.

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, The Dauphin, presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[An alarm, Talbot in an excursion.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned forceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap’d "being" "prize" of France.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter Talbot and Burgundy without; within Joan la Pucelle, Dauphin, Bastard, and "Alanfon" on the walls.

Pucel. Good morrow, gallants, want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will faft,
Before he’ll buy again at such a rate.

"Twas full of danel; do you like the taste?

Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan:
I trust ere long to choak thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Dau. Your Grace must starve perhaps before that time.

Bed. Oh, let not words but deeds revenge this treason!

Pucel. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a
And run a tilt at death within a chair? [lance.

6 Talbotines. 7 the 8 pride ... old edit. Theob. emend. 9 Reignier
King Henry VI.

Tal. Foul fiend of France and hag of all despight,
Incompás’d with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardise a man half dead?
Damsel, I’ll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with his shame.

Pucel. Are you so hot? yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[They whisper together in counsel.

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Pucel. Belike your Lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alanon, and the rest.
Will ye like soldiers come and fight it out?

Alan. Seignior, no.

Tal. Seignior, 'tis hang then:—base muleteers of France?
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Pucel. Captains, away, let’s get us from the walls,
For Talbot means no goodnes by his looks.
God be wi’ you, my Lord; we came, Sir, but to tell you
That we are here.

[Exeunt from the walls.

Tal. And there will we be too ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot’s greatest fame!
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick’d on by publick wrongs sustaing’d in France,
Either to get the town again or die.
And I as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late betrayed town
Great Cawerdnon’s heart was buried;
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Burg. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford: come, my Lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

**Bed.** Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here I will sit before the walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weal and woe.

**Burg.** Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.
**Bed.** Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes.
Methinks I should revive the soldiers hearts,
Because I ever found them as my self.

**Tal.** Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe!
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And let upon our boasting enemy.

*Exeunt.*

An alarm: excursions: *a Enter Sir John Falstaff, and a Captain.*

**Cap.** Whither away, Sir John Falstaff, in such haste?
**Fal.** Whither away? to save my self by flight.
We are like to have the overthrow again.

**Cap.** What! will you fly and leave Lord Talbot?
**Fal.** Ay,
All th' Talbots in the world to save my life.

**Cap.** Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee! *Exi.*

Retreat: excursions. Pucelle, Alanson, and Dauphin f.

**Bed.** Now, quiet soul, depart when heav'n shall please.
For I have seen our enemies overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

*Dies, and is carried off in his cham.*

---

(6) Falstaff is here introduced again, who was dead in Henry I. Fifth. Act 2, Scene 3; the occasion whereof is, that this Play was written by Shakespear before Hen. 4, or Hen. 5. See the last lines Hen. 5.
SCENE VI.

An alarm: Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

Tal. Loof and recover’d in a day again?
This is a double honour, Burgundy;
Yet heav’ns have glory for this victory!

Burg. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour’s monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke; but where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep.
Now where’s the baftard’s braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort? Roan hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now we will take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the King;
For ther young Henry with his Nobles lies.

Burg. What wills Lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet before we go let’s not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas’d,
But see his exequies fulfill’d in Roan.
A braver soldier never couched launce,
A gentler heart did never sway in Court.
But Kings and mightieft Potentates must die,
For that’s the end of human misery. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, Alanson, and Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. Dismay not, Princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered.
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy’d.
Let frantick Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock sweep along his tail;

We’ll
The First Part of

We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence.
One sunder foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alan. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Pucel. Then thus it must be, this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Dau. Ay marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor shall that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alan. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an Earldom here.

Pucel. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[Drum beats afar off.

Hark, by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

[Here beat an English march.

There goes the Talbot with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him. [French march.
Now in the reward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[Trumpets sound a parley.

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Duke of Burgundy marching.

Dau. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy.

Burg. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Pucel.
Pucel. The Princely Charles of France, thy countryman.
Dau. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.
Pucel. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.
Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.
Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By waisting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France.
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thy self hast giv'n her woful breast.
Oh, turn thy edged sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help:
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of common gore;
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.
Burg. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.
Pucel. Besides, all French and France exclaim on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill;
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind and mark but this for proof;
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was not he in England prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid,
In spight of Burgundy and all his friends.
See then thou fight'st against thy country-men,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Conc.
Come, come, return, return, thou wand’ring Lord, Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Burg. I’m vanquished. These haughty words of hers Have batter’d me like roaring cannon-shot, And made me almost yield upon my knees. Forgive me, country and sweet countrymen; And, Lords, accept this hearty kind embrace. My forces and my pow’r of men are yours. So farewell, Talbot, I’ll no longer trust thee.


Dau. Now let us on, my Lords, and join our powers, And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.

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SCENE IX.

PARIS.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter, &c. To them, Talbot with his Soldiers.

Tal. My gracious Prince and honourable Peers, Hearing of your arrival in this realm, I have a while giv’n truce unto my wars, To do my duty to my Sovereign. In sign whereof, this arm that hath reclaim’d To your obedience fifty fortresses, Twelve cities, and fev’n walled towns of strength, Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem; Lets fall the sword before your Highness’ feet: And with submissive loyalty of heart Ascribes the glory of his conquest got, First to my God, and next unto your Grace.

K. Henry.
King Henry VI.

K. Henry. Is this the fam'd Lord Talbot, uncle Glo'ster,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your Majesty, my Liege.

K. Henry. Welcome, brave Captain and victorious Lord!
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I was remember'd how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because 'till now we never saw your face:
Therefore stand up, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury,
And in our coronation take your place. [Exeunt.

Manent Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Now, Sir, to you that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York;
Dare'th thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your fawcy tongue
Against my Lord, the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness take you that.

[Strikes him.

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
That who so draws a sword 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his Majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you,
And after meet you sooner than you would. [Exeunt.

2 I do remember

D 4.  A. C. T.
ACT IV. SCENE I.

PARIS.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, and Governor of Paris.

GLOUCESTER.

LORD Bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the Sixth!

Glow. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath, That you elect no other King but him; Esteem none friends but such as are his friends, And none your foes, but such as shall pretend Malicious practices against his state. This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

a Enter Falstaff.

Fal. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from Calais, To haste unto your coronation, A letter was deliver'd to my hands, Writ to your Grace from th' Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee! I vow’d, base Knight, when I did meet thee next, To tear the garter from thy craven leg, Which I have done; because unworthily Thou wast install'd in that high degree. Pardon, my Princely Henry, and the rest: This daftard, at the battle of Poitiers, When but in all I was fix thousand strong, And that the French were almost ten to one; Before we met, or that a stroke was given, Like to a trusty 'squire did run away.

(a) See the note on the fifth Scene of Act 3.
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men,
My self and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surpriz'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great Lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no?

Glou. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill befitting any common man;
Much more a Knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my Lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in 'wrest' extreems.

He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of Knight,
Prophaneing this most honourable order;
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.  [doom,

K. Henry. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy
Be packing therefore thou that wast a Knight;
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death. [Exit Falstaff.
And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glou. What means his Grace that he hath chang'd his stile?
No more but plain and bluntly, To the King. [Reading.
Hath he forgot he is his Sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Portend some alteration in good will?
What's here? I have upon especial cause,
Mort'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles the rightful King of France.

O mon-
The First Part of

O monstrous treachery! can this be so!
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Henry. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my Lord, and is become our foe.

K. Henry. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my Lord, he writes.

K. Henry. Why then Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.

My Lord, how say you, are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? yes: but that I’m prevented,
I should have begg’d I might have been employ’d.

K. Henry. Then gather strength, and march unto him
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason, \[strait:
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my Lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. \[Exit Talbot.

SCENE II.

Enter Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious Sovereign.

Bas. And me, my Lord, grant me the combat too.

York. This is my servant, hear him, noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine, sweet Henry, favour him.

K. Henry. Be patient, Lords, and give them leave to speak.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my Lord, for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

K. Henry. What is the wrong whereon you both complain?
First let me know, and then I’ll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here with sharp and carping tongue
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master’s blushing cheeks;
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth

About
About a certain question in the law,
Argu’d betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms.
In confusion of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lord’s worthinesse,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble Lord;
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my Lord, I was provok’d by him,
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flow’r
Bewray’d the faintness of my master’s heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne’er so cunningly you smother it. [men!

K. Henry. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both of York and Somerset,
Quiet your selves and be again at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be try’d by fight,
And then your Highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone,
Betwixt our selves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Baf. Confirm it so, mine honourable Lord.

Glov. Confirm it so? confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate!

Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the King and us?
And you, my Lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections:
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt your selves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe.
Exe. It grieves his Highness: good my Lords, be friends.
K. Henry. Come hither you that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my Lords, remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign Princes shall be certify'd,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's Peers and chief Nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle, which was bought with blood.
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife:
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your Grace
To be our Regent in these parts of France:
And good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Our self, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite will return to Calais;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alanson, and that trait'rous rout. [Flourish.
[Exeunt.

Manet York, Warwick, Exeter, and Vernon.

War. My Lord of York, I promise you the King
Moit prettily, methought, did play the orator.
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet Prince, he thought no harm.
York. An if I °'wis, he did.—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed. [Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:
For had the passion of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decypher'd there
More ranc'rous spight, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of Nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their favourites;
But that he doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when scepters are in childrens hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind division,
Then comes the ruin, there begins confusion.  [Exit.

4 wish, ... old edit. Theob. emend.
SCENE III.

BOURDEAUX.

Enter Talbot with trumpets, and drum.

*Tal.* Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their General unto the wall. [Sound.

Enter General aloft.

_English._ John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
And thus he would: open your city gates,
Be humbled to us, call my Sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody pow'r.
But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving tow'rs,
If you forfay the offer of our love.

_Gen._ Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death:
For I protest we are well fortify'd,
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redres,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil.
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou fiendst a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible, unconquer’d spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I thy enemy dew thee withal;
For ere the glass that now begins to run
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither’d, bloody, pale and dead.

[Drum afar off.

Hark, hark, the Dauphin’s drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy musick to thy tim’rous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[Exit from the walls.

Tal. He fables not. I hear the enemy:
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
Oh negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park’d and bounded in a pale?
A little herd of England’s tim’rous Deer,
Maz’d with a yelping kennel of French curs.
If we be English Deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody, mad, and desperate Stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.a
God and St. George, Talbot, and England’s right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[a] —— aloof at bay.
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear Deer of us, my friends.
God and St. George, &c.

SCENE
SCENE IV.

Another part of France.

Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York with trumpet and many Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again, That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my Lord, and give it out That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his pow'r, To fight with Talbot; as he march'd along,
By your espysals were discovered Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led, [deaux. Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bour.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promis'd supply Of horsemens that were levied for this siege! Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid, And I am lowted by a traitor villain, And cannot help the noble chevalier: God comfort him in this necessity! If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou Princely leader of our English strength, Never so needful on the earth of France, Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot Who now is girdled with a waste of iron, And hemm'd about with grim destruction: To Bourdeaux, warlike Duke, to Bourdeaux, York! Else farewel Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset, who in proud heart Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place! So should we save a valiant gentleman By forfeiting a traitor and a coward:
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die while remifs traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress’d Lord.
York. He dies, we lose, I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles: we lose, they daily get:
All long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot’s soul,
And on his son young John, whom two hours since
I met in travel towards his warlike father!
This few years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet, where both their lives are done.
York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave!
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That hundred friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell! no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause, I cannot aid the man.

Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours are won away,
Long all of Somerset and his delay. \[Exit.\]

Lucy. Thus while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
The conquests of our scarce cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth. While they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. \[Exit.\]

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**S C E N E V.**

**Another part of France.**

Enter Somerset with his Army.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted. All our general force
Might with a sally of the very town

Vol. IV. E Be
Be buckled with, The over-daring Talbot
Hath fullied all his gloses of former honour,
By this unhedful, desp' rate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.
Capt. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir William, whither were you sent?
Lucy. Hither, my Lord; from bought and fold
Who ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat affailing death from his weak legions.
And while the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And in advantage ling'ring looks for rescue;
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alan, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.
Lucy. And York as fast upon your Grace exclaims,
Swearing that you with-hold his levied 6 horse,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies: he might have sent, and had the horn
I owe him little duty and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife.
King Henry VI.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the horsemen strait:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue now: he’s ta’en or slain,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot and his Son.

Tal. O Young John Talbot, I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot’s name might be in thee reviv’d,
When saplèfs age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boading stars!
Now art thou come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavowed danger.
Therefore, dear boy, mount on thy swiftest horse,
And I’ll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight. Come daily not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me.
The world will say he is not Talbot’s blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death if I be slain.

John. He that flies so, will ne’er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay, and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;

E 2

My
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me:
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
You fled for vantage, ev'ry one will swear:
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

_Tal._ Shall all thy mother's hopes lye in one tomb?
_John._ Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.
_Tal._ Upon my blessing I command thee go.
_John._ To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
_Tal._ Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.
_John._ No part of him but will be shame in me.
_Tal._ Thou never hadst renown, and canst not lose it.
_John._ Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?
_Tal._ Thy father's charge shall clear thee from the stains.
_John._ You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.
_Tal._ And leave my followers here to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
_John._ And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be fever'd from your side,
Than can your self your self in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.
_Tal._ Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon:
Come, side by side together live and die,
And soul with soul from France to heav'n shall fly. [Exit.

_Alarms: excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemm'd about, and Talbot rescues him._

_Tal._ St. George, and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France's sword.
Where is John Talbot? paufe, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O twice my father, twice am I thy son:
The life thou gav'st me first was loft and done,
'Till with thy warlike sword, despight of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date. [sire,

Tal. When from the Dauphin's creft thy sword struck
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alanon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful Bastard Orleans that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered;
And interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; then in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot my brave boy—
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art not thou weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battel, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmens rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain; and if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my life one day.
In thee thy mother dies, our houshold's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these and more we hazard by thy stay;
All these are say’d if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
7 ’Oh! what advantage’ bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame!
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die,
And ’tis not I to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame’s scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot’s son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot’s foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy deep’rate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus! thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father’s side,
And commendable prov’d, let’s die in pride.    [Exeunt

SCENE VII.

Alarm. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone.
O! where’s young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death smear’d with captivity!
Young Talbot’s valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiv’d me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish’d over me,
And like a hungry Lion did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tending my ruin, and assail’d of none,
Dizzy-ey’d fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust’ring battel of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit; and there dy’d
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride!

7 On that advantage or Out on that vantage 8 like
Enter John Talbot, born.

Serv. O my dear Lord! lo where your son is born.
Tal. Thou antick death, which laugh’st us here to
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots winged through the lither sky,
In thy despight shall escape mortality.
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favoured death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath.
Come, come, and lay him in his father’s arms,
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot’s grave. [Dies.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues near Bourdeaux.

Enter Dauphin, Alanson, Burgundy, Bastard, and Pucelle.

D A U P H I N.

Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot’s raging
Did strew his puny sword in Frenchmen’s blood! [brood
Pucel. Once I encounter’d him, and thus I said:
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish’d by a maid.
But with a proud, majestical, high scorn

(a) — yield thy breath.
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.
Poor boy, he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, &c.
He answer'd thus: Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench.
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Burg. Doubtless he would have made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inhered in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bea. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Dau. Oh, no: forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. 'Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Dau. On what submissivel meffage art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a meer French word:
'Ve English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou haft ta'en,
And to forsvay the bodies of the dead.

Dau. For prisoners ask'ft thou? hell our prison is,
But tell me whom thou seek'ft.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare suces in arms,
Great Earl of Walsford, Waterford, and Valent,
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Ursbinfield;
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdon of Alton,
Lord Cromwel of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious Lord of Falconbridge,
Knight of the noble order of St. George,
Worthy St. Michael, and the Golden Fleece,
Great Marshal to our King Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France.

Pucel. Here is a silly, stately filfe indeed:
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writs not so tedious a filfe as this.
King Henry VI.

'He' that thou magnifi'st with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown lyes here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial, as beseems their worth.

Pucel. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit:
For God's sake let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink and putrifie the air.

Dau. Go take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence;
But from their ashes, Dauphin, shall be rear'd
A Phœnix that shall make all France afeard.

Dau. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt:
And now to Paris in this conqu'ring vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.     [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Changes to England.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Exeter.

K. Henry. Have you perus'd the letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and Earl of Armagnac?

Glou. I have, my Lord, and their intent is this;
They humbly sue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Henry. How doth your Grace affect this motion?

Glou.

1 Him
Glou. Well, my good Lord, and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And establish quietness on ev'ry side.

K. Henry. Ay marry, uncle, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glou. Beside, my Lord, the sooner to effect
And furer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near kin to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Henry. Marriage? alas! my years are yet too young:
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call th' ambassadors, and as you please,
So let them have their answers ev'ry one.
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter Winchefter, and three Ambassadors.

Exe. What, is my Lord of Winchefter install'd
And call'd unto a Cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verify'd.

Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesie:
If once be come to be a Cardinal,
He'll make his cap coequal with the crown.

K. Henry. My Lords ambassadors, your fev'ral suits
Have been consider'd and debated on:
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my Lord of Winchefer we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glou. And for the proffer of my Lord your matter,
I have inform'd his Highness so at large,
As liking of the Lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England’s Queen.
K. Henry. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover, where inshipp’d
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[Exeunt King and Train.

Win. Stay, my Lord Legate, you shall first receive
The sum of mony which I promised
Should be deliver’d to his Holiness,
For cloathing me in these grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your Lordship’s leisure.

Win, Now Winchester will not submit I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest Peer.

Humphrey of Glo’ster, thou shalt well perceive
That nor in birth, nor for authority,
The Bishop will be over-born by thee;
I’ll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

FRANCE.

Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier,
and Joan la Pucelle.

Dauphin. THIS news, my Lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
’Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alan. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your pow’r in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us,
Elie Ruin combat with their palaces!

2 or

Enter
Scout. Success unto our valiant General,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Dau. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.
Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Dau. Somewhat too sudden, Sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Burg. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my Lord, you need not fear.

Pucel. Of all base passions fear is most accurst.
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine:
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Dau. Then on, my Lords, and France be fortunate!

[Exeunt.

Alarm: excursions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents:

[Thunder.
You speedy helpers that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye familiar spirits that are call'd
Out of the pow'rful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[They walk, and speak not.
Oh, hold me not with silence over long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit:

So
So you do condescend to help me now.
[They hang their heads.

No hope to have redress? my body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.
[They shake their heads.

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[They depart.

See, they forfake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty plumed creft,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [Exit.

Excursions. Pucelle and York fight hand to hand.
Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damfel of France, I think I have you fast.
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize fit for the devil's Grace!
See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou can'st not be.
York. Oh, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Pucel. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee,
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd.

By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell, banning hag, inchantresse, hold thy tongue.
Pucel. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

[Exeunt.

Scene
Alarm. Enter Suffolk with Margaret in his hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.    [Gazes on her.

Oh fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands:
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say; that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who soe’er thou art.

Suf. An Earl I am, and Suffolk am I call’d.
Be not offended, nature’s miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta’en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets love,
Keeping them pris’ners underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again, as Suffolk’s friend.    [She is going.
Oh stay! I have no pow’r to let her pass,
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I’ll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, De la Pole, disable not thy self:
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy pris’ner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman’s sight?
Oh, beauty’s princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses crouch.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy pris’ner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a tryal of her love?

3 rough.

[Aside.

Mar.
Mar. Why speakest thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [Aside.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [Aside.
Mar. 'Twere best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my King: a
Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet he is poor,
And our Nobility will scorn the match. [Aside.
Mar. Hear ye me, Captain? are ye not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they never so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What tho' I be in thrall'd, he seems a Knight,
[Aside.
And will not any way dishonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French, [Aside.
And then I need not crave his courtesie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause.
Mar. Tussh, women have been captivate ere now. b
[Aside.
(a) Why, for my King: Tussh, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy, &c.
(b) —— captivate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Qid.
Suf. Say, gentle Princess, &c.

Suf.
The First Part of

Suf. Say, gentle Princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queen?
Mar. To be a Queen in bondage, is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility:
For Princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's Royal King be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's Queen,
To put a golden scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife:
Suf. No, gentle Madam, I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice my self.
How say you, Madam, are you so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth.
And, Madam, at your father's castle walls,
We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

SCENE V.

Sound. Enter Reignier on the walls.
Suf. See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my Lord:
Content, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easie-held imprisonment

Hath
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or 'seign.'
Reig. Upon thy Princely warrant I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our territories,
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy in so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion of a King:
What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the Princely bride of such a Lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again in Henry's Royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffick of a King.
And yet methinks I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.

[Aside.]
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So farewell, Reignier, set this diamond safe
In golden palaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewel, my Lord: good wishes, praisè and pray'rs

Vol. IV.  

Shall

4 fain.
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [She is going.

Suf. Farewel, sweet Madam; hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my King?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac’d, and modestly directed.
But, Madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his Majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love I lend the King.

Suf. And this withal. [Kisses him.

Mar. That for thy self—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a King.

Suf. O wert thou for thy self— but, Suffolk, stay,
Thou may’st not wander in that labyrinth;
There minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Sollicit Henry with her wond’rous praiie,
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
Her nat’ral graces that extinguih art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That when thou com’st to kneel at Henry’s feet,
Thou may’st bereave him of his wits with wonder. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Enter York, Warwick, a Shepherd, and Pucelle.

York. Ring forth that force is from condemn’d to burn.

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father’s heart out.
Have I sought ev’ry country far and near, [right
And now it is my chance to find thee out
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death!
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter, I will die with thee.

Pucel. Decrepit Miser, base ignoble wretch,
I am descended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out—my Lords, an please you, ’tis not fo;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother living yet can testify
She was the first fruit of my batch’llorship.

War. Graceless, wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstinate:
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear;
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle Joan.

Pucel. Peasant, avaunt! You have stubborn’d this man
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. ’Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck’dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake:
Or else when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee.
Doest thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her, hanging is too good. [Exit.

York. Take her away, for she hath liv’d too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Pucel. First let me tell you whom you have condemn’d,
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu’d from the progeny of Kings;
Virtuous and holy, cho’en from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits.
But you that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain’d with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it strait a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
The First Part of

No, misconceived Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heav'n.
York. Ay, ay; away with her to execution.
War. And hark ye, Sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place pitchy barrels on the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.
Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law 'thy' privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murther not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now heav'n forefend! the holy maid with child!
War. The greatest miracle that e'er you wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling sure,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to, we will have no bastards live,
Especially since Charles must father it.
Pucel. You are deceiv'd, my child is none of his,
It was Alanfon that enjoy'd my love.
York. a It dies, as if it had a thousand lives.
Pucel. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But Reignier King of Naples that prevail'd.
War. A married man! that's most intolerable.
York. Why, here's a girl; I think she knows not well
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.
War. It's sign she had been liberal and free.
York. And yet forsooth she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee.
Use no intreaty, for it is in vain.

(a) York. Alanfon! that notorious Machiavel?

It dies —
5 to be thy
Pucel. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Inviron you, 'till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang your selves!

[Exit guarded.

York. Break thou in pieces, and confurm to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

SCENE VII.

Enter Cardinal of Winchester.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With letters of commission from the King.
For know, my Lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a generall peace
Betwixt our nation and th' aspiring French;
And see at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approaching, to confer about some matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many Peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And fold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
(By treason, falsehood, and by treachery)
Our great progenitors had conquered?

O Warwick, Warwick, I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe cov'nants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Dauphin, Alarion, Bastard and Reignier.

Dau. Since, Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France;

We
We come to be informed by your selves,
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester, for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles and the rest! it is enacted thus:
That in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of meer compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace;
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute and submit thy self,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alan. Must he be then a shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet in substance and authority
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This profer is absurd and reasonles.

Dau. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
Of more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein rev'renc'd for their lawful King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest un-vanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No, Lord ambassador, I'll rather keep
That which I have, than coveting for more
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles, haft thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league,
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.
Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy

[To the Dauphin aside.

To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility.
And therefore take this compact of a truce;
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[Aside to the Dauphin.

War. How say’st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Dau. It shall:
Only reserv’d you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his Majesty,
As thou are Knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England:
Thou, nor thy Nobles, to the crown of England.
So now dismiss your army when you please:
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Changes to England.

Enter Suffolk in conference with King Henry, Gloucester and Exeter.

K. Henry. Your wond’rous rare description, noble Earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish’d me:
Her virtues graced with external gifts,
Do breed love’s settled passions in my heart.
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,

F 4

So
So am I driv'n by breath of her renown,
   Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.
  Suf. Truth, my good Lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface to her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
   Able to ravel any dull conceit.
   And which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chast intents,
To love and honour Henry as her Lord.

K. Henry. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume:
   Therefore, my Lord Protector, give content
That Mag'ret may be England's Royal Queen.
  Glou. So should I give consent to flatter fin.
You know, my Lord, your Highness is betroth'd
   Unto another Lady of esteem.
How shall we then dispense with the contract,
   And not deface your honour with reproach?
  Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
   Or one that at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forswaketh yet the lifts
By reason of his adversary's odds,
A poor Earl's daughter is unequal odds,
   And therefore may be broke without offence.
  Glou. Why, what, I pray, is Marg'ret more than that:
Her father is no better than an Earl,
   Although in glorious titles he excel.
  Suf. Yes, my good Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem,
And of such great authority in France
That his alliance will confirm our peace,
   And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
  Glou. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant lib’ral dow’r,
While Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dow’r, my Lords! disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his Queen,
And not to seek a Queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for Oxen, Sheep or Horse.

But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed.
And therefore, Lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr’d;
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Whom should we match with Henry being a King,
But Marg’ret, that is daughter to a King?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
More than in woman commonly is seen,
Answer our hope in issue of a King:
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a Lady of so high resolve
As is fair Marg’ret, he be link’d in love.
Then yield, my Lords, and here conclude with me,
That Marg’ret shall be Queen, and none but she.

K. Henry. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp disaffection in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping; post, my Lord, to France,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Marg'ret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed Queen,
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for 'till you do return,
I am perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [Exe]

Glo. Ay, grief I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exeunt Gloucester and Exe.]

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd, and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But proffer better than the Trojan did:
Marg'ret shall now be Queen, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and realm. [Exe]
The Second Part of

HENRY

THE

SIXTH.

With the DEATH of the

Good DUKE HUMPHRY.
KING Henry VI.
Humphry Duke of Gloucester, Uncle to the King.
Cardinal Beaufort, Bp. of Winchester, Brother to King Henry IV, natural Son to John of Gaunt.
Duke of York, pretending to the Crown.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Somerset.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Warwick.
Lord Clifford, of the King's Party.
Lord Say.
Lord Scales, Governor of the Tower.
Sir John Stanley.
Sir Humphry Stafford.
Young Stafford, his Brother.
Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.
Young Clifford, Son to the Lord Clifford.
Edward Plantagenet, Sons to the Duke of York.
Richard Plantagenet.
Vaux, A Sea Captain, and Walter Whitmore ---- Pirates.
Hume and Southwel, ---- two Priests.
Bolingbrook, an Astrologer.
A Spirit attending on Jordan the Witch.
Thomas Horner, an Armorer.
Peter, his Man.
Mayor of St. Albans.
Simpcox, an Imposter.
Jack Cade, Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick the Butcher,
Smith the Weaver, and several others ---- Rebels.

Margaret, Queen to King Henry VI, secretly in Love with the Duke of Suffolk.
Dame Eleanor, Wife to the Duke of Gloucester.
Mother Jordan, a Witch employ'd by the Dutchess of Gloucester.
Wife to Simpcox.

Petitioners, Aldermen, a Bedel, Sheriff and Officers, Citizens, with Falconers, Guards, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is laid very dispersedly in several Parts of England.
The Second Part of
King Henry VI.

Act I. Scene I.

The Palace.

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal on the one side. The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham on the other.

SUFFOLK.

By your high imperial Majesty I had in charge at my depart for France, As procurator to your Excellence, To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace; So in the famous ancient city Tours, In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil, The Dukes of Orleans, Bretagne, Alanson, Seven Earls, twelve Barons, twenty reverend Bishops, I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:

And

(a) This and the third part were first written under the Title of The Contention of York and Lancaster: printed in 1600; but since vastly improved by the Author.
(b) Vide Hall's Chron. fol. 66, year 23. Iuit.

Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne,
The Second Part of

And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly Peers,
Deliver up my title in the Queen

[Presenting the Queen to the King]

To your most gracious hand, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent:
The happiest gift that ever Marquises gave,
The fairest Queen that ever King receiv’d.

K. Henry. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret.
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lend’st me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness:
For thou hast giv’n me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my gracious
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alder-liefeft Sovereign;
Makes me the bolder to salute my King
With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Henry. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech
Her words yclad with wisdom’s majesty,
Make me from wondering fall to weeping joys,
Such is the fulness of my heart’s content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All kneel. Long live Queen Margaret, England’s hap-
Q. Mar. We thank you all.

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our Sovereign and the French King Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. Reads.] Imprimis, it is agreed between the French
King Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquiss of Suffolk, Ambassador for Henry King of England, that it is
said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter of
Reignier
Reignier, King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and
crown her Queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May
next ensuing.

Item, That the Dutchy of Anjou, and the County of
Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father.
[Let's fall the paper.

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?
Glo. Pardon me, gracious Lord,
Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,
And dimmed mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Henry. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.
Car. Item, That the Dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall
be released and delivered to the King her father, and she sent
over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges,
without having any dowry.

K. Henry. They please us well. Lord Marquiss, kneel
you down;
We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th' parts of France, 'till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, and Somerset,
Salisbury and Warwick,
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely Queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.

SCENE II.

Manent the rest.

Glo. Brave Peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphry must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars?

Did
The Second Part of

Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter’s cold, and summer’s parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you your selves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv’d deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and my self,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, fat in the council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro,
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And was his Highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris, in despight of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry’s conquest, Bedford’s vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
O Peers of England, shameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Rasing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer’d France,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
This peroration with such circumstances?
For France, ’tis ours; and we will keep it still.
Glou. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can;
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made Duke that rules the roast,
Hath giv’n the Dutchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leaness of his purse.
Sal. Now by the death of him who dy’d for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy:
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
War. For grief that they are past recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood; mine eyes no tears
Anjou and Maine! my self did win them both:
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer.
And are the cities that I got with wounds;
Delivered up again with peaceful words? a

York. France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's Kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries with their wives:
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For colt and charges in transporting her:
She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,
Before——

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind.
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out, proud Prelate; in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.

Lording, farewell, and say when I am gone,
I prophesy'd, France will be lost ere long. [Exit.

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;
Nay more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.

Consider, Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown.
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,

There's

(a) — peaceful words?

York. For Suffolk's Duke, may he be suffocated,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle:
France should &c.
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him Humphry, the good Duke of Glo'ster,
Clapping their hands and crying with loud voice,
Jefu maintain your Royal Excellence,
With, God preserve the good Duke Humphry?
I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering glo'ss,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our Sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphry from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay.
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphry's pric
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the Princes in the land beside:
If Glo'ster be displac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buck. Or Somerset or I will be Protector,
Despight Duke Humphry, or the Cardinal.

[Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset]

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows him.
While those do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphry Duke of Glo'ster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman:
Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal
More like a soldier than a man o' th' church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.
Warwick my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Have won the greatest favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphry.
And brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Sovereign;
Have made thee fear’d and honour’d of the people.
Join we together for the publick good,
In what we can to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the Cardinal,
With Somerset’s and Buckingham’s ambition;
And as we may, cherish Duke Humphry’s deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.
War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land
And common profit of his country!
York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.
Sel. Then let’s make haste, and look unto the main. a
[Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.

SCENE III.

MANET YORK.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost, the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The Peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas’d
To change two Dukedoms for a Duke’s fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is’t to them?
’Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap penn’worths of their pillage,
And purchase friends and give to courtezans,
Still revelling like Lords ’till all be gone:

W 2

(a) ——— unto the main.
War. Unto the main? Oh father, Maine is lost,
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is born away;
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.
So York must fret, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burnt,
Unto the Prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me: for I had hope of France,
Ev'n as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own,
And therefore I will take the Nevills' parts,
And make a shew of love to proud Duke Humphry;
And when I spy advantage, claim the crown;
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still a while, 'till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the State;
'Till Henry's surfeit in the joys of love,
With his new bride and England's dear bought Queen,
And Humphry with the Peers be fall'n at jars.
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And force perforce I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit York.

2 surfeiting in

SCENE
WHY droops my Lord, like over-ripen'd corn
Hanging the head with Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphry knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the fullen earth,
Gazing at that which seems to dim thy sight?
What feest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine.
And having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heav'n;
And never more abase our fight fo low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy Lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and nephew virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dreams this night do make me sad.  [it
Elean. What dream'd my Lord? tell me, and I'll requite
With sweet rehears'd of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in Court,
Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot;
But, as I think, it was by th' Cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole first Duke of Suffolk.
This was the dream; what it doth bode, God knows.
Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument
That he that breaks a fitch of Gloster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But lift to me, my Humphry, my sweet Duke:
Methought I sat in seat of Majesty,
In the Cathedral church of Westminister,
And in that chair where Kings and Queens are crown'd.
Where Henry and Margaret knelt'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

G lou. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-natur'd Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the Protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Haft thou not wordly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thy self
From top of honour to disgrace's seat?
Away from me, and let me hear no more!

Elean. What, what, my Lord, are you so cholerick
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto my self,
And not be check'd.

G lou. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. Albans,
Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk.

G lou. I go: come, Nell, 'thou too wilt' ride with us

[Exit Gloucester

Elean. Yes, my good Lord, I'll follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:

3 were 4 thou wilt
And being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone, here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your Royal Majesty!
Hume. But by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
You Grace's title shall be multiply'd.
Elean. What say'lt thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jorden the cunning witch,
And Roger Bolingbrook the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promised, to shew your Highness
A Spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.
Elean. It is enough, I'll think upon the questions:
When from St. Albans we do make return,
We'll see those things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward, make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [Exit Elean.
Hume. Hume must make merry with the Dutchess' gold:
Marry and shall; but how now, Sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words, but mum!
The busines asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amis, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast:
I dare not say from the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for to be plain,
They (knowing Eleanor's aspiring humour)
Have hired me to undermine the Dutchess,
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk's and the Cardinal's broker.

G 4

Hume.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus I fear at last,
Hume's knavery will be the Dutchess' wreck,
And her attainder will be Humphry's fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Em

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SCENE V.

THE PALACE.

Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armoror's man
being one.

1 Pet. My masters, let's stand close; my Lord Protec-
tor will come this way by and by, and the
we may deliver our supplications 'in quill.'

2 Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good
man, Jesu blefs him!

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

1 Pet. Here a' comes methinks, and the Queen will
him: I'll be the first sure.

2 Pet. Come back, fool, this is the Duke of Suffolk
and not my Lord Protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? wouldn't any thing with me?

1 Pet. I pray, my Lord, pardon me; I took ye for
my Lord Protector.

Q. Mar. To my Lord Protector? [Reading.] Are you
supplications to his Lordship? let me see them; what's
thine?

1 Pet. Mine is, an't please your Grace, against Job
Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my hous
and lands, and wife, and all from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that's some wrong indeed. What
yours? what's here? [Reads.] Against the Duke of Suf

5 in the quill
folk, for inclosing the Commons of Melford. How now, Sir Knave?

2 Pet. Alas, Sir, I am but a poor pettioner of our whole township.

3 Pet. Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What! did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

3 Pet. That my mistress was? no, forsooth? my master said that he was; and that the King was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there?—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant, presently; we'll hear more of your matter before the King. [Exit Servant.

Q. Mar. And as for you that love to be protected Under the wings of our Protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[Tears the supplications.

Away, base cullions: Suffolk, let them go,

All. Come, let's be gone. [Exeunt.

Q. Mar. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise? Is this the fashion in the Court of England? Is this the government of Britain's Isle? And this the royalty of Albion's King? What, shall King Henry be a pupil still, Under the surly Gloster's governance? Am I a Queen in title and in style, And must be made a subject to a Duke? I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love, And stol'st away the ladies hearts of France; I thought King Henry had resembled thee In courage, courtship, and proportion: But all his mind is bent to holiness, To number Ave Mariæ on his beads; His champions are the prophets and apostles, His weapons holy laws of sacred writ, His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.

I would
I would the college of the Cardinals
Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head!
That were a state fit for his holines.

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was the cause
Your Highness came to England, so will I
In England work your Grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the proud Protector, have we Beaufor:
Th' imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the King.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevills;
Salisb'ry and Warwick are no simple Peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these Lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife:
She sweeps it through the court with troops of Ladies,
More like an Empress than Duke Humphry's wife.
Strangers in Court do take her for the Queen;
She bears a Duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
'Till Suffolk gave two Dukedoms for his Daughter.

Suf. Madam, my self have lim'd a bush for her,
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to their lays
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her rest; and, Madam, lift to me,
For I am bold to counsel you in this;
Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the Lords,
'Till we have brought Duke Humphry in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So one by one we'll weed them all at last,  
And you your self shall steer the happy helm.

**SCENE VI.**

To them enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Cardinal,  
Buckingham, York, Somerset, Salisbury, Warwick,  
and the Dukes.

K. Henry. For my part, noble Lords, I care not which,  
Or Somerset, or York, all’s one to me.  
York. If York have ill demean’d himself in France,  
Then let him be deny’d the Regentship.  
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,  
Let York be Regent, I will yield to him.  
War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,  
Dispute not that; York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy better speak.  
War. The Cardinal’s not my better in the field.  
Buck. All in this presence are thy better, Warwick.  
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.  
Sal. Peace, son; and shew some reason, Buckingham,  
Why Somerset should be preferr’d in this.  
Q. Mar. Because the King forsooth will have it so.  
Glou. Madam, the King is old enough himself  
To give his censure: these are no woman’s matters.  
Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace  
To be Protector of his Excellence?

Glou. Madam, I am Protector of the Realm,  
And at his pleasure will resign my place.  
Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.  
Since thou wert King, (as who is King but thou?)  
The common-wealth hath daily run to wreck.  
The Dauphin hath prevail’d beyond the seas,  
And all the Peers and Nobles of the Realm  
Have been as bond-men to thy sovereignty.  
Car. The Commons hast thou rack’d, the Clergy’s bags  
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.  

Som.
Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head. [Exit Glk
Give me my fan; what, minion? can ye not?
[She gives the Duchess a box on the ear
I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?

ElIan. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Henry. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will
ElIan. Against her will, good King? look to't in time,
She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most Master wears no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unrevenge'd.

[Exit Eleanor

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I'll follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphry, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now, her fume can need no spurs,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[Exit Buckingham

SCENE VII.

Re-enter Duke Humphry.

Glou. Now, Lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talk of common-wealth affairs.
As for your spightful false objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the law.
But God in mercy deal so with my soul,
As I in duty love my King and Country!
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my Sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here
Without discharge, mony, or furniture,
'Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
'Till Paris was besieged, famish'd and loft.

War. That I can witness, and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong Warwick!
War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Horner the Armorier, and his Man Peter,
guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason.
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself.

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor? [these?
K. Henry. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are
Suf. Please at your Majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these; that Richard Duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your Majesty was an usurper.

K. Henry. Say, man, were these thy words?

Arm. An't shall please your Majesty, I never said nor
thought any such matter; God is my witness, I am falsely
accus'd by the villain.

Peter. By these ten bones, my Lord, he did speak them
to me in the garret one night, as we were scow'ring my
Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:

I do
I do beseech your royal Majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Arm. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did 
upon his knees he would be even with me. I have 
good witness of this; therefore I beseech your Ma 
jefty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain’s ac 
cusation.

K. Henry. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law? 
Glov. This doom, my Lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be Regent o’er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion.
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place;
For he hath witness of his servant’s malice.
This is the law, and this Duke Humphry’s doom.

K. Henry. Then be it so: my Lord of Somerset,
We make your Grace Regent over the French.

Som. I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for God 
fake pity my case; the spight of man prevaleth against 
me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never 
able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!

Glov. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang’d.

K. Henry. Away with them to prison; and the day 
of combat shall be the last of the next month.
Come, Somerset, we’ll see thee sent away.

[Flourish. Enter]
SCENE VIII.

A room prepared for the intended Incantments.

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbrook.

Hume. COME, my masters; the Dutcshes, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Matter Hume, we are therefore provided: will her Ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? fear not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit; but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busie below; and so I pray you, go in God’s name, and leave us. [Exit Hume.] Mother Jordan, be prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwel, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor above.

Elean. Well said, my masters, and welcome to all! to this geer, the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good Lady, wizards know their times: Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night, The time of night when Troy was set on fire, The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl, When spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves; That time best fits the work we have in hand. Madam, fit you and fear not; whom we raise We will make fast within a hallow’d verge.

[Here they perform the ceremonies and make the circle; Bolingbrook or Southwel reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly, then the Spirit riseth.

Spirit. Adsum.

M. Jord. Adjutb, by the eternal God, whose name And
And power thou tremblest at, tell what I ask;
For 'till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

_Spirit._ Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said, and done!

_Boling._ First, of the King: What shall of him become?

_Spirit._ The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose:
But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks they write the answer.

_Boling._ Tell me what fates await the Duke of Suffolk?

_Spirit._ By water shall he die and take his end.

_Boling._ What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

_Spirit._ Let him shun castles.
Safer shall he be on 't he plains,
Than where 't a castle mounted stands.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

_Boling._ Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
Falso fiend, avoid! [Thunder and lightning, Spirit descends.

_Enter the Duke of York, and the Duke of Buckingham, with their Guard, and break in.

_York._ Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash:
Beldame, I think we watch'd you at an inch.
What, Madam, are you there? the King and Realm
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

_Eleanor._ Not half so bad as thine to England's King,
Injurious Duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

_Buck._ True, Madam, none at all: What call you this?
Away with them, let them be clap'd up close,
And kept apart. You, Madam, shall with us.
_Stafford._ take her to thee.
We'll see your trinkets here forth-coming all.

[Exeunt Guard with Jordan, Southwel, &c.

(a) — Southwel, &c.

_York._ Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well;
A pretty plot well chose to build upon.
Now, pray, my Lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

[Read

_6 the sandy plains. 7 castles mounted stand._
The King is now in progress tow'rd s St. Albans,
With him the husband of this lovely Lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them:
A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.

_Buck._ Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward. [there?

_York._ 'My Lord, at your good pleasure.' Who's within

_Enter a Serving-man._

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away! [Exeunt.

_The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him out-live, and die a violent death._

Why, this is just, _Aio te Æacidem Romanos vincere posse._
Well to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles,
Safer shall he be 'on the plains,'
Than where 'a castle mounted stands.'

Come, come, my Lords,
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.

_The King is now, &c._

_The repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary af-
fter what the spectators have heard in the Scene immediately preceding,
is not to be found in the first editions of this Play._

8 At your pleasure, my good Lord.
1 upon the sandy plains,
2 castles mounted stand.
Act II. Scene I

At St. Albans.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Protector, Cardin, and Suffolk, with Faulconers halloving.

Q. Margaret.

Believe me, Lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw no better sport these seven years day;
Yet by your leave, the wind was very high,
And ten to one old Joan had not gone out.

K. Henry. But what a point, my Lord, your Faith
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your Majesty,
My Lord Protector’s Hawks do towre so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his Faulcon’s pitch.

Glou. My Lord, ’tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much, he’d be above the clouds.

Glou. Ay, my Lord Cardinal, how think you by the
Were it not good, your Grace could fly to heav’n?

K. Henry. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth, thine eyes and thought
Bent on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,
That smooth’d it so with King and common-weal! [ex

Glou. What, Cardinal! is your priesthood grown so per
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice.

Suf. No malice, Sir, no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a Peer.

Glou. As who, my Lord?
Suf. Why, as yourself, my Lord,  
An't like your lordly Lord Protectorship.


Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, peace, good Queen;  
And whet not on these too too furious Peers,  
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,  
Against this proud Protector, with my sword!

Glov. 'Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to  
[Aside.  

Car. Marry, when thou dar'ft.  
[that.

Glov. Make up no factious numbers for that  
In thine own person answer thy abuse.  
[aside.

Car. Ay, where thou dar'ft not peep: and if thou  
This evening, on the east side of the grove.  
[Dar'ft,]

K. Henry. How now, my Lords?  
Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,  
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,  
We'd had more sport. — Come with thy two-hand sword.

[Aside to Gloucester.

Glov. True, uncle.

Car. Are ye advis'd? — The east side of the grove.

Glov. Cardinal, I am with you.  
[Aside.

K. Henry. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

Glov. Talking of hawking, nothing else, my Lord.  
Now by God's mother, priest, I'll have your crown  
For this, or all my fence shall fail.  
[Aside.

Car. [Aside.] Protector, see to't well, protect your self.  
K. Henry. The winds grow high, so do your stomachs,  
How icksome is this musicke to my heart!  
[Lords.  

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?  
I pray, my Lords, let me compound this strife.

Glov. True, uncle, are ye advis'd? The east side of the grove.  
Cardinal, I am with you.

... old edit. Theob. emend.
Enter One crying, A miracle!

Glo. What means this noisef
Fellow, what miracle do’st thou proclaim?
One. A miracle, a miracle!
Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what miracle
One. Forsooth, a blind man at St. Alban’s shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv’d his sight,
A man that ne’er saw in his life before.
K. Henry. Now God be prais’d, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of St. Albans, and his brethren, bearing
Simpcox between two in a chair, Simpcox’s wife following.

Car. Here come the townspeople on procession.
Before your Highness to present the man.
K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiply’d.
Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the King.
His Highness’ pleasure is to talk with him.
K. Henry. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we, for thee, may glorifie the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor’d?
Simp. Born blind, an’t please your Grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an’t like your Worship.
Glo. Had’st thou been his mother, thou couldst have
better told.
K. Henry. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an’t like your Grace.
K. Henry. Poor soul, God’s goodness hath been great to
Let never day or night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, canst thou here by
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine? [chance,
Simp. God knows of pure devotion, being call'd
A hundred times and oftner, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said, Simpcox, come,
Come offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.
Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many a time and oft
My self have heard a voice to call him so.
Cur. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How can'st thou so?
Simp. A fall 'from off' a tree?
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glo. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.
Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?
Simp. But once in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.
Glo. Master, thou lov'st plums well, that wouldst venture so.
Simp. Alas, good Sir, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.
Glo. A sylph, knave, but yet it shall not serve:
Let's see thine eyes, wink now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet, thou seest not well.
Simp. 'Yes, clear as day, I thank God and St. Alban.
Glo. Say'st thou me so? what colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master, red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth, coal-black, as jet.
K. Henry. Why then thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet he did never see.
Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.
Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, Sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glo. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glu. Nor his?
Simp. No indeed, master.
Glu. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
Glu. "Then, Saunder, sit thou there,'the lying'it know
In christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou mightst as well know all our names, as thus
To know the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish 'colours: true, but sudenly
To nominate them all, it is impossible.
My Lords, St. Alban here hath done a miracle:
Would ye not think that cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs?
Simp. O master, that you could!
Glu. My masters of St. Albans,
Have you not bedels in your town,
And things call'd whips?
Mayor. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.
Glu. Then send for one presently.
Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the bedel hither straight.
[Exit Messenger

Glu. Now fetch me a stool hither. Now, Sirrah, you mean to save your self from whipping, leap me over
this stool, and run away.
Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: ye
go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Bedel with whips.

Glu. Well, Sir, we must have you find your legs, Sir
rah bedel, whip him 'till he leap over that same stool.

Bed. I will, my Lord. Come on, Sirrah, off with your
doublet quickly.
Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to
stand.

[After the Bedel hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool
and runs away; and they follow, and cry, A miracle!

K. Henry. O God, feelest thou this, and bearest it so long!

Q. Mat.

6 Saunder, sit there, 7 colours: but
O, Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.
Glou. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.
Wife. Alas, Sir, we did it for pure need.
Glou. Let them be whipt through ev’ry market town,
’till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[Exit Bedel with the Woman.]

Car. Duke Humphry hath done a miracle to day.
Suf. True, made the lame to leap and fly away.
Glou. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my Lord, whole towns to fly.

SCENE III.

Enter Buckingham.

K. Henry. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector’s wife,
(The ring-leader and head of all this rout)
Have practis’d dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact,
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground;
Demanding of King Henry’s life and death,
And other of your Highness’ privy-council,
As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my Lord Protector, by this means
Your Lady is forth coming, yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn’d your weapon’s edge.
’Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your hour.

[Aside to Gloucester.]

Glou. Ambitious church-man, leave t’ afflic my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquish’d all my powers;
And vanquish’d as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

II. 4. K. Henry.
The Second Part of

K. Henry. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked one,
Heaping confusion on their own heads!

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look thy self be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for me, to heav'n I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my King and common-weal:
And for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry am I to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile Nobility;
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Henry. Well, for this night we will repose us here,
To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in Justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[Flourish. Exeunt]

SCENE IV.

The Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close walk to satisfy my self
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible to England's crown.

Sal. My Lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevills are thy sujects to command.

York. Then thus:

Edward the Third, my Lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas Woodstock Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the black Prince dy’d before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third’s death, reign’d King,
’Till Henry Bolingbroke Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown’d by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz’d on the realm, depos’d the rightful King,
Sent his poor Queen to France from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless King Richard trait’rously was murth’red.

War. Father, the Duke hath told ’t the very truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For Richard the first son’s heir being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign’d.

Sal. But William of Hatfield dy’d without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whole line
I claim the crown, had issue Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer Earl of March.

Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March:
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke.
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been King;
Who kept him in captivity, ’till he dy’d.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge,
Who was the son ’t of Edmund Langley,
Edward the Third’s fifth son’s son, and by her
I claim the kingdom, for she then was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmundo Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence.
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York here claims it from the third.
’Till Lionel’s issue fail, his should not reign;
It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a flock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together,
And in this private plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful Sovereign
With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

Both. Long live our Sovereign Richard, England’s King.

York. We thank you, Lords: but I am not your King,
’Till I be crown’d, and that my sword be stain’d
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:
And that’s not suddenly to be perform’d,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dang’rous days,
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk’s insolence,
At Beaufort’s pride, at Somerset’s ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
’Till they have stain’d the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke Humphry:
’Tis that they seek; and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesie.

Sal. My Lord, here break we off; we know your mind.

War. My heart assures me, that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a King.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure my self:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the King. [Exeunt]

2 by her 3 she then
Stage direction: Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret and state, the Duchess, Mother Jordan, Southwell, Hume and Bolingbrook, with Guard.

K. Henry. STAND forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster’s wife,

In sight of God and us your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law for sins,
Such as by God’s book are adjug’d to death.
You four from hence to prison back again;
From thence unto the place of execution;
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn’d to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, Madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

Elean. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

Glo. The law thou seekest hath adjug’d thee, Eleanor,
I cannot justify whom law condemns.

[Execunt Eleanor and the others guarded.]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphry! this disfavour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
‘Beseech’ your Majesty give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and my age would ease.

K. Henry. Stay, Humphry, Duke of Gloster; ere thou
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protect his, and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet.

And

4 I beseech
The Second Part of

And go in peace, Humphry, no les belov'd,
Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a King of years
Should be to be protected like a child:
God and King Henry govern England's realm:
Give up your staff, Sir, and to th' King his realm.

Glo. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewel, good King; when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne!

[Exit Gloucester.

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry King, and Marg'r
And Humphry Duke of Glo'ster scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;
His Lady banish'd, and a limb lopt off:
This staff of honour rauft, there let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his spray;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her younger days.

York. Lords, let him go. Please it your Majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat,
And ready are th' appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lifts,
So please your Highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my Lord; for purposely there:
Left I the Court, to see this quarrel try'd.

K. Henry. A' God's name see the lifts and all things fit:
Here let them end it, and God guard the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant,
The servant of the armourer, my Lords.

5 the

S C E N
Enter at one door the Armourer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door his Man, with a drum and a sand-bag, and Prentices drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charco.

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come i' faith, and I'll pledge you all, and fig for Peter.

1 Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2 Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master; fight for the credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all; drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer; and here, Tom, take all the mony that I have. 0 Lord bless me I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath am'd so much to fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. What, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump? Then see thou thump thy master well.

Arm.

(a) According to the old laws of Duels this was the manner of fighting pointed for inferior people, as those of a higher degree used the sword and lance.
Arm. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon
man's instigation, to prove him a knave and my self
honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will tell
my death I never meant him any ill, nor the King ,
the Queen, and therefore, Peter, have at thee with
downright blow.

York. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to doubt.
Sound trumpets, Alarum to the combatants.

[They fight, and Peter strikes him down.

Arm. Hold, Peter, hold; I confess, I confess traitor

York. Take away his weapon: fellow, thank God, to
the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in my
presence? O Peter, thou hast prevail'd 6 in the right.

K. Henry. 7 'Go, and take' hence that traitor from
For by his death we do perceive his guilt.
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to murder wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[Exit.
Unneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind a-brook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks still laughing at thy shame;
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph thro' the streets.
But soft! I think she comes, and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Ducketts in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning
in her hand, with a Sheriff and Officers, and Sir John Stanley.

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

Glou. No, sir not for your lives, let her pass by.

Elean. Come, you, my Lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah, Glo'ster, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,
And ban our enemies, both mine and thine.

Glou. Be patient, gentle Nell, forget this grief.

Elean. Ah, Glo'ster, teach me to forget my self:
For whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this land;
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be advis'd how I tread.
Ah, Humphry, can I bear this shameful yoak?
Trow'lt thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the fun?
No: dark shall be my light, and night my day.

To
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphry's wife,
And he a Prince and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,
That he stood by, whilst I his forlorn Dutchess
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle, rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing, 'till the ax of death
Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.
For Suffolk, (he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all)
And York, and impious Beaufort that false priest,
Have all lim'd bulthes to betray thy wings;
And fly thou how thou canst they'll tangle thee:
But fear thou not until thy foot be shar'd,
Nor ever seek prevention of thy foes.

Glov. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry.
I must offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, fort thy heart to patience,
'This few-days-wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesty's Parliament holden at Bury, the first of this next month.

Glov. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there;

[Exit Herald.

My Nell, I take my leave: and, master Sheriff,

8 These
Let not her penance exceed the King's commission.

Sher. An't please your Grace, here my commission stays:

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now,

To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my Lady here?

Stan. So am I giv'n in charge, may't please your Grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray

You use her well; the world may laugh again,

And I may live to do you kindness, if

You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

Elean. What gone, my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witnes's my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exit Gloucester.

Elean. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!

For none abides with me: my joy is death;

Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,

Because I wish'd this world's eternity.

Stanley, I pr'ythee go and take me hence,

I care not whither, for I beg no favour;

Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the Isle of Man,

There to be us'd according to your state.

Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:

And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. No; like a Dutchess, and Duke Humphry's Lady,

According to that state you shall be us'd.

Elean. Sheriff, fare well, and better than I fare,

Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office, Madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Elean. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:

No, it will hang upon my richest robes,

And shew itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way, I long to see my prison. [Exeunt.
ACT III. SCENE I.

St. EDMUND'S BURY.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick, to a Parliament.

K. HENRY.

Mute my Lord of Glo'ster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How peremptory and unlike himself!
We know the time since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for submission.
But meet him now, and be it in the morn
When ev'ry one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shews an angry eye,
And paffeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the Lion roars,
And Humphry is no little man in England.
First note, that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy,
(Respecting what a ranc'rous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your deceafe)
That he should come about your Royal person,  
Or be admitted to your Highness' council.  
By flatter'ry hath he won the Commons hearts:  
And when he'll please to make commotion,  
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.  
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted,  
Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,  
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.  
The reverent care I bear unto my Lord  
'Makes' me collect these dangers in the Duke.  
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear:  
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,  
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.  
My Lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,  
Reprove my allegation if you can,  
Or else conclude my words effectual.  

Suf. Well hath your Highness seen into this Duke.  
And had I first been put to speak my mind,  
I think I should have told your Grace's tale.  
The Dutchers, by his subornation,  
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:  
Or if he were not privy to those faults,  
Yet 'twas repeating of his high descent  
As next the King he was successful heir,  
And such high vaunts of his Nobility,  
Did instigate the bedlam brain-fick Dutchers,  
By wicked means to frame our Sov'reign's fall.  
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,  
And in his simple shew he harbours treason.  
The Fox barks not when he would steal the Lamb.  
No, no, my Sov'reign, Glo'ster is a man  
Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.  

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,  
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?  
York. And did he not in his Protectorship,  
Levy great sums of mony through the Realm  
or soldiers pay in France, and never sent it?  

I 2

9 Made 1 by

By
The Second Part of

By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphry.

K. Henry. My Lords, at once; the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our Royal person,
As is the fucking Lamb or harmless Dove:
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah! what’s more dang’rous than this fond
affiance?

Seems he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow’d;
For he’s dispos’d as the hateful Raven.
Is he a Lamb? his skin is surely lent him;
For he’s inclin’d as is the ravenous Wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my Lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious Sovereign!

K. Henry. Welcome, Lord Somerset; what news from

France?

Som. That all our int’rest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Henry. Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God’s will
be done!

York. Cold news for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or fell my title for a glorious grave.

Scen[...
Enter Gloucester.

**Glou.** All happiness unto my Lord the King! Pardon, my Liege, that I have stayed so long.

**Suf.** Nay, **Glouster,** know that thou art come too soon, Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art; I do arrest thee of high treason here.

**Glou.** Well, **Suffolk,** yet thou shalt not see me blush, Nor change my countenance for this arrest: A heart unfotted is not easily daunted. The purest spring is not so free from mud, As I am clear from treason to my Sovereign. Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty? [France, *Yor.*] 'Tis thought, my Lord, that you took bribes of And being Protector, snailed the soldiers pay, By means whereof his Highness hath lost France.

**Glou.** Is it but thought so? what are they that think it? I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay, Nor ever had one penny bribe from France. So help me God, as I have watch'd the night, Ay, night by night, in studying good for England. That doit that e'er I wrested from the King, Or any groat I hoarded to my use, Be brought against me at my tryal day! No; many a pound of my own proper store, Because I would not tax the needy commons, Have I disbursed to the garrisons, And never ask'd for restitution.

**Car.** It serves you well, my Lord, to say so much.

**Glou.** I say no more than truth, so help me God!

**Yor.** In your Protectorship you did devise Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of, That England was defam'd by tyranny.

**Glou.** Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector Pity was all the fault that was in me: For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault:
Unless it were a bloody murtherer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec’d poor passengers,
I never gave them condict punishment.
Murther indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur’d
Above the Felon, or what trepafs else.

**Suf.** My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer’d: But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easly purge your self.
I do arrest you in his Highness’ name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of tryal.

**K. Henry.** My Lord of Glo’ster, ’tis my special hope
That you will clear your self from all suspicion;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

**Glo.** Ah, gracious Lord! these days are dangerous:
Virtue is choak’d with foul ambition,
And charity chas’d hence by rancour’s hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil’d your Highness’ land.
I know, their complot is to have my life:
And if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness.
But mine is made the prologue to their play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

**Beaufort.** ’s red sparkling eyes blab his heart’s malice,
And **Suffolk’s** cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp **Buckingham** unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lyes upon his heart:
And dogged **York,** that reaches at the moon,
Whose over-weening arm I have pluck’d back,
By false accuse doth level at my life.
And you, my soveraign Lady, with the rest,
Causeliss have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavours have stirr’d up
My liefest Liege to be mine enemy:
King Henry VI.

Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
(My self had notice of your conventicles)
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt:
The antient proverb will be well effected,
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.
Car. My Liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your Royal person
From treason’s secret knife and traitor’s rage,
Be thus upbraided, chide and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
’Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.
Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign Lady here
With ignominious words, though clarkly couched?
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations, to o’er-throw his state.
Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.
Glo. Far truer spoke than meant; I lose indeed;
Beshrew the winners, for they play’d me false;
And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Buck. He’ll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.
Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.
Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch
Before his legs be firm to bear his body;
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my fear were false, ah that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear. [Exit guards.]

Scene III.

K. Henry. My Lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if our self were here.
Q. Mar. What, will your Highness leave the Parliament?
K. Henry. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown’d with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within my eyes:

I 4. My
My body round engirt with misery:
For what's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle Humphry, in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty:
And yet, good Humphry, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith;
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great Lords, and Margaret our Queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life,
That never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong?
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it 'strives,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so remorseless have they born him hence,
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's los'd:
Even so my self bewail good Glo'ster's case
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good:
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
Say, who's a traitor? Glo'ster he is none.  [Exit]

Q. Mar. See, Lords, cold snow melts with the sun's beam:
Henry my Lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity: Glo'ster's shew
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers:
Or as the snake roll'd in a flow'ry bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a-child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, Lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet herein I judge my own wit good)
This Glo'ster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die, is worthy policy,
But yet we want a colour for his death:

2 staves, ... old edit. Third. emend.
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.
Suf. But in my mind, that were no policy:
The King will labour still to save his life;
The Commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.
York. So that by this, you would not have him die.
Suf. Ah, York, no man alive to fain as I.
York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.
But, my Lord Cardinal, 3 'and my' Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:
Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphry for the King's Protector?
Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.
Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madness then
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murtherer,
His guilt should be but idly post'd over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As 'Humphry's' prov'd by reasons to my Liege;
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mathe him first, that first intends deceit.
Q. Mar. Thrice noble Suffolk, 5 'resolutely' spoke.
Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my Sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.
Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,

Ere
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say you consent and censure well the deed,
And I’ll provide his executioner,
I tender for the safety of my Liege.
   Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
   Q. Mar. And so say I.
   York. And I; and now we three have ’spoken’ it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

SCENE IV.

   Enter a Post.

   Post. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, Lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For being green, there is great hope of help.
   Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
   York. That Somerset be sent a Regent thither:
’Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ’d:
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
   Som. If York, with all his far-fetch’d policy,
Had been the Regent there instead of me,
He never would have stand in France so long.
   York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, ’till all were lost.
Shew me one fear character’d on thy skin:
Mens flesh preserv’d so whole, 7 ’doth’ seldom win.
   Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:
No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still.
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been Regent there,
Might happily have prov’d far worse than his.

6 spoke 7 do
York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take
Suf. And in the number, thee that withest shame! [all
Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is;
Th' uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicey, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
York. I will, my Lord, so please his Majesty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms;
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content: provide me soldiers, Lords,
Whish I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphry.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off: the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Manet York.

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change mislbound to resolution:
Be that thou hop't to be, or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth th' enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart!
Faster than spring-time show'rs, comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busie than the lab'ring spider,
Weaves tedious shares to trap mine enemies.

Well,
Well, Nobles, well; 'tis politicky done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved Snake,
Who cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whilst I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heav'n or hell.
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd flaw.
And for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentish man,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And 'fight' so long, 'till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
And in the end being receu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And giv'n me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer which is now dead,
In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.
By this I shall perceive the Commons mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured;
I know no pain they can inflict upon him

2 fought
Will make him say I mov’d him to those arms.
Say that he thrive, as ’tis great like he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow’d:
For Humphry being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put a-part, the next for me. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

The Palace.

Enter two or three running over the stage, from the murder of Duke Humphry.

RUN to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have dispatch’d the Duke, as he commanded.
2. Oh that it were to do! what have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

1. Here comes my Lord.
Suf. Now, Sirs, have you dispatch’d
This thing?
1. Ay, my good Lord, ’tis done, he’s dead.’
Suf. Why, that’s well said. Go get you to my house,
I will reward you for this vent’rous deed:
The King and all the Peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1. Yes, my good Lord.
Suf. Away, be gone. [Exeunt Murtherers.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal, Somerset,
with Attendants.

K. Henry. Go call our Uncle to our presence straight:

9 Lord, he’s dead.
Say we intend to try his Grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble Lord. [Exit.

K. Henry. Lords, take your places; and I pray you all,
Proceed no strainer 'gainst our uncle Glo'ster,
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a Nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion! [me much.

K. Henry. I thank thee: 'well,' these words content

Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our Uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord, Glo'ster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forend!

Car. God's secret judgment: I did dream to-night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[King swoons.

Q. Mar. How fares my Lord? help, Lords, the King is dead.

Som. Rear up his body, wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help! oh Henry, ope thine eyes.

Suf. He doth revive again; Madam, be patient.

K. Henry. O heav'nly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suf. Comfort, my Sovereign, gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Henry. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital pow'rs;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chafe away the fist-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words,
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.

1 Nell, ... old edit. Theob. emend.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murd’rous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
Yet do not go away; come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life, but double death, now Glo’sier’s dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most christian-like laments his death:
As for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life;
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble Duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:
It may be judg’d I made the Duke away,
So shall my name with flander’s tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be filled with reproach:
This get I by his death: ah me unhappy!
To be a Queen, and crown’d with infamy.

K. Henry. Ah, woe is me for Glo’sier, wretched man!
Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is!
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?
Be pois’nous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Glo’sier’s tomb?
Why then dame Margaret was ne’er thy joy.
Erect his statue, and do worship to it,
And make my image but an ale-house sign.
Was I for this nigh wreckt upon the sea,
And twice by adverse winds from England’s bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boated this? but well fore-warning winds

Die.
Did seem to say, seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set thy footing on this unkind shoar.
What did I then, but curse the gentle gusts,
And ² 'him' that loos'd them from their brazen caves,
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shoar,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer,
He left that hateful office unto thee.  
The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy Palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
When from thy shoar the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of the land's view,
I took a softly jewel from my neck,
(A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,)  
And threw it tow'rd's thy land; the sea receiv'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart.
And ev'n with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's withed coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
'To sit and ³ 'witch' me, as Aescanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy!
Am I not witcht like her? ⁴ 'art' thou not falfe like him?
Ah me, I can no more: die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps that thou didst live so long.

(a) ——— office unto thee.
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shoar
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.
The splitting rocks &c.

² he ³ watch ... old edit. Theob. emend. ⁴ or
Noise within. Enter Warwick, Salisbury, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Sovereign, 
That good Duke Humphry traiterously is murthar’d
By Suffolk, and the Cardinal Beaufort’s means:
The Commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not ‘whom they sting in their revenge.
My self have calm’d their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death,
K. Henry. That he is dead, good Warwick, ’tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corps,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my Liege: stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, ’till I return. [Warwick goes in.

K. Henry. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphry’s life:
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God!
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears:
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies.

[Bed with Gloucester’s body put forth.
And to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?
War. Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view this body.
K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is made:
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life is death.
War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him,
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely parted ghost
Of ahy semblance, meager, pale, and 'blood-lest,'
Being all descended to the labring heart,
Who in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the fame for aidance 'gainst the enemy,
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returned
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man;
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggle;
His hands abroad dislay'd, as one that graspt
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Look on the sheets; his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd;
It cannot be but he was murther'd here:
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the Duke to deat
My self and Beaufort had him in protection,
And we, I hope, Sirs, are no murtherers.

War. But both of you had vow'd Duke Humphry's;
And you forsooth had the good Duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you belike suspect these Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke Humphry's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding freth
And sees fett by a butcher with an ax,
But will suspet 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,

5 bloodless,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloody'd beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's the knife
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a 'vengeful sword, rusted with case,
That shall be scoured in his ranc'rous heart,
That flanders me with murther's crimson badge.
Say if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphry's death.

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with rev'rence may I say;
For ev'ry word you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl; and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Neville's noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the death's-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murtherous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy pass'd speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'lt;
That thou thy self was born in bastardy:
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-fucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away! ev'n now, or I will drag thee hence:

K 2

Unworthy
The Second Part of

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphry's ghost.

[Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.

SCENE VII.

K. Henry. What stronger breast-plate than a heart
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just; [taint'd
And he but naked (though lock'd up in steel)
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. [A noise within

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

K. Henry. Why, how now, Lords? your wrathful weap
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold? [draw
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The trait'rous Warwick with the men of Bury
Set all upon me, mighty Sovereign.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart, the King shall know your mind
Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk's trait be put to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death;
They say, by him the good Duke Humphry dy'd;
They say, in him they fear your Highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
(Frome from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking)
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most Royal person,
That if your Highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strange edict,
Were there a serpent seen with forked tongue
That sily glided tow'rs your Majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Left being suffer'd in that harmless slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whe'r you will no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose invenomed and fatal iting
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord of
Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their Sovereign:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how queint an orator you are.
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or we will all break in.

K. Henry. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure my thoughts do hourly prophesie
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore by his Majesty I sware,
Whose far-unworthy Deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Q. Mar. Oh Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. Henry. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I sware, it is irrevocable:
If after three days space thou here be'ft found,
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exeunt King, Warwick, &c.

SCENE VIII.

M Neon Queen and Suffolk.

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart’s discontent and sorrow affliction
Be play-fellows to keep you company!
There’s two of you, the devil make a third,
And three-fold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle Queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Haft thou not spirit to curse thine enemy? [them]

Suf. A plague upon them; wherefore should I cut
Would curses kill as doth the mandrake’s groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As cursed, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Delivered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac’d envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
Mine hair be fixt on end like one distract:
Ay, ev’ry joint should seem to curse and ban.
And ev’n now my burthen’d heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink,
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest ’thing’ they taste,
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees,
Their chiefest prospect murd’ring basilisks,
Their softest touch as smart as lizards’ stings,
Their musick frightful as the serpent’s hiss,
And boating screech-owls make the comfort full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell —

Q. M.
Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself,
And these dread curfes like the sun 'gainst glafs,
Or like an over-charged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thy self.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain-top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. Oh, let me intreat thee cease; give me thy hand,
That I may diew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heav'n wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments!
Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st think 'on these lips by the seal,'
Through 'which' a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but furmis'd whilst thou art standing by:
As one that forfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well affur'd,
Adventure to be banished my self:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me; even now be gone——
Oh, go not yet—— Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Leather a hundred times to part than die:
Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heav'nly company.
For where thou art, there is the world it self;
With ev'ry fev'ral pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.
The Second Part of

I can no more—Live thou to joy thy life!
My self no joy in ought but that thou liv’st.

SCENE IX.

Enter Vaux.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pray thee?
Vaux. To signify unto his Majesty, that Cardinal Beaufort’s at the point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and flaye, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometimes he talks as if Duke Humphry’s ghost
Were by his side; sometimes he calls the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his over-charged soul:
And I am sent to tell his Majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the King.

[Exit Vaux.

Ay me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour’s poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk’s exile, my soul’s treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?
Theirs for the earth’s increase; mine for my sorrows.
Now get thee hence; the King, thou know’st it, is coming.
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live,
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother’s dug between its lips:
Wherefrom thy sight I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:
So shouldest thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest,
From thee to die were torture more than death;
Oh! let me stay, befal what may befal.

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk; let me hear from thee:
For wherefo' er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart along with thee.
Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st casket
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitt'd bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.                [Exeunt severally.

SCENE X.

The Cardinal's Bed-chamber.

Enter King Henry, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinal in Bed.


Car. If thou beeest Death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy Sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my tryal when you will.

Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live whe'r they will or no?

Oh,
Oh, torture me no more, I will confess—
Alive again? then shew me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him—
He hath no eyes; the dust hath blinded them:
Comb down his hair; look, look, it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul:
Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Henry. O thou eternal mover of the heav'ns,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;
Oh, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin,
Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign: O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Coast of Kent.

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain, Whitmore, and other Pirates, with Suffolk and others Prisoners.

CAPTAIN.

THE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea:
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragick melancholy night:

Who
Who with their drowsie, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead mens graves; and from their misty jaws.
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize:
For whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discouler’d shore.
Mastcr, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this:
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 Gent. What is my ransom, master, let me know.
Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
Whit. What, think you much to pay two thousand
And bear the name and port of gentlemen? [crowns,
Cut both the villains throats, for die you shall:
Nor can those lives which we have lost in fight,
Be counterpois’d with such a petty sum.

2 Gent. I’ll give it, Sir, and therefore spare my life.
Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.
Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die; [To Suffolk.
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash, take ransom, let him live.
Suf. Look on my George. I am a gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? why start’st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me, that by Water I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is Gaultier, being rightly founded.

Whit. Gaultier or Walter, which it is I care not,
Ne’er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip’d away the blot.
Therefore, when merchant-like I fell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac’d,

And
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
Suf. Stay, Whitmore, for thy prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.
Wbit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags?
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the Duke.
Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom:
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fal'n,
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth!
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
Wbit. Speak, Captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own,
Cap. Poole, Sir Poole? Lord?
Ay, kennel—puddle—sink, whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks:
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing up the treasure of the realm.
Thy lips that kiss'd the Queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou that finil'dst at good Duke Humphry's death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again,
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affie a mighty Lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless King,
Having nor subject, wealth, nor diadem!
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were fold to France;
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us Lord; and Picardie
Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevills all,
(Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain)
As hating thee, are rising up in arms.
And now the house of York (thrust from the crown
By shameful murthers of a guiltless King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,)
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance a half-fac'd fun striving to shine;
Under the which is writ, Invitis nubibus.
The Commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And to conclude, reproach and beggary
'Are' crept into the palace of our King,
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, fervile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud. This villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than "Bardylis" a the strong Illyrian Pirate.
Drones fuck not eagles blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thy self.
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:

I go

(a) Bardylis was the King of Illyria whom Philip of Macedon conquer'd. Diodor. Sic. lib. 16. The reason why he is call'd a Pirate is this, that it was the character of the whole Illyrian nation (a powerful and a maritime People) to live by rapine and plunder. Illyrios ex rapto vivere adsueto. Quint. Curt. lib. 3. c. 10.

2 Is 3 Bargalus
I go of message from the Queen to France;
I charge thee wait me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter —

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must wait thee to thy death.

Suf. Gelidus timor occupat artus, it's thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 Gent. My gracious Lord, intreat him; speak him:

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit; no; rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heav'n and to my King;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than fland uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

4 'Know true' Nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. 'Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty you can,
That this my death may never be forgot.
Great men oft die by vile Bezoniens.
A Roman sword and Bandetto slave
Murther'd sweet Tully. Brutus' bastard hand
Stab'd Julius Caesar; savage Islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[Exit Walter Whitmore with Suffolk]

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart;
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[Exeunt Captain and the rest]

Manet the first Gentleman. Enter Whitmore with the body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lye,
Until the Queen his mistress bury it. [Exit Whitmore]

1 Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

4 True
5 This line to Cap., in all editions.
His body will I bear unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends,
So will the Queen that living held him dear. [Exit.

SCENE II.

SOUTHWAKE.

Enter Bevis and John Holland.

Bevis. COME and get thee a sword though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the Commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, ’tis thread-bare. Well, I say it was never a merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handycrafts men.

Hol. The Nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the King’s council are no good workmen.

Hol. True, and yet it is said, Labour in thy vocation; which is as much as to say, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there’s no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them; there’s Best’s son, the tanner of Wingham.

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog’s leather of.

Hol. And Dick the butcher.

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity’s throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And Smith the weaver.

Bevis. Argos, their thread of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let’s fall in with them.

Drum.
The Second Part of

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick the butcher, Smith the weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father.

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes; command silence.

Dick. Silence.

Cade. My father was a Mortimer.

Dick. He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet.

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies.

Dick. She was indeed a pedlar's daughter, and fold many laces.

Weav. But now of late not able to travel with her furn pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he born under a hedge; for his father had not a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weav. A' must needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him within three market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Weav. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is a proof. a

Dick. But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' th' hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then, for your captain is brave and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-pence loaves sold for a penny; the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer.

(a) A quibble intended between two senses of the word, one as he able to refuse, the other as being well tried, that is, long worn.
King Henry VI.

All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to graves; and when I am King, as King I will be—

All. God save your Majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people. There shall be no mony, all shall eat and drink upon my score, and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their Lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment; that parchment being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bees sting, but I say 'tis bees wax; for I did but feel once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? who is there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weav. The clerk of Chatham; he can write and read, and cast account.

Cade. O monstrous!

Weav. We took him setting boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Weav. He's a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay then he's a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations and write court-and.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee; what is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters: 'twill hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Doft thou use to write thy name? Haft thou a mark to thy self like an honest plain-dealing man?

Vol. IV. L

(Several instances of this may be found in Mabillon's Diplomata. Warburton.)
The Second Part of

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd; away with him; he is a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [Exit one with the Clerk.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where is our General?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly; Sir Humphry Stafford and his brother are hard by with the King's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down; shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself, he is but a Knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him I will make myself a Knight presently; rise up, Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

SCENE III.

Enter Sir Humphry Stafford, and young Stafford, with drum and Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down, Home to your cottages, forfake this groom; The King is merciful if you revolt.

Y. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward; therefore yield or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves I pass 'em, It is to you, good people, that I speak, O'er whom (in time to come) I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plaisterer, And thou thy self a shearman, art thou not? Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Y. Staf. And what of that?
Cade. Marry, this. — Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, married the Duke of Clarence’s daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, Sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. Staf. That’s false.

Cade. Ay, there’s the question; but I say ’tis true!
The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol’n away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I, deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, ’tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Weav. Sir, he made a chimney in my father’s house,
And the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore
deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge’s words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay marry will we, therefore get you gone.

Y. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it my self. Go to, Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his father’s sake, Henry the Fifth, (in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns) I am content he shall reign, but I’ll be Protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore we’ll have the Lord Say’s head,
for selling the Dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England maim’d, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that Lord Say hath gelded the Common-wealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies: go to then; I ask but this; can he that speaks with the tongue of the enemy be a good counsellor or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we’ll have his head.
The Second Part of

Y. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Affail them with the army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout every town Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those which fly before the battle ends, May (even in their wives and childrens fight) Be hang’d up for example at their doors; And you that be the King’s friends follow me.

[Exeunt the two Staffords with their followers]

Cade. And you that love the Commons follow me. Now shew your selves men, ’tis for liberty. We will not leave one Lord, one gentleman; Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoone, For they are thriftie honest men, and such As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [Ex. Cade and his party]

[Alarum to fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain]

Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where’s Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behav’dst thy self as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house; therefore thus I will reward thee: to Lent shall be as long again as it is, and thou shalt have license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And to speak truth, thou deserv’st no less. The monument of the victory will I bear, and the bodies shall dragg’d at my horse’s heels ’till I do come to London, where we will have the Mayor’s sword born before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break off the goals, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let march towards London.

[Exeunt]
SCENE IV.
BLACK HEATH.

Enter King Henry with a supplication, and Queen Margaret with Suffolk’s head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Q. Mar. O FT have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lye on my throbbing breast:
But where’s the body that I should imbrace?

Buck. What answer makes your Grace to the rebels’ supplication?

K. Henry. I’ll send some holy Bishop to intreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I my self,
Rather than bloody war should cut them short,
Will parly with Jack Cade their General.

But stay, I’ll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul’d like a wand’ring planet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same? [head.

K. Henry. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy
Say. Ay, but I hope your Highness shall have his.

K. Henry. How now, Madam?
Amenting still, and mourning Suffolk’s death?
Fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou would’st not half have mourn’d so much for me.

Q. Mar. My love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my Lord: [haste?

Jack
The Second Part of

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence's house,
And calls your Grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peatants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphry Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart, and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillers, and intend their death.

K. Henry. O graceless men! they know not what they do.
Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.
Q. Mar. Ah! were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
The Kentishe rebels should be soon appeas'd.
K. Henry. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Grace's person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mes. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge,
The citizens fly him, and forsake their houses:
The rascal people thirsting after prey
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal Court.

Buck. Then linger not, my Lord; away, take horse.
K. Henry. Come, Marg'ret, God our hope will succour.
Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.
K. Henry. Farewel, my Lord, trust not to Kentishe rebel.
Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.
SCENE V.

LONDON.

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enter
two or three Citizens below.

Scales. HOW now? is Jack Cade slain?

Cit. No, My Lord, nor like to be slain:
for they have won the bridge, killing all those that with-
stand them: the Lord Mayor craves aid of your honour
from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them my self.
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
but get you into Smithfield, gather head,
And thither will I send you Matthew Goff.
Fight for your King, your country and your lives,
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Changes to Cannon-street.

Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on
London-Stone.

Cade. NOW is Mortimer Lord of this city, and here
sitting upon London-Stone, I charge and com-
mand that of the city's cost the pissing conduit run nothing
but claret wine the first year of our reign. And now hence-
forward it shall be treason for any that calls me other
than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade, Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [They kill him. Weav.
SCENE VII.

Changes to Smithfield.

Alarum. Matthew Goff is slain, and all the rest. Enter Jack Cade with his company.

Cade. So, Sirs: now go some and pull down the Saxons and others to the Inns of Court, down with the wall of all!

Dick. I have a suit unto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a Lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mais, 'twill be sore law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law, for his breath stinks with toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm, my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, until his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in commo
Enter a Messenger.

Mef. My Lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say which sold the 7 'towns' in France, he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou Say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my Majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur a Befineau, the Dauphin of France? be it known unto thee by these presents, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the befon that must sweep the Court clean of such filth as thou art: thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas before our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd; and contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be prov'd to thy face that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a Noun and a Verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of the peace to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

(a) He means to say, Baissez ma queue.

7 town
Dick. And work in their shirt too, as my self for ex-
ample, that am a butcher.
Say. You men of Kent —
Dick. *Well, what* say you of Kent?
Say. Nothing but this: *Bone* terra, *mala gens.*
Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks latin.
Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will,
Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term’d the civil’ft place of all this Isle;
Sweet is the country, *‘beauteous,* full of riches,
The people liberal, valiant, active, *‘worthy:*
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.
I fold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,
Yet to recover them would lose my life:
Justice with favour have I always done,
Prayers and tears have mov’d me, gifts could never;
When have I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the King, the realm and you,
Large gifts have I bestowed on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr’d me to the King:
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav’n,
Unless you be possess’d with dev’lish spirits,
Ye cannot but forbear to murther me:
This tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings
For your behoof.
Cade. *‘Tut, tut! when* strick’dst thou one blow in the
field?
Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I strick’d
Those that I never saw, and strick’d them dead.
George. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind
folks?
Say. These cheeks are pale with watching for your good.
Cade. Give him a box o’ th’ ear, and that will make
’em red again.
Say. Long sitting to determine poor mens causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

\[3\] What \[9\] ’tis Bona \[1\] because \[2\] wealthy: \[3\] Tut, when
Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of a hatchet.
Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?
Say. The palfie, and not fear, 'provoketh' me.
Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole or no: take him away, and behead him.
Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.
Are my chefts fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltlesss blood-shedding,
This breast from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!
Cade. I feel remorse in my self with his words; but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleasing so well for his life. Away with him, he has a familiar under his tongue, he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.
All. It shall be done.
Say. Ah, country-men, if when you make your pray'rs, God should be so obdurate as your selves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.
Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye:
[Exeunt some with Lord Say.] the proudest Peer of the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but he shall pay me her maidenhead ere they have it; men shall hold of me in Capite. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.
Dick. My Lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Enter one with the beards.

Cade. But is not this braver? let them kifs one another; for they lov'd well when they were alive: Now part them again, let they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets, and at every corner have them kifs. Away! [Execut.

SCENE IX.

Changes to Southwark.

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street, down St. Magnes' Corner, kill and knock down, throw them into Thames.

A Parley sounded.

What noise is this I hear? dare any be so bold to found retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.

Know, Cade, we come ambassadours from the King Unto the Commons, whom thou haft mis-led, And here pronounce free pardon to them all That will forfake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, country-men, will ye relent, And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you, Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
King Henry VI.

Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Sing up his cap, and say, God save his Majesty!
Who hate him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Take his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave?
And you, base peasants, do ye believe them? will you
Seds be hang'd with your pardons about your necks?
Oh my sword therefore broke through London gates,
But you should leave me at the White-bart in Southwark?
Thought you would never have given out these arms 'till
You had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all
Scarcats and daftards, and delight to live in slavery to
Nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens,
Take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and
Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift
Or one, and so God's curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
That you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you Earls and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to:
For knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
See them lording it in London streets,
Try ing Villageois! unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France! to France! and get what you have lost;
Pare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All.
The Second Part of

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the King and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying in despit of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers but and ignominious treasons make me betake me to my heels.

Buck. What, is he fled? go some and follow him. And he that brings his head unto the King, Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[Exeunt some of the

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean To reconcile you all unto the King. [Exeunt omm.

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Scene V.

The Palace at Killingworth.

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and Somerset on the Terras.

K. Henry. Was ever King that 'joy'd an earth throne,
And could command no more content than I? No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a King at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your Majesty!
K. Henry. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpriz'd
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?
Enter multitudes with halters about their necks.

Clif. He’s fled, my Lord, and all his pow’rs do yield, And humbly thus with halters on their necks Expect your Highness’ doom of life or death.

K. Henry. Then, heav’n, set ope thy everlasting gates, To entertain my vows of thanks and praise! Soldiers, this day have you redeem’d your lives, And shew’d how well you love your Prince and country: Continue still in this so good a mind, And Henry, though he be unfortunate, Assure your selves will never be unkind: And so with thanks and pardon to you all, I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the King! God save the King. [Exeunt.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be advertised, The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland, And with a puissant and mighty pow’r Of desp’rate gallows-glasses and stout kerns, Is marching hitherward in proud array: And still proclaimeth as he comes along, His arms are only to remove from thee The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Henry. Thus stands my state ’twixt Cade and York Like to a ship that having ’scap’d a tempest [distress. Is straitway calm’d and boarded with a pirate. But now is Cade driv’n back, his men dispers’d, And now is York in arms to second him. I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet with him, And ask him what’s the reason of these arms: Tell him I’ll send Duke Edmund to the Tower; And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither, Until his army be dismissed from him.

Som. My Lord, I’ll yield my self to prison willingly.

5 Of gallows-glasses
The Second Part of
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Henry. In any case be not too rough in terms; For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my Lord, and doubt not to to deal, As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Henry. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better; For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI.
A Garden in Kent.

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. FIE on ambition; fie on my self that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I hungry, that if I might have a lea of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore 'o'er a brick wall have I climb'd into this garden to feast if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather; and I think this word sallet was born to do me good, for many a time but for a sallet my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiled in the Court, And may enjoy such quiet walks as these? This small inheritance my father left me Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy. I seek not to wax great by other's waining,
O gather wealth I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the Lord of the foil come to seize me
for a stray, for entring his fee-simple without leave.
Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me and get a thousand
crowns of the King by carrying my head to him; but
I'll make thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swal-
low my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spight of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these fawcy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? by the best blood that ever was
broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have
eat no meat these five days, yet come thou and thy five
men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door nail, I
pry God I may never eat grafs more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said while England stands,
That Alexander Iden an Esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast gazing eyes to mine.
See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the leesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;
Thy foot shall fight with all the strength thou haft;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth:
As for more words, let this my sword report
Whose greatness answers words) what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that
er I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut not
the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep

M
in thy sheath, I beseech thee on my knees thou may’st h
turned into hobnails.

Here they fight.

O I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me; ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but ten meals I have lost, and I’d defy them all. Within garden, and be henceforth a burying-place to all that dwell in this house, because the unconquer’d soul of Cad is fled!

Iden. Is’t Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor. Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed, And hang thee o’er my tomb when I am dead. Ne’er shall this blood be wiped from thy point, But thou shalt wear it as a herald’s coat, To emblaze the honour which thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Kent from me she hath lost her best man, and exhort the world to be cowards; for I that never fear’d any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [Dies]

Iden. How much thou wrong’st me, heaven be my judge, Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee! And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, So with I, I might thrust thy soul to hell. Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave, And there cut off thy most ungracious head, Which I will bear in triumph to the King, Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [Exeunt]
ACT V. SCENE I.

In the Fields near London.

Enter York, and his Army of Irish, with drum and colours.

York.

From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right, And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head. Ring bells aloud, burn bonfires clear and bright, To entertain great England's lawful King! Ah Majesty! who would not buy thee dear? Let them obey that know not how to rule. This hand was made to handle nought but gold. I cannot give due action to my words, Except a sword or scepter balance it. A scepter shall it have, (have I a soul,) On which I'll toss the Flower-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham to disturb me? The King hath sent him sure: I must dissemble. 

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well. 

York. Humphry of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting. Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure? 

Buck. A messenger from Henry our dread Liege, To know the reason of these arms in peace; Or why thou being a subject as I am, Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave; Or dare to bring thy force so near the Court. 

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great. Oh! I could hew up rocks and fight with flint, I am so angry at these abject terms.

M 2 And.
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the King:
More like a King, more kingly in my thoughts.
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
'Till Henry be more weak and I more strong. [Aside.
O Buckingham! I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have giv'n no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his Grace and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse your selves;
Meet me to-morrow in St. George's field,
You shall have pay and ev'ry thing you wish.
And let my Sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll fend them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission,
We twain will go into his Highness' tent. [Exeunt.
SCENE II.
The King's Pavilion.

Enter King Henry and Attendants. Re-enter Buckingham and York with Attendants.

K. Henry. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us, That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm? York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your Highness.
K. Henry. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring? York. To have the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Whom since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition May pass into the presence of a King,
Lo, I present your Grace a traitor's head;
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew. [thou!
K. Henry. The head of Cade? Great God! how just art
0 let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that flew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your Majesty.
K. Henry. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?
Iden. 'Ev'n Alexander' Iden, that's my name,
A poor Esquire of Kent that loves the King.
Buck. So please it you, my Lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created Knight for his good service. [Knight:
K. Henry. Iden, kneel down; 9 'and rife thou up a
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.
Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his Liege!

M 3 SCENE
SCENE III.

Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset.

K. Henry. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with thee. Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke. [Queen, Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head. But boldly stand and front him to his face.
York. How now? is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long imprison'd thoughts, And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart. Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False King, why haft thou broken faith with me, Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse? King did I call thee? no, thou art no King: Not fit to govern and rule multitudes, Which darst not, no, nor cannot not rule a traitor. That head of thine doth not become a crown: Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff, And not to grace an awful princely scepter. That gold must round engirt these brows of mine, Whole smile and frown (like to Achilles' spear a) Is able with the change to kill and cure. Here is a hand to hold a scepter up, And with the same to act controlling laws: Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more O'er him, whom heav'n created for thy ruler.

(a) The Story is that Telephus the Son of Hercules being King of Mytia opposed the passage of the Greeks to Troy, and being grievously wounded by Achilles consulted the Oracle how he might be cured. Its answer he received was that nothing but the same Spear which got the Wound could heal it: upon which he made friends to Achilles and by the rust from the steel of his spear scraped into the Wound cured him. And in return for so great a benefit Telephus followed Achilles and was an Auxiliary to the siege of Troy. Ovid refers to this story in the following verses:

Vulnus in Herculeo qua quondam fecerat hoste
Vulneris auxilium Pelias haosta tuit,

And Propertius,

Mytius & Æmoniâ juvenis quâ cuipide vulnus
Senferat, hàc ipâ cuipide senât opem,
Som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the King and crown;
Obed, audacious traitor, kneel for grace.
York. 'Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:
Would'st have me kneel? first, let me ask of them,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
I know, ere they will let me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.
Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford, bid him come amain,
To say, if that the bastards boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Out-cast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail, and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward Plantagenet and Richard Plantagenet.
See where they come, I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.
Cliff. Health and all happiness to my Lord the King!
York. I thank thee, Clifford; say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright me with an angry look:
We are thy Sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Cliff. This is my King, York, I do not mistake,
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do;
To Bedlam with him, is the man grown mad?
K. Henry. Ay, Clifford, a Bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his King.
Cliff. He is a traitor, let him to the Tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.

M 4

Q. Mar.
Q. Mor. He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?
E. Plan. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons shall,
Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so.
I am the King, and thou a false-heart traitor;
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears, a
That with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

SCENE IV.

Enter the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.
R. Plan. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur
'Turn' back and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapt his tail betwixt his legs and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose your selves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.
York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
Clif. Take heed left by your heat you burn your selves.
K. Henry. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow:
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son,
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

(a) Alluding to the Nevils' crest which was the Bear and ragged Staff.
2 Run
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want’st it experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou haft it?
For shame, in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with milky age.

Sal. My Lord, I have consider’d with my self
The title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my conscience do repute his Grace
The rightful Heir to England’s royal seat.

K. Henry. Haft thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have. [oath?

K. Henry. Canst thou dispense with heav’n for such an

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin;

But greater sin to keep a sinful oath:
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a mur’drous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin’s chastity,
To rache the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom’d right,
And have no other reason for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Henry. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou haft,

I am resolv’d for death or dignity.

Old Clif. The first, I warrant thee; if dreams prove true.

War. You were best go to bed and dream again,

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolv’d to bear a greater storm

Than any thou can’st conjure up to-day:
And that I’ll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy house’s badge.

War. Now by my father’s badge, old Nevill’s crest,
The rampant bear chain’d to the ragged staff,
This day I’ll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shews,

That
That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm.
Ev'n to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contemp,
Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious noble father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

R. Plan. Fie, charity for shame, speak not in spight,
For you shall sup with Jesus Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatick, that's more than thou canst.
R. Plan. If not in heav'n, you'll surely sup in hell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The Battle at St. Albans.

Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dying mens cries do fill the empty air.
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud northern Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

War. How now, my noble Lord? what all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed:
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick: seek thee out some other chase.
For I my self must hunt this deer to death.

War.
War. Then nobly, York! 'tis for a crown thou fight'st:
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unaffail'd.

[Exit Warwick.

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!
Clif. My soul and body on the action both!
York. A dreadful lay, address thee instantly: [Fight.
Clif. La fin couronne les œuvres. [Dies.
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still:
Peace with his soul, heav'n, if it be thy will!

Enter young Clifford:

7. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heav'n's do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance. Let no soldiers fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love, for he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.---O let the vile world end,

[Seeing his Father.

And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heav'n together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Waft thou ordained, O dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age;
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in Russian battle? Even at this fight

My
The Second Part of

My heart is turn’d to stone; and while 'tis mine
It shall be stone. York not our old men spares:
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many goblets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come thou, new ruin of old Clifford’s house:
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[Exit, bearing off his father.

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, to fight.

R. Plan. So, lye thou there: [Somerset is kill’d.
For underneath an ale-house’ paltry sign,
The castle in St. Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death;
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.


SCENE VI.

Fight. Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and others.

Q. Mar. Away, my Lord, you are slow; for shame, away!
K. Henry. Can we out-run the heav’n? good Marg’ret,
Q. Mar. What are you made of? you’ll not fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,

(a) See before, p. 112.
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply 'scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be ftopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must: uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present 'pow'rs.
Away for your relief, and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my Lord, away! [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet,
Warwick, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brussh of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion. This happy day
Is not it self, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

R. Plan. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in an homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day.
By th' Mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard.
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, Lords, we have not got that which we have,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them,
For as I hear, the King is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.
What says Lord Warwick, shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my hand, Lords, 'twas a glorious day.
St. Alban's battel, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound 'drums' and trumpets, and to London all,
And more such days as 'tis to us befall!

[Exeunt

4 drum 5 these
The Third Part of

Henry I

The

Sixth

With the Death of the

Duke of York.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING Henry VI.
Edward, Son to the King, and Prince of Wales.
Duke of Exeter, Brother to King Henry IV.
Duke of Somerset,
Earl of Northumberland,
Earl of Oxford,
Earl of Westmorland,
Lord Clifford,
Earl of Richmond, a Youth, afterwards King Henry VII.
Edward, Eldest Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Edward IV
George, Duke of Clarence, second Son to the Duke of York.
Richard, Duke of Gloucester, third Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Richard III.
Edmund, Earl of Rutland, youngest Son to the Duke of York.
Duke of Norfolk,
Marquis of Montague,
Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Salisbury,
Earl of Pembroke,
Lord Hastings,
Lord Stafford,
Sir Hugh Mortimer,
Sir William Stanley.
Lord Rivers, Brother to the Lady Gray.
Sir John Montgomery.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
Mayor of Coventry.
Mayor and Alderman of York.
Somerville.
Humphry and Sinklo, two Huntsmen.

Lewis, King of France.
Bourbon, Admiral of France.

Queen Margaret.
Bona, Sister to the French King.
Lady Gray, Widow of Sir Richard Gray, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

Soldiers and other Attendants on King Henry, and King Edward.

In Part of the Third Act the Scene is laid in France,
during all the rest of the play in England:
ACT I. SCENE I.

LONDON.

Before the Parliament-House.


WARWICK.

Wonder how the King escap'd our hands. While we pursu'd the horsemens of the
He sily stole away and left his men: [north,
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Charm'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battel's front; and breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his beaver with a down-right blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood
Whom I encounter'd as the battels join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[Shewing Somerset's]

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.
Norf. 'Is his Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.
War. And so do I; victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in the throne,
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heav'n these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful King,
And this the regal seat; possess it, York,
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heir's.
York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk; stay by me, my Lord,
And, soldiery, stay and lodge by me this night.

[They go on]

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.
York. The Queen this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council;
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich.' Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.
War. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet Duke of York be King,
And bashful Harry depos'd, whose cowardise
Hath make us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my Lords, be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.  
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dare:  
Resolve thee, Richard, claim the English crown.

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmorland, Exeter, and others.

K. Henry. My Lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,  
Even in the chair of state; belike he means  
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false Peer,)  
'T aspire unto the crown, and reign as King.  
Earl of Northumberland, he flew thy father,  
And thine, Lord Clifford, and you vow'd revenge  
On him, his sons, his fav'rites, and his friends.  

North. If I be not, heav'n's be reveng'd on me!  
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.  
West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down!  

My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.  
K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmorland,  
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such is he:  
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.  
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament  
Let us affeil the family of York.

North. Well haft thou spoken, cousin, be it so.  
K. Henry. Ah, know you not the city favours them,  
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?  

Exe. But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.  
K. Henry. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,  
To make a shambles of the Parliament-house!  
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats,  
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.  
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,  

[To the Duke.

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:  
I am thy Sovereign.  
York. Henry, I am thine.  
Exe. For shame come down: he made thee Duke of York.
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the Earldom was,
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural King?
War. True, Clifford, and that's Richard Duke of York,
K. Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
York. It must and shall be so, content thy self.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.
West. He is both King and Duke of Lancaster.
And that the Lord of Westmorland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And flew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.
North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief.
And, by his foul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more, lest that instead of words
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threat.
York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Henry. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France fifth thou hast lost it all.
K. Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You're old enough now, 'yet' methinks you lose;
'Tear the crown, father,' from the usurper's head.

2 and yet
3 Father, tear the crown
Edw. Sweet father, do so, set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.
York. Sons, peace!

K. Henry. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to
War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, Lords,
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Henry. Think'ft thou that I will leave my kingly
Wherein my grandfathers and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours often born in France,
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,
Shall be my winding sheet: why faint you, Lords,
My title's good and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be King.

K. Henry. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. Twas by rebellion against his King.

K. Henry. I know not what to say, my title's weak:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Henry. And if he may, then am I lawful King,

For Richard in the view of many Lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whole heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his Sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my Lords, he did't unconstraining,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No, for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful King.

K. Henry. All will revolt from me and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos’d.
War. Depos’d he shall be in despight of all.
North. Thou art deceiv’d: ’tis not thy southern power
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke up in despight of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence;
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that flew my father!
K. Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:
What mutter you, or what confire you, Lords?
War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill this house with armed men,
And o’er the chair of state where now he sits
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers shew themselves.
K. Henry. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word,
Let me for ‘tis the time present’ reign as King.
York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv’st.
K. Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your son!
War. What good is this to England and himself!
Wes. Base, fearful and desparing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injur’d both thy self and us!
Wes. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.
Wes. Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides!
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war may’st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon’d and despis’d! [Ex.Nor.Clif.Wes.

4 this time
SCENE III.

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They fleek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Henry. Ah, Exeter!—

War. Why should you sigh, my Lord?

K. Henry. Not for my self, Lord Warwick, but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may; I here entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war; and whilst I live,

To honour me as thy true King and Sovereign:

Neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down, and reign thy self.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!

[Tucket. Here they come down.

York. Farewel, my gracious Lord, I'll to my castell.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.


K. Henry. And I with grief and sorrow to the Court.

Enter Queen Margaret, and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her

I'll steal away. [anger.


Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee—

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah wretched man! would I had dy'd a maid,

N

And

5 thy King
And never seen thee, never born thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father.
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so much as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than made that savage Duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be King, why should not I succeed?

K. Henry. Pardon me, Marg'ret; pardon me, sweet son;
The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforc'd me. [for'd]

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee? art thou King, and wilt be
I shame to hear thee speak; ah tim'rous wretch!
Thou hast undone thy self, thy son, and me,
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is Chancellor and the Lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the realm,
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, invironed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour,
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of Parliament be repealed,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern Lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee; come, son, let's away,
Our army's ready, come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.
K. Henry. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?
Q. Mar. Ay, to be murthred by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field
I'll see your Grace; 'till then I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away, we may not linger thus.

[Exeunt Q. Mar. and Prince.

K. Henry. Poor Queen, how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenge'd may she be on that hateful Duke,
Whose haughty spirit winged with desire
Will 'trust' my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three Lords torments my heart;
I'll write unto them, and intreat them fair;
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And as I hope shall reconcile them all. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to Sandal-Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Edward Plantagenet, and Montague.

Rich. B Rother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a sweet contention.

York.
York. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us,
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving th' house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid your Grace should be forsworn
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
York. Thou can't not, son, it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority o'er him that swears.
Henry had none, but did usurp the place.
Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my Lord, is vain and frivolous;
Therefore to arms! and, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough: I will be King, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And wher on Warwick to this enterprize.
Thou, Richard, shalt to th' Duke of Norfolk go,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, shall unto my 'Lord of Cobham,'
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
's Wealthy and courteous,' liberal, full of spirit

7 Lord Cobham, 8 Witty, courteous, ... old edit. Theob. emt
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more
But that I seek occasion how to rise;
'As yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter Messenger.

But stay, what news? why com'st thou in such post?

Mess. The Queen, with all the northern Earls and Lords,
Intends here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortisfe your hold, my Lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What, think'st thou that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London.
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest;
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not.
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[Exit Montague.

Enter Sir John Mortimer and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour.
The army of the Queen means to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's General; what should we fear?

[A March afar off.

Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?

[Alarm. Exit.]

SCENE V.

A Field of Battle.

Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. A H, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, Tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford, and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life;
As for the brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tutor. And I, my Lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away with him!
Tutor. Ah! Clifford, murther not this innocent child,
Left thou be hated both of God and man.

[Exit with Soldiers.

Clif. How now? is he dead already? or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.
Rut. So looks the pent-up Lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject of thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live!
Clif. In vain thou speakest, poor boy: my father's blood
Hath flopt the passage where thy words should enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood open't again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg’d up thy forefathers graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not flake mine ire nor eafe my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul:
And ’till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore——
Rut. O let me pray before I take my death:
To thee I pray——sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier’s point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But ’twas ere I was born.
Thou haft one son, for his sake pity me,
Left in revenge thereof (fith God is just)
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou haft no cause.
Clif. No cause!
Thy father slew my father, therefore die.

[Clifford stabs him.]

Rut. Die faciant laudis summa fit ista tua! [Dies.
Clif. Plantagenet, I come, Plantagenet,
And this thy son’s blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, ’till thy blood
Congeal’d with this do make me wipe off both. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Alarum. Enter the Duke of York.

York. The army of the Queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me,
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu’d by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean’d themselves
Like men born to renown, by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cry’d, Courage, father, fight it out!
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter’d him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cry’d, Charge! and give no foot of ground;
And cry’d, A crown or else a glorious tomb,
A sceptre or an earthly sepulchre.
With this we charg’d again; but, out alas!
We bodg’d again; as I have seen a Swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[A short alarum with

Ah! hark, the fatal followers do pursue,
And I am faint and cannot fly their fury.
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are number’d that make up my life,
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, the
Prince of Wales, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet!

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm
With downright payment ihew’d unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.

York. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heav’n,
Scorning what’er you can afflict me with,
Why come you not? what! multitudes and fear?
Cliff. So cowards right when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon’s piercing talons;
So desp'rate thieves, all hopeles of their lives,
Breathe out invectives ‘gainst the officers.
York. Oh Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o’er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue that flanders him with cowardice;
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.
Cliff. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows twice two for one.
Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the traitor’s life:
Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, Northumberland.
North. Hold, Clifford, do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war’s prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.
Cliff. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.
North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.
[They take York prisoner.
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer’d booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o’er-matcht. [now?
North. What would your Grace have done unto him
Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here,
That raught at mountains with out-stretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What, was it you that would be England’s King?
Was’t you that revell’d in our Parliament,
And made a preaching of your high descent?
Where are your meek of sons to back you now,
The wanton Edward, and the lufty George?

And
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York, I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parcht thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus:
Stamp, rave and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou would'st be fee'd I see to make me sport:
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York——and, Lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a paper crown on his head]

Ay marry, Sir, now looks he like a King:
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, 'hath' broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be King
'Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
Oh, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable:
Off with the crown, and with the crown his head,
And whilst we breathe take time to do him dead.

Cliff. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay, let's hear the orisons he makes.

And
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth,
how ill-becoming is it in thy sex
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is wizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
Would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou came'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, were thou not shameless:
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Dost that poor Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,
Else the adage must be verifi'd,
Bat beggars mounted run their horse to death.
Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud,
But God he knows thy share thereof is small.
Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd,
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
Tis government that makes them seem divine,
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
As the south to the Septentrion.
Thy tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide,
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to wear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Dost thou me rage? why, now thou haft thy wish.
Would'st have me weep? why, now thou haft thy will.
For raging wind blows up incessant show'rs,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And ev'ry drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French woman.
North. Beshrew me but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.
York. That face of his
The hungry Canibals would not have touch'd,
Would not have stain'd the roses ² 'just i' th' bud:
³ 'You're' more inhuman, more inexorable,
Oh ten times more, than tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless Queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dip'st in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;
And if thou tell'ft the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears:
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, Alas, it was a piteous deed.
There take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse.
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world,
My soul to heav' n, my blood upon your heads!
North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.
Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's deal
    [Stabbing him]
Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King,
    [Stabs him a]
York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds, to seek out thee. ⁷
Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. ⁸

² just with blood: or, juic'd with blood:  ³ But you are
ACT II. SCENE I.

The Marches of Wales.


EDWARD.

I wonder how our Princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watched him how he singled Clifford forth;
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pincht a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies,
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his son.

Edw. 'See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious son;
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a younker prancing to his love!
Dazzle mine eyes? or do I see three suns?

O 2

4 These four lines given to Rich. in former editions.
The Third Part of

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever’d in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see, they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow’d some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event. [of

Edw. ’Tis wond’rous strange, the like yet never heard
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we the sons of brave Plantagener,
Each one already blazing by our meads,
Should notwithstanding join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate’er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns. [it,

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave, I speak
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mes. Ah! one that was a woful looker on
When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your Princely father, and my loving Lord.

Edw. Oh, speak no more! for I have heard too much

Rich. Say how he dy’d, for I will hear it all.

Mes. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have entred Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many stroaks, though with a little ax,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber’d oak.
By many hands your father was subdu’d,
But only slaughter’d by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen;
Who crown’d the gracious Duke in high despight,
Laugh’d in his face; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless Queen gave him, to dry his cheek,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same, and there it doth remain
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone we have no staff, no stay.
Oh Clifford, boast'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry,
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him;
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, oh never shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden:
For th' self-fame wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fire up all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy descent, by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and Dukedom, throne and Kingdom say,
Either they're thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquiss of Montague, and
their Army.

War. How now, fair Lords? what fare? what news abroad?

5 that's

Rich.
Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliv'rance
Stab poniards in our flesh 'till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds,
O valiant Lord, the Duke of York is slain.
E dw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befal'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings as swiftly as the post could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
March'd towards St. Albans t' intercept the Queen,
Bearing the King in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertized
That she was coming, with a full intent
To dash our late decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath, and your succession:
Short tale to make, we at St. Albans met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great reward;
But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the King unto the Queen,
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and my self,
In haste, post haste, are come to join with you:
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Dutchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds belike when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft have I heard his praisés in pursuít,
But ne'er, 'till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful scepter from his físt;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick, blame me not,
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say ay, and to it, Lords!

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, Lords: the proud insulting Queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easie-melting King, like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,

O 4.  His
His oath enrolled in the Parliament:
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now if the help of Norfolk and my self,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand:
Why 'Via! straight to London will we march,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry charge upon our foes,
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak;
Ne'er may he live to see a fun-shine day
That cries retire, if Warwick bid him stay!

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'st (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heav'n foresend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York;
The next degree is England's royal throne:
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along:
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head,
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou haft shewn it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums; God and St. George for

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mes. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me
The Queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it forts; brave warriors, let’s away!

[Exeunt omnes.

SCENE III.

TORK.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, and the Prince of Wales, with Drums and Trumpets.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my Lord, to this brave town of York!

Yonder’s the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass with your crown.
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my Lord?

K. Henry. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their
To see this fight it irks my very soul:

With-hold revenge, dear God! ’tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring’d my vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.

Who escapes the lurking serpent’s mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows.

He but a Duke, would have his son a King,
And raise his issue like a loving fire;
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him;
Which argu’d thee a most unloving father.

Unreasonable
Unreasonable creatures feed their young,
And tho’ man’s face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometimes they have us’d with fearful flight;
Make war with him that climb’d unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young’s defence?
For shame, my Liege, make them your president.
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birth-right by his father’s fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,
What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away?
Ah, what a shame was this! look on the boy,
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own 7 to him.

K. Henry. Full well hath Clifford play’d the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill-gotten have had bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I’ll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York, would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My Lord, cheer up your spirits, our foes are near;
And this soft courage makes your followers faint:
You promis’d Knighthood to our forward son,
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down.

K. Henry. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

7 with 8 ill-got had ever bad
Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as Apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.
Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Royal commanders, be in readiness;
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York:
And in the towns as they do march along
Proclaims him King, and many fly to him.
Draign your battel, they are near at hand.
Clif. I would your Highness would depart the field:
The Queen hath best success when you are absent.
Q. Mar. Ay, good my Lord, and leave us to our fortune.
K. Henry. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.
North. Be it with resolution then to fight.
Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble Lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry St. George!

ST. GEORGE IV.


Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Q. Mar. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy.
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy Sovereign and thy lawful King?
Edw. I am his King, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when his oath is broke: for, as I hear,
You that are King, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him by new act of Parliament
To blot out me and put his own son in.

Clif.
Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father, but the son?
Clif. Ay crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not.
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.
Rich. For God's sake, Lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'ft thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
When you and I met at St. Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
Break off the parley, 'fcarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I flew thy father, call'ft thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sun set I'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Henry. Have done with words, my Lords, and hear me.
Q. Mar. Defile them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Henry. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a King, and privilege'd to speak.
Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words, therefore be still.
Rich. Then, execution, re-unsheath thy sword;
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lyes upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their faits to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War

9 for scarce
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head!

For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands,
For well I wot thou haft thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,
But like a foul mishapen stigmatick,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venomous toads, or lizards dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a King.

(As if a channel should be call'd the sea)

Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraited,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callat know her self.

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this King by thee.

His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin stoop:
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day.

But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grace'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that fun-shine brew'd a show'r for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,

And heap'd sedition on his crown at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had flept,
And we in pity of the gentle King
Had flipt our claim until another age.

Ces. But when we saw our fun-shine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no incrase,
We set the ax to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit our felves,
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave 'till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

_Edw._ And in this resolution I defie thee,
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'dst the gentle King to speak.
Sound trumpets, let our bloody colours wave,
And either victory or else a grave.

_Q. Mar._ Stay, _Edward._

_Edw._ No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay.
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

[Exeunt]  

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**SCENE V.**

**A Field of Battle.**

_Alarm._ Excursions. Enter Warwick.

_War._  
Ore-spent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd and many blows repaid
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And spight of spight needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward running.

_Edw._ Smile, gentle heav'n; or strike, ungentle death
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

_War._ How now, my Lord, what hap? what hope of god

Enter Clarence.

_Cla._ Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair,
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

_Edw._ Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.
Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother’s blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach’d with the steely point of Clifford’s lance:
And in the very pangs of death he cry’d,
(Like to a dismal clanging heard from far)
Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!
So underneath the belly of his steeds,
That stain’d their fet-locks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood;
I'll kill my horse because I will not fly:
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage,
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were plaid in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
’Till either death hath clos’d these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.
And ere my knee rise from the earth’s cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou fetter up and pluck down of Kings!
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it standst
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heav’n may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.
Now, Lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where-e’er it be, in heaven or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War.

(a) It was not the Marquis of Montague who was slain in this battle, but a natural brother of the Earl of Warwick. Theobald.
War. Away, away: once more, sweet Lords, farew

Cla. Yet let us altogether to our troops;
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And if we thrive, promise them such rewards,
As victors wear at the Olympian games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
For yet is hope of life and victory;
Fore-flow no longer, make we hence amain. [Exe

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone,
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that slabb'd thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland,
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thy self;
And so have at thee.

They fight. Warwick enters, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase,
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [Exe

SCENE VI.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

K. Henry. This battel fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.

Sometimes
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best,
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered;
So is the equal poize of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down:
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my Queen and Clifford too
Have chid me from the battel, swearing both:
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if God's good will were so!
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain,
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many 'make' the hour full compleat,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock,
So many hours must I take my rest,
So many hours must I contemplate,
So many hours must I sport myself,
So many days my ewes have been with young,
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean,
So many months ere I shall sheer the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years
Past over, to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this! how sweet, how lovely!
Gives not the haw thorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To Kings that fear their subjects treachery?

Vol. IV.  

O yes

1 makes
O yes it doth, a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a Prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust and treasons wait on him.

S C E N E VII.

Alarum. Enter a Son, bearing his Father.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits no body.
This man, whom hand to hand I flew in fight,
May be possess'd with some store of crowns,
And I that, haply, take them from him now,
May yet, ere night, yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man to me.
Who's this? oh God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I un'wares have kill'd:
Oh heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the King was I prest forth,
My father being the Earl of Warwick's man
Came on the part of York, prest by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God! I knew not what I did;
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks:
And no more words, 'till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
While lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'er-charg'd with grief.
King Henry VI.

Enter a Father, bearing his Son.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see: is this our foe-man’s face?
Ah no, no, no; it is my only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart.
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.
O pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy! thy father gave thee life too late,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too soon. [grief!

K. Henry. Woe above woe; grief, more than common
O that my death would stay these rueful deeds!
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red robe and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses.
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheek, methinks, pretenteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father’s death,
Take on with me, and ne’er be satisfy’d!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne’er be satisfy’d!

K. Henry. How will the country, for these woful chances,
Misthink the King, and not be satisfy’d!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father’s death?

Fath. Was ever father so be-moan’d his son?

K. Henry. Was ever King so griev’d for subjects woe?

Son. I’ll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [Exit.

Fath.

2 soon, 3 late.
Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet,
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell:
And to obsequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will. 
For I have murth'rd where I should not kill. [Exit.

K. Henry. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here fits a King more woful than you are.

SCENE VIII.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince of Wales, and Exeter.

Prince. Fly, father, fly; for all your friends are fled;
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.
Away, for death doth hold us in pursuit. [aman.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my Lord, towards Berwick post.
Edward and Richard, like a brace of grey-hounds
Having the fearful flying hare in fight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grafted in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs, and therefore hence amain!

Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed.
Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away! [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which while it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee,
[falling.
And now I fall, thy rough commixtures melt,
Impairing Henry, strengthening vs-proud York;
The common people swarm like summer flies,
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now, but Henry's enemies?
O Phæbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phæton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car had never scorched the earth:
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies.
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Boothers are plaints, and cureles are my wounds,
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest,
I stab'd your father's bosom; split my breast. [He faints.

Alarum and Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard,
Montague, Clarence, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, Lords, good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursuie the bloody-minded Queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a King,
As doth a Sail fill'd with a fretting gust
Command an Argosie to stem the waves.
But think you, Lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War.

*words, old edit. Warb. emend.*
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
For though before his face I speak the word,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave;
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead. [Clifford groans.
Rich. Whose foul is that which takes her heavy leave?
A deadly groan, like life *in death* departing.
See who it is.

Edw. And now the battel's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
*Set his fell* murth'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof let his supply the room.
Measure for measure must be anwered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing fung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatenning sound,
And his ill-boading tongue no more shall speake.

War. I think his understanding is bereft:
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'er-shades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did! and so perhaps he doth.
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
As in the time of death he gave our father.

Cla. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Cla. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didn't love York, and I am son to York.

Edw.

4 and death's 5 But set his
Edw. Thou pitied’st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Cla. Where’s Captain Margaret to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford, swear as thou waft wont.

Rich. What, not an oath! nay then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:
I know by that he’s dead; and by my soul,
If this right hand would buy but two hours life,
That I in all despight might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Sife the villain, whose unstanned thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisifie.

War. Ay, but he’s dead. Off with the traitor’s head,
And rear it in the place your father’s stands,
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England’s royal King:
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy Queen.
So shalt thou finew both these lands together.
And having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter’d foe that hopes to rise again:
For though they cannot greatly iting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz t’ offend thine ears.

First will I see the coronation,
And then to Britany I’ll crofs the sea,
T’ effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Edw. Ev’n as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For on thy shoulder do I build my feat:
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.

Richard, I will create thee Duke of Glo’ster,
And George, of Clarence; Warwick as our self
Shall do and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence; George, of Glo’ster,
For Glo’ster’s Dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that’s a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Glo’ster: now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.

P 4

ACT
ACT III. SCENE I.

A Forest in the North of England.

Enter Sinklo and Humphry, with cross-bows in their hands.

SINKLO.

UNder this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves, For through this laund anon the Deer will come; And in this covert will we make our stand, Cutting the principal of all the Deer.

Hum. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

Sink. That cannot be: the noise of thy cross-bow Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost: Here stand we both, and aim we at the best. And, for the time shall not seem tedious, I'll tell thee what befell me on a day, In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Sink. Here comes a man, let's stay 'till he be past;

Enter King Henry, with a prayer-book.

K. Henry. From Scotland am I stol'n ev'n of pure love, To greet mine own land with my wishful sight: No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine, Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee, Thy balm washt off wherewith thou waft anointed: No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now, No humble suitors press to speak for right: No, not a man comes for redress to thee; For how can I help them, and not myself?

Sink. Ay, here's a deer, whose skin's a keeper's fee: This is the quondam King, let's seize upon him.

K. Henry. Let me embrace these four adversities; For wise men say it is the wifest course.

Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

Sink.
Sink. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.

K. Henry. My Queen and son are gone to France for aid:
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone to crave the French King's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor Queen and son! your labour is but lost:
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a Prince soon won with moving words:
By this account then Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a batter'ry in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The Tyger will be mild while she doth mourn,
And Nero would be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick to give:
She on his left side craving aid for Henry;
He on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
That she poor wretch! for grief can speak no more:
While Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Infereth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the King from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be, and thou (poor soul)
Art then forsworn, as thou went'st forlorn.

Hum. Say, what art thou that talk'st of Kings and Queens?

K. Henry. More than I seem, and less than I was born to;
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a King.

K. Henry. Why so I am in mind, and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy crown?

K. Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones;
Not to be seen: my crown is call'd Content,
A crown it is that seldom Kings enjoy.

_Hum._ Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your crown Content and you must be contented
To go along with us. For, as we think,
You are the King, King _Edward_ hath depos'd:
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

_K. Henry._ But did you never swear, and break an oath?
_Hum._ No, never such an oath, and will not now.
_K. Henry._ Where did you dwell when I was King of
_England_?

_Hum._ Here in this country where we now remain.

_K. Henry._ I was anointed King at nine months old,
My father and my grandfather were Kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

_Sink._ No, we were subjects but while you were King.

_K. Henry._ Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a soul?

_Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear:
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oath, for of that sin
My mild intreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,
And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.

_Sink._ We are true subjects to the King, King _Edward_.

_K. Henry._ So would you be again to _Henry_,
If he was feated as King _Edward_ is.

_Sink._ We charge you in God's name and in the King's
to go with us unto the officers.

_K. Henry._ In God's name lead, your King's name
And what God will, that let your King perform,
And what he will I humbly yield unto.

_Scen_
SCENE II.

The King's Palace in London.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Gray.

Edw. Brother of Glo'ster, at St. Alban's field [clain,
This Lady's husband, Sir John Gray, was
land then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
or suit is now to repossess those lands,
which we in justice cannot well deny,
case in quarrel of the house of York
a worthy gentleman did lose his life.
Glo. Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit:
were dishonour to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.
Glo. Yea! it is so?
K. Edw. The Lady hath a thing to grant,
and the King will grant her humble suit.
Clin. He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind!
Glo. Silence!
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
and come some other time to know our mind.
Gray. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brook delay.
y't please your Highness to resolve me now;
and what your pleasure is shall satisfie me.
Glo. Ay, widow! then I'll warrant you all your lands,
if what pleases him shall pleasure you:
ght closer, or good faith you'll catch a blow.
Clin. I fear her not, unless the chance to fall.
Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.
Clin. I think he means to beg a child of her.
Glo. Nay, whip me then: he'll rather give her two.
Gray. Three, my most gracious Lord.

(a) Vid. Hall. 3 year of Edw. 4. fol. 5.
Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.
K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's land.
Gray. Be pitiful, dread Lord, and grant 'em then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's suit.
Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave.
'Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
K. Edw. Now tell me, Madam, do you love your child?
Gray. Ay, full as dearly as I love my self.
K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?
Gray. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.
Gray. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.
K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
Gray. So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.
K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
Gray. What you command that rests in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon?
Gray. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
Gray. Why then I will do what your Grace command.
Glo. He plies her hard, and much rain wears the mable.
Cla. As red as fire! nay then her wax must melt.
Gray. Why stops my Lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easie task, 'tis but to love a King.
Gray. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why then thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
Gray. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Glo. The match is made, she seals it with a curtie.
K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
Gray. The fruits of love I mean, my loving Liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me in another sense.
What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?
Gray. My love 'till death, my humble thanks, my prayers.
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
Gray. Why then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
Gray. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lye with thee.
Gray. To tell you plain, I'd rather lye in prison. [lands.
K. Edw. Why then thou shalt not have thy husband's
Gray. Why then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
Gray. Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me:
But, mighty Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Plead you dismiss me, or with ay or no.
K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say Ay to my request:
No; if thou doit say No to my demand.
Gray. Then No, my Lord; my suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
Cla. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edw. Her looks do argue her replete with modesty,
Her words do shew her wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Sovereignty;
One way or other she is for a King,
And she shall be my love, or else my Queen.
Say that King Edward take thee for his Queen?
Gray. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious Lord;
I am a subject fit to jeft withal,
But far unfit to be a Sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no-more than what my soul intends,
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
Gray. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your Queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean my Queen.
Gray. 'Twill grieve your Grace my sons shall call you
father.
K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee
thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
and by God's mother, I being but a bachelor
have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shift.
Cla. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.
K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.
Cla. To whom, my Lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to my self.
Glo. That would be ten days wonder at the least.
Cla. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
Glo. By so much is the wonder in extrems.
K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers; I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious Lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace-gate.
K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow, go you along: Lords, use her honourably. [Ex

SCENE III.

Manet Gloucester.

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wafted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet between my soul's desire and me,
(The luftful Edward's title buried)
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all th' unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms ere I can place my self.
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why then I do but dream on Sov'reignty,
Like one that stands upon a promontory
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
With his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that funders him from thence,
Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it,
And so I say I'll cut the causes off,
Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'er-weens too much,
Unlees my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard:
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a Lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And 'witch sweet Ladies with my words and looks,
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb,
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm like to a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where fits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or unluck'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'er-bear such
As are of better person than my self;
I'll make my heav'n to dream upon the crown,
And while I live t'account this world but hell,
Until the 7 'head this mis-shap'd trunk doth bear
Be round-impaled with a glorious crown.

7 mis-shap'd trunk, that bears this head,
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I, (like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out)
Torment my self to catch the English crown.
And from that torment I will free my self,
Or hew my way out with a bloody ax.
Why, I can smile, and murther while I smile,
And cry content to that which grieves my heart.
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions:
I'll drown more sailors than the Mermaid shall,
I'll slay more gazers than the Basilisk,
I'll play the orator as well as Neptor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And, like a Simon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the Camelion,
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And let the murth'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

[Exit]

SCENE IV.

Changes to France.

Flourish. Enter King Lewis, Lady Bona, Bourbon, Print of Wales, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford.
Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lewis. A Air Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
And birth, that thou should'rt stand while Lewis sits.

Q. Mar
Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France; now Margaret
Must strike her fail, and learn a while to serve,
Where Kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion’s Queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform my self.

K. Lewis. Why, say, fair Queen, whence springs this
deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears
And stops my tongue, while my heart’s drown’d in carcs.

K. Lewis. Whate’er it be, be thou still like thy self,
And fit thee by our side. Yield not thy neck

[Seats her by him.

To fortune’s yoak, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas’d, if France can yield relief. [thoughts,

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping
And give my tongue-ty’d forrows leave to speak.
Now therefore be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a King become a banish’d man,
And forc’d to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England’s true anointed lawful King.
This is the cause that I poor Margaret,
With this my son Prince Edward, Henry’s heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid:
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help:
Our people and our Peers are both mis-led,
Our treasure seiz’d, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, our selves in heavy plight. [storm,

K. Lewis. Renowned Queen, with patience calm the
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Vol. IV.

Q.

Q. Mar.
Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foes.
K. Lewis. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.
Q. Mar. Oh, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And fee where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Scene V.

Enter Warwick.

K. Lewis. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?
Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's great 
friend.
K. Lewis. Welcome brave Warwick, what brings thee here?
[He descends. She ariseth.

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.
War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My Lord and Sov'reign, and thy vowed friend,
I come (in kindness and unfeigned love)
First to do greetings to thy royal person,
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's King in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.
War. And gracious Madam, in our King's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my Sov'reign's heart;
Where fame late entring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy "virtue's."

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, hear me speak
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity:
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reason my suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, 'by' this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For tho' usurpers sly the rule a while,
Yet heav'n's are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not Queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art Prince than she is Queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And after that wife Prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how baps it in this smooth discourse;
You told not how Henry the fifth hath left
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest; you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years, a filly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, can't thou speak against thy Liege
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falseness with a pedigree?
For shame leave Henry, and call Edward King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years;
When nature brought him to the door of death?

Q 2.

that by
The Third Part of
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.
War. And I the house of York.
K. Lewis. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, 
and
Lord Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use farther conference with Warwick.

[They stand abot
Q. Mar. Heav'n's grant that Warwick's words bewitch
him not!
K. Lewis. Now, Warwick, tell me even upon thy cor.
Is Edward your true King? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.
War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
K. Lewis. But is he gracious in the people's eyes?
War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.
K. Lewis. Then further; all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.
War. Such it seems
As may be seem a Monarch like himself:
My self have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was 'a perennial' plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's fun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.
K. Lewis. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.
Bona. Your grant or your denial shall be mine.
Yet I confess, that often ere this day,

[Speaks to Warwick.
When I have heard your King's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempt'd judgment to desire.
K. Lewis. Then, Warwick, this: our sister shall be Ed
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your King must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.

2 and Oxford, 3 an external
King Henry VI.

Near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
that Bona shall be wife to th' English King.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English King.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick, it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lewis. And still is friend to him and Margaret;
but if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success;
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.

I shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.

And as for you your self, our quondam Queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of Kings!
Will not hence, 'till with my talk and tears
Both full of truth) I make King Lewis behold
Thy fly conveyance, and thy Lord's false love,

[Post blowing a horn within.

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lewis. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Post.

Post. My Lord ambassador, these letters are for you;

[To Warwick.

Sent from your brother, Marquis Montague.
These from our King unto your Majesty. [To K. Lewis.
And, Madam, these for you, from whom I know not.

[To Q. Margaret. They all read their Letters.

Oxf.

(a) By Conveyance is here meant the Art of a Jugler, Tricks of Legerdemain.
Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled.
I hope all's for the best.

[Queen] K. Lewis, Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair
Q. Mar. Mine such as fills my heart with unhop'd joys,
War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
K. Lewis. What! has your King marry'd the Lady Gray?
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to perfwade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your Majesty as much before;
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heav'n,
And by the hope I have of heav'nly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my King; for he dishonours me,
But moost himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guar'don'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself, for my desert is honour!
And to repair my honour loft for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.
My noble Queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true fervitor:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
’Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He’s very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

_Bona._ Dear brother, how shall _Bona_ be reveng’d,
But by thy help to this distressed Queen?

_Q. Mar._ Renowned Prince, how shall poor _Henry_ live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

_Bona._ My quarrel and this _English_ Queen’s are one.

_War._ And mine, fair Lady _Bona_, joins with yours.

_K. Lewis._ And mine with hers, and thine, and _Mar—_

Therefore at last I firmly am resolv’d

You shall have aid.

_Q. Mar._ Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

_K. Lewis._ Then, _England’s_ messenger, return in post,
And tell false _Edward_, thy supposed King,
That _Lewis_ of _France_ is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride.
Thou felest what’s past, go fear thy King withal.

_Bona._ Tell him, in hope he’ll prove a widower shortly,
I wear the willow garland for his fake.

_Q. Mar._ Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

_War._ Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I’ll uncrown him ere’t be long.

There’s thy reward, be gone.

[Exit _Post._

_K. Lewis._ But, _Warwick_, + thou
Thy self and _Oxford_ with five thousand men
Shall cross the seas, and bid false _Edward_ battel:
And as occasion serves, this noble Queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

_War._ This shall assure my constant loyalty,

_Q. 4._

4 thou and
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join my 'younger' daughter and my joy
To him forthwith, in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick,
And with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it:
And here to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[He gives his hand to Warwick.

K. Lewis. Why stay we now? these soldiers shall be
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high Admiral, [levy'd,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long 'till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a Dame of France.

[Exeunt. Manet Warwick.

War. I came from Edward as ambassadour,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

[Exit.

5 eldest ... old edit. Theob. emend.
ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to England.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.

GLOUCESTER.

NOW tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Gray?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Cla. Alas, you know 'tis far from hence to France:
How could he stay 'till Warwick made return?

Som. My Lords, forbear this talk: here comes the King.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Lady Gray as Queen;
Pembroke, Stafford, and Haftings: Four stand on one
side, and four on the other.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Cla. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive as half malecontent?

Cla. As well as Lewis of France, or th' Earl of Warwick,
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause.
They are but Lewis and Warwick, I am Edward,
Your King and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our King.
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, you offended too?

Glo. Not I; no: God forbid that I should wish
Them fevered whom God hath joined together!
Pity to sunder them, that yoak so well.

K. Edw.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Gray
Should not become my wife, and England's Queen.
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

c. Then this is my opinion; that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeal'd
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of it self
England is safe, if true within it self?

Mont. Yes, but the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France.

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath giv'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend our selves:
In them, and in our selves, our safety lyes.

Cla. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant,
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Cla. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bourvil on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

Cla. In chusing for your self, you shew'd your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be King;
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.

Queen. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
To raise my state to title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than my self have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns,
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true Sov'reign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unles they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

SCENE II.

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news
from France?

Post. My Sovereign Liege, no letters and few words,
But such as I (without your special pardon)
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee:
So tell their words, as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis to our letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words:
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed King,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw.
K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?
Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's Queen?
For so I heard that she was there in place.
Post. Tell him (quoth she) my mourning weeds are done;
And I am ready to put armour on.

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Post. He, more incens'd against your Majesty
Than all the rest discharg'd me with these words:
Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

K. Edw. Ha! durft the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Post. Ay, gracious Sov'reign, they're so link'd in friend.

The young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Cla. Belike the younger; Clarence will have the elder.
Now, brother King, farewell, and fit you faft,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter,
That though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to your self.
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit Clarence, and Somerset follow.

Glo. Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter:
I stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

[Aside.
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick?
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this dese'reate case:
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;

6 elder: Clarence will have the younger.

... old edit. Theob. emend.
They are already, or will soon be landed:
My self in person will straight follow you.

[Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.]

But ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt: you twain of all the rest
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance;
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me.
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspicion.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!
Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
K. Edw. Why, so: then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

In Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French Soldiers.

War. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people swarm by numbers to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where Somerset and Clarence come:
Speak suddenly, my Lords, are we all friends?

Cla. 'Oh! fear' not that, my Lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.

7 Fear
Elhe might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.
But welcome, friend, my daughter shall be thine.
And now what refts, but in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the 'towns' about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found th' adventure very easie:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomedë
With flight and manhood stole to Rhesus' Tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself: I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprize him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[They all cry, Henry]

Why then, let's on our way in silent fort,
For Warwick and his friends, God and St. George. [E:

SCENE IV.

Enter the Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

1 Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his
The King by this has set him down to sleep. [stand.

2 Watch. What, will he not to bed?

1 Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lye and take his natural rest,
'Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.

2 Watch. To-morrow then believe shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 Watch. But say, I pray, what Nobleman is that
That with the King here resteth in his tent? [friend

1 Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefest;

3 Watch. O, is it so? but why commands the King

8 town, ... old edit, Thirl, emend.
Let his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
Or, if he himself keep here in the cold field?

1 Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because dangerous.

2 Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness:
Like it better than a dangerous honour.

2 Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
Is to be doubted he would awaken him.

1 Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard we this royal tent,
To defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and
French Soldiers, silent all.

War. This is his tent, and see where stands his guard:
How, my masters: honour now or never!

1: follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 Watch. Who goes there?

2 Watch. Stay, or thou diest.

[Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick! Warwick!
and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying, Arms!
Arms! Warwick and the rest following them.

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding.

Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King
eut in a gown, sitting in a chair; Gloucester and Hastings
flying over the Stage.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings; let them go, here is

The Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke! why, Warwick, when we parted
Thou call'dst me King.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd.
When you disgrac'd me in my Ambassadors,
Then I degraded you from being King;
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use Ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud your self from enemies?

K. Edw. Brother of Clarence, and art thou here too?
Nay then I see that Edward must needs down.
Yet, Warwick, in despight of all mischance,
Of thee thy self, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as King:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then for his mind be Edward England's King;
[Contains off his crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true King indeed; thou but a shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York:
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell you what reply
Lewis and Lady Bona sent to him:
Now for a while farewell, good Duke of York!

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resift both wind and tide.

[He is led out forcibly.

Oxf. What now remains, my Lords for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do,
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne.

SCEN
SCENE V.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Rivers, and the Queen.

Riv. Adam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Queen. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune has befallen King Edward?
Riv. What! los of some pitcht battel against Warwick?
Queen. No, but the los of his own royal person.
Riv. Then is my Sovereign slain?
Queen. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falshood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares:
And as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, an by that our foe.
Riv. These news I must confess are full of grief:
Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Queen. Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's off-spring in my womb:
This is't that makes me bridle in my passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross:
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear
And stop the rising of blood-fucking sighs,
Leas with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.
Riv. But, Madam, where is Warwick then become?
Queen. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest, King Edward's friends must down,
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that once hath broken faith,) I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary.

Vol. IV.
The Third Part of

'To save at least the heir of Edward's right.
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let us fly, while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.

[Exeunt]

SCENE VI.

A Park in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. NOW, my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case; you know our King, my brother,
Is pris’ner to the Bishop, at whole hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And often but attended with weak guard
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis’d him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with horse and men
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my Lord, for this way lyeth the game.
K. Edw. Nay, this way, man, see where the huntsman
Now, brother Gloster, Hastings and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the Bishop’s deer?
Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste,
Your horse stands 1 ready here at the park-corner.
K. Edw. But whither shall we then?
Hafl. To Lyn, my Lord,
And ship from thence to Flanders.
Glo. Well gueast, believe me, for that was my mean.

1 ready at
King Henry VI.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requote thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then away, let's ha' no more ado. [frown,

K. Edw. Bifhop, farewell, shield thee from Warwick's

And pray that I may repose the crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

The Tower in London.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young
Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the
Tower.

K. Henry. Mr. Lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sov'reigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

K. Henry. For what, Lieutenant? for well using me?

Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.

But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee:
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;

R 2.

Warwick,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown;
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace hath still been fam’d for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune’s malice;
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Cla. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heav’ns in thy nativity
Adjudg’d an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I chuse Clarence only for Protector. [hands.

K. Henry. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your
Now join your hands, and with your hands, your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government.
I make you both Protectors of this land,
While I my self will lead a private life;
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin’s rebuke and my Creator’s praise.

War. What answerers Clarence to his Sov’reign’s will?
Cla. That he contents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose my self.

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We’ll yoak together, like a double shadow
To Henry’s body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc’d a traitor,
And all his lands and goods confiscated.

Cla. What else? and that succession be determin’d.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Henry. But with the first of all our chief affairs,
Let me intreat, for I command no more,
That Margaret your Queen, and my son Edward
King Henry VI.

Be sent for, to return from France with speed.
For ’till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips’d.

Cla. It shall be done, my Sov’reign, with all speed.
K. Henry. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that
Of whom ye seem to have so tender care?
Som. My Liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.
K. Henry. Come hither, England’s hope: if secret powers

[Lays his hand on his head.

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country’s bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful Majesty,
His head by nature fram’d to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a scepter, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he
Milt help you more, than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?
Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unfavoury news; but how made he escape?
Post. He was convey’d by Richard Duke of Glo’ster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the Bishop’s huntsmen rescu’d him:
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my Sov’reign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[Exeunt.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edward’s:
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before’t be long.
As Henry’s late prefaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond;

R 3

So
So doth my heart mis-give me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours.
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
'Till storms be past of civil enmity.
Oxf. Ay, for if Edward re-posest the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.
Som. It shall be so; he shall to Britany.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Changes to York.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amend,
And says, that once more I shall entreat
My wained state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspur, before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast! brother, I like not this.
For many men that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within. [fright us

K. Edw. Tush, man, aboadments must not now dis
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us. [them

Hast. My Liege, I'll knock once more to summon

Enter on the Walls the Mayor of York and his Brethren.

Mayor. My Lords, we were fore-warned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of our selves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master Mayor, if Henry be your King,
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no less.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Duke
As being well content with that alone. [dom
Glo. But when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [Aside.
Hlst. Why, master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are King Henry's friends.
Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[He descends.
Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon.
Hlst. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So were not long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen.

K. Edw. So, master Mayor; these gates must not be shut
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What, fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[Takes his keys.
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with Drum and Soldiers.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd. [arms?
K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John; but why come you in
Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our Dukedom, 'till God please to send the rest.
Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[The Drum begins a March.

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while, and we'll debate

R 4. By
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim your self our King,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our

'Till then 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning. [claim]

Haft. Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must run.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sov'reign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Haft. Sound trumpet, Edward shall be here proclaimed.
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. [Flourish!

Sold. Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, King
England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Mont. And whoso'er gain-says King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[Throws down his Gauntlet.

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks to all.
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now for this night let's harbour here at York:
And when the morning fun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward toward Warwick and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldiery
Ah, froward Clarence, evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry, and forswake thy brother!
Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on, brave soldiers, doubt not of the day;
And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [Exeunt

SCENE
SCENE IX.

Changes again to London.


War. What counsel, Lords? Edward from Belgium, With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders, Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas, And with his troops doth march amain to London, And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Henry. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Cla. A little fire is quickly trodden out, Which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends, Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war, Those will I muster up; and thou, son Clarence, Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent, The knights and gentlemen to come with thee. Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham, Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st. And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd, In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.

My Sov'reign, with the loving citizens, (Like to his Island girt with th' Ocean, Or modest Diana circled with her nymphs,) Shall rest in London, 'till we come to him: Fair Lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.

Farewel, my Sovereign! [hope!]

K. Henry. Farewel, my Hector; and my Troy's true

Cla. In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness' hand.

K. Henry. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Henry. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,

And
And all at once, once more a happy farewell!

War. Farewell, sweet Lords; let’s meet at Coventry. [Exe.

K. Henry. Here at the palace will I rest a while. Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your Lordship? Methinks the pow’r that Edward hath in field Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Henry. That’s not my fear, my need hath gone; I have not stoop mine ears to their demands, Nor posted off their suits with slow delays; My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds, My mildness hath allay’d their swelling griefs, My mercy dry’d their water-flowing tears. I have not been desirous of their wealth, Nor much oppress them with great subsidies, Nor forward of revenge, though they much err’d. Then why should they love Edward more than me? No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace: And when the lion fawns upon the lamb, The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[Shout within. A Lancaster! a Lancaster!

Exe. Hark, hark, my Lord, what Shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, &c. with Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac’d Henry, bear him. And once again proclaim us King of England. [Exit You are the fount that make small brooks to flow, Now stops thy spring, my sea shall suck them dry, And swell so much the higher, by their ebb. Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speak. [Exe. with King Hen.

And, Lords, to Coventry bend we our course, Where peremptory Warwick now remains. The sun shines hot, and if we use delay Cold biting winter mars our hop’d-for hay. Glo. Away betimes before his forces join, And take the great-grown traitor unawares; Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [Exe.
ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Walls of Coventry.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers and others, upon the Walls.

Warwick.

War. Here is the post that came from valiant Oxford? How far hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?

2 Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son? And by thy guess how nigh is Clarence now?

Somerv. At Southam I did leave him with his forces, and do expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Somerv. It is not his, my Lord: here Southam lyeth: the drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook’d-for friends, Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.


K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. Oh unbid spight! is sportful Edward come? Where flie our scouts, or how are they seduc’d,

That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward King, and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck’d thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glo. I thought at least he would have said the King,
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor Earl to give:
I’ll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. ’Twas I that gave the Kingdom to thy brother
K. Edw. Why then ’tis mine, if but by Warwick’s gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling! Warwick takes his gift again,
And Henry is my King, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick’s King is Edward’s prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,
What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more fore-cast,
But while he thought to steal the single ten,
The King was fliy finger’d from the deck:
You left poor Henry at the Bishop’s palace,
And ten to one you’ll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. ’Tis even so, yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kind
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools. [down

War. I’d rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a fail to strike thee. [friend

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, while thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

SCENE


Scene II.

Enter Oxford, with Drum and Colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!
Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs,
And we in good array; for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
For, not, the city being of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with Drum and Colours.

Mont. Montague! Montague! for Lancaster.
Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presages happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drum and Colours.

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York,
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drum and Colours.

War. And lo! where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle:
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love.
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.
Cla. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

[Takes his red rose out of his hat and throws
it towards Warwick.

will not ruinate my father's house,

(Who
(Who gave his blood to lime the stones together)
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'lt thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful King?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety,
Than Jepthah's, when he sacrifice'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim my self thy mortal foe:
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I deifie thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends:
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times may
belov'd,
Then if thou never hast deserv'd our hate.
Glo. Welcome, good Clarence, this is brother-like.
War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the to
and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Alas, I am not coopt here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st. [War.
K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads to
Lords! to the field; St. George and victory! [Exit
March. Warwick and his Company follow.

SCENE
SCENE III.

A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarum and Excursions. Enter King Edward bringing forth Warwick wounded.

K. Edw. So, lyce thou there; die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that scar’d us all.

Now, Montague, fit fast, I feek for thee,
That Warwick’s bones may keep thine company. [Exit.

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York, or Warwick?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shews,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the Cedar to the ax’s edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch over-peer’d love’s spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter’s pow’rful wind.

These eyes that now are dimm’d with death’s black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.

The wrinkles in my brow, now fill’d with blood,
Were lik’ned oft to kingly sepulchres:
For who liv’d King, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?

Lo, now my glory lineart in dust and blood,
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Ev’n now forlacke me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me, but my body’s length.

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter
The Third Part of

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our los' again:
The Queen from France hath brought a puissant power,
Ev'n now we heard the news: ah, could'st thou fly!

War. Why then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague.
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while.
Thou lov'ft me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That gleans my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last,
And to the latest gasp cry'd out for Warwick:
And said, Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which founded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
Oh! farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweetly rest his soul!
Fly, Lords, and save your selves, for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven. [Dn

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power.

[They bear away his Body, and Exit]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Gloucester,
Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat-ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
He attain his cautious western bed:
mean, my Lords, those powers that the Queen
hath rais’d in Gallia, have arriv’d our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Cla. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came.

Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her.
If she hath time to breathe, be well assure’d.
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advis’d by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course tow’rd Tewksbury.
We having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight; for willingness rides way:
And as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along:
Strike up the drum, cry, courage! and away. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince of Wales,

Q. Mar. Great Lords, wise men ne’er fit and wail their
lofs,
But clearly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor loft,
And half our sailors swallow’d in the flood?
Yet lives our Pilot still. Is’t meet that he
Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad
With tear-full eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much?

Vol. IV. S

While
While in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have fav'd?
Ah, what a shame, ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends, the tackle; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings still?
And though unskillful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to fit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck:
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quick-fond of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these, the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while;
Tread on the sand, why there you quickly sink;
Bestride the rock, the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a three-fold death.
This speak I, Lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks,
Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weaknefs to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Left in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
Oh brave young Prince! thy famous grandfather
Dost live again in thee; long mayst thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, thanks.
Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, Lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less; it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battel, hence we will not budge.

SCENE VI.

March. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence,
and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heav'n's affliction and your strength,
Mull by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, Lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should
My tears gain-fay; for every word I speak,
Ye see I weep, the water of my eye:
Therefore no more but this; Henry, your Sov'reign,
is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent:
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then in God's name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the battle.


Re-enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, &c. Queen Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset Prisoners.

K. Edw. Now here's a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to 'Holmes-castle' straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go bear them hence, I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words,
Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune. [Exe.
Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glo. It is, and lo where youthful Edward comes.

Enter the Prince of Wales.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What? can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth,
Relign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor! thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah! that thy father had been so resolv'd!
Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.
Prince. Let Aesop fable in a winter's night,
His currish riddles fort not with this place.

(a) Holmes-castle is an old castle near Tewksbury.
2 Hammes-castle
By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

I know my duty, you're undutiful:

Lascivious Edward, and thou, perjur'd George,
And thou, mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are:
And thou usurp'd my father's right and mine.

Take that, thou likeness of this railer here. [Stabs him.

And take thou that, to end thy agony.

Edward stabs him.

And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[Clarence stabs him.

Oh, kill me too!

Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.

Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Why should he live, to fill the world with words?

What? doth he swoon? use means for her re-

Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother: [cov'ry.

I'll hence to London on a serious matter.

If ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

What? what?

Tower, the Tower! [Exit.

Oh Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy.

Can't thou not speak? O traitors, murderers!

They that stabb'd Caesar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, and were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man; this (in respect) a child,

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak—

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and villains, bloody Canibals,

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropt!
You have no children, butchers; if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr’d up remorse;
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young Prince.

K. Edw. Away with her, go bear her hence by force.
Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
Here sheath thy sword, I’ll pardon thee my death:
What? wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.

Cla. By heav’n I will not do thee so much ease. [do it,
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou,
Cla. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thy self:
’Twas sin before, but now ’tis charity.
What, wilt thou not? where is that 3 ’Devil-butcher,’
Richard? hard-favour’d Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murther is thy Almsdeed.

Petitioner for blood thou ne’er put’st back.
K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye bear her hence.
Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince!

K. Edw. Where’s Richard gone?
Cla. To London all in post, and as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He’s fudden if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, discharge the common fort
With pay and thanks, and let’s away to London;
And see our gentle Queen how well she fares;
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.

3 Devils butcher, ... old edit. Theob. emend.
SCENE VII.

The Tower of London.

Enter King Henry, and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant on the Tower Walls.

Glo. GOOD day, my Lord; what, at your book so hard?

K. Henry. Ay, my good Lord; my Lord, I should say rather,
'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:
Good Glo'sier, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous: therefore not good Lord.

Glo. Sir, leave us to our selves, we must confer.

[Exit Lieutenant.

K. Henry. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf,
So first the harmless flock doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat, unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath 'Richard' now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Henry. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings mis-doubteth ev'ry bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Henry. I, Daedalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos that deny'd our course;
The sun that fear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thy self, the sea,
Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words;
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,

S 4.

4 Roscius ... old edit. Warb. emend.
Than can my ears that tragick history.
But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my life?
Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?
K. Henry. A persecutor I am sure thou art;
If murth'ring innocents be executing,
Why then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption. [presume]
K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands fate,
And orphans for their parents timeless death,
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cry'd, a boding luckless tune;
Dogs howl'd, an hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung :
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
To wit, an indigested deform'd lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
And if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward.
Glo. I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech;

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.
K. Henry. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this:
O! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Diss.
Glo. What! will th' aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor King's death!

Thou cam'st into the world — ... old edit. Theob. emend.
may such purple tears be alway shed
from those who wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither,
[Stabs him again.

that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed 'tis true that Henry told me of:
for I have often heard my mother say
came into the world with my legs forward.

And I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd
Jesu bless us, be is born with teeth!
And so I was, which plainly signify'd
That I should snaile, and bite, and play the dog:

Then since the heav'n's have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother,
And this word love which grey-beards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me! I am my self alone.

Clarence, beware; thou keep't me from the light,
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:

For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
And then to purge his fear I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his son, are gone;
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;

Counting my self but bad, 'till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room;
And triumph, Henry! in the day of doom. [Exit.

Scene
SCENE VIII.

The Palace in London.

Enter King Edward, Queen, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, Nurse, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit on England’s royal throne,
Re-purchas’d with the blood of enemies:
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn’s corn,
Have we mow’d down in top of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, three-fold renown’d
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberrlands; two braver men
Ne’er spurr’d their courser at the trumpet’s sound.
With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montagu:
That in their chains fetter’d the Kingly Lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar’d.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and my self
Have in our armours watch’d the winter-night,
Went all a-foot in summer’s scalding heat,
That thou might’st re-posset the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I’ll blast his harvest, if your head were laid, [Aside.
For yet I am not look’d on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain’d so thick, to heave,
And heave it shall some weight or break my back;
Work thou the way, and that shall execute.

[Pointing to his Hat.]

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely Queen,
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Cla. The duty that I owe your Majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.
Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kis's I give the fruit.

To say the truth, so Judas kis'd his master, [Aside.
And cry'd, all hail! when as he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seate as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers loves.

Cla. What will your Grace have done with Margaret?

Reignier her father to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comick shows,
Such as besit the pleasure of the Court?

Sound, drums and trumpets; farewell, fow'r annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [Exeunt omnes.]
THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

RICHARD III.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING Edward IV.
Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward V. 
Sons to Edw. 
George, Duke of Clarence, Brother to Edward IV. 
Richard, Duke of Gloucester, Brother to Edward IV, afterwards King Richard III. 
Duke of Buckingham. 
Duke of Norfolk. 
Earl of Surrey. 
Marquis of Dorset, Son to the Queen. 
Earl Rivers, Brother to the Queen. 
Lord Gray, Son to the Queen. 
Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII. 
Bishop of Ely. 
Lord Haftings. 
Sir Thomas Vaughan, a Friend to the Queen's Family. 
Sir Richard Ratcliffe, 
Lord Lovel, 
Friends to the Duke of Gloucester. 
Catesby, 
Sir James Tyrrel, a Villain. 
Lord Stanley, Steward of the Household to Edward IV. 
Earl of Oxford, 
Blount, 
Herbert, 
Friends to the Earl of Richmond. 
Sir William Brandon, 
Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower. 
Two Children of the Duke of Clarence. 
Lord Mayor. 
Sir Christopher Urswick, a Priest and Chaplain to the Countess Richmond.

Queen of Edward IV.
Queen Margaret, Widow of Henry VI. 
Anne, Widow of Edward Prince of Wales, Son to Henry VI, afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester. 
Duchess of York, Mother to Edward IV, Clarence, and Richard III.

Sheriff, Pursuivant, Citizens, Ghosts of those murder'd by Richard, with Soldiers and other Attendants.

The SCENE in ENGLAND.
The Life and Death of

RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The COURT.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.

OW is the Winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this Sun of York:
And all the clouds that lowr'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Our yoke-fish'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now instead of mounting barbed steeds
to fight the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a Lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass,
That am rudely stamp'd, and want love's grace,

To

majesty,
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world; scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them:
Why I, (in this weak piping time of peace)
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unles to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophesies, libels, and dreams;
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murtherer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day; what means this armed guard
That waits upon your Grace?

Cla. His Majesty,
Tending my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is George.

Glo. Alack, my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should for that commit your godfathers,
Belike, his Majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new christned in the Tower.
but what's the matter, Clarence, may I know?

Cla. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest

As yet I do not; but as I can learn,

He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,

And from the cross-row plucks the letter G;

And says a wizard told him; that by G

His issue disinherited should be.

And for my name of George begins with G,

It follows in his thought that I am he.

These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,

Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:

'Tis not the King that send'st you to the Tower;

My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,

That tempts him to this harsh extremity.

Was it not she, and that good man of worship,

Anthony Woodvil, 'the her brother there,

That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower?

From whence this day he is delivered.

We are not safe; Clarence, we are not safe.

Cla. By heav'n, I think there is no man secure

But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds

That trudge between the King and mistress Shore.

Heard you not what an humble suppliant

Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her Deity,

Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.

I'll tell you what; I think it is our way,

If we will keep in favour with the King,

To be her men, and wear her livery:

The jealous o'erworn widow, and her self,

Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,

Are mighty goffips in our monarchy.

Brak. I beg your Graces both to pardon me:

His Majesty hath straitly giv'n in charge,

That no man shall have private conference,

Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Vol. IV. T

Glo.
Glo. Ev'n so, an't please your worship, Brakenbury! You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason, man—we speake the King
Is wife and virtuous, and his noble Queen
Well strook in years, fair, and 'not over-jealous.'
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue:
That the Queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:
How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?
Brak. With this, my Lord, my self have nought to do,
Glo. What, fellow? nought to do with mistref's Shore?
I tell you, Sir, he that doth naught with her,
Excepting one, were 'best do' it secretly.
Brak. What one, my Lord?
Glo. Her husband, knave—wouldst thou betray me?
Brak. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
And to forbear your conf'rence with the Duke.
Cla. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell; I will unto the King,
And whatsoever you will employ me in,
(Were it to call King Edward's widow sister)
I will perform it to infranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace of brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Mean time have patience.
Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return:
Simple plain Clarence—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heav'n,
If heav'n will take the present at 'my' hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?
Enter Lord Haftlings.

_Haft._ Good time of day unto my gracious Lord!
_Glo._ As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
_Haft._ How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?
_Glo._ With patience, noble Lord, as pris'ners must:
But I shall live, my Lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
_Haft._ No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.
_Haft._ More pity, that the Eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
_Glo._ What news abroad?
_Haft._ No news so bad abroad as this at home:
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
_Glo._ Now by St. Paul, that news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?
_Haft._ 'He is, my Lord.'
_Glo._ Go you before, and I will follow you. [Ex. Haftlings.
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
'Till George be pack'd with post-hoarse up to heav'n.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to baffle in!
For then, I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readieft way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:

7 He is.
The which will I, not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
"Which I, by marrying her, must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [Ex:

SCENE II.

A STREET.

Enter the Coarse of Henry the Sixth, with halberds;
guard it. Lady Anne being the Mournor.
Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
    If honour may be shrouded in a herse,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
Th’untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor clay-cold figure of a holy King!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood,
Be’t lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter’d son,
Stab’d by the self-same hand that made these wounds.
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
Curs’d be the hand that made these fatal holes!
Curs’d be the heart that had the heart to do it!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom’d thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whole ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view:

8 By marrying her, which I
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young Lord and thee!
Come now tow’rds Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul’s to be interred there.
And still as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, while I lament King Henry’s Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.

Glo. Stay you that bear the Coarse, and set it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villains, set down the Coarse; or, by St. Paul,
I’ll make a Coarse of him that disobeys.
Gent. My Lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.
Glo. Unmanner’d dog, stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,
Or, by St. Paul!, I’ll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avant, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hast but pow’r over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not hurt; therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curt.
Anne. Foul devil! for God’s sake hence, trouble us not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell:
Fill’d it with cursing cries, and deep exclamations.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
Oh, gentlemen! see! see dead Henry’s wounds
Open their congeal’d mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For ’tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells. 

Thy
Thy deeds inhuman and unnatural,
Provoke this deluge most unnatural.
O God! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth! which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Or heav'n with lightning strike the murth'rer dead;
Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man.
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry:
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit my self.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse my self.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee,
Thou canst make no excuse that will be current,
Unless thou hang thy self.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse my self.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy self,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say, they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hands.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'st. Queen Marg'ret was
Thy murd'rous faulchion smoaking in his blood.
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her fand'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou waft provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on ought but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this King?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Doft grant me, hedge-hog? then God grant me too,
Thou may'ft be damned for that wicked deed!

0, he was gentle, mild and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heav'n that hath him.

Anne. He is in heav'n, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me that help'd to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyeft!

Glo. So will it, madam, 'till I lye with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. 'And I' know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a flower method:
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou waft the cause, and most accurst 'th' effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect:
Your beauty that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by;
As all the world is cheered by the sun,  
So I by that; it is my day, my life.  

Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy day, and death thy life.  
Glo. Curse not thy self, fair creature, thou art both.  
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.  
Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.  
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.  
Glo. He that bereft thee, Lady, of thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband.  
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.  
Glo. He lives, that loves thee better than he could.  
Anne. Name him.  
Glo. Plantagenet.  
Anne. Why, that was he.  
Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.  
Anne. Where is he?  
Glo. Here: why dost thou spit at me? [She spits at him.  
Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!  
Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.  
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.  
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.  
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet Lady, have infected mine.  
Anne. Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead!  
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once:  
For now they kill me with a living death.  
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears;  
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:  
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,  
Not when my father York, and Edward wept,  
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,  
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:  
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,  
Told the sad story of my father's death,  
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,  
That all the flanders-by had wet their cheeks,  
Like trees be-dash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear:
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart fues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made
For kissing, Lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adores thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open, she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry;
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch: 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;
But 'twas thy heav'nly face that set me on.

[She falls the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death, I will not be thy executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my self, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.
Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with thy word,
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me, both are false.
Glo. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne.
Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.
Glo. But shall I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Look how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Ev’n so thy breast incloseth my poor heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place:
Where, after I have solemnly inter’d
At Chertsey monastry this noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart, and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Trassel and Barkley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
Anne. ’Tis more than you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already. [Exe. two with Anne.
Glo. ’Take’ up the Coarse.
Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble Lord?
Glo. No, to White-Friars, there attend my coming. [Exeunt with the Coarse.

Was ever woman in this humour woo’d?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I’ll have her — but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill’d her husband and his father!

(a) A house near Bishops-gate-Street belonging to the Duke of Glou-
cester.

2 Sirs, take
To take her in her heart’s extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by:
With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil and diffembling looks:
And yet to win her——All the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb’d in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram’d in the prodigality of nature,
Young, wise, and valiant, and no doubt right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropt the golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward’s moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
My self to be a marv’lous proper man.
I’ll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with my self,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I’ll turn yon fellow 3 ‘into’ his grave.
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, ’till I have bought a glafs,
That I may see my shadow as I pafs.

Exit.
SCENE III.

The Palace.

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, Lord Gray, and Dorset.

Ric. \textit{Have} patience, Madam, there's no doubt, he will soon recover his accustomed health. [Majesty

Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse; therefore for God's sake entertain good comfort, and cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

Queen. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Gray. No other harm, but loss of such a Lord.

Queen. The loss of such a Lord includes all harms.

Gray. The heav'n's have blest you with a goodly son to be your comforter when he is gone.

Queen. Ah! he is young, and his minority is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,

A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be Protector?

Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and 'Stanley.'

Gray. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your Royal Grace!

Stan. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been.

Queen. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of

To your good prayer will scarcely say Amen; [Stanley

Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord, assured,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious flanders of her false accusers:
Or if the be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness; which I think proceeds From

4 Derby. ... old edit. Thoob. emend.
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen. Saw you the King to-day, my Lord of Stanley?
Stan. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, Lords?
Buck. Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks cheerfully.
Queen. God grant him health! did you confer with him?
Buck. Madam, we did; he seeks to make atonement
Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Queen. Would all were well—but that will never be—
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloucester, and Hastings.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they that complain unto the King,
That I forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissembling rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods, and apish courtesie,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, fly, insinuating jacks?

Gray. To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace:
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person,
Whom God preserve better than you would wish,
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
The King of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else,

Aiming.
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews it self
Against my children, brother, and my self,
'Hath sent for you,' that he may learn the ground
Of your ill will, and thereby 'may' remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell; the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey, where eagles dare not perch.
Since every jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a jack. [Glo'stret]

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother.
You envy my advancement and my friends:
God grant we never may need of you!

Glo. Mean time God grants that we have need of you.
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
My self disgrac'd, and the Nobility
Held in contempt, while many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennable those,
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Queen. By him that rais'd me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his Majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence; but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My Lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these wild suspects.

Glo. You may deny 'too that you were the cause:
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my Lord, for ——

Glo. She may, Lord Rivers? why, who knows not for
She may do more, Sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? she may --- aay marry may she ---

Riv. What marry may she?

Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King,

5 makes him to send, 6 to
7 that you were not the cause
A batchelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Queen. My Lord of Glo'ster, I have too long born
Your blunt upbraiding, and your bitter scoffs:
By heav'n, I will acquaint his Majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great Queen with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd and baited at.
Small joy have I in being England's Queen.

SCENE IV.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. And leff'n'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.
Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the King:
Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
Glo. Ere you were Queen, ay, or your husband King,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud adverfaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood I spilt my own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.
Glo. In all which time you and your husband Gray
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
And, Rivers, so were you;—was not your husband,
In Marg'ret's battel, at St. Albans slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
What I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murth'rous villain, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poor Clarence did forfake his father Warwick,

Ay,
Ay, and forswore himself, (which Jesu pardon!) ---

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward’s party for the crown,
And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mew’d up:
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward’s,
Or Edward’s soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish, foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou Cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Glo’ster, in those busie days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow’d then our Lord, our Sov’reign King;
So should we you, if you should be our King.

Glo. If I should be! --- I had rather be a pedlar;
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Queen. As little joy, my Lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country’s King,
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyles.
I can no longer hold me patient.
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill’d from me;
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not that, I being Queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you depos’d, you quake like rebels?
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak’st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr’d,
That will I make, before I let thee go.
A husband and a son thou ow’st to me, [To Gloucester,
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance; [To the Queen
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew’st rivers from his eyes.
And then to dry them gav'st the Duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounce'd against thee, are now fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, has plag'rd thy bloody deed.

Queen. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept, when it was reported.

Dorf. No man but prophes'y'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heav'n,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heav'n?
Why then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses,
If not by war, by forfeiture die your King!

As ours by murther to make him a King.

Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward our son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!

Thy self a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!

Long may'st thou live to wail thy children's loss,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stabb'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death,
And after many length'ned hours of grief,
Die, neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen!

Rivers and Dorset, you were standers-by,
And so waft thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,

Vol. IV. U

By
By some 'unlook'd for accident all cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt
If heav'n's have any grievous plague in store, [hear me,
Exceeding those that I can with upon thee,
O, let them keep it, 'till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul;
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends:
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unles it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish markt, abortive, rooting hog,
Thou that wast feal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell:
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb,
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested —

Glo. Margaret.


Glo. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. [Self

Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curse against you

Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my for
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottel'd spider, [tune
Whose deadly web enshareth thee about?
Fool, fool, thou whet'st a knife to kill thy self:
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me,
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Haft. False boading woman, end thy frantick curse.

8 unlook'd accident
Let to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you, you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queen, and you my subjects:
Serve me well, and teach your selves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, master Marquis, you are malapert;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce currant.

0 that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry, learn it, learn it, Marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high,
Our Ai'ry buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!
Witness my son now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Our Ai'ry buildeth in our Ai'ry's nest;
0 God, that seest it, do not suffer it!
As it was won with blood, so be it loft!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me; shall
Charitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O Princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
Sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood;
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

U 2

Buck.
Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks upon him,
And all their ministers attend on him,

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious Lord.
Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day;
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.
Live each of you the subject to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

[Exeunt Buck, Glo, Riv, and Q. Mar.]

Riv. And so doth mine: I wonder she's at liberty.
Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy Mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Dor. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, for Clarence, he is well repay'd;
He is frank'd up to satting for his pains,
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done featehe to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd my self.

[Exit Catesby, and briefly]

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you, my noble Lord.

Queen. Catesby, we come; Lords, will you go with us?

Ric. Madam, we will attend your Grace.

[Exit all but Gloucester.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

The secret mischief that I set a-broach
May unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I indeed have laid in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls,
Namely to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them, 'tis the Queen and her allies
That stir the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Gray.
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I cloathe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a Saint, when most I play the Devil.

Enter two Villains.

But soft, here come my executioners.

How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

1 Vil. We are, my Lord, and come to have the warrant
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, Sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

2 Vil. Fear not, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assured,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues. [Tears.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop
Like you, lads; about your business; go. [Exit.
SCENE V.

The Tower.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Cla. O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though ’twere to buy a world of happy days:
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my Lord? I pray you, tell

Cla. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark’d to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glo’ster,
Who from my cabbin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look’d tow’rd England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall’n us. As we pass’d along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Glo’ster stumbled, and in falling
Struck me (that sought to flay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw’d upon:
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.
Some lay in dead men’s skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
As ’twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems;
That woo’d the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock’d the dead bones that lay scatter’d by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Cla. Methought I had, and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kpt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaft, and wand’ring air;
But smother’d it within my panting bulk,
Which almoost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak’d you not in this fore agony?

Cla. No, no, my dream was lengthen’d after life.
O then began the tempest to my soul:
I past, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferry-man which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger-soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cry’d aloud — What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish’d. Then came wand’ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shriek’d out aloud —
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur’d Clarence,
That stabb’d me in the field by Tewskbury;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments —
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Inviron’d me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I, trembling, wak’d; and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell.
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, Lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Cla. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done those things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward’s fake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng’d on my misdeeds,

U 4

Yet
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!
I pray thee, Brakenbury, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my Lord; God give your Grace good night.
Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the morning and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toil;
And for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward name.

SCENE VI.

Enter the two Villains.

1 Vil. Ho, who's here?
Brak. In God's name, what art thou? how camest thou hither?
2 Vil. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.
Brak. What, so brief?
1 Vil. 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious. Let him see our commission, and talk no more.
Brak. [Reads.] I am in this commanded, to deliver The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands. I will not reason what is meant hereby, Because I will be guiltless of the meaning. There lies the Duke asleep, and there the keys. I'll to the King, and signify to him, That thus I have resign'd to you my charge. [Exe.
1 Vil. You may, Sir, 'tis a point of wisdom: fare ye well.
2 Vil. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?
1 Vil. No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.
2. Vill. Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.
1 Vill. Why then he'll say we stabbed him sleeping.
2 Vill. The urging of that word judgment hath bred a kind of remorse in me.
1 Vill. What? art thou afraid?
2 Vill. Not to kill him, having a warrant: but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.
1 Vill. I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.
2 Vill. Nay, pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.
1 Vill. How dost thou feel thy self now?
2 Vill. Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.
1 Vill. Remember the reward, when the deed's done.
2 Vill. Come, he dies: I had forgot the reward.
1 Vill. Where's thy conscience now?
1 Vill. When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.
2 Vill. 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.
1 Vill. What if it come to thee again?
2 Vill. I'll not meddle with it, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lye with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom: it fills one full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turn'd out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.
1 Vill. 'Tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.
2 Vill. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.
King Richard III.

1 Vil. I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.
2 Vil. Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?
1 Vil. Take him on the coftard, with the hilt of the sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.
2 Vil. O excellent device, and make a sop of him.
1 Vil. Soft, he wakes. Shall I strike?
2 Vil. No, we'll reason with him.
Cla. Where art thou, Keeper? give me a cup of wine.
2 Vil. You shall have wine enough, my Lord, anon.
Cla. In God's name, what art thou?
1 Vil. A man, as you are.
Cla. But not as I am, royal.
1 Vil. Nor you as we are, loyal.
Cla. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1 Vil. My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.
Cla. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak! Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? wherefore do you come?
2 Vil. To, to—
Cla. To murther me?
Both. Ay, ay.
Cla. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
1 Vil. Offended us you have not, but the King.
Cla. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.
2 Vil. Never, my Lord, therefore prepare to die.
Cla. Are you drawn forth among a world of men,
To slay the innocent? what's my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have giv'n their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge; or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence's death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 Vil. What we will do, we do upon command.
2 Vil. And he that hath commanded, is our King.
Cla. Erroneous vassals! the great King of Kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murther; will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 Vil. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For false forswearing, and for murther too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 Vil. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow, and with thy treach'rous blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy Sovereign's son.

2 Vil. Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

1 Vil. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such high degree?

Cla. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake.
He sends you not to murther me for this:
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed, a
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm
He needs no indirect, or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 Vil. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That Princeely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Cla. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 Vil. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoked us hither now, to slaughter thee.

Cla. If you do love my brother, hate not me:

(a) ——— for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publickly.
Take not, &c. This line interpolated since the first edition. Pope.
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Glo'ster:
Who will reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 Vil. You are deceiv'd, your brother Glo'ster hates you,
Cla. Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

1 Vil. Ay, so we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father York
Bleft his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Glo'ster think on this, and he will weep.

1 Vil. Ay, mill-stones; as he leffon'd us to weep.
Cla. O do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 Vil. As snow in harvest:—you deceive your self,
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortunne,
And hugg'd me in his arms; and swore with oaths,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 Vil. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heav'n.

2 Vil. Make peace with God, for you must die, my Lord.

Cla. Have you that holy feeling in your soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God, by mur'dring me?
O Sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 Vil. What shall we do?
Cla. Relent, and save your souls, a

(a) ——— and save your souls.
Which of you, if you were a Prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murtherers as your selves came to you,
Would not intreat for life? as you would beg
Were you in my distresse——

These lines are not in the old edition.

1 Vil. Relent? &c.
King Richard III.

177. Relent? 'tis cowardly and womanish.
Ct. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:
If thine eye be not a flatterer,
I mean thou on my side, and intreat for me.

177. Take that, and that; if all this will not do,

[Stabs him.

I drown you in the maltsey-butt within.

[Exit.

177. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd:
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
This most grievous murder!

Re-enter first Villain.

177. How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st me not?

Heav'n, the Duke shall know how slack you've been.

177. I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother!

Take thou the see, and tell him what I say,

I repent me that the Duke is slain.

177. So do not I; go coward as thou art.

Tell, I'll go hide the body in some hole,

That the Duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I must away;

This will out, and then I must not stay.

[Exit.

--- intreat for me,

Seeking Prince what beggar pities not?

177. Look behind you, my Lord.

177. Take that, &c.

ACT
ACT II. SCENE I.

The COURT.

Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, and other Lords.

K. EDWARD.

Why, so; now have I done a good day's work.

You Peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassage

From my Redeemer to recall me hence.

And now in peace my soul shall part to heav'n,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth;

Hastings and Rivers, take each other's hand,

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heav'n, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate,

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your King,

Left he that is the supreme King of Kings

Confound your hidden falsehood, and award

Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, your self is not exempt from this;

Nor your son Dorset; Buckingham, nor you;

You have been factious one against the other.

Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand,

And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen. There, Hastings; I will never more remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

Dorf. This interchange of love, I here protest,
on my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. Edw. Now, Princely Buckingham, seal thou this
with thy embraces to my wife's allies,
and make me happy in your unity.

Buck. When ever Buckingham doth turn his hate
upon your Grace, and not with duteous love

[To the Queen.

both cherish you and yours, God punish me
with hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
and most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
he to me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[Embracing Rivers, &c.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, Princely Buckingham,
this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Glo'ster here,
to make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And in good time here comes the noble Duke:

Enter Gloucester and Ratcliff.

Glo. Good morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen:
And, Princely Peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day:
other, we have done deeds of charity,
made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
tween these swelling wrong-incensed Peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most Sovereign Liege:
mong this Princely heap, if any here
falsé intelligence, or wrong furmise
told me a foe: if I unwittingly
have ought committed that is hardly born
any in this presence, I desire
reconcile me to his friendly peace:
is death to me to be at enmity;

I hate
I hate it, and desire all good men’s love.
First, Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service.
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg’d between us.
Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset,
That all without desert have frown’d on me:
Of you, Lord Woodvil, and Lord Scales, of you,
Dukes, Earls, Lords, gentlemen, indeed of all,
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Queen. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter;
I would to God all strifes were well compounded!
My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer’d love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead?

[They all stand.

You do him injury to scorn his coarse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Queen. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dorf. Ay, my good Lord; and no man in the present
But his red colour hath forsaken his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers’d.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear:
Some tardy cripple had the countermand,
That came too late to see him buried.
God grant, that some less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deferve no worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go currant from suspicion!
Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. A boon, my Sov’reign, for my service done.
K. Edw. I pr’ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.
Stan. I will not rife, unless your Highness hear me.
K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request’st.
Stan. The forfeit, Sov’reign, of my servant’s life,
Who flew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother’s death?
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill’d no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel’d at my feet, and bid me be advis’d?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forfake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Worcester,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, Dear brother, live and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Evn in his garments, and did give himself
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck’d, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac’d
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You strait are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, spake unto my self
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life:
Let none of you would once plead for his life.

O God!
King Richard III.

O God! I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah!
Poor Clarence! [Exeunt some with the King and Flu.

Glo. These are the fruits of rashness: mark'd you no
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence's death?
Oh! they did urge it still unto the King.
God will revenge it. Come, Lords, will you go
To comfort Edward with our company? [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter the Duchesses of York, with the two Children of Clarence.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Dutch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast?
And cry, O Clarence! my unhappy son!

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head?
And call us orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Dutch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both.
I do lament the sickness of the King,
As loth to lose him; not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.
The King mine uncle is to blame for this.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With daily earnest prayers.

Daugh. And so will I.

Dutch. Peace, children, peace; the King doth
Incapable and shallow innocents!
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Glo'ser
Told me the King, provok'd to't by the Queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him;
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me; and kindly kist my cheek;
Bad me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark, what noise is this?

Enter the Queen with her hair about her ears, Rivers
and Dorset after her.

Queen. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment my self?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to my self become an enemy — — —

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Queen. To make an act of tragick violence.

Edward, my Lord, thy son, our King, is dead.
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's,
Or like obedient subjects follow him,
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Dutch. Ah! so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title to thy noble husband;
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his Princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And haft the comfort of thy children left:

But
But death hath snatch’d my husband from mine arms,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father’s death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan’d,
Your widow dolours likewise be unwept!

Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints: a
Ah, for my husband, for my dear Lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear Lord Clarence!

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Queen. What stay had I, but Edward? and he’s gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he’s gone.

Dutch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Queen. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Dutch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs,
Their woes are parcell’d, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she;
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I.
Alas! you three, on me threefold distrest
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow’s nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dorf. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas’d,
That with unthankfulnes’ you take his doing.
In common worldly things *tis call’d ungrateful
With dull unwillingnes to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:

(a) —— forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being govern’d by the watry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.
Ah, for my husband ———
King Richard III.

Much more to be thus opposite with heav'n,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you like a careful mother
Of the young Prince your son; send strait for him,
Let him be crown'd, in him your comfort lives.
Drown desp'rate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Scene III.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings
and Ratcliff.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining sun:
But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see you. Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Dutch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man!
That is the butt end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out. [Aside.

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love;
Though we have spent our harvest of this King,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancor of your high-swol'n hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd and kept:
Me seemeth good, that with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetch't
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King. [Hast ?

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Marry, my Lord, left by a multitude
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;

Which
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is yet ungovern'd,
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself:
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the King made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

'Stan.' And so in me, and so I think in all.
Yet since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd;
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet 'but' few should fetch the Prince.

Haft. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that strait shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you my sister, will you go,
To give your censures in this weighty business? [Exeunt.

Manent Buckingham and Gloucester.

Buck. My Lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,
For God's fake let not us two stay at home;
For by the way, I'll fort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—my dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Tow'rd Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind. [Exeunt.

9 Riv. 1 so

SCENE
SCENE IV.

A STREET.

Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.

1 Cit. GOOD morrow, neighbour, whither away so fast?

2 Cit. I promise you I hardly know my self:

Hear you the news abroad?

1 Cit. Yes, the King is dead.

2 Cit. Ill news, by'r Lady, seldom comes a better:

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 Cit. Neighbours, God speed!

1 Cit. Give you good morrow, Sir. [death?

3 Cit. Doth the news hold of good King Edward's

2 Cit. Ay, Sir, it is too true, God help the while!

3 Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 Cit. No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 Cit. Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2 Cit. In him there is a hope of government:

Which in his non-age, counsel under him,

And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself

No doubt shall then, and 'till then govern well.

1 Cit. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth

Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old. [wot;

3 Cit. Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God

For then this land was famously enrich'd

With politic grave counsel; then the King

Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.

1 Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 Cit. Better it were they all came by his father;

Or by his father there were none at all:

For emulation, who shall now be nearest,

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

X 4

O, full
O, full of danger is the Duke of Glo'sier,
And the Queen's sons and brother's haughty, proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.
2 Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
    When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand; [cloaks;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but if God so will it,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 Cit. Truly the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
3 Cit. Before the days of change, still is it so;
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuimg danger; as by proof we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

1 Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the Justices.
2 Cit. And so was I, I'll bear you company. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The COURT.

Enter Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York,
the Queen, and the Dutchess of York.

Archb. I heard they lay the last night at Northampton,
    At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night;
To-morrow or next day they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince;
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Queen. But I hear, not; they say my son of York
Has almost overtaken him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.
Dutch. Why, my good cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk’d how I did grow
More than my brother. Ay, quoth my uncle Glo’ster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
And since, methinks I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flow’rs are flow’r, and weeds make hafte.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee.
He was the wretched’st thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

York. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dutch. I hope he is, but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember’d,
I could have giv’n my uncle’s Grace a flout
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch’d mine. [it.

Dutch. How, my young York? I pr’ythee, let me hear

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Dutch. I pr’ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse. [born.

Dutch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wait

York. If ’twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Queen. A parlous boy — go to, you are too shrewd.

Dutch. Good Madam, be not angry with a child.

Queen. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: what news?

Mef. Such news, my Lord, as grieves me to report.

Queen. How doth the Prince?

Mef. Well, Madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Mef. Lord Rivers and Lord Gray are sent to Pomsret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Dutch.
Who hath committed them?

The mighty Dukes,

Glo\'ster and Buckingham.

For what offence?

The sum of all I can I have disclos'd:

Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,

Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lady.

Ah me! I see the ruin of my house;

The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.

Infulting tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and awless throne;

Welcome, destruction, blood and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!

How many of you have mine eyes beheld?

My husband loft his life to get the crown,

And often up and down my sons were tost,

For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:

And being seat"d, and domestick broils

Clean over-blown, themselves the conquerors

Make war upon themselves, blood against blood,

Self against self: O most preposterous

And frantick outrage! end thy damned spleen,

Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.

Stay, I will go with you.

You have no cause.

My gracious Lady, go,

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace

The seal I keep; and so betide it me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours!

Go, I'll conduct you to the Sanctuary.

[Exeunt]
ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in London.

Trumpets sound. Enter Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Archbishops, with others.

BUCKINGHAM.

Welcome, sweet Prince, to London, to your a chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts Sovereign,
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle, but our croffes on the way Have made it tedious, wearisome and heavy.

I want more uncles here to welcome e.

Glo. Sweet Prince, th' untainted virtue of your years Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:

No more can you distinguish of a man, Than of his outward shew, which, God he knows, Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles which you want were dangerous: Your Grace attended to their fugar'd words, But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:

God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends, but they were none.

Glo. My Lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor.

Mayor. God blest your Grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all: thought my mother, and my brother York, Would long ere this have met us on the way.

Fie,

(a) London was antiently call'd Camera regia. Pope.
Fie, what a flug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating Lord Prince. Welcome, my Lord; what, will our mother come?

Haft. On what occasion God he knows, not I,
The Queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken Sanctuary; the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his Princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Arch. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be
Obdurate to entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of Sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless, obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional.
Weigh it but with the 'greenness of his' age,
You break not Sanctuary, in seizing him;
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place:
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This Prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it,
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there:
Oft have I heard of Sanctuary-men,
But Sanctuary-children ne'er 'till now.

z grossness of this . . . old edit. Warb. emend.
King Richard III.

Arch. My Lord, you shall o’er-rule my mind for once.

Hast. I go, my Lord. [Exeunt Archbishops and Hastings.

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

Glo. If our brother come, where shall we sojourn ’till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.

I may counsel you, some day or two our Highness shall repose you at the Tower:

then where you please, and shall be thought most fit for your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower of any place;

Did Julius Caesar build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,

which since, succeeding ages have rebuilt.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported successively from age to age he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not register’d,

ethinks the truth should live from age to age,

as ’twere retail’d to all posterity,

even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say do never live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters fame lives long.

Thus, like the formal ‘wife antiquity,’ [Aside,

I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Caesar was a famous man;

With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His wit set down to make his valour live:

Death ’made’ no conquest of this conqueror;

For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,

I'll win our antient right in France again,

Or

3 re-edify’d. 4 vice, iniquity, . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

5 makes
Or die a soldier, as I liv’d a King.

Glo. Short summer lightly has a forward spring.

Enter York, Haftings, and Archbishop.


Prince. Richard of York, how fares our noble brother?

York. Well, my dread Lord, so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours;

Too soon he dy’d that might have kept that title,

Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O my Lord,

You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:

The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my Sovereign,

But you have pow’r in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you ‘uncle then, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin, with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give,

And being a toy it is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I’ll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift? O, that’s the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then I see you’ll part but with light gifts,

In weightier things you’ll say a beggar nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.

York. ’T’d weigh it lightly were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little Lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you, as you call

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk;
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:
Because, that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Buck. With what a sharp provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself;
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.
Glo. ’My gracious Lord, will’t please you pass along?
My self and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
York. What will you go unto the Tower, my Lord?
Prince. My Lord Protector 'here' will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. 'Why, Sir, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murth’rd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my Lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings and Archbishop.

SCENE II.

Manent Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: oh, 'tis a perilous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He’s all the mother’s from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest: come, Catesby, thou art sworn

1 My Lord, 2 needs 3 Why, what
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter
To make Lord William Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble Duke
In the seat royal of this famous Isle?

Cates. He for his father's sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to ought against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?
Cates. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more than this: go, gentle Catesby,
And as it were far off sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To fit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thy self shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord William; tell him, Catesby,
His antient knot of dangerous adverfaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistref's Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.
Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
Cates. You shall, my Lord.
Glo. At Crosby-place, there you shall find us both.

[Exit Catesby]

Buck. My Lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do,
And look, when I am King, claim thou of me
Th' Earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the King, my brother, stood possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our compleots in some form.  [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Lord Hastings's House.

Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings.

Mes. MY Lord, my Lord!
Hast. Who knocks?
Mes. One from Lord Stanley.
Hast. What is't a clock?
Mes. Upon the stroak of four.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?
Mes. So it appears by what I have to say:
First, he commends him to your noble self.
Hast. What then?
Mes. Then certifies your Lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm:
Besides, he says there are two councils held,
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordship's pleasure,
If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him tow'nds the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and my self are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence:
Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance;
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond
To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the boar will use us kindly.

_Mef._ I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you say. [Exit.

_Enter Catesby._

_Cates._ Many good morrows to my noble Lord!
_Haft._ Good morrow, Catesby, you are early stirring:
What news, what news in this our tottering state?
_Cates._ It is a reeling world indeed, my Lord;
And I believe will never stand upright,
'Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
_Haft._ How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the crown?
_Cates._ Ay, my good Lord.
_Haft._ I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulder,
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
_Cates._ Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pomfret.
_Haft._ Indeed I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries;
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.
_Cates._ God keep your Lordship in that gracious mind!
_Haft._ But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll lend some packing that yet think not on't.
   Catesby. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.
   Hastings. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Gray; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I, who as thou know'lt are dear
To Princely Richard and to Buckingham.
   Catesby. The Princes both make high account of you----
For they account his head upon the bridge. [Aside.
   Hastings. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided? [Catesby
   Stan. My Lord, good-morrow; and good-morrow,
You may jeft on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.
   Hastings. My Lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now;
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
   Stan. The Lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet you see how soon the day o'er-cast;
This sudden stab of rancor I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needle's coward!
What, shall we tow'rd the Tower? the day is spent.
   Hastings. Come, come, have with you: wot ye what, my
To-day the Lords you talk of are beheaded. [Lord?
   Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my Lord, away.
Enter a Pursuivant.

_Hasf._ Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

_[Exeunt Lord Stanley and Catesby._

_Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?_  

_Purs._ The better, that your Lordship please to ask.

_Hasf._ I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,  
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet;  
Then was I going prisoner to the _Tower_,  
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies.  
But now I tell thee, keep it to thy self,  
This day those enemies are put to death,  
And I in better state than e'er I was.

_Purs._ God hold it to your honours good content!  
_Hasf._ Gramercy, fellow; there drink that for me.  
_[Throws him his purs._

_Purs._ I thank your honour.

Enter a Priest.

_Priest._ Well met, my Lord, I'm glad to see your honour.  
_Hasf._ I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart;  
I'm in your debt for your last exercise:  
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.  
_[He whips._

Enter Buckingham.

_Buck._ What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlain?  
Your friends at _Pomfret_ they do need the Priest,  
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

_Hasf._ Good faith, and when I met this holy man,  
The men you talk of came into my mind.  
What, go you tow'rd the _Tower_?  
_Buck._ I do, my Lord, but long I shall not stay;  
I shall return before your Lordship thence.

_Hasf._ Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.  
_Buck._ And supper too, altho' thou know'st it not.  
_[As he._

_Come, will you go?_  
_Hasf._ I'll wait upon your Lordship.  

_[Exeunt._

**SCENE III.**
SCENE IV.

Pomfret-Castle.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with halberds, carrying Lord Rivers, Lord Gray, and Sir Thomas Vaughan to death.

Rat. COME, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this, To-day shalt thou behold a subject die

For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Gray. God keep the Prince from all the pack of you! A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison!

Fatal and ominous to noble Peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:
And for more flander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Gray. Now Marg'ret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, You, and I,
For standing by when Richard stab'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd the Richard, curs'd the Buckingham,
Then curs'd the Hastings. O remember, God!

To hear her prayer for them, as now for us:
As for my sister and her Princely sons,
Be satisfy'd, dear God! with our true blood;
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is now expir'd.

Riv. Come, Gray; come, Vaughan; let us all embrace;
Trewel, until we meet again in heaven.        [Exeunt.
SCENE V.

The Tower.

Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Catesby, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Lovel, with others, at a table.

Hast. Now, noble Peers, the cause why we are met. Is to determine of the coronation:

In God's name speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are, and want but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?

Who is most inward with the noble Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind:

Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,

He knows no more of mine than I of yours;

Nor I of his, my Lord, than you of mine:

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well:

But for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not founded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble Lord, may name the time,

And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.

Glo. My noble Lords and cousins all, good morrow;

I have been long a sleeper; but I trust

My absence doth neglect no great design,

Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my Lord,

William Lord Hastings had pronounce'd your part,

I mean your voice for crowning of the King.
Glo. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder, His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well. My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holbourne, I saw good strawberies in your garden there; I do beseech you, send for some of them. Ely. Marry, and will, my Lord, with all my heart. [Exit Ely.

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. Catesby hath founded Hastings in our business, And finds the testy gentleman so hot, That he will lose his head ere give consent, His master’s son, as worshipfully he terms it, Shall lose the royalty of England’s throne. Buck. Withdraw your self a while, I’ll go with you. [Exeunt Gloucester and Buckingham.

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph: To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden; For I my self am not so well provided, As else I would be, were the day prolong’d

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord the Duke of Glo’ster? I have sent straitway for these strawberies. [ing; Haft. His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morn- There’s some conceit or other likes him well, When that he bids good-morrow with such spirit. I think there’s ne’er a man in Christendom Can lesser hide his love or hate than he; For by his face strait shall you know his heart. Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face, By any likelihood he shew’d to-day? Haft. Marry, that with no man here he is offended: For were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deferve, That do conspire my death with devilish plots Y 4 Of 4 sent for
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevailed
Upon my body with their hellish charms.

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this Princely presence,
To doom th'offenders, who soe'er they be:
I say, my Lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Conforted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble Lord—
Glo. If? thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of It's? thou art a traitor—
Off with his head —now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the fame.

Lovel and Catesby, look that it be done:
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.    [Exeunt.

Manent Lovel and Catesby, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream the boar did raise our helms,
But I did scorn it, and disdain to fly;
Three times to-day my foot-cloth-horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the Priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the Pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my self secure in grace and favour.
Oh, Marg'ret, Marg'ret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cates. Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be at

dinner.
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.
King Richard III.

Haft. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in th' air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Haft. Oh bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesie the fearfull'ft time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head:
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. [Exeunt.

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SCENE VI.

Continues in the Tower.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rusty Armour,
marvellous ill-favour'd.

Glo. COME, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.

Glo. Here comes the Mayor.

Enter the Lord Mayor, attended.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him——
Lord Mayor——

Glo.
Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.
Buck. Hark, a drum!
Glo. 'Some one o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent—
Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel and Catesby with Haftings's head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Catesby and Lovel.
Lovel. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Haftings.
Glo. So dear I lov'd the man that I must weep:
I took him for the plainest, harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian:
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts;
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
That, (his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife)
He liv'd from all attainder of suspicion.
Buck. Well, well, he was the covert shelter'd traitor—
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it) that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me and my good Lord of Glo'fter?
Mayor. What? had he so?
Glo. What! think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death;
But that the extrem peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our person's safety
Enforc'd us to this execution?
Mayor. Now fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.
Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your Lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meaning hath prevented;
Because, my Lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speake, and tim'rously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons:
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.
Mayor. 'Tut! my' good Lord, your Grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speake:
And do not doubt, right noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens,
With all your just proceedings in this case.
Glo. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.
Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

Exit Mayor.

[Exit Mayor.

The Mayor towards Guild-Hall hies him in all post:
There at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the baftardy of Edward's children;
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the Crown, meaning indeed his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of luft,
Which stretch unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Evn where his ranging eye, or savage heart,
Without controul, lufted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that infatiate Edward, noble York
My Princely father then had wars in France;
And by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke, my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,
Because, my Lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for my self, and so, my Lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned Bishops.

Buck. I go, and towards three or four a clock,
Look for the news that the Guild-Hall affords.

[Exit Buckingham.

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw.
Go thou to Friar Penker, bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.

[Exeunt Lovel and Catesby severally.

Now will I go to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give order, that no sort of person
Have any time recourse unto the Princes.  

[Exit.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is th' Indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I've spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me:
The precedent was full as long a doing.
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while; who is so gross

(a) A house in: Thames-street belonging to the Duke of Gloucester.

Theobald
King Richard III. 349

That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says, he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealings must be seen in thought. [Exit.

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SCENE VII.

BAYNARD's Castle.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham at several doors.

Glo. HOW now, how now, what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did, with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
The unfatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.

Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
And open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse.
And when my oratory grew toward end,
Did them that did love their country's good,
Say, God save Richard, England's royal King!

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word,
Ut like dumb statues or unbreathing stones,
St'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:

Which
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilful silence?
His answer was, the people were not used
To be spoke to except by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again:
Thus faith the Duke, thus hath the Duke infer'd,
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' th' hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cry'd, God save King Richard!
And thus I took the vantage of those few.
Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I,
This general applause and cheerful shout
Argues your wildom, and your love to Richard.
And even here brake off, and came away. [speak?]

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they, they would not
Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand; pretend some fear,
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit;
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my Lord,
For on that ground I'll build a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests:
Play the maid's part; still answer nay, and take it,

Glo. I go: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee, for my self;
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue. [Exit Glo.

Buck. Go, go up to the leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord. I dance attendance here,
I think the Duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Catesby, what says your Lord to my request?

Catesby. He doth intreat your Grace, my noble Lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day;

3 would they not
King Richard III. 351
He is within, but with two reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov’d,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my self, the Mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our gen’ral good,
Are come to have some conf’rence with his Grace.

Cates. I’ll signifie so much unto him strait. [Exit.

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward,
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of curtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines:
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England, would this virtuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Sov’reignty thereof,
But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God shield, his Grace should say us nay.

Buck. I fear he will; here Catesby comes again.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby, what says his Grace?

Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn’d thereof before:
He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heav’n, we come to him in perfect love,
And so once more return, and tell his Grace. [Exit Cates.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, ’tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.
Enter Gloucester above, between two ‘Clergymen.’

Catesby returns.

Mayor. See where his Grace stands ’tween two Clergymen.

Buck. Two props of virtue, for a Christian Prince, [the
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And see a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet! most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glo. My Lord, there needs no such apology;
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the service of my God,
Defer’d the visitation of my friends.
But leaving this, what is your Grace’s pleasure?

Buck. Ev’n that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern’d Isle.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgraceful in the city’s eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance. [Grac

Buck. You have, my Lord: would it might please yo
On our entreaties to amend your fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The supremest seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter’d office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish’d stock:
While in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country’s good,
The noble Isle doth want her proper limbs:
Her face defac’d with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder’d 2 into th’ swallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion.
Which to re-cure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as Protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another’s gain;
But as succeffively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your Empery, your own.
For this, consoled with the citizens
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your Grace.
Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
As fitteth my degree, or your condition.
For not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-ty’d ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoak of Sov’reignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
To reprove you for this suit of yours,
So feason’d with your faithful love to me,
Then on the other side I check’d my friends.
Therefore to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then in speaking, not incur the last,
Definitely thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
Immeritable, shuns your high request.
Yet, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
So much is my poverty of spirit,
Mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
On a bark to brook no mighty sea;

Vol. IV. Z

2 in the
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, were there need:
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the feat of majesty,
And make us, doubtles, happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

**Buck.** My Lord, this argues conscience in your Grace.
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For first was he contract to Lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to that vow;
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother of a many children,
A beauty-waining, and distressed widow,
Ev'n in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the Prince:
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that for reverence of some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my Lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal, true-derived course.
Mayor. Do, good my Lord, your citizens intreat you.
Buck. Refuse not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.
Cates. O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.
Glo. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty.
I do beseech you, take it not amiss,
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse it, as, in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child your brother's son;
(As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally indeed to all estates)
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our King,
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and down-fall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come, citizens, we will intreat no more. [Exeunt.
Cates. Call them again, sweet Prince, accept their suit:
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.
Glo. Will you informe me to a world of cares?
Call them again; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load.
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your meer enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof.
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.
Mayor. God bless your Grace! we see it, and will say it.

Z 2

Glo.
King Richard III.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,
Long live King Richard, England's worthy King!
All. Amen!
Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?
Glo. Ev'n when you please, for you will have it so.
Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most joyfully we take our leave.
Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.
Farewel, my cousin; farewel, gentle friends! [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter the Queen, Anne Duchess of Gloucester with:
Daughter of Clarence in her hand, the Duchess of
York, and Marquis of Dorset.

DUCHESS.

Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Glo'ster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!
Queen. Sister, well met; whither away so fast?
Anne. No farther than the Tower, and as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as your selves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Queen. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young son of York?

Lieu. Right well, dear Madam; by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The King? who's that?

Lieu. I mean the Lord Protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?

I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

Lieu. No, Madam, no, I may not leave it so:
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you Ladies one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother
And reverend looker on of two fair Queens.

Come, Madam, you must strict to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richard's royal Queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I fwoon with this dead-killing news!

Anne. Despightful tidings, O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your Grace!

Queen. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels,
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.

Go hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter-house,
Left thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Marg'ret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted Queen.

Stan.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, Madam;  
Take all the swift advantage of the time;  
You shall have letters from me to my son  
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:  
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Dutch. O ill dispersing wind of misery!  
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!  
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,  
Whose unavoidable eye is murtherous.

Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all haste was sent.  
Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.

O would to God, that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal that must round my brow,  
Were red-hot steel, to fear me to the brain!  
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,  
And die, e'er men can say, God save the Queen!

Queen. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;  
To feed my humour with thy self no harm.

Anne. No! why? when he that is my husband now,  
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's Coarse;  
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,  
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,  
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:  
O when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,  
This was my wish; be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,  
For making me, so young, so old a widow:  
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;  
And be thy wife, if any be so mad,  
More miserable by the life of thee,  
Than thou hast made me, by my dear Lord's death!  
Loe, e'er I can repeat this curse again,  
Within so small a time, my woman's heart  
Grovel grew captive to his honey words,  
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:  
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest.

For never yet one hour in his bed  
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,  
But with his tim'rous dreams was still awak'd.
King Richard III.

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick,
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.
Queen. Poor heart, adieu, I pity thy complaining.
Anne. No more than, with my foul, I mourn for yours.
Dor. Farewel, thou woeful welcome of glory!
Anne. Adieu, poor foul, that tak'ft thy leave of it!
Dutch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

[To Dorset.
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee! [To Anne.
Go thou to Sanctuary, good thoughts possessest thee!

[To the Queen.
I to my Grave, where peace and rest lye with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.
Queen. Stay; yet look back, with me, unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse! old fullen play-fellow,
For tender Princes; use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewel. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The COURT.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter Gloucester as King,
Buckingham, Catesby.

K. Rich. Stand all apart --- cousin of Buckingham----
Buck. My gracious Sovereign!

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!
K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be currant gold indeed:
Young Edward lives—think now what I would speak.
Buck. Say on, my loving Lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say I would be King.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned Liege.
K. Rich. Ha! am I a King? 'tis so ---- but Edward lives ----
Buck. True, noble Prince.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence!
That Edward still should live. True, noble Prince?
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead,
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freeze.
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die? [Lord
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, de
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve your Grace immediately. [Exit Buckingham
Cates. The King is angry; see, he gnaws his lip. [Aside
K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespectable boys; none are for me,
That look into me with consid'rate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy!
Page. My Lord.
K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?
Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whole humble means match not his haughty spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
K. Rich. What is his name?
Page. His name, my Lord, is Tyrrel.
K. Rich. I partly know the man; go call him hither.
[Exit Boy

The axe-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me unti’rd,
And stops he now for breath? well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what’s the news?
Stan. My Lord,
The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.
K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby; rumour it abroad,
That Anne my wife is sick, and like to die.
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry strait to Clarence’ daughter ---
(The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.)
Look how thou dream’st --- I say again, give out,
That Anne my Queen is sick, and like to die.
About it; for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.
I must be married to my brother’s daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glafs:
Murther her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! but I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy name Tyrrel?
Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subje&.
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious Lord.
K. Rich. Dar’st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Please you, I’d rather kill two enemies,
K. Rich. Why then thou haft it; two deep enemies,
Oes to my rest, and my sweet sleep’s disturbers,
be they that I would have thee deal upon;
Tyr. I mean those baftards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I’ll rid you from the fear of them. [Tyrrel]

Go by this token —— rise, and lend thine ear —— [Whispers]
There is no more but so —— say it is done,
And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it strait. [Exit]

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider’d in my mind
That late demand that you did found me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest; Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I hear the news, my Lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife’s son; well look to it.

Buck. My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn’d;
Th’ Earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me —— Henry the Sixth
Did prophesie, that Richmond should be King,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A King perhaps ——

Buck. My Lord, —— [time]
K. Rich. How chance the Prophet could not at that
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My Lord, your promise for the Earldom ——
K. Rich. Richmond? when I was last at Exeter,
The Mayor in courtesie shewed me the castle,
And call’d it Rouge-mont, at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My Lord, ——
K. Rich. I, what’s o’ clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promis’d me.

K. Rich. But what’s o’ clock?
King Richard III.

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that like a Jack thou keep'ft the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why then resolve me if you will or no.
K. Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein. [Exit.
Buck. Is it ev'n so? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
0, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecon, while my fearful head is on. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch-deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of!
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their deaths sad stories.
0 thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in their summer-beauty kis'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my mind:
But, oh! the Devil — there the villain stopt:
When Dighton thus told on — we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.
Hence both are gone; with conscience and remorse

They
They could not speak, and so I left them both;
To bear these tidings to the bloody King.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All health, my sovereign Lord!
K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel — am I happy in thy news?
Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.
K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?
Tyr. I did, my Lord.
K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?
Tyr. The Chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.
K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, soon after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time — but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewel 'till then.
Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]
K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close:
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage:
The sons of Edward sleep in Abram's bosom:
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Briton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown;
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My Lord!
K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in to?
Cates. Bad news, my Lord; a Morton is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welsmen,
Is in the field, and still his power encreaeth.
K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.

(a) Bishop of Ely. Pope.
Come, I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a King!
Go muster men; my council is my shield,
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in these confines fily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to;
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Marg'ret, who comes here?

Enter Duchess and Queen.

Queen. Ah my poor Princes! ah my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fixt in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation.

Q. Mar. Hover about her, say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.
Dutch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.
Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

Why
Why did’st thou sleep when such a deed was done?
Q. Mar. When holy Henry dy’d, and my sweet son,
Queen. Ah that thou would’st as soon afford a grave.
[Throwing herself down upon the ear]
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?
Q. Mar. If antient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniority;
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand,
If sorrow can admit society.
I had an Edward ’till a Richard kill’d him:
I had a husband ’till a Richard kill’d him:
Thou hadst an Edward ’till a Richard kill’d him:
Thou hadst a Richard ’till a Richard kill’d him.
Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp’st to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill’d me.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,
That foul defacer of God’s handy-work,
Thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother’s body!
Dutch. Oh Harry’s wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward, he is dead, that kill’d my Edward:
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward:

(a) — and my sweet son.
Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost;
Woe’s scene, world’s shame, grave’s due, by life usurp’d,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Reft thy unrest on England’s lawful earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.
Queen. Ah that thou would’st, &c.
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my los. 
Thy Clarence he is dead that stab’d my Edward;
And the boilders of this tragic play,
Th’ adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,
Untimely smother’d in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell’s black intelligencer,
Only reserv’d to the factor to buy souls,
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand
Insues his piteous and unpitied end.  
[geance.
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray, for ven-
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
That I may live to say, the dog is dead!
Queen. Oh! thou did’st prophesie the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottell’d spider, that foul hunch-back’d toad.
Q. Mar. I call’d thee then vain flourish of my fortune,
I call’d thee then poor shadow, painted Queen,
The presentation of but what I was;
The flatt’ring index of a direful pageant;
One heav’d on high to be hurl’d down below:
A mother only mock’d with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag
To be the aim of ev’ry dang’rous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A Queen in jeft, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
Who fues and kneels, and says, God save the Queen?
Where be the bending Peers that flatter’d thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow’d thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distrested widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being su’d to, one that humbly fues;
For Queen, a very caitiff crown’d with care;
For one that scorn’d at me, now scorn’d of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou 'now'
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoak;
From which, ev'n here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewel, York's wife, and Queen of sad mischance,
These English woes shall make me smile in France.
Queen. Ò thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days:
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad causer worse,
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Queen. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce
like mine. [Exit Margaret.

Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words?
Queen. Windy attorneys to their client-woes,
Airy succeders of Intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of mileries,
Let them have scope, th'o' what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

I hear his drum, be copious in exclains.

[Drum within.

SCENE
Enter King Richard and his Train.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Dutch. O, she that might have intercepted thee by strangling thee in her accursed womb, from all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Queen. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown? Where should be branded, if that right were right, the slaughter of the Prince that ow’d that crown, and the dire death of my poor sons and brothers? Tell me, thou villain-slave; where are my children?

Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother, and little Ned Plantagenet his son? [Clarence?

Queen. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray?


Either be patient, and intreat me fair; or with the clamorous report of war thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and your self.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition; that cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have strait for thee; God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know’st it well; thou cam’st on earth to make the earth my hell. A grievous burthen was thy birth to me, strait and wayward was thy infancy; thy school-days frightful, desp’rate, wild and furious; thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous:
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, fly and bloody.
What comfortable hour canst thou name, 
That ever graci'd me in thy company? a

K. Rich. If I be so disgraceful in your sight, 
Let me march on and not offend your Grace.

Dutch. O hear me speake, for I shall never see thee. 
K. Rich. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dutch. Either thou'lt die by God's just ordinance, 
E're from this war thou turn a conqueror; 
Or I with grief and extrem age shall perish, 
And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse; 
Which, in the day of battel, tire thee more, 
Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'st!

My prayers on the adverse party fight, 
And there the little souls of Edward's children 
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies, 
And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end: 
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [Exit.

Queen. Tho' far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse

Abides in me, I say Amen to her. [Going.

K. Rich. Stay, Madam, I must speake a word with you.

Queen. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to slaughter; for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying Nuns, not weeping Queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen. And must she die for this? O let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,
Slander my self as false to Edward's bed, 
Throw over her the veil of infamy.

So she may live unscarr'd from bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich.

(a) —— in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none but Humphry Hose, that call'd your Grace 
To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so, &c.
King Richard III.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood!
Queen. To save her life I'll say she is not so.
K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.
Queen. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.
K. Rich. No, at their births good stars were opposite,
Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.
K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.
Queen. True; when avoided grace makes destiny.
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.
K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins?
Queen. Whose hands forever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
No doubt the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the intrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame;
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I in such a desp'rate bay of death,
Like a poor bark of sails and tackling 'rest,
Ruth all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
K. Rich. Madam, to thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars;
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!
Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of heav'n,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?
Queen. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.
K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.
Queen. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou devise to any child of mine?
K. Rich. Ev'n all I have; ay, and my self and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

A a 2

Thou
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou suppos'est I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness do. [daughter,
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy
Queen. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.
K. Rich. What do you think?
Queen. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul,
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers,
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.
K. Rich. Be not so hastily to confound my meaning;
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.
Queen. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her King?
K. Rich. Ev'n he that makes her Queen, who else should
Queen. What, thou!
K. Rich. Even so; how think you of it?
Queen. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. With all my heart.
Queen. Send to her by the man that flew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her, as sometime Marg'ret
Did to thy father steept in Rutland's blood,
A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain
The purple tide from her sweet brothers bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. You mock me, Madam, this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Queen. There's no other way,
Unles thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her.
Queen. Nay then indeed she cannot chuse but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent of.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter:
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase I will beget
Mine issue of your blood, upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood:
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being King,
And by that loss your daughter is made Queen,
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity.
The King that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother:
Again shall you be mother to a King;
And all the ruins of distressful times,
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see.
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their "loan" with interest
"Of ten times" double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go,
Make bold her bashful years with your experience,
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale.
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
Of golden Sov'reignty; acquaint the Princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage-joys.
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant gaieties will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar.

Queen. What were I best to say, her father's brother
Would be her Lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the King, that may command,
intreats—

Queen. That, at her hands, which the King's King for-

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty Queen—

Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Queen. But how long shall that title ever last?


Queen. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heav'n and nature lengthen it.

Queen. As long as hell and Richard like of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her Sov'reign, am her subject now.

Queen. But she, your subject, loaths such Sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

4. love . . . old edit. Thob. emend.

Queen. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.
Queen. Plain and not honest, is too harsh a stile.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow, and too quick. (a)

Now by my George, my garter, and my crown—
Queen. Profan’d, dishonour’d, and the third usurp’d.
Queen. By nothing, for this is no oath:
The George profan’d, hath lost his holy honour,
The garter blemish’d, pawn’d his knightly virtue,
The crown usurp’d, disgrac’d his kingly glory.
If something thou would’st swear to be believ’d,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong’d.
K. Rich. Now by the world—
Queen. ’Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father’s death—
Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour’d.
K. Rich. Then by my self.
Queen. Thy self thy self misuseth.
K. Rich. Why then, by heav’n—
Queen. Heav’n’s wrong is most of all:
If thou didst fear to break an oath with heav’n,
The unity the King my husband made
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers dy’d.
If thou had’st fear’d to break an oath with heav’n,
Th’ imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac’d the tender temples of my child;
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey to worms.
K. Rich. By time to come.
Queen. That thou hast wronged in the time o’er-past:
For I my self have many tears to wash

(a) —— too shallow, and too quick.
Queen. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Two deep and dead poor infants in their grave,
Harp on it still shall I, ’till heart-strings break.
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, Madam, that is past.
Now by my George, &c.
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee,
The children live, whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age.
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it in their age.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent;
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! my self, my self confound;
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours;
Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy rest;
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding; if with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous Princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to my self and thee,
Her self, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, defolation, ruin, and decay.
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, I must call you so,
Be the attorney of my love to her;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times;
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.
Queen. Shall I forget my self to be my self?
K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong your self.
Queen. But thou didst kill my children.
K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them;
Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.
Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

(a)——— to wail it in their age.

Swear not by time to come, for that thou haft
Mis'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend, &c.
**King Richard III.**

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go, write to me shortly.  

[Exit Queen.]

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kis, and so farewell—

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

**Scene VI.**

**Enter** Ratcliff.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the western coast

Rides a puissant navy: to our shores

Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,

Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.

'Tis thought that Richmond is their Admiral:

And there they hull, expecting but the aid

Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.  


When thou com'st thither —— dull unmindful villain,

[To Catesby. Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke? Cates. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness' plea-

What from your Grace I shall deliver to him. [Sure, K. Rich. O true, good Catesby, —— bid him levy strait

The greatest strength and power he can make,


**Enter Lord Stanley.**

Stanley, what news with you?  

Stan.
King Richard III.

Stan. None good, my Liege, to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad:
Why dost thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.
K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd run-a-gate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty Sov'reign, but by guess.
K. Rich. Well, as you guess.
Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton;
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsaw'd?
Is the King dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive, but we?
And who is England's King, but great York's heir?
Then tell me, what makes him upon the sea?
Stan. Unles for that, my Liege, I cannot guess.
K. Rich. Unles for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welsh-man comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore?
Conducting safe the rebels from their ships?
Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north?
When they should serve their Sov'reign in the west?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King;
Please it your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, thou wouldst fain be gone, to join with Richmond:
But I'll not trust thee.
**King Richard III.**

Stan. Mighty Sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
Never was, nor ever will be false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster men; but leave behind
Your son George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you!

[Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Sov'reign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edmund Courtney, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confed'rates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. In Kent, my Liege, the Guilfords are in arms,
And every hour still more 'complices'
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

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Mes. My Lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham—
K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but fongs of death?

[He strikes him.

There take thou that, 'till thou bring better news.

Mes. The news I have to tell your Majesty,
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. Oh! I cry thee mercy;
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Mes. Such proclamation hath been made, my Liege.

8 competitors

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3 competitors

Enter
Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir Thomas Lovel, and Lord Marquís Dorset,
'Tis said, my Liege, in Yorkshire are in arms;
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,
The Bretagne navy is dispers’d, by tempest,
Richmond in Dorsetﬁre sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no?
Who answer’d him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party; he mistrusting them,
Hois’d fail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to ﬁght with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news; that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty pow’r landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet it must be told.

K. Rich. Away tow’rds Salisbury; while we reason here,
A royal battel might be won and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [Exeunt,

SCENE VII.

Lord Stanley’s House.

Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher Urswick.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me;
That in the Sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frankt up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George’s head;
The fear of that holds off my present aid.
So get thee gone; commend me to thy Lord.
Say too, the Queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?
Chri. At Pembroke, or at 'Hav'rford-West' in Wales.
Stan. What men of name resort to him?
Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldierr,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, and Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stan. Well, hie thee to thy Lord: I kis his hand,
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewel!

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SALISBURY.

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham with halberts led to Execution.

BUCKINGHAM.

WILL not King Richard let me speak with him?
Sher. No, good my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Gray and Rivers,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Laughan, and all that have miscarried
by underhand, corrupted, foul injustice!
if that your moody, discontented souls,
do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Ev'n for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls day, fellows, is it not?
— Sher. It is, my Lord.
— Buck. Why then All-Souls day is my body's Doomday.
This is the day, which in King Edward's time
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies.
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:
This the determin'd respite a of my wrongs.
That high All-feer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And giv'n in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms.
Thus Marg'ret's curse falls heavy on my head:
When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Marg'ret was a prophetess.
Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

SCENE II.
The Camp, near Tamworth.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with Drum and Colours.

Richm. Fellowes in arms, and my most loving friends
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.

(a) That is, the time to which the punishment for his wrongs was respited.
The wretched, bloody and usurping boar,
That spoil’d your summer-fields, and fruitful vines,
Swill’d your warm blood like wash, and made his trough
In your embowell’d bosoms; this foul swine
Eyes now ev’n in the centre of this Isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day’s march.
In God’s name cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody tryal of sharp war.
Oxf. Ev’ry man’s conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.
Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear,
Which in his greatest need will fly from him.
Richm. All for our vantage; then in God’s name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow’s wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings. [Exe.

SCENE III.

BOSWORTH FIELD.

Enter King Richard in arms, with Norfolk, Ratcliff,
and Catesby.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.

Why how now, Catesby, why look’st thou so sad?
Cates. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk!
Nor. Here, most gracious Liege.

[not?
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks: ha, must we
Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious Lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent, here will I lye to-night,
But where to-morrow?—well, all’s one for that.
Who hath descry’d the number of the traitors?

Nor.
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalion trebles that account; Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength; Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent: come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction:
Let's want no discipline, make no delay,
For, Lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Execunt]

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright tract of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard:
The Earl of Pembroke keep his regiment;
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Disire the Earl to see me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou goest;
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which well I am assure'd I have not done)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the King.
Rich. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, I'll undertake it.
Richm. Give me some ink and paper; in my tent
I'll draw the form and model of our battel,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength.
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to our tent, the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent]
Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.

K. Rich. What is't a clock?
Cates. It's supper time, my Lord, it's nine a clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night. What is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cates. It is, my Liege, and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge, take careful watch, chuse trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my Lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the Lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my Lord. [Exit.
K. Rich. Catesby!
Cates. My Lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms to Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power before sun-rising, left his son George fall into the blind cave of eternal night.
Till me a bowl of wine—give me a watch—[To Ratcliff.
Rat. My Lord?
K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumber-
Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself, much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.
K. Rich. I'm satisfies'd; give me a bowl of wine have not that alacrity of spirit nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have—there, set it down. Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my Lord.
K. Rich. Bid my guard watch, and leave me, about the mid of night come to my tent, and help to arm me. Leave me now I say. [Exit Ratcliff.

SCENE
Enter Stanley to Richmond in his Tent.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm! [afford, 
Ricbm. All comfort that the dark night can
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares it with our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the East.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battel early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to th' arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Left (being seen) thy brother tender George
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewel! the leisure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so-long-fundred friends should dwell upon.
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more adieu, be valiant, and speed well!

Ricbm. Good Lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Left leaden slumber poise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
King Richard III.

Once more, good night, kind Lords and gentlemen!

[Exeunt. Mænet Richmond.

O thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries.
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still!    [Sleeps.

SCENE IV.

Between the Tents of Richard and Richmond: They sleeping.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward Son to Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[To K. Rich.

Think how thou stab'dst me in the prime of youth
At Tewksbury; therefore despair and die!
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls

Of butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

[To Richm.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body

[To K. Rich.

By thee was punched full of deadly holes;
Think on the Tower, and me; despair and die!

Henry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die.
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror.     [To Richm.

Bb 2
Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleep; live thou and flourish!

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[To K. Rich.]
I that was wash'd to death in fulsom wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death:
To-morrow in the battel think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; despair and die!
Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster, [To Richm.]
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battel! live and flourish!

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
[To K. Rich.
Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret: despair and die!
Gray. Think upon Gray, and let thy soul despair.
[To K. Rich.

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy launce! Richard, despair and die! [To K. Rich.
All. Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day! [To Richm.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake; [To K. Rich.
And in a bloody battel end thy days:
Think on Lord Hastings; and despair and die!
Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake. [To Richm.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard, [To K. Rich.
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy Nephews souls bid thee despair and die.

Sleep
King Richard III.

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy,

[To Richm.

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live and beget a happy race of Kings.
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne his wife.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee, [To K. Rich.
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair and die!
Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep: [To Richm.
Dream of success and happy victory,
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. The first was I that help'd thee to the crown:
The last was I that felt thy tyranny. [To K. Rich.
0, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Painting despair, despairing yield thy breath!
I dy'd 2 'forestoke, a ere I could lend thee aid: [To. Richm.

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side,
And Richard fall in height of all his pride!
K. Rich. Give me another horse --- bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu --- soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience! how dost thou afflict me!

The

(1) This, as appears from history, was the case of the Duke of Buckingham: that being flopt with his army upon the banks of Severn great deluges of rain he was deserted by his soldiers, who being in that distress, half famish'd for want of victuals, and destitute of money, disbanded themselves and fled.

2 for hope, or for holpe,
King Richard III.

The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight? Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh. What? do I fear myself? there's none else by; Is there a murth'rer here? no; yes, I am. a
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues, And ev'ry tongue brings in a several tale, And ev'ry tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury in high't degree,
Murther, stern murther in the dir'ft degree,
All Several sins all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, all crying, guilty, guilty!
I shall despair: there is no creature loves me:
And if I die, no soul will pity me. b
Methought, the souls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord!
K. Rich. Who's there?
Rat. Ratcliff, my Lord. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear——
Rat. Nay, good my Lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K. Rich. By the Apostle Paul, shadows to-night

(a) — No; yes, I am:
Then fly—what, from my self? great reason: why?
Left I revenge. What? my self on my self?
I love my self. Wherefore? for any good
That I my self have done unto my self?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my self,
For hateful deeds committed by my self.
I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thy self speak well—Fool do not flatter.
My conscience hath, &c.

(b) — no soul will pity me.
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I my self
Find in my self no pity to my self,
Methought, the souls of, &c.
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers  
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.  
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me,  
Under our tents; I'll play the eaves-dropper,  
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.  

[Exeunt King Richard and Ratcliff.

SCENE V.

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!
Rich. I cry your mercy, Lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my Lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep and fairest boading dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsie head,
Have I since your departure had, my Lords.
Methought their souls whose bodies Richard murther'd,
Came to my tent, and cried out, Victory!
I promise you my heart is very jocund,
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, Lords?
Lords. Upon the stroak of four.
Richm. Why then 'tis time to arm and give direction.
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on; yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side,
The pray'rs of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks stand before our faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide:

B 4

One
King Richard III.

One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him.
A base soul alone, made precious by the soil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set:
One that hath ever been God's enemy;
Then if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers.
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
'You'll sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain:
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire.
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors.
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corps on the earth's cold face:
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt—
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets; boldly, cheerfully;
God, and Saint George! Richmond, and victory!

SCENE VI.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, and Catesby.

K. Rich. WHAT said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth; and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' th' right, and so indeed it is.

Tell the clock there---give me a Kalendar. [Clock strikes.

3 You
Who saw the sun to-day?

_Rat._ Not I, my Lord.

_K. Rich._ Then he disdains to shine; for by the book,
He should have braved the east an hour ago——
A black day it will be to some body. _Rateliff!

_Rat._ My Lord?

_K. Rich._ The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lowre upon our army——
I would these dewy tears were from the ground——
Not shine to-day? why, what is that to me
More than to _Richmond_? for the self-same heav'n
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

_Enter Norfolk._

_Nor._ Arm, arm, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

_K. Rich._ Come, hustle, hustle — caparison my horse.
Call up Lord _Stanley_, bid him bring his power;
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battel shall be ordered.
My _foreward battel shall_ be drawn in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot:
Our archers shall be placed in the midst;
John Duke of _Norfolk_, _Thomas Earl of Surrey_,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we our self will follow
In the main battel, which on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse:
This and Saint _George_ to boot. What think'st thou, _Norfolk_?

_Nor._ A good direction, warlike Sovereign.
This paper found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a scrawl.

_Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold,_

[Reads.

_For Dickson thy master is bought and sold._

_K. Rich._ A thing devised by the enemy.
So, gentlemen, go each man to his charge.
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;

4 _foreward shall_
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis’d at first to keep the strong in awe.
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to’t pell mell,
If not to heav’n, then hand in hand to hell.
What shall I say more than I have infer’d?
Remember whom you are to cope withal,
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, run-aways,
A scum of Britons, and base lackey-peasants,
Whom their o’er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest:
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would ’strain the one, detain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in ’Bretagne at his mother’s cost?
A milk-lop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold, as over shoes in snow.
Let’s whip these stragglers o’er the seas again,
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
The famish’d beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang’d themselves.
If we be conquer’d, let men conquer us,
And not those bastard-Britons, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bob’d and thump’d,
And on record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lye with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? — hark, I hear their drum:

[Drum afar off.]

Fight, gentlemen of England, fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head:
Spur you proud horses hard, and ride in blood:
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

5 restrain
6 Britain at our ... old edit. Theob. emend.
Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?

Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. 7 'Off instantly with' his son George's head.

Nor. My Lord, the enemy is past the marsh;

After the battel let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!

Upon them! Victory fits on our helms.  [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cates. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue:

The King enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring, an opposite to every danger:

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.

Rescue, fair Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cates. Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the dye:

I think there be six Richmonds in the field,

Five have I slain to-day instead of him.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!  [Exeunt.

7 Off with

Enter
Alarums. Enter King Richard and Richmond; they fight. Richard is slain.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God and your arms be prais’d, victorious friends!
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead. [thee:
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well haft thou acquit Lo, here these long usurped royalties, From the dead temples of this bloody wretch. Have I pluckt off, to grace thy brows withal. Wear it, enjoy it, and make use of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all! But tell me first, is young George Stanley living? Stan. He is, my Lord, and safe in Leicester town; Whither, if you so please, we may withdraw us.


Richm. Interm their bodies as becomes their births. Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled, That in submission will return to us. And then, as we have ta’en the sacrament, We will unite the White Rose and the Red. Smile heav’n upon this fair conjunction, That long hath frowned upon their enmity! What traitor hears me, and says not Amen? England hath long been mad; and scar’d her self; The brother blindly shed the brother’s blood, The father rashly slaughter’d his own son, The sons, compell’d, been butchers to the fire: a

O now let Richmond and Elizabeth.

(a) —— butchers to the fire:
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division.
O now let, &c.
The true successors of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosp'rous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's encrease,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say, Amen! [Exeunt.
The Life of Henry the Eighth.
The Life of

Henry

The

Eighth.
PROLOGUE.

Come no more to make you laugh; things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe;
Such noble scenes, as draw the eye to flow,
We shall present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, (and so agree,
The play may pass) if they be still and willing;
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Ridly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play;
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle bearers, know
In rank our chosen truth with such a show
A fool and frit is, (beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend)
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, as you are known
The first and happiest bearers of the town,
Sad, as we would make ye. Think 't before ye'
Be very persons of our noble story,
As they were living: think you see them great,
And follow'd with the gen'r'al throng, and sweat
Of thouand friends? Then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
Man may weep upon his wedding day.

1 ye see . . . old edit, Theob. emend.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING Henry the Eighth.
Cardinal Wolsey, his first Minister and Favourite.
Cranmer, Archbpof Canterbury.
Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Cardinal Campeius, the Pope's Legat.
Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.
Lord Abergavenny.
Bishop of Lincoln.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Walter Sands.
Cromwell, Servant first to Wolsey, afterwards to the King.
Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Catharine.
Three Gentlemen.
Dr. Butts, Physician to the King.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Porter and his Man.

Queen Catharine, first Wife to King Henry, afterward Divorc'd.
Anne Bullen, belov'd by the King, and afterwards marrit to him.
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, Woman of the Bed-Chamber to Queen Catharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb Shews. Women tending upon the Queen. Spirits which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies mostly in London, Once at Kimbold.
The LIFE of

HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antichamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door: at the other the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

BUCKINGHAM.

Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done since last we saw you in France?

Nor. I thank your Grace; healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague staid me a prisoner in my chamber, when those suns of glory, those two lights of men, met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Ghumes and Arde, I was then present, saw 'em salute on horse-back, beheld them when they lighted, how they clung in their embracement, as they grew together; which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd such a compounded one?

Cc 2

Buck.
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
'The view of earthly glory: men might say
'Till this time pomp was single, but now marry'd
To one above it self. Each following day
Became the next day's master, 'till the last
Made former wonders 'his.' To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt; the Madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and th' ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise; and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no disconer
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns,
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds, challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass, that old fabulous story
(Being now seen possible enough) got credit;
That a Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour, honesty; the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. 3 'All was royal;

(a) The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton.

2 it's.

3 Buck. ——— All was royal.
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view. The office did
Distinctly his full function. Who did, &c... old edit. Theob. emend.
King Henry VIII.

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One sure, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. Pray you, who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a sketch can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' th' beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Yet surely, Sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends.
For being not propt by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks succeffors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' crown; neither ally'd
To eminent attendants; but spider-like
Out of his self-drawn web; this gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way,
A gift that heaven gives, 'which for him buys'
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heav'n hath giv'n him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him; whence has he that?
If not from hell the devil is a niggard,
Or has giv'n all before; and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. 'But why' the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,

(a) No rudiment or beginning.

4 which buys

5 Why

Pope.
King Henry VIII.

Without the privity o'th' King t' appoint
Who should attend him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
6 'On whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to 'lay: And his own letter only
(The honourable board of council out)
Must fetch in him he a papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the leaft, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying mannors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this great vanity
But minifter communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and not consulting, broke
Into a gen'ral prophesie, that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out:
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.

No

(a) He papers, a verb; His own letter, by his own single author
and without the concurrence of the Council, must fetch in Him who
be papers down.

6 To 7 lay upon: And his own letter
Nor. Like't your Grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his pow'r. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

SCENE II.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse born before him, certain
of the guard, and two Secretaries with papers; the Card-
dinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and
Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?
Secr. Here, to please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
Secr. Ay, an't please Your Grace.
Wol. 'tis well, we shall then know more,
And Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Cardinal and his Train.

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the pow'r to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a Noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd?

C c 4

8 Well,
Ask God for temp’rance, that’s th’ appliance only
Which your disease requires.

_Buck._ I read in’s looks
Matter against me, and his eye revil’d
Me as his abject object; at this instant
He bores me with some trick, he’s gone to th’ King:
I’ll follow and out-stare him.

_Nor._ Stay, my Lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What ’tis you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow’d his way,
Self-mettle tires him: not a man in England:
Can advise me, like you: be to your self
As you would to your friend.

_Buck._ I’ll to the King,
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich-fellow’s insolence, or proclaim
There’s difference in no persons.

_Nor._ Be advis’d;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe your self. We may out-run
By violent swiftness, that which we run at;
And lose by over-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor ’till’t run o’er,
It seeming to augment it, wastes it? be
Advis’d I say again, there is no English
Soul stronger to direct you than your self,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.

_Buck._ Sir,
I’m thankful to you, and I’ll go along
By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

_Nor._
Nor. Say not, treasonous. [Strong
Buck. 'Tis a King! I'll say 't, and make my vouch as
as shore of rock — attend. This holy fox,
or wolf, or both (for he is equal rav'nous
as he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
as able to perform't) his mind and place
afflicting one another, yea, reciprocally;
only to shew his pomp, as well in France
as here at home, suggests the King our master
To this last softly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glas
'd break i' th' rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.
Buck. Pray give me favour, Sir, — this cunning Cardinal
The articles o' th' combination drew
his himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd
as he cry'd, let it be — to as much end,
as give a crutch to th' dead. But our Court-Cardinal
has done this, and 'tis well — for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam; treason) Charles the Emperor,
inder pretence to see the Queen his aunt,
for 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation:
'a fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might through their amity
reed him some prejudice; for from this league
step'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
seals with our Cardinal, and as I trow,
'Which I do well — for I am sure th' Emperor
said ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted
re it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
and pav'd with gold; the Emp'r or thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the King's course,
and break the foresaid peace. Let the King know,
As soon he shall by me) that thus the Cardinal
does buy and fell his honour as he pleases,

And
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish you were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

SCENE III.

Enter Brandon, a Serjeant at arms before him, and two
or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, Serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hertford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most Sov'reign King.

Buck. Lo you, my Lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure
You shall to th'Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'est part black. The will of heav'n
Be done in this and all things! I obey.
O my Lord Abergamny, fare ye well!

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th'Tower, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of heav'n be done, and the King's pleasure
By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord Montague, and the bodies
Of the Duke's confessour, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his 9 'chancellor.'
  Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' th' plot: no more, I hope?
  Bran. A monk o' th' Chartreux.
  Buck. 'Nicholas' Hopkins?
  Bran. He.
  Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is span'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whole figure ev'n this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. My Lord, farewel! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The Council-Chamber.

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's
shoulder; the Nobles and Sir Thomas Lovell; the Cardi-
 nal places himself under the King's feet, on his right
side.

King. My life it self, and the best heart of it, [level
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' th'
Of a full-charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's in person;
I'll hear him his confessions justifie,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise, with crying, Room for the Queen. Usho'rd by the
Duke of Norfolk, Enter the Queen, Norfolk and Suff-
folk; she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes
her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

9 counsellor. . . . old edit. Theob. emend.
1 Michael . . . old edit. Theob. emend.
King and take place by us; half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will and take it.
Queen. Thank your Majesty.
That you would love your self, and in that love
Not unconsider’d leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among ’em, which have flaw’d the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein although, [To Wolsey.
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the King our master
(Whose honour heav’n shield from soil) escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for upon these taxation,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who
Unfit for other life, compell’d by hunger.
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring th’event to th’ teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. 'How! taxation?
Wherein? and what taxation? my Lord Cardinal,
You that are blam’d for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought

2 Taxation?
Pertains to th' state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Sov’reign would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to th' load; they say,
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it, in what kind let's know
Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too vent'rous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd your wars in France. This makes bold mouths;
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; All their curses now
Live where their pray'rs did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer 3 'busines.'

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A sngle voice, and that not past me but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be

3 baseness. ... old edit. Warb. emend.
The chronicles of my doing; let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd: what worst, as oft
Hitting a groisser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act: if we stand still, in fear
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
We should take root here where we sit: or set
State-statues only.

King. Things that are done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
A trembling contribution! why, we take
From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o' th' timber;
And though we leave it with a root, thus hackt
The air will drink the sap. To ev'ry county
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission; pray look to't,
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [To the Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to ev'ry shire
Of the King's grace and pardon: The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding.

[Exit Secretary.

4 Things done

SCENE
Queen. I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many;
The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.
Yet see, when noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so 'complish'd,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with lift'ning ravish'd, could not find
His hour of speech, a minute; he, my Lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit, you shall hear,
This was his gentleman in trust, of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
To-fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate, what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, ev'ry day
It would infect his speech, that if the King
Should without issue die, he'd carry't so
To make the scepter his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please 't'you, ' note.

5 compleat, 6 your Highness.
His dangerous conception in this point:
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.
    Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
    clever all with charity.
    King. Speak on;
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak ought?
    Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain prophesie of Nicholas 'Hopkins.'
    King. What was that 'Hopkins?'
    Surv. Sir, a Chartreux Friar,
His confessor, who fed him ev'ry minute
With words of Sov'reignty.
    King. How know'st thou this?
    Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rose, within the parish
St. Lawrence Paultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I reply'd,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious
To the King's danger: presently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Who (after under the 'confession's' seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter) with 'confidence demure'
Thus pausingly ensl'd; Neither the King, nor's heirs

7 and 8 Henton ... old edit. Theob. emend.
9 commissions ... old edit. Theob. emend.
1 demure confidence
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper; bid him strive
To gain the love o’ th’ commonalty; the Duke
Shall govern England.

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke’s surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o’ th’ tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul; I say take heed;
Yes, heartily I beseech you.

King. Let him on.

Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I’ll speak but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th’ devil’s illusions
The monk might be deceiv’d, and that ‘twas dangerous
For him to ruminate on this, until
It forg’d him some design, (which, being believ’d,
It was much like to do) he answer’d, Tush,
It can do me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his last sickness fail’d,
The Cardinal’s and Sir Thomas Lovell’s heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? ah ha—

There’s mischief in this man; canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my Liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your Highness had reprov’d the Duke
About Sir William Blomer—

King. I remember
Of such a time, he being my sworn servant,
The Duke retain’d him his. But on; what hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
‘To the Tower, as I thought; I would have plaid
The part my father meant to act upon
Th’ usurper Richard, who being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in’s presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty; ‘he would

Vol. IV. Dd

1 As to the Tower, I

2 Would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom, And this man out of prison?

Queen. God mend all! [say'ft?

King. There's something more would out of thee; what

Surv. After the Duke his father with the knife,
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
Was, were he evil-us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,

To sheath his knife in us: he is attach'd,

Call him to present tryal; if he may

Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,

Let him not seek't of us: by day and night,

He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle

Men into such strange 'mimick'ries?

Sands. New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,

Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English

Have got by the last voyage, is but meery

A fit or two o'th' face, but they are shrewd ones;

For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly

Their very noses had been counsellors

To Pepin and Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands.
Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones; one would
(That never saw 'em pace before) the spavin [take it
And string-halt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my Lord,
Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too,
That sure they've worn out Christendom: how now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. 'Faith, my Lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clap'd upon the Court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talk, and tailors. [fleurs

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there; now I would pray our Mon-
To think an English Courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in France;
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works;
Abusing better men than they can be
Out of a foreign wisdom, clean renouncing
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short bolster'd breeches, and 'such' types of travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old play-fellows; there, I take it,
They may, cum privilegio, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a lofs our Ladies
Will have of these trim vanities?

Lov. Ay marry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords; the fly whoresons

Have

5 those
Have got a speeding trick to lay down Ladies:  
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.  

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad they're going;  
For sure there's no converting 'em: now, Sirs,  
An honest country Lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,  
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r Lady,  
Held currant musick too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet?  

Sands. No, my Lord,  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.  

Cham. Sir Thomas,  
Whither are you a-going?  

Lov. To the Cardinal's;  
Your Lordship is a guest too.  

Cham. O, 'tis true;  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.  

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed;  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,  
His dew falls ev'ry where.  

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;  
He had a black mouth that said other of him.  

Sands. He may, my Lord, h'as wherewithal; in him  
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine.  
Men of his way should be most liberal,  
They're set here for examples.  

Cham. True, they are so;  
But few now give so great ones: my barge stays;  
Your Lordship shall along: come, good Sir Thomas,  
We shall be late else, which I would not be;  
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford,  
This night to be comptrollers.  

Sands. I'm your Lordship's.

[Exeunt]  

S C E N E
SCENE VII.

York-House.

A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other ladies and gentlemen, as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.

Lord, a general welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here he hopes,
In all this noble bevvy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry,
As, first, good company, then good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Lovell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. You're young, Sir Harry Guilford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they refeted
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O that your Lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these.

Sands. I would I were,
They should find easie penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easie?
Sands. As easie as a down bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet Ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:

His

6 good
His Grace is entering; nay, you must not freeze:
Two women plied together make cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray sit between these Ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your Lordship. By your leave, sweet Ladies;
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too.
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He'd kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cham. 'Well said:'

So now y'are fairly seated: gentlemen,
The penance izes on you, if these fair Ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cue,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good health.

Sands. Your Grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour:
Ladies, you are not merry; gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my Lord, then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You're a merry gamester,

My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if 'I may make' my play:

Well said, my Lord:
Here's to your Ladyship, and pledge it, Madam:
For 'tis to such a thing—
Anne. You cannot shew me.
Sands. I told your Grace that they would talk anon.

[Drum and trumpets, chambers discharged.

Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of ye.
Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this? nay, Ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you're privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?
Ser. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem, have left their barge, and landed,
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign Princes.
Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue,
And pray receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[All arise, and tables removed.
You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I shou're a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter King and others as maskers, habited like
Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass
directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no les,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct

Crave
Crave leave to view these Ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace: for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[Churf Ladies, King takes Anne Bullen.

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee. [Musick. Dance.

Wol. 'Good my Lord,—'

Cham. Your Grace?

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus 'much as from' me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place than my self, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my Lord.

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then:

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You've found him, Cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly: you do well, Lord.
You are a church-man, or I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge you unhappily.

Wol. I'm glad
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee come hither, what fair Lady's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daught-
(The Viscount Rochford,) one of her Highness' women.

King. By heav'n she's a dainty one: sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [To Anne Bullen.
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

9 My Lord,—

1 much from
King Henry VIII.

II. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
1' th' privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my Lord.

Wol. Your Grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my Lord,

In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your Ladies every one: sweet partner,
Must not yet forsake you; let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinal: I have a dozen healths
To drink to these fair Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again, and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the musick 's strike.

[Execunt with Trumpets.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A STREET.

Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

1 Gentleman.

Whither away so fast?

2 Gen. O Sir, God save ye:

Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1 Gen. I'll save you

That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the pris'ner.

2 Gen. Were you there?

1 Gen. Yes indeed was I.

2 Gen. Pray speak, what has happen'd?

1 Gen. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gen. Knock it.
2 Gen. Is he found guilty?

1 Gen. Yes, truly is he, and condemn’d upon’t.

2 Gen. I’m sorry for’t.

1 Gen. So are a number more.

2 Gen. But pray how past it?

1 Gen. I’ll tell you in a little. The great Duke Came to the Bar; where to his Accusations He pleaded still not guilty, and alledge’d Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The King’s Attorney, on the contrary,

Urg’d on examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir’d

To have brought vivâ voce to his Face;

At which appear’d against him, his Surveyor,

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor, and John Car

Confessor to him, with that devil monk Spinke,

Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gen. That was he

That fed him with his prophecies.

1 Gen. The fame.

All these accus’d him strongly, which he fain Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not:

And so his Peers upon this evidence

Have found him guilty of high treason. Much He spoke, and learnedly for life; but all Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to th’ bar, to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr’d

With such an agony, he sweat extreamly,

And something spoke in choler, ill and haughty;

But he fell to himself again, and sweetly

In all the rest shew’d a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure he does not,

He never was so womanish; the cause

He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.

2 Gen. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first Kildare’s attainder,
Then Deputy of Ireland; who remov’d,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Left he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted,
And generally, who ever the King favours,
The ’Cardinal will’ find employment for,
And far enough from Court too.

2 Gen. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and o’ my conscience
With him ten fathom deep: this Duke as much
They love and doat on, call him bounteous Buckingham,
The Mirror of all courtesie.

SCENE II.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment. Tipstaffs before him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberts on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Walter Sands, and common People, &c.

1 Gen. Stay there, Sir,
And see the noble ruin’d Man you speak of.

2 Gen. Let’s stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good People,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv’d a traitor’s judgment,
And by that name must die; yet heav’n bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.

3 Cardinal instantly will
To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the Premises, but Justice:
But th'o' that fought it, I could wish more Christians;
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then, my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying;
Go with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heav'n. Lead on o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be th'o' those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall + 'mark' my grave. ---- Commend me to his Grace:
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in heav'n: my vows and pray'r's
Yet are the King's; and 'till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To th' water-side I must conduct your Grace,
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

_Buck._ Nay, Sir _Nicholas_,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord high Constable,
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor _Edward Bobun_.
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant; I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, _Henry of Buckingham_,
Who first rais'd head against usurping _Richard_,
Flying for succour to his servant _Banister_,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
_Henry_ the Sev'nth succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal Prince
Restor'd to me my honours; and from ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
_Henry_ the Eighth, name, honour, life, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd.
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heav'n has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people
Pray for me! I must leave ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me:
Farewell; and when you would say something sad,
Speak how I fell --- I've done; and God forgive me!

1 Gen. O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 Gen. If the Duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 Gen. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 Gen. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gen. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 Gen. I am confident;
You shall, Sir; did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the King and Cath'rine?

1 Gen. 'But it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor 'ttrait
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 Gen. But that fander, Sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
 Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
 The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
 Or some about him near, have out of malice
 To the good Queen poise'd him with a scruple
 That will undo her: to confirm this too,
 Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
 As all think, for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the Cardinal;
And meerly to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
'Th' Arch-bishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. Yes, but
I think you've hit the mark; but is't not cruel, that she should feel the smart of this? the Cardinal will have his will, and she must fall.

'Tis woful. We are too open here to argue this: Let's think in private more.

[Exeunt.

**SCENE III.**

*An Antichamber in the Palace.*

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

My Lord, the horses your Lordship sent for, with all the care I had I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power took 'em from me, with this reason; his master would be few'd before a subject, if not before the King, which stopp'd our mouths, Sir.

I fear he will indeed; well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

**Enter to the Lord Chamberlain the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.**

*Nor.* Well met, 'my good Lord' Chamberlain.

*Cham.* Good day to both your Graces!

*Suf.* How is the King employ'd?

*Cham.* I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Nor.* What's the cause?

*Cham.* It seems the marriage with his brother's wife has crept too near his conscience.

*Suf.* No, his conscience

& my Lord
Has crept too near another Lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;

This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal:
That blind Priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lift. The King will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do; he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business.

And with what zeal! for now he has crackt the league
'Tween us and th'Emperor, the Queen's great nephew,
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despair, and all these for his marriage;
And out of all these to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce, a loss of her
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her luster;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King; and is not this course pious? [true,

Cham. Heav'n keep me from such counsel! 'tis most

These news are ev'ry where, ev'ry tongue speaks 'em,
And ev'ry true heart weeps for't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The French King's sister. Heav'n will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold, bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From Princes into Pages; all mens honours
Lye like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what 'pinch' he please.

Suf. For me, my Lords,

I love him not, nor fear him, there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please: his curses and his blessings

[7 pitch...Old edit. Warb. emend.]
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And with some other business put the King
From these sad thoughts that work too much upon him;
My Lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me,
The King hath sent me other-where; besides
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your Lordships! [Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and
reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure he is much afflicted.

King. Who is there? ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry. [selfe

King. Who's there, I say? how dare you thrust your
into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way,
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I'll make you know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Pope's Legat, with
a Commission.

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for the King. You're welcome,
Most learned rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it; my good Lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot:

Vol. IV.  E e  I would.
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busie; go. [To Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. This Priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. [Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.

Wol. Your Grace has giv'n a precedent of wisdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The tryal just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One gen'ral tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned Priest, Cardinal Campeius,
Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome;
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers loves,
You are so noble: to your Highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The Court of Rome commanding) you, my Lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men: the Queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your Majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her what
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King.
King. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee call Gardiner to me, my new Secretary,
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to
you;
You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [Walks and whispers.

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Ev'n of your self, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envy'd him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him
That he ran mad and dy'd.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him!
That's christ'ian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen.

[Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receit of learning, is Black-Fryars:
There ye shall meet about this weighty busines:
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave

E e 2

So
So sweet a bedfellow? but conscience, conscience——
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

An Antichamber of the Queen's Apartment.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. NOT for that neither——— here's the pang that pinches.
His Highness liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a Lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing: oh, now, after
So many courses of the sun, enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,
The which to leave's a thousand-fold more bitter
Than sweet at first t'acquire, after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. In God's will, better
She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal,
Yet if that 'quarr'ler' fortune do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a suff'rance panging
As soul and body's fev'ring.

Old L. Ah poor Lady,
She's stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her; verily
I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L.

3 quarrel, or quar'ilous . . . old edit. Warb. emend.
King Henry VIII.

Old. L. Our content
Is our best Having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Beshrew me I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrite;
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say truth, are blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft a cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth! ---

Old L. Yes, troth and troth; you would not be a

Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav'n. [me,

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire
Old as I am, to queen it; but I pray you,
What think you of a Dutchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How do you talk!
I swear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith for little England
You'd venture an embalning: I my self
Would for Carnarvonshire, though there belong'd
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

(a) Cheveril, kid leather.
Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, Ladies; what were't worth to
The secret of your confinement? [know
Anne. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessing:
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair Lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high? 'note is'
Ta'en of your many virtues; the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all, is nothing: for my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than vanities; yet pray'r's and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your Lordship
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t'approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you. ---- I've perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
[Aside.
That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,
But from this Lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle? I'll to the King,
And say I spoke with you. [Exit Chamberlain.
Anne.
Anne. My honour'd Lord.

Old L. Why this it is: see, see,
I have been begging sixteen years in Court
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: And you, oh fate!
A very fresh fish here, (sies) fie upon
This compell'd fortune) have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once ('tis an old story)
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt; have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er-mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a Duchess. Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good Lady,
Make your self mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.
The Queen is comfortles, and we forgetful
In our long absence; pray do not deliver
What here y'ave heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me? [Exeunt.}

E e 4 SCENE
SCENE VI.

Black-Fryars.

Trumpets, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them two Scribes in the habits of Doctors; after them, the Bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and the Cardinal’s hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-usher bare headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at arms, bearing a mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court in manner of a consistory: below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wcl. Why our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What’s the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides th’ authority allow’d.
You may then spare that time.

Wcl. Be’t so; proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.


King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Catharine Queen of England,

Come into the court.

Cryer. Catharine, Queen of England, &c.
[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks:]

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indiff'rent, and no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire?
Or made it not mine too? which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, 'gave not notice'
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you. If in the course
And proceeds of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour ought,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person; in God's name
Turn me away; and let the foul'ft contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'ft kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
The King your father was reputed for
A Prince most prudent, of an excellent

And

'gave notice
And unmatch'd wit and judgment. Ferdinand
My father, King of Spain, was reck'n'd one
The wisest Prince that there had reign'd, by many
A year before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,
Sir, I beseech you, spare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore. If not, I'm name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, Lady,
(And of your choice) these rev'rend fathers, men
Of singular integrity and learning:
Yea, the elect o' th' land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless
That longer you defer the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectifie
What is unsettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace
Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, Madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal,

To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, Madam.

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a King, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet——

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge:
You shall not be my judge. For it is you

Have.
Have blown this coal betwixt my Lord and me,
Which God’s dew quench! therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
You speak not like your self, who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display’d th’ effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O’er-topping woman’s power. Madam, you wrong me.
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you, or any; how far I’ve proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.
The King is present; if’t be known to him
That I gainfay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falshood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you. The which before
His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking,
And say no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord, I am
A simple woman, much too weak t’ oppose
Your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth’d;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cram’d with arrogance, with spleen and pride.
You have by fortune and his Highness’ favours
Gone slightly o’er low steps, and now are mounted
Where pow’rs are your retainers; and your words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as’t please

Your
Your self pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[She curtesies to the King, and offers to depart.

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t'acuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by 't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Cryer. Catharine, Queen of England, come into the
Usber. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you, keep your
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience—pray pass on;
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts. [Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.

SCENE VII.

King. Go thy ways, Kate;
That man i'th' world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness faint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, could but speak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born;
And like her true nobility, she has
Carried her self to'hrs me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing,
Of all these ears (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd, although not there
'Atton'd, ' and fully satisfy'd) if I
Did broach this business to your Highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't; or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal Lady, 'spoke' one the least word,
That might be prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't: you are not to be taught,
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so; but, like the village curs,
Bark when their fellows do. By some of these
The Queen is put in anger; y're excus'd:
But will you be more justify'd? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred
The passages made tow'rs it: on my honour,
I speak, my good Lord Cardinal, to this point;
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't.
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By th' Bishop of Bayon, then French ambassadour,
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I'th' progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean the Bishop) did require a reprieve,
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise,
Whether our daughter were legitimate;
Respecting this our marriage with the Dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This reprieve shook

2 At once, ... old edit. Warb. emend. 3 spake
King Henry VIII.

The "bottom" of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power; and made to tremble
The region of my breast, which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng
And prest in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heav'n, which had
Commanded nature, that my Lady's womb
(If it conceiv'd a male-child by me) should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male-issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom
Well worthy the best heir o'th' world should not
Be glad in one by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail, and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe: thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Towards this remedy, whereon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, (which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well)
By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reel,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my Liege.

King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd your self to say
How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. P lease your Highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread; that I committed
The daring'ft counsel which I had, to doubt:
And did intreat your Highness to this course

Which
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons: unfollicited
I left no rev'rend person in this court,
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals. Therefore go on;
For no dislike i'th' world against the person
Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
(Catherine our Queen) before the primest creature
That's paragon o'th' world.

Cam. So please your Highness,
The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court to further day;
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal.
Sh' intends to his Holiness.

King. I may perceive
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
'The dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return; with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on.

[Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

5 This

ACT
ACT III. SCENE I.

The Queen's Apartment.

Enter Queen and her Women, as at work.

QUEEN.

Take thy lute, wench, my soul grows sad with troubles:
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leave working.

SONG:

Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,
    And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his musick, plants and flowers
Ever rose, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.
Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?
Gent. An't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.
Queen. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.
Queen. Pray their Graces
To come near; what can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall’n from favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on’t,
They should be good men, their Affairs are righteous,
But all hoods make not monks.

**Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.**

**Wol.** Peace to your Highness!

**Queen.** Your Graces find me here part of a house-wife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, rev’rend Lords?

**Wol.** May’t please you, noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber; we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

**Queen.** Speak it here.

There’s nothing I have done yet, o’ my conscience,
Deserves a corner; would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do?
My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try’d by ev’ry tongue, ev’ry eye saw ’em,
Envy and base opinion set against ’em;
I know my life so even. If your business
Do seek me out, and that way I am wise in;
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

**Wol.** Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Sere-
nissima,

**Queen.** Good my Lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv’d in.
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious:
Pray speak in English; here are some will thank you
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress’ sake.
Believe me she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing’st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv’d in English.

**Wol.** Noble Lady,
I’m sorry my integrity should breed.

**Vol. IV.**

(And
(And service to his Majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good Lady: but to know
How you stand-minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you? and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal, and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting like a good man your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace
His service and his counsel.——

Queen. To betray me.
My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, pray God ye prove so.
But how to make ye suddenly an answer
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness) good your Graces,
Let me have time and council for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless. [fears;

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with those
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit: can you think, Lords,
That any English man dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend 'gainst his Highness' pleasure,
Though
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,
And live a subject? nay forsooth, my friends
They, that must weigh out my affections,
They, that my truth must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence
In mine own country, Lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
Would leave your Griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection;
He's loving and most gracious. 'Tw'll be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause:
For if the tryal of the law o'er-take ye,
You'll part away disgrace'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heav'n is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend Cardinal virtues;
But Cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend 'em for shame, my Lords: is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity. But say I warn'd ye;
Take heed, take heed for heav'n's sake, left at once
The burthen of my forrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a meer distraction,
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would you have me
(If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing, but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?

Alas,
452 King Henry VIII.

Alas, h'as banish'd me his bed already,
His love too, long ago. I'm old, my Lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only by obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse, like this?

Cam. Your fears are worse——

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak my self,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I, with all my full affections
Still met the King? lov'd him next heav'n, obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, Lords.

Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My Lord, I dare not make my self so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your matter wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray hear me——

Queen. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.
What shall become of me now! wretched Lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[To her Women.

Ship-wreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!
Almost no grave allow'd me! like the lilly,
'That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,

I'll
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good Lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodnels' sake consider what you do,
How you may hurt your self, nay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of Princes kifs obedience,
So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; pray think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so: you wrong your virtues
With these weak womens fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves you;
Beware you lose't not; for us (if you please
To trust us in your business) we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service. [me,

Queen. Do what you will, my Lords; and pray forgive
If I have us'd my self unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his Majesty.
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs,
That little thought when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities to dear. [Exeunt.
SCENE II.

An Antichamber to the King's Apartment.


Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints, And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal Cannot stand under them. If you omit The offer of this time, I cannot promise But that you shall sustain more new disgraces, With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful To meet the least occasion that may give me Remembrance of my father-in-law the Duke, To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peers Have uncontemned gone by him, not at least Strangely neglected? when did he regard The stamp of nobleness in any person, Out of himself?

Cham. My Lords, you speak your pleasures; What he deserves of you and me, I know: What we can do to him (though now the time Give way to us) I much fear. If you cannot Bar his access to th' King, never attempt Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not, His spell in that is out; the King hath found Matter against him that for ever mars The honey of his language. No, he's settied, Not to come off in his most high displeasure.

6 or ? of ... old edit. Warb. emend.
Sur. I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.
Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish my enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Sur. Most strangely.
Sur. How?
Sur. The Cardinal’s letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th’ eye o’ th’ King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holiness
To stay the judgment o’ th’ divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen’s, Lady Anne Bullen.
Sur. Has the King this?
Sur. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient’s death; the King already
Hath married the fair Lady.
Sur. Would he had!
Sur. May you be happy in your wish, my Lord,
For I profess you have it.
Sur. Now all joy
Trace the conjunction!
Sur. My Amen to’t!
Nor. All men’s!
Sur. There’s order given for her coronation:
Marry this is but young, and may be left
To some ears unaccounted. But, my Lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature; I persuadme, from her
Will
King Henry VIII.

Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz’d.

Sur. But will the King
Digest this letter of the Cardinal’s?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no:
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal
Campeius 8 ’stoln’ to Rome, has ta’en no leave,
Hath left the cause o’ th’ King unhandled, and
Is posted as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry’d ha! at this.

Cham. Now God incense him;
And let him cry ha, louder!

Nor. But, my Lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return’d with his opinions, which
Have satisfy’d the King for his divorce,
Gather’d from all the famous colleges
Almost in Christendom; soon, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish’d, and
Her coronation. Catharine no more
Shall be call’d Queen, but Princess dowager,
8 ’As’ widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This fame Cranmer’s
A worthy fellow, and hath ta’en much pain
In the King’s business.

Suf. He has, and we shall see him
For it an Archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. ’Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinal.

Nor. Observe, observe, he’s moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave it you the King?
  Crom. To his own hand, in's bed-chamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper?
  Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. 'And you' he bad
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
  Crom. I think by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while. [Exit Cromwell.]
It shall be to the Dutchess of Alenson,
  [Aside.]
The French King's sister; he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! — no, I'll no Anne Bullens for him,—
There's more in't ' than a fair vifage — Bullen! —
No, we'll no Bullens — speedily I wish
To hear from Rome — The Marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice! [daughter!]
  Wol. [Aside.] The late Queen's gentlewoman, a Knight's
To be her mistress's mistress! the Queen's Queen! —
This candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,
Then out it goes — what though I know her virtuous
And well-defering? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause: — that she should lye i' th' bosom of
Our hard-rul'd King! — again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one,
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He's vex'd at something.

SCENE


Enter King reading a schedule, and Lovell.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string
The master-cord of's heart!

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how i' th' name of thrift
Does he rake this together! Now, my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lips and starts,
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; 'tis trait
Springs out into fast gate, then stops again,
 Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts
His eye against the moon; in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience put unwittingly?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing;
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which
I find at such a proud rate, it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heav'n's will,
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
'To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still

Dwell
Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
His serous considering.

[He takes his seat, whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.

Wol. Heav’n forgive me——

Ever God bless your Highness——

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of heav’nly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o’er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit; sure in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time;
A time to think upon the part of business
I bear i’th’ state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King. ’Tis well said again,
And ’tis a kind of good deed to say well,
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov’d you,
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office
I’ve kept you next my heart, have not alone
Imply’d you where high profits might come home,
But par’d my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean? [Aside.

Sur. The Lord increase this business! [Aside.

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And if you may confess it, say withal
If you are bound to us, or no? what say you?

Wol. My Sovereign, I confess your royal graces
Show'd on me daily have been more than could
My studied purposes require; 'they' went
Beyond all man's ambition. My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fill'd with my abilities: mine own
Ends have been such that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state: For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heav'n for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd:
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated; the honour of it
Does pay the act of it, 'o' th' contrary
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my pow'r rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I profess,
That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be:
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,

3 which 4. endeavour. 5 ish?
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken;
Take notice, Lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this,

[Giving him papers.
And after this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you may.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey, the
Nobles throng after him whispering and smiling.

SCENE IV.

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:
I fear, the story of his anger — 'tis so —
This paper has undone me — 'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
And see my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by. What crofs devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the King? is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly, yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spight of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this — To the Pope?
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then farewell;
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatnes,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall

Like
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

SCENE V.

Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the
Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal, who com-
mands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine your self
To Ather-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
'Till you hear further from his Highness.

Wol. Stay:
Where's your commission, Lords? words cannot carry
Authority to mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. 'Till I find more than his will, or words to it,
I mean your malice, know, officious Lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are molded — Envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace
As if it fed ye, and how sleek and wanton
Y' appear in every thing may bring my ruin.
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have a christian warrant for 'em, and
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the King
(Mine and your Master) with his own hand gave me;
Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it?

Suf. The King that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

6 'Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud Lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me Deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour; from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'lt him:
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I i'th' way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a founder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you, thou should'lt feel
My sword i'th' life-blood of thee else. My Lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? if we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewel nobility, let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.
Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur.
Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land’s wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Card’nal, by extortion:
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to th’ Pope, against the King; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you’re truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis’d nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I’ll startle you
Worse than the facring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.
Wol. How much methinks I could despise this man,
But that I’m bound in charity against it!
Nor. Those articles, my Lord, are in th’ King’s hand:
But thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the King knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can, blush, and cry Guilty, Cardinal,
You’ll shew a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, Sir,
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a Nobleman want manners.
Sur. I’d rather want those than my head; have at you.
First, that without the King’s assent or knowledge
You wrought to be a Legat, by which power
You maim’d the jurisdiction of all Bishops.
Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign Princes, Ego & Rex meus
Was still inscrib’d; in which you brought the King
To be your servant.
Suf. That without the knowledge
Either of King or council, when you went
Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item. You sent a large commission
To Gregory de Caffalis, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the State's allowance,
A league between his Highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That out of mere ambition you have made
Your holy hat be stamp'd on the King's coin.

Sur. That you have sent innumerable 7 'sums,'
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to th' mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,
Pres not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lye open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.


Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late
By your pow'r legatine within this kingdom,
Fall in the compass of a Praemunire,
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
And 8 'chattels' whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,

Vol. IV. G g

7 substance,
8 castles. . . old edit. Theob. emend.
The King shall know it, and no doubt shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[Exeunt all but Wolsey.]

SCENE VI.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me!
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easie man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory:
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world! I hate ye,
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on Princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of Princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, standing amaz'd.

Why, how now, Cromwell?
Crom. I have no pow'r to speak, Sir.
Wol. What, amaz'd?
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder

A great
King Henry VIII.

A great man should decline? nay, if You weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know my self now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n.

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use
of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
T' endure more miseries, and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden —
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans tears wept on him!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,

G g 2

This
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to chappel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down
O Cromwell,
The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy Lord and master. Seek the King,
(That sun I pray may never set) I've told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord.
The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard: say then I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in:
A sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.
Mark but my fall and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
("Tho' th' image of his maker) hope to win by't?
Love thy self last, cherish 'ev'n th' hearts that hate thee.
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;
And pr'ythee lead me in——
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to heav'n, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, have patience!
Wol. So I have. Farewel.
The hopes of court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell.

[Exeunt.]
ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 GENTLEMAN.

You're well met once again.

2 Gen. And so are you.

1 Gen. You come to take your stand here, and behold The Lady Anne pass from her coronation.

2 Gen. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter, The Duke of Buckingham came from his tryal.

1 Gen. 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow, This, general joy.

2 Gen. 'Tis well; the citizens I'm sure have shewn at full their loyal minds, And let 'em have their 'right,' they're ever forward In celebration of 'these days' with shews, Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 Gen. Never greater,

Nor I'll assure you better taken, Sir.

2 Gen. May I be bold to ask what that contains, The paper in your hands?

1 Gen. Yes, 'tis the list Of those that claim their offices this day, By custom of the coronation. The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims To be High Steward; next the Duke of Norfolk, To be Earl Marshal; you may read the rest. [customs,

2 Gen. I thank you, Sir; had I not known those I should

3 rights, 4 this day
I should have been beholden to your paper.  
But I beseech you what's become of Catharine  
The Princeps Dowager? how goes her business?  

1 Gen. That I can tell you too; the Arch-bishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles  
From Ampthill, where the Princeps lay; to which  
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:  
And to be short, for not appearance and  
The King's late scruple, by the main assent  
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd;  
And the late marriage made of none effect:  
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,  
Where she remains now sick.  

2 Gen. Alas good Lady! ———  
The trumpets sound; stand close, the Queen is coming.  

[Hautboys.]

The Order of the Coronation.

1. 

A lively flourish of trumpets.

2. Then two Judges.

3. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.


[Musick.  

5. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter in  
his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.

6. Marquesse of Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his  
head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of  
Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd  
with an Earl's coronet. Collars of S S.

7. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of state, his coronet on his  
head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward.  
With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of Mar-  
shalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of S S.

Gg 4  

S. A
8. A canopy born by four of the Cinque-Ports, under it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her the Bishops of London and Winchester.

9. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen’s train.

10. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

They pass over the stage in order and state, and then Exeunt, with a great flourish of Trumpets.

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me; these I know; Who’s that who bears the scepter?

1 Gen. Marquess Dorset.

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. ‘The next’ should be the Duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen. ’Tis the same: High Steward.

2 Gen. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heav’n bless thee!

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look’d on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our King has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that Lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gen. They that bear
The cloth of state above her, are four Barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 Gen. Those men are happy, so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble Lady, ‘Duchesses’ of Norfolk.

1 Gen. It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 Gen. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.

1 Gen. No more of that.

Enter

5 That 6 the Duchess
God save you, Sir. 7 'Say where' have you been broiling?

3 Gen. Among the crowd i' th' Abby, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; 8 'and I am' stifled,
With the meer rankness of their joy.

2 Gen. You saw
The ceremony?

3 Gen. 9 'I did so.'
1 Gen. How was it?

3 Gen. Well worth the seeing.
2 Gen. Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 Gen. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of Lords and Ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man; which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the throstles make at sea in a stifl tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press
And make 'it' reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, This is my wife, there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 Gen. But pray what follow'd?

3 Gen. At length her Grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd, and saint-like
Casta her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly.

Then

7 Where 8 I am 9 I did. 1 'em
Then rose again, and bow’d her to the people:
When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury
Sh’ad all the royal makings of a Queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor’s crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform’d, the choir
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
Together fung Te Deum. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac’d back again
To York-Place, where the feast is held.

1 Gen. You must no more call it York-Place, that’s past.
For since the Cardinal fell, that title’s loft,
’Tis now the King’s, and call’d Whitehall.

3 Gen. I know it:
But ’tis so lately alter’d, the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 Gen. What two reverend Bishops
Were those, that went on each side of the Queen?

3 Gen. Stokely and Gardiner, the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr’d from the King’s Secretary:
The other, London.

2 Gen. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of th’ Arch-bishop,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 Gen. All the land knows that:
However yet there’s no great breach; when’t comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 Gen. Who may that be, I pray you?

3 Gen. Thomas Cromwell,
A man in much esteem with th’ King, and truly
A worthy friend. The King has made him master
O’ th’ jewel-house, ‘and one o’ th’ privy-council.

2 Gen. He will deserve more.

3 Gen. Yes; without all doubt.
Come, Gentlemen, you shall both go my way,
Which is to th’ Court, and there shall be my guests:

Some-
King Henry VIII.

Something I can command; as I walk thither
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, Sir.  

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Changes to Kimbolton.

Enter Catharine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith her
Gentleman Usher, and Patience her Woman.

Grif. HOW does your Grace?

Cath. O Griffith, sick to death:
My legs like loaded branches bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: reach a chair—
So—now methinks I feel a little eafe.  

[Sitting down.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'ft me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolfey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd.
If well, he stept before me happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easie roads he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the Abby, where the rev'rend Abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words. O father Abbot,
An old man broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu’d him still, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heav’n, and slept in peace.

Cath. So may he rest, his faults lie bury’d with him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity; he was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with Princes: one that by suggestion
3 ’Tyth’d all the kingdom; simony was fair play:
His own opinion was his law. I’ th’ Presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The Clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam,
Men’s evil manners live in brass, their virtues
We write in water. May it please your Highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Cath. Yes, good Griffith,
I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion’d to much honour from his cradle:
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one:
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and four to them that lov’d him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.

And

3 Ty’d
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely; Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not 'till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Cath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou haft made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!

Patience, be near me still, and set me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell; whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Musick.

Griff. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vison. Enter solemnly one after another, six personages
clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of
bays, and golden vizards on their faces, branches of bays
or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then
dance; and at certain changes the first two hold a spare
garland over her head, at which the other four make
reverend
reverend curtseys. Then the two that held the garland
deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the
same order in their changes, and holding the garland over
her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to
the last two, who likewise observe the same order. At
which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep
signs of rejoicing, and holdest up her hands to heaven.
And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland
with them. The musick continues.

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we're here.
Cath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None, Madam.
Cath. No? saw you not ev'n now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall
Affredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, Madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Cath. Bid the musick leave,
'Tis harsh and heavy to me. [Musick ceases.
Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? observe her eyes.
Grif. She's going, wench. Pray, pray,
Pat. Heav'n comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your Grace
Cath. You are a fawcy fellow,
Deserve we no more rev’rence?

Grif. You’re to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mei. I humbly do intreat your Highness’ pardon:
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman sent from the King to see you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, Griffith. But this fellow
Let me ne’er see again. [Exit Messenger.

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be Lord ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Cath. O my Lord,
The times and titles now are alter’d strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
First mine own service to your Grace, the next
The King’s request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his Princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Cath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
’Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle physick giv’n in time had cur’d me;
But now I’m past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Cath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name be
Banish’d the kingdom! Patience, is that letter
I caus’d you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.
Catb. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.
Cap. Most willingly, Madam.
Catb. In which I have commended to his goodnes
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,
(The dews of heav’n fall thick in blessings on her!)
Beseching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She’s young, and of a noble modest nature,
I hope she will deserve well) and a little
To love her for her mother’s sake, that lov’d him
Heav’n knows how dearly! my next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow’d both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie) but well it deserves,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble:
And sure those men are happy that shall have ’em.
The last is for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw ’em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid ’em,
And something over to remember me.
If heav’n had pleas’d to’ve giv’n me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents. And, good my Lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you with christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people’s friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.
Cap. By heav’n I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man.
Catb. I thank you, honest Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness;
And tell him, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blest him,
For so I will — mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,
My Lord — Griffith, farewel — nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed —
Call in more women — When I'm dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour, strew me over
With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although un-queen'd, yet like
A Queen and daughter to a King, interr me.
I can no more — [Exeunt, leading Catharine.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch
before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

GARDINER.

'Tis one a clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas, left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard.
Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell; what's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: And if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk
(As they say spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I love you:
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this word, the Queen's in labour,
They say in great extremity, 'tis fear'd
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the flock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grub'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and (sweet Lady) does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir ——
Hear me, Sir Thomas —— you're a gentleman
Of mine own way, I know you wise, religious,
And let me tell you it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
'Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'th' kingdom; as for Cromwell,
Besides that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O'th' Rolls, and the King's Secretary. Further,
Stands in the gap and trade for more preferments,
With which the time will load him. The Arch-bishop
Is the King's hand, and tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
King Henry VIII.

To speak my mind of him; indeed ‘this very day.’
(Sir, I may tell it you,) I think I have
Incens’d the Lords o’ th’ council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch-heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land; with which they mov’d
Have broken with the King, who hath so far
Giv’n ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, he hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council board
He be convented. He’s a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas!

Lor. Many good nights, my Lord! I rest your servant.

[Exeunt severally.

Scene II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night,
My mind’s not on’t, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles,
Nor shall not when my fancy’s on my play.

Enter Lovell.

Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message, who return’d her thanks
In greatest humbleness, and begg’d your Highness

Most 6 this day.
King Henry VIII.

Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'lt thou! ha!

To pray for her! what! is she crying out?

Love. So said her woman, and that her suff'rance made

Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good Lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and

With gentle travel, to the gladding of

Your Highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;

Pr'ythee to bed, and in thy prayers remember

Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone,

For I must think of that which company

Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highness

A quiet night, and my good mistres shall

Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, a good night: [Exit Suffolk.

Well, Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Arch-bishop,

As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury! —

Denny. Yea, my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true —— where is he, Denny?

Denny. He attends your Highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. [Exit Denny.

Love. This is about that which the Bishop spake,

I am happily come hither. [Aside.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lovell seemeth to stay.

Ha!—— I have said —— be gone!

[Exeunt Lovell and Denny.
Cran. 'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my Lord? you do desire to know Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty T' attend your Highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you rise, My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury:
Come, you and I must walk a turn together: I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good Lord, I grieve at what I speak, And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late Heard many grievous, I do say, my Lord, Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd, Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall This morning come before us, where I know You cannot with such freedom purge your self, But that 'till further tryal, in those charges Which will require your answer, you must take Your patience to you, and be well contented To make your house our Tower; you a brother of us, It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff And corn shall fly asunder. For I know There's none stands under more calumnious tongues Than I my self, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury; Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up,

Pr'ythee
Pr'ythee let's walk. Now, by my holy Dame,
What manner of man are you? my Lord, I look'd
You would have giv'n me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Your self and your accusers, and have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fall, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole world?
Your foes are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o'th' question carries
The due o'th' verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you! such things have been done.
You're potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. W'en you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, while here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? go to, go to,
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence! or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to:
Keep comfort to you, and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you;
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use; and with what vehemency

'T occa...
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this King:
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted, and a foul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. 'He has strangled

[Exit Cranmer.

All language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. within. Come back; what mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say ay, and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege;
And of a lovely boy; the God of heav'n
Both now and ever bless her! ---- 'tis a girl
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell!

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.

[Exit King.

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll

H h 4

8 He has strangled all his language
Have more, or else unsay’t: now, while ’tis hot, 
I’ll put it to the issue. [Exit Lady.

SCENE IV.

Before the Council-Chamber.

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I hope I’m not too late, and yet the gentleman 
That was sent to me from the council, pray’d me 
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? hoa? 
Who waits there; sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord; 
But yet I cannot help you. 
Cran. Why?
Keep. Your Grace must wait ’till you be call’d for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.
Butts. This is a piece of malice: I am glad 
I came this way so happily. ’The King 
Shall understand it presently. [Exit Butts.
Cran. ’Tis Butts:
The King’s physician; as he past along, 
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me! 
Pray heav’n he found not my disgrace: for certain 
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me, 
(God turn their hearts, I never fought their malice) 
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me 
Wait else at door: a fellow-counsellor 
’Mong boys and grooms and lackeys! but their pleasures 
Must be fulfill’d, and I attend with patience.

Enter
Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight—
King. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a day.
King. Body o' me: where is it?
Butts. There, my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Who holds his state at door 'mongst purveyants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'tis he indeed.
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I thought
They'd parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place and so near our favour
To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close.
We shall hear more anon.—

S C E N E V.

The Council.

A council table brought in with chairs and stools, and placed
under the state. Enter Lord-Chancellor, places himself
at the upper end of the table, on the left hand: A seat
being left void above him, as for the Arch-bishop of Can-
terbury. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey,
Lord-Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in or-
der on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as Secre-
tary.

Cham. SPEAK to the business, Mr. Secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your Honours,
The cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Arch-bishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[Cranmer approaches the council table.]

Chan. My good Lord Arch-bishop, I'm very sorry
To fit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, few are angels; from which frailty
And want of wisdom, you that beft should teach us,
Have misdemean’d your self, and not a little:
’Tow’rd the King first, and then’ his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform’d) with new opinions
Divers and dang’rous, which are heresies,
And not reform’d, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble Lords; for thosethat tame wild horses
Pace ’em not in their hands to make ’em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur ’em
’Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man’s honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewel all physick: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a gen’ral taint
Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours
The upper Germany can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords, hitherto, in all the progress

9 Toward the King first, then
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd
(And with no little study) that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my Lords)
A man that more detests, more itis against
(Both in his private conscience and his place)
Defacers of the publick peace, than I do.
Pray heav'n the King may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the beast. I do beseech your Lordships,
That in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a councillor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My Lord, because we've business of more moment,
We will be short wi'you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better tryal of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ay, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You're always my good friend; if your will pafs,
I shall both find your Lordship judge and juror,
You are so mercifull. I see your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, Lord,
Become a church-man better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear my self,
(Lay all the weight you can upon my patience)
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience.
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little
By your good favour too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good Mr. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my Lord?
Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?
Gard. Not sound, I say.
Crom. Would you were half so honest!

Mens prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gard. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Forbear for shame, my Lords.
Gard. I've done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you, my Lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' Tower a prisoner;
There to remain 'till the King's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, Lords?
All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' Tower, my Lords?
Gard. What other
Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome:
Let some o' th' guard be ready there.
King Henry VIII.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor then?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i’ th’ Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my Lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, Lords;
By virtue of that Ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master.

Cham. This is the King’s ring.

Sur. ’Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. ’Tis his right ring, by heav’n. I told ye all,
When we first put this dang’rous stone a rowling,
’Twould fall upon our selves.

Nor. D’ you think, my Lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex’d?

Cham. ’Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on’t.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye; now have at ye!

Scene VI.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his seat.

Gard. Dread Sov’reign, how much are we bound to heav’n
In daily thanks, that gave us such a Prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious?
One that in all obedience makes the Church
The chief aim of his honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty of our dear respect,

His
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You're ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now; and in my presence
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
But whatsoever thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man, sit down: now let me see the proudest

[To Cranmer.

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee,
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May't please your Grace——

King. No, Sir, it does not please me.
I thought I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council, but I find none.
Was it discretion, Lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
This honest man, wait like alowly foot-boy
At chamber-door, and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? did my commission
Did you so far forget your selves? I gave ye
Pow'r, as he was a councillor, to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye means;
Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

Cham. My most dread Sovereign, may it like your Grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his tryal,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I'm sure in me.

King. Well, well, my Lords, respect him:
Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.  
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince  
May be beholden to a subject, I  
Am, for his love and service, so to him.  
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;  
Be friends for shame, my Lords. My Lord of Canterbury,  
I have a suit which you must not deny me.  
There is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,  
You must be godfather, and answer for her.  

Cran. The greatest Monarch now alive may glory  
In such an honour; how may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humble subject to you?  

King. Come, come, my Lord, you'd spare your spoons:  
you shall have  
Two noble partners with you: the old Duchess  
Of Norfolk, and the Lady Marquess Dorset.  
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you  
Embrace and love this man.  

Gard. With a true heart  
And brother's love I do it.  

Cran. And let heav'n  
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.  

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart;  
The common voice I see is verify'd  
Of thee, which says thus: do my Lord of Canterbury  
But one shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.  
Come, Lords, we trifle time away: I long  
To have this young one made a Christian.  
As I have made ye one, Lords, one remain:  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.  

[Exeunt.]

Scene
SCENE VII.

The Palace-Yard.

Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals; do you take the Court for Paris Garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, ye rogue: is this a place to roar in? fetch me a dozen crab-tree slaves, and strong ones; these are but witches to 'em: I'll scratch your heads; you must be seeing christnings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible (Unless we swept them from the door with cannons) To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep On May-day morning, which will never be: We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in? As much as one found cudgel of four foot: (You see the poor remainder) could distribute I made no spare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colebrand, to mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good Mr Puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port.
Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? is this Moresfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to Court, the women to besiege us? bless me! what a fry of fornication is at the door! on my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for o' my conscience twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance; that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there like a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a haberdashers' wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I mift the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, Clubs! when I might see some forty truncheons draw to her succour, which were 'the forlorn hope' of the Strand, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to th' broom-staff with me, I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em deliver'd such a shower of pibbles, loose shot, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work; the devil was amongst 'em, I think surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the tribulation of Tower-hill or the limbs of Lime-house, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beds that is to come.

1 the hope

Vol IV. I i Enter
Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o’me; what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair. Where are these porters?
These lazy knaves? ye’ve made a fine hand, fellows?
There’s a trim rabble let in; are all these
Your faithful friends o’th’ suburbs? we shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they pass back from th’ christening?

Port. Plead your Honour,
We are but men, and what so many may do,
Not being torn in pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule ’em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for’t, I’ll lay ye all
By th’ heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: y’are lazy knaves,
And here ye lye baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound,
They’re come already from the chriftening;
Go break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I’ll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the Princess!

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I’ll make
your head ake.

Port. You i’ th’ camblet, get up o’ th’ rail, I’ll peck
you o’er the pales else.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE VIII.

The Palace.

Enter trumpets sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the chrstning gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutchess of Norfolk, god-mother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train born by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other god-mother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heav'n, from thy endless goodness send long life, And ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, fair Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen, My noble partners and my self thus pray; All comfort, joy, in this most gracious Lady, That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy, May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good Lord Arch-bishop: What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, Lord. With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee, Into whose hand I give thy life!

Cran. Amen!

King. My noble goffins, you have been too prodigal, I thank ye heartily: so shall this Lady, When she has so much English.

I i 2  

Cran.
Cran. Let me speak, Sir,
(For heav’n now bids me) and the words I utter,
Let none think flattery, for they’ll find ’em truth.
This royal infant, (heav’n still move about her)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed. Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this blest soul shall be. All princely graces
That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her:
Holy and heav’ly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov’d and fear’d. Her own shall bless her;
Her foes shall shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her;
In her days ev’ry man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known, and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as, when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as her self;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heav’n shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix’d. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Where-ever the bright sun of heav’n shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name, 
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish, 
And like a mountain cedar reach his branches 
To all the plains about him: children's children 
Shall see this, and bless heav'n.

_King._ Thou speakest wonders.

_Cran._ She shall be, to the happiness of England, 
An aged Princess; many days shall see her, 
And yet no day without a deed to crown it. 
Would I had known no more! but she must die, 
She must, the saints must have her yet a virgin; 
A most unspotted lilly shall she pass

'Unto the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.'

_King._ O Lord Arch-bishop, 
Thou'rt made me now a man; never, before 
This happy child, did I get any thing. 
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me, 
That when I am in heav'n, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker. 
I thank ye all—to you, my good Lord-mayor, 
And 'your' good brethren, I am much beholden: 
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence, 
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, Lords; 
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye, 
She will be sick else. This day no man think 
He's as business at his house, for all shall stay, 
This little one shall make it holy-day.  

_[Exeunt._

2 To th'
3 you ... old edit. Thril. emend.
EPLOGUE.

'TIS ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those we fear
We've frighted with our trumpets: so 'tis clear
They'll say it's naught. Others, to hear the city
Abus'd extreamly, and to cry that's witty;
Which we have not done neither; that I fear
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
(For such a one we shoew'd 'em) If they smile,
And say 'twill do; I know within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

The End of the Fourth Volume.