THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the FIFTH.

CONTAINING,

King Henry VI. Part II.
King Henry VI. Part III.
King Richard III.
King Henry VIII.

LONDON:

Printed for H. Lintott, C. Hitch, J. and R. Tonson;
C. Corbet, R. and B. Wellington, J. Brindley
and E. New.

MDCCXL.
THE
SECOND PART
OF
K. HENRY VI\textsuperscript{th}.
Dramatis Personæ.

King Henry VI.
Humphry Duke of Gloucester, Uncle to the King.
Cardinal Beauford, Bp. of Winchester, Duke of York, pretending to the Crown.
Duke of Buckingham, Duke of Somerset, Of the King's Party:
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 Humphry Stafford.
Young Stafford, his Brother.
Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.
Young Clifford, Son to the Lord Clifford.
Edward Plantagenet, Son to the Duke of York.
Richard Plantagenet, S
Vaux, A Sea Captain, and Walter Whitmore—Pirates
A Herald.
Hume and Southwel, 2 Priests,
Boilingbrook, an Astrologer.
A Spirit, attending on Jordan the Witch.
Thomas Horner, an Armourer.
Peter, his Man.
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of St. Albans.
Simpcox, an Impostor.
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 Duchess of Gloucester.
Wife to Simpcox.

Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle; Sheriff and Officers, Citizens, with Faulconers, Guards, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The Scene is laid very dispersedly in several Parts of England.
The Second Part of (1)

King HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE, The Palace.

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

SUFFOLK.

As by your high imperial Majesty
I had in charge at my depart from France,
As procurator for your Excellence,
To marry Prince's Marg'ret for your Grace;
So in the famous ancient city, Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, Alanson,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, twenty reverend Bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was eipous'd:

And

(1) The Second Part of K. Henry VI.] This and the third part of K. Henry VI. contain that troublesome Period of this Prince's Reign, which took in the whole Contention betwixt the two Houses of York and Lancaster: And under that Title were there
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 Marquis 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 lord,
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-liebest 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 y-clad 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 happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all.

Suff. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted Peace,

these two Plays first acted and published. The present Scene opens with K. Henry's Marriage, which was in the 23d Year of his Reign; and closes with the first Battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York Faction, in the 33d Year of his Reign. So that it comprizes the History and Transactions of 10 Years.

Between
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 Marquis of Suff-
foke, Ambassador for Henry King of England, that the
said Henry shall espose the lady Margaret, daughter unto
Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and
crown her Queen of England, e're the thirtieth of May
next ensuing.

Item. That the Duchy of Anjou, and the County of
Maine, shall be released and delivered to the King her
father. [Lets fall the paper.

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?
Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,
And dimm’d mine eyes, that I can read no further.
K. Henry. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.
Win. Item, That the Dutches 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 Marquis, 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 for all 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.

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.

A 4 What!
The Second Part of

What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars?
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 Beauford, and my self,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat 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 despit 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;
Razing 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.
Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can;
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made Duke that rules the roost,
Hath giv'n the dutchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Rèignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leannes of his purse.
Sal. Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
Thee 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
King Henry VI.

My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.

Anjou and Maine! myself 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?

York. For Suffolk's Duke, may he be suffocated,

That dims the honour of this warlike isle!

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 cost 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 world,

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,
The Second Part of

Calling him Humphry, the good Duke of Glo'sfer,
Clapping their hands and crying with loud voice,
Jesu maintain your royal excellence!
With, God preserve the good Duke Humphry!
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering glots,
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 hoist Duke Humphry from his seat.

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

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphry's pride
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'sfer be displac'd, he'll be protector.

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

[Ex. Buckingham and Somerset.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw, but Humphry Duke of Glo'sfer
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 wast 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.  

[Aside.  
Sal. Then let's make haste, and look 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.  
[Ex. Warwick and Salisbury.  

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:  
While as the fally 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 borne away;  
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.  
So York must sit, 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
As did the fatal brand Althea burnt,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both giv'n 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, surfeiting in 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 perchance, I'll make him yield the Crown,
Whose bookish Rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[Exit York.

SCENE changes to the Duke of Gloucester's House.

Enter Duke Humphry, and his Wife Eleanor.

Elean. W HY 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 fallen 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 fame.
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 heaven;
And never more abase our fight so 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 troubous dreams this night do made me sad.

Elean. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll re-
quite it
With sweet rehearsal 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 stick of Glo'ser'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 Westminster,
And in that Chair where Kings and Queens were
crown'd;

Where Henry and Marg'ret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous Dame, ill nurtur'd Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the Realm,
And the Protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Haft thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
The Second Part of

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thy self,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

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

Glo. 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.

Glo. I go: come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Exit Gloucester.

Elean. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Glo'ster 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.
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,
Your Grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Elean. What say'ft thou, man? haste thou as yet con-
ferr'd
With Margery Jordan, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbrook the conjurer,
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to shew your High-
A Spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
[nels
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Elean.
King Henry VI.

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 Eleanor.

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 businesse asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
I dare not stay from the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet do I find it so: for to be plain,
They (knowing Dame 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.
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 Attainture will be Humphry's Fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[Exit.

SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

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

1 Pet. My masters, let's stand close; my lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

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

Enter
The Second Part of

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

1 Pet. Here a' comes, methinks, and the Queen with 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, wouldst 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 your supplications to his lordship? let me see them; what is thine?

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


2 Pet. Alas, Sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole Township.

Suf. reads.] 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?

Peter. 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 Peter guarded.

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.

[Teares the supplications.

Away, base cullions: Suffolk, let them go.

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

Q. Mar.
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 Britannia’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 ranst a-tilt in honour of my love,
And stolest 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 Maries on his beads;
His champions are the Prophets and Apostles;
His weapons holy Saws of sacred Writ;
His study is his tilt-yard; and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz’d saints.
I would, the College of the Cardinals
Would choose him Pope, and carry him to Rome;
And set the triple Crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness!
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 Beauford
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;
Salisbury 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.
The Second Part of

Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous, base-born, Callot 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 milt 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 Realm.

To them enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Cardinal,
Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the
Duchess of Gloucester.

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 Betters speak.

War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this Prefence are thy betters, 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.

Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himself
To give his Censure: there are no woman's matters.

Q. Mar.
Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace to be Protector of his Excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the Realm; and, at his Pleasure, will resign my Place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.

Q. 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 sov'reignty.

Car. The Commons haft thou rack'd; the Clergy's bags Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

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 Glo.

Give me my fan; what, minlon? can ye not?

[She gives the Dutchess a box on the ear.

I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?

Elean. 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.

Elean. 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.

Re-enter
The Second Part of

Re-enter Duke Humphrey.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth 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 besieg'd, 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 Armourer, 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?
K. Henry. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it 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
King Henry VI. 21

ought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

Pet. 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 beseech your royal Majesty,
Let him have all the rigor 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 vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witnesses of this; therefore, I beseech your Majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Henry. Uncle, what shall we say to this in Law?
Glo. 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 witnesses 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, (2)
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's sake,
pity my case; the spight of Man prevaleth against me.
O lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O lord, my heart!—

Glo. 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 first of the next month. Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [Flour. Exeunt.

(2) K. Henry. Then be it so, &c.] These two Lines I have infected from the Old Quarto; and, as I think, very necessarily. For, without them, the King has not declar'd his Assent to Gloucester's Opinion; and the Duke of Somerset is made to thank him for the Regency, before the King has deput'd him to it.

SCENE,
The Second Part of

S C E N E, the Witch's Cave.

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbrook.

Hume. COME, my masters; the Dutchess, I trust, you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master 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 busy 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 this glee, the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady: wizards know their time.
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 hollow'd verge.

[Here they perform the Ceremonies, and make the circle.

Bolingbrook or Southwel reads, Conjuro te, &c. I thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.

Spirit. Adjsum.

M. Jord. A'muth, by the eternal God, whose name
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 outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, they write the answer.

Boling.
King Henry VI.

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, for shall he be on the sandy plains, then where Castles mounted stand. I have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake: alse 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 gerdon’d for these good deserts.

Elean. 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 Guards with Jordan, Southwel, &c.]

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch’d her A pretty Plot, well chose to build upon. [well; Now, pray, my lord, let’s see the devil’s Writ. What have we here? [Reads.

The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose; But him out-live, and die a violent death. Why, this is just; Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere potissi: Well, to the rest: Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?

By water shall be die, and take his end. What shall betide the Duke of Somerset? Let him shun Castles,
Safer shall be on the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my lords;
These Oracles are hardly attain'd, (3)
And hardly understood.
The King is now in progress tow'ards 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 York,
To be the Post, in hope of his reward.
York. At your pleasure, my good lord.
Who's within there, ho?

Enter a Serving-man.

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

(3) These Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.] Not only the Lameness of the Version,
but the Imperfection of the Sense too, made me suspect
this passage to be corrupt. The Meaning is very poor, as it
stands in all the printed Copies; but I have formerly, by the
Addition of a single Letter, both help'd the Sense and the Sentiment.
York, seizing the Parties and their Papers, says, he'll
see the Devil's Writ; and finding the Wizard's Answers intricate and ambiguous, he makes this general Comment upon
such sort of Intelligence, as I have restor'd the Text:
These Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.

i. e. A great Risque and Hazard is run to obtain them, (viz.
going to the Devil for them, as 'twas pretended and supposed;) and likewise the incurring severe Penalties by the Statute-Law
against such Practices; and yet, after these hardy Steps taken,
the Informations are so perplex'd that they are hardly to be understood.
King Henry VI.

ACT II.

SCENE, at St. Albans.

Enter King Henry, Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Faulkners ballooning.

Q. Margaret.

Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not 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 Faulcon made,
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.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much, 'twould be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord Card'nal, how think you by that?
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 thoughts
Beat on a Crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,
That smooth'st it so with King and Common-weal!

Glo. What, Card'nal! Is your priesthood grown so
peremptory? Tantæne animis Cælestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice.
With such Holiness can you do it?

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

Vol. V. B

Glo.
The Second Part of

Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as yourself, my lord;
An't like your lordly, lord Protectorship.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Glo'sfer.
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 bless'd for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector, with my sword!
Glo. Faith, holy uncle, 'would'twere come
to that.
Car. Marry, when thou dar'ft.
Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the
matter,
In thine own person answer thy abuse.
Car. Ay, where thou dar'ft not peep: and,
if thou dar'ft,
This Ev'n'ning on the east side of the grove.
K. Henry. How now, my lords?
Car. Believe me, cousin Glo'sfer,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We'd had more sport—Come with thy two-hand
sword. (a)
Glo. True, uncle.
Car. Are you advis'd?—The east side of the Grove.
Glo. Cardinal, I am with you.
K. Henry. Why, how now, uncle Glo'sfer?
Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—

(a) ——Come with thy two-hand Sword.
Glo. True, Uncle, are ye advis'd? The East-side of the Grove.
Cardinal, I am with You.] Thus is the whole Speech plac'd to
Glocesfer, in all the Editions: but surely, with great Inadver-
tence. It is the Cardinal, who first appoints the East side of the
Grove for the place of Dwell: and how finely does it express
the Rancour and Impetuosity of the Cardinal, for fear Glo-
cester should mistake, to repeat the Appointment, and ask
his Antagonist if he takes him right! So I have ventur'd to re-
gulate the Speeches; as it improves a Beauty, and avoids an
Absurdity.

Now,
King Henry VI.

Now, by God's mother, Priest, I'll shave your crown
for this,

Or all my Fence shall fail.

[Aside.]

Car. [Aside.] Medice, teipsun.

Protector, see to't well, protect your self.

[lords.

K. Henry. The winds grow high, so do your stomachs,

How irksome is this musick to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hopes of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter One, crying, A Miracle!

Glo. What means this noife?

Fellow, what miracle dost 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 fol-

lowing.

Car. Here come the townsmen 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 glorify 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. Hadst thou been his mother, thou could'st have

better told.

K. Henry. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your Grace.

B 2
The Second Part of

K. Henry. Poor Soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day or night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Queen. Tell me, good fellow, can'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said, "Simpcox, come; (5)
"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.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How can'st thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glo. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.
Glo. What, and would'st 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. Mafs, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st vent-
ture so.
Simp. Alas, good Sir, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.
Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve:
Let's see thine eyes; wink now, now open them;

(5)—who said, Simon, come;
Come offer at my Shrine, and I will help thee.] The Editions
here are all at odds with the History.—For why, Simon? The
Chronicles, that take Notice of Glo'fer's detecting this pret-
tended Miracle, tell us, that the Impostor, who affected him-
sely to be cur'd of Blindness, was call'd Saundor Simcox.—
Simon was therefore a Corruption thro' the Negligence of the
Copyists, and continued by the Indolence of the Editors. Nor
have we need of going back to Chronicles to settle this Point;
since our Poet, in the Course of this very Scene, gives us the
Fellow's Names correspondent with the History.

In
In my opinion, yet, thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and Saint 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 did he 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.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunter Simpson, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Saunter, fit there, the lying 't knave in Christendom.

If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well know all our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish colours:
But suddenly to nominate them all,
It is impossible.
My Lords, Saint 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!

Glo. My masters of Saint Alban,
Have you not beadle in your town,
And things call'd whips?

Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your Grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

Exit Messenger.
The Second Part of

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither. Now, Sirrah, if 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: you go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with Whips.

Glo. Well, Sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah, beadle, whip him till he leap over the same stool.

Bead. 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 beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, A miracle!

K. Henry. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipt through every market town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[Exit Beadle with the Woman

Car. Duke Humphry has done a miracle to day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

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 Glo’ster.

Glo. Ambitious Church-man! leave t’affliet 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.
K. Henry. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
Queen. Glo’ster, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look, thy self be faultless, thou wert best.
Glo. Madam, for my self, 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, desile Nobility;
I banish her my bed and company:
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonour’d Glo’ster’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,
Whole beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

Flourish. Exit.

S C E N E changes to the Duke of York’s Palace.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.
York. N O W, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
The Second Part of

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 subjects 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 Edmond Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth, was Thomas of 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 Bolingroke, 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 murther'd.

War. Father, the Duke hath told the 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 whose Line
I claim the Crown, had issue Philip, a daughter,
Who married Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March.

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

Sal. This Edmond, in the reign of Bolingroke,
As I have read, laid Claim unto the Crown;
And, but for Queen Glendour, 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 to *Edmond Langley,*
*Edward* the Third's fifth son.—

By her I claim the Kingdom; she was heir
To *Roger* Earl of *March,* who was the son
Of *Edmond Mortimer,* who married *Philip,*
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 flourishest in thee
And in thy sons, fair sprigs of such a stock.
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 Sov'reign *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 Beauford's Pride, at Somerset's Ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them;
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock;
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke *Humphry:*
'Tis that they seek; and they in seeking That
Shall seek 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
Shall one day make the Duke of York a King.
York. And, Neville, this I do assure my self:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the King.
Exeunt.

SCENE changes to a House near to Smithfield.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry and Nobles; the
Duchesses, Mother Jordan, Southwell, Hume, and Balingbrook, under 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 adjudged 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.

Eleanor. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

Glo. The law, thou seest, hath judged thee, Eleanor;
I cannot justify, whom law condemns.

[Exeunt Eleanor, and the others, guarded.

Mine eyes are full tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would Solace, and my age would Ease.

K. Henry. Stay Humphrey, Duke of Gloster; ere thou go,
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be, and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lathorn to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved,
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 the 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 Glo'ster.
Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry King, and Marg'ret Queen.
And Humphry, Duke of Glo'ster, scarce himself,
That bears so threw'd a maim; two pulls at once;
His lady banish'd, and a limb loft off:
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in Henry's hand.
Sur. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprayes;
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 lists,
So please your Highness to behold the fight.
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.
K. Henry. A'God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God guard the right!
York. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant!
The servant of the armourer, my lords.

Enter at one door the armourer and his neighbours, drink-
ing to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with
a drum before him, and his staff with a sand-bag fas-
ted to it (6); and at the other door his man, with a
drum and sand-bag, and prentices drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in
a cup

(6) With a Sand-bag fasen'd to it.] As, according to the
Old Laws of Duels, Knights were to fight with the Lance and
Sword;
a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

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

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 a 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. O Lord, bless me. I pray God; for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learn'd so much fence already.

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

Peter. Peter, forlooth.

Sal. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thump.

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

Arm. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen; and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow.

York. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound trumpets; alarum to the combatants.

[They fight, and Peter strikes him down.

Sword; so those of inferior rank fought with an Ebon Staff or Barroon, to the farther End of which was fix'd a Bag cram'd hard with Sand. To this Custom Hudibras has alluded in these humorous Lines:

Engag'd with Money-bags, as bold
As Men with Sand-bags did of old, Mr. Warburton.

Arm.
King Henry VI.

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

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

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence?

O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right.

K. Henry. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight, 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. [Exeunt.

SCENE, the Street.

Enter Duke Humphry and his Men, in Mourning Cloaks.

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And, after summer, evermore succeeds
The barren winter with his nipping cold;
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's a-clock?

Serv. Ten, my Lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
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
Enter the Dutchess in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with Sir John Stanley, a Sheriff and Officers.

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

Glo. 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, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban our enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Elean. Ah! Gloster, teach me to forget myself:
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 advised how I tread.

Ah! Humphry, can I bear this shameful yoak?
Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?
No: dark shall be my light, and night my day.
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
With her, that hateth thee and hates us all)
And York, and impious Beauford, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;
And fly thou, how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be shar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry.
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;
These 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.

Glo. 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,
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.
The Second Part of

Glo. Witness 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, farewell, and better than I fare;
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.
Sherif. 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. [Exit.

ACT
ACT III.

SCENE, at Bury.

Enter King Henry, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick, to the Parliament.

K. HENRY.

Muse, my lord of Gloster 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 altered 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 passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Difdaining 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 decease)
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your Highness' council.
By flatter'ry hath he won the common hearts:

And
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,
Made 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 Dutches, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by repute of his high descent,
As next the King he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick Dutches
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'fer 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
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
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,
worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?

our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
for meaning treason to our royal person,
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 your 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 sell my title for a glorious grave. [Aside.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. All happiness unto my Lord the King!
Pardon, my Liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too
soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art;
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this Arrest:

A
A heart unspotted 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?

York. 'Tis thought, my Lord, that you took bribes from France;
And, being protector, stint the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his Highness hath lost France.

Glo. 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 doth that e'er I wrested from the King,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day!
No; many a pound of my own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dis-purged to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my Lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of;
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that, whiles I was pro-
tector,
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 condign punishment.
Murther, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
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 Gloster, 'tis my special hope,
that you will clear yourself from all suspicion;
your 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 Rancor's hand;
Oui subordination is predominant,
And equity exil'd your Highness' Land.

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.

Beauford's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his storms'd hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies 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 sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causes have laid disgraces on my head;
And with your best endeavours have stirr'd up,
My lief'd Liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together;
Myself had notice of your conventicles
And all to make away my guiltless life,
I shall not want false witnesses to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt:
The antient proverb will be will 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, chid and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.
The Second Part of

Sus. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkly coucht?
As if she had suborned some to swear
Falsé allegations, to o'erthrow his state.

Q. Mar. But I can give the looser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant; I lose, indeed;
Beheld the winners, for they play'd me falsè;
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.

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
Whose flood begins to flow within my eyes; (grief,
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, (7)

(7) And as the Butcher takes away the Calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays.] But
how can it stray, when it is bound? The Poet certainly intend-
ed, when it strives; i. e. when it struggles to get loose. And
so he elsewhere employs this Word. Dr. Thirlby.

Bearing
King Henry VI.

Shewing it to the bloody slaughter-house:
Men so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Seeking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling loss:
Even so myself bewail good Gloster's case
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dim'd eyes
ook after him, and cannot do him good:
Mighty are his vowed enemies.
Is fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
y, who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.

[Exit.

Q. Mar. Free Lords, cold snow melts with the sun's
hot beams.

Henry my Lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity: Gloster's shew
Deceiv'd him as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers:
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowry 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 Gloster 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:
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 so fain as I.

York. 'Tis York, that hath more reason for his death.
But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:
Wert 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.
The Second Part of

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death
Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and wer'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 posseted 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 prov'd by reasons to my Leige;
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtility,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit,
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

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 Soveraign 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 you can take due orders for a priest;
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender to 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 spoke it,
It skills not greatly, who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come again,
To signifie 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.
if we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant, they've made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judasses, each one thrice worse than Judas?
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,

Turns to the sower's and most deadly hate:
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those, whom you curst

Have felt the worst of death's destroying hand,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Busby, Green, and th' Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my Father, with his Power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:

Let's talk of Graves, of Worms, and Epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth!

Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heav'n's sake, let us fit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war:
Some haunted by the Ghosts they dispossess'd:
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd:
All murth'rd. —— For within the hollow Crown,

That rounds the mortal temples of a King.
Keeps Death his Court; and there the Antick sits,
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable: and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle-walls, and farewell King!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn Rev'rence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
Taste grief, need friends, like you: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?

Carl. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail:
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe;
And so your follies fight against your self.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come from fight;
And fight and die, is death destroying death:
Where fearing, dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well: proud Bolingbroke,
I come
To change blows with thee, for our day of doom;
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easie task it is to win our own.
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his Power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be lower.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.
King Richard II.

Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.

Beshrew thee, Cousin, which didst lead me forth

[To Aumerle.

Of that sweet way I was in to Despair.
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heav'n, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint-castle, there I'll pine away:
A King, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey:
That Pow'r I have, discharge; and let 'em go
To ear the land, that hath some hope to grow:
For I have none. Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my Foll'wers: let them hence, away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[Exeunt.

SCENE, Bolingbroke's Camp, near Flint.

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York,
Northumberland, and Attendants.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welsbmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this Coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord,
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would be seem the lord Northumberland,
To say, King Richard. Ah, the heavy day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head!

North. Your Grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his Title out.
King RICHARD II.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with You, to shorten you,
For taking so the Head, the whole Head's Length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Left you mistake, the heav'ns are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle, nor oppose my self
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against your entrance.
Boling. Royally? why, it contains no King?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a King: King Richard lies
Within the limits of yond lime and stone;
And with him lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergy man
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learn.
Norsh. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. Noble lord,

[To North.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry of Bolingbroke upon his knees
Doth kiss King Richard's hand, and sends allegiance
And faith of heart unto his royal person:
Ev'n at his feet I lay my arms and pow'r,
Provided, that my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use th' advantage of my pow'r,
And lay the summer's dust with show'rs of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen.
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's Land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Go signifie as much, while here we march

Upon
Upon the grassie carpet of this Plain;
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this Castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd:
Methinks, King Richard and my self should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring Shock,
At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n:
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

Parle without, and answer within; then a flourish.

Enter, on the walls, King Richard, the Bishop of
Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop and Salisbury.

See! see! King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented Sun,
From out the fiery portal of the East,
When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
To dim his Glory; and to stain the tract
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

York. Yet looks he like a King: behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling Majefty; alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we
flound
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [To North.
Because we thought our self thy lawful King;
And, if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, shew us the hand of God,
That hath dismiss'd us from our Stewardship.
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
Unleis he do prophane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends:

C 3

Yet
Yet know,—My Master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of Pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond, methinks, he is)
That every stride he makes upon my Land
Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope
The purple Testament of bleeding War;
But ere the Crown, he looks for, live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flow'rs of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation; and bedew
Her Pature's graves with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heav'n forbid, our lord the

King

Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! no, thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry of Bolingbroke, doth kiss thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the Royalties of both your bloods,

(8) But o'er the Crown, he looks for, live in Peace,
Ten thousand bloody Crowns of Mothers' Sons
Shall ill become the Flow'rs of England's face;] Tho' I
have not disturb'd the Text here, I cannot but think it liable
to Suspicion. A Crown living in Peace, as Mr. Warburton just-
ly observ'd to me, is a very odd Phrase. He supposes;

But o'er the Crown, he looks for, light in Peace,
_i.e._, descend and settle upon Bolingbroke's Head in Peace. —
Again, I have a small Quarrel to the third Line quoted.
Would the Poet say, That bloody Crowns should disfigure
the Flow'rs that spring on the Ground, and bedew the Grav's
with Blood? Surely, the two Images are too similar. I have
suspected,

Shall ill become the Flow'rs of England's Face;
_i.e._, Shall make a dismal Spectacle on the Surface of the King-
dom's Earth,
(Currents, that spring from one most gracious head)
And by the bury'd hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn, or said,
His Coming hither hath no farther scope,
Than for his lineal Royalties, and to beg
Infranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glitt'ring arms he will commend to rust;
His barbed steeds to stables; and his heart
To faithful service of your Majesty.
This swears he, as he is a Prince, is just;
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say, thus the King returns:

His noble Cousin is right-welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou haft,
Speak to his gentle Hearing kind Commends.
We do debase our self, Cousin, do we not, [To Aum.
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. Oh God, oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the Sentence of dread Banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again
With words of Sooth; oh, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'ft thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the King do now? must he submit?

C 4

The
The King shall do it: must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented: must he lose
The name of King? o' God's name, let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My scepter, for a palmer's walking staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large Kingdom, for a little Grave;
A little, little Grave; — an obscure Grave.
Or I'll be bury'd in the King's high way: (9)
Some way of common Tread, where Subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their Sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head? —
Aumerle, thou weep'st; (my tender-hearted cousin!)
We'll make soul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting Land.
Or shall we play the Wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match, with shedding tears?
As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of Graves
Within the earth; and therein laid, there lies
Two kinsmen, digg'd their Graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well? well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
Most mighty Prince, my lord Northumberland,

(9) Or I'll be buried in the King's high way;
Some Way of common Trade, ——] As specious as this
Reading appears, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Bishop, and I, all concur'd in suspecting it, and in the Amendment which now possessesthe Text;
Some way of common Tread, ——
i. e. a high Road. He subjoins immediately;
For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live;
And we know how much it is Shakespeare's way to diversify
the Image with the same Word.

What
What says King Bolingbroke? will his Majesty
Give Richard leave to live, till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says, ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you, may't please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glist'ring Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? base court, where Kings grow base,
To come at traitors' Calls, and do them grace.
In the base court come down? down, court; down, King;
For Night-owls shriek, where mounting Larks should sing.

Boling. What says his Majesty?

North. Sorrow, and Grief of Heart,
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic Man;
Yet is he come.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his Majesty.

My gracious lord —— [Kneels:

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with killing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesie.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve: they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'ft and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes;
Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.

Set on towards London. Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.


SCENE.
King Richard II.

Scene, a Garden, in the Queen's Court.

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden?
Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief.
Therefore no dancing, girl; some other sport.
Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?
Lady. Of either, Madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl.

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy.
For what I have, I need not to repeat:
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause:
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.
Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the Gardiners.
Let's step into the shadow of these trees;
My Wretchedness unto a row of pins,

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

They'll talk of State; for every one doth so,
Against a Change; woe is fore-run with woe.

[Queen and Ladies retire.

Gard.
Gard. Go, bind thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their Sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our Common-wealth:
All must be even in our Government.
You thus implore'd, I will go root away
The noisom weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, our firm state?
When our Sea-walled garden, (the whole Land,)
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choke'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with Caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He, that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himself met with the Fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
(That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up;)
Are pull'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the Earl of Wiltshire, Busby, Green.
Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And Bolingbroke hath seiz'd the wasteful King.
What pity is't, that he had not so trimm'd
And drest his Land, as we this Garden dres,
And wound the bark, the skin, of our fruit-trees;
Left, being over proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound it self;
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had born the Crown,
Which waste and idle hours have quite thrown down.

Serv.
Serv. What, think you then, the King shall be depos'd?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and depos'd,
'Tis doubted, he will be. Letters last night
Came to a dear friend of the Duke of York,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh, I am prest to death, through want of speaking:
Thou Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy tongue found this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what Serpent hath suggested thee,
To make a second Fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say, King Richard is depos'd?
Darest thou, (thou little better Thing than earth,)
Divine his downfall? say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
To breathe these news; yet, what I say, is true;
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold,
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lord's Scale is nothing but himself,
And some few Vanities that make him light:
But in the Balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English Peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more, than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble Mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?
And am I last, that know it? oh, thou think'st
To serve me laft, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go;
To meet, at London, London's King in woe.
What, was I born to this! that my sad Look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke!
Gard'ner, for telling me these news of woe,
I would, the plants, thou graft't, may never grow.

[Exe. Queen and Ladies.

Gard. Poor Queen, so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy Curfe.
King: 

Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place, 
I'll set a bank of Rue, low'r herb of grace; 
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here shortly shall be seen, 
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen.

[Ex. Gard. and Serv.

ACT IV.

SCENE, in LONDON.

Enter, as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, 
Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, Bishop 
of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster; Herald, Officers, 
and Bagot.

Bolingbroke:

Call Bagot forth: now freely speak thy mind, 
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death; 
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd 
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.
Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.
Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue 
Scorns to unsay, what it hath once deliver'd.

In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted, 
I heard you say, "Is not my arm of length, 
That reacheth from the restful English Court 
As far as Calais to my uncle's head? 
Amongst much other talk that very time, 
I heard you say, "You rather had refuse, 
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns, 
Than Bolingbroke return to England; adding, 
How blest this Land would be in this your Cousin's 
death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords, 
What answer shall I make to this base man?

Shall
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him Shaftesment?
Either I must, or have mine honour soild
With the attainerd of his sland'rous lips.
There is my Gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. Thou liest,
And I'll maintain what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.

Fitzw. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my Gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair Sun, that shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Glo'ster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falshood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwatter, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extreamest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off;
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Who sets me else? by heav'n, I'll throw at all.
I have a thousand spirits in my breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwatter, I remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitzw. My lord, 'tis true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heav'n, as heav'n it self is true.

Fitzw. Surrey, thou liest.
King Richard II.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy,
That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, reft.
In earth as quiet, as thy father’s scull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour’s pawn;
Engage it to the tryal, if thou dar’ft.
Fitzw. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Beides, I heard the banish’d Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest christian trust me with a Gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal’d, to try his honour.

Boling. These Diff’rences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal’d: repeal’d he shall be;
And, though mine enemy, restor’d again
To all his Signiories; when he’s return’d,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his tryal.

Carl. That honourable day shall ne’er be seen.
Many a time hath banish’d Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ, in glorious christian field
Streaming the Ensign of the christian Cros, 
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
Then, toil’d with works of war, retir’d himself
To Italy, and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant Country’s earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose Colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Carl. Sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his soul
To th’ bosom of good Abraham! — Lords appealants,

Your
King Richard II.

Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of tryal.

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing soul
Adopts thee Heir, and his high Scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that name the Fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Carr. Marry, heav'n forbid!

'Wotst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeoming me to speak the truth,
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true Nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from to foul a wrong.
What Subject can give Sentence on his King?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's Subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them.
And shall the figure of God's Majesty,
His Captain, Steward, Deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? oh, forbid it!

'That, in a christian climate, souls refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed.
I speak to Subjects, and a Subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's King.
And if you crown him, let me prophesie,
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels,
And in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind, confound.
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny

Shall
Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's sculls.
Oh, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the wofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent, refile it, let it not be so,
Left children's children cry against you, woe.

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your
pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keep him safely till his day of tryal.
May't please you, lords, to grant the Commons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct.

[Exit.

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our Arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:
Little are we beholden to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Enter King Richard, and York.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
T'insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give sorrow leave a-while, to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The Favourites of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand,
none.

God save the King! — will no man say, Amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, Amen.
God save the King, although I be not he:
And yet, Amen, if heav'n do think him me.
To do what service, am I sent for hither?

York.
York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired Majesty did make thee offer:
The Resignation of thy State and Crown.

K. Rich. Give me the Crown. — Here, cousin, for
the Crown,
Here, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.
Now is this golden Crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water;
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I;
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My Crown, I am; but still my griefs
mine:
You may my Glories, and my State depose,
But not my griefs; still am I King of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with you
Crown.

K. Rich. Your cares, set up, do not pluck my care
down.
My care, is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care, is gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the Crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the Crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no; — no, ay; — for I must Nothing
Therefore no No; for I resign to thee.
Now, mark me how I will undo my self;
I give this heavy weight from off my head;
And this unwieldy Scepter from my hand;
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my Balm;
With mine own hands I give away my Crown;
With mine own tongue deny my sacred State;
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths.
All pomp and Majesty I do forswear:
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbrok, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev’d,
And thou with all pleas’d, that haft all achiev’d!
Long mayst thou live in Richard’s Seat to sit,
And soon Iye Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Henry, unking’d Richard says,
And send him many years of sun-shine days!

What more remains?

North. No more; but that you read

These accusations, and these grievous crimes

Committed by your person, and your followers,

Against the State and Profit of this Land:

That, by confessing them, the souls of men

May deem that you are worthily depos’d.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out

My weav’d-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,

If thy offences were upon record,

Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,

To read a lecture of them? if thou wouldst,

There shoul’dst thou find one heinous article,

Containing the deposing of a King;

And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,

Mark’d with a blot, damn’d in the book of heav’n.

Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,

Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait my self,

Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,

Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates

Have here deliver’d me to my lowr Cross,

And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o’er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears: I cannot see:

And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,

But they can see a Sort of traitors here.

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon my self,

I find my self a traitor with the rest:

For I have given here my soul’s consent,

T’undecck the pompous body of a King;

Made Glory base; a Sovereign a slave;

Proud Majesty, a subject: State, a peasant.

North. My lord.

K. Rich.
King Richard II.

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man;
Nor no man's lord: I have no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was giv'n me at the Font,
But 'tis usurp'd. Alack, the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my self!
Oh, that I were a mockery-King of snow,
Standing before the Sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt my self away in water-drops!
Good King,—great King,—(and yet not greatly good,
An if my word be sterling yet in England, [To Boling]
Let it command a mirror hither stight,
That it may shew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his Majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me, ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very Book, indeed,
Where all my sins are writ, and that's my self.

Enter One, with a Glass.

Give me that Glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath Sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? oh, flatt'ring Glass!
Like to my Followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face, the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face,
That, like the Sun, did make beholders wink?
Is this the face, which sac'd so many follies,
That was at last out-sac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle Glory shineth in this face;

[Dashes the Glass against the Ground.]

A
King Richard II.

 brittle, as the glory, is the face;
or there it is, crackt in an hundred shivers.
ark, silent King, the Moral of this sport;
now soon my sorrow hath destroy’d my face.
Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy’d
the shadow of your face.
the shadow of my sorrow! ha, let’s see;
’Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
and these external manners of laments
are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
that swells with silence in the torture’d soul.
there lies the substance: and I thank thee, King.
or thy great bounty, that not only giv’st
the cause to wail, but teachest me the way
how to lament the cause. I’ll beg one boon;
and then be gone, and trouble you no more.
shall I obtain it?
Boling. Name it, fair Cousin.
K. Rich. Fair Cousin! I am greater than a King:
for when I was a King, my flatterers
were then but Subjects; being now a Subject,
have a King here to my flatterer:
being so great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have?
Boling. You shall.
K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sight.
Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. Oh, good! convey:—— Conveyers are
you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true King’s Fall.
Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our Coronation: lords, prepare your selves.
[Ex. all but Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle and Aumerle.
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Bishop. The woe’s to come; the children yet unborn
shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum.
King Richard II.

Aum. You holy Clergy-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see, your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay
A Plot, shall shew us all a merry day. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE, a Street in London.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Queen.

This way the King will come: this is the way
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected Tow'r;
To whose sullen bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any Resting for her true King's Queen.

Enter King Richard, and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither; yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
O thou, the model where old Troy did stand,

[To K. Rich.

Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous Inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an ale-houle Guest?

K. Rich.
K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair Woman, do not so, but make my End too sudden: learn, good soul, to think our former state a happy dream, on which awak'd, the truth of what we are seen us but this. I am sworn brother, Sweet, grim Necessity; and he and I will keep a league till death. Hye thee to France, and cloister thee in some Religious House; our holy lives must win a new world's Crown, which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind transorm'd and weak? hath Bolingbroke depos'd mine intellect? hath he been in thy heart? the Lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw, wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage o'erpow'r'd: and wilt thou, pupil-like, like thy correction mildly, kiss the rod, be fast on rage with base humility, which art a Lion and a King of beasts?

K. Rich. A King of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts, had been still a happy King of men.

God sometime Queen, prepare thee hence for France; think, I am dead; and that ev'n here thou tak'st, from my death-bed, my last living Leave.

Winter's tedious nights sit by the fire with good old folks, and let them tell thee Tales woeful ages, long ago betid:

Where thou bid good Night, to quit their grief, tell thou the lamentable Fall of me,
d send the hearers weeping to their beds.

Why? the senseless brands will sympathize in heavy accent of thy moving tongue, and in compassion weep the fire out:

And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,

the deposeing of a rightful King.

Enter Northumberland, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd: thou must to Pomsret, not unto the Tower.
And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewith
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gath'ring head,
Shall break into corruption; thou shalt think,
Though he divide the Realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from th' usurped Throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserv'd death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there's an end.
Take leave and part, for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd! Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me:
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me.

And yet not so, for with a kisf 'twas made.
Part us, Northumberland: I, towards the North,
Where shiv'ring cold and sickness pines the clime:
My Queen to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May;
Sent back like Hollowmas, or shortest day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my Love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some Love, but little Policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two together weeping, make one woe.

Weep thou for me in France; I for thee here:
Better far off; than near, be ne'er the near.

Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans:

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich.
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 stolen 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.
Wmav. 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 myself. 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 Dukeedom 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 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 coun-
tellor or no?
All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.
Y. Staf. Well, setting 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 children's 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 Train.

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 shoon, For they are th' honest men, and such As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march towards us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

[Exeunt Cade and his party.

[Alarum to fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain.

Re-enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Asford?

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house; therefore thus I will reward thee: this lent shall be as long as it is, and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. This monument of the victory will I bear, and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the goals, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let march towards London.
SCENE changes to 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. OFT 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 lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body, that I should embrace?
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 myself,
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 wandring planet over me,
And could it not Inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?
K. Henry. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.
Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.
K. Henry. How now, Madam?
Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.
Q. Mar. My love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Henry. How now? what news? why com'st thou in such haste?
MeF. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my Lord:
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended
The Second Part of

Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your Grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, 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 caterpillars, 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,
These Kentish 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, Mar'et, God our hope will succour us.
Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.
K. Henry. Farewell, my Lord; trust not to Kentish rebels.

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.

[Exeunt]
SCENE changes to 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 withstand 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 myself. 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 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 command 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.

Weap. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My Lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: but first go and let London-bridge on fire, and if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [Exeunt omnes.

SCENE
The Second Part of

S.C.E.N.E changes to Smithfield.

Alarum. Matthew Goff is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Jack Cade with his company.

Cade. So, Sirs: Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of courts, down with them 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 for 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 eating 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, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say which sold the town 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, say, 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 Monseur Bajoseau, the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presents, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the befoam 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 stone 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.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent, —

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'I'm bona terra, malagens.

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 Caesar writ,
Is term'd the civilist place of all this isle;
Sweet is the country, because full of riches,
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.
I sold 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 aught exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the King, the realm and you,
Large gifts have I bestow'd 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 possessed with dev'lish spirits,
Ye cannot but forbear to murther me:
This tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings
For your behoof.

_Cade._ Tut, when struck'ft thou one blow in the field?
_Say._ Great men have reaching hands; oft have I struck
_Those that I never saw, and struck 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 fitting to determine poor mens' Causes
_Hath made me full of sickness and diseases._
_Cade._ Ye shall have a hempen cauldron then, and the
_help of a hatchet._
_Dick._ Why dost thou quiver, man?
_Say._ The palest, and not fear, provokes 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 chests 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 guiltless blood shedding;_
_This breast from harb'ring soul deceitful thoughts._
_O, let me live!——_

_Cade._ I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll
_bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading 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:  
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 she shall pay me her maiden-
head 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 heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one ano-
other; for they lov'd well when they were alive: Now
part them again, left 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 kiss. Away. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Southwark.

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his
Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fitch-street, down St. Magnus' Corner, kill
and knock down; throw them into Thames.

[Ad 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, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King
Unto the Commons, whom thou hast mis-led;  
And
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? 
Who loves the King, and will embrace his Pardon, 
Fling up his cap, and say, God save his Majesty! 
Who hateth him, and honours not his father, 
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake, 
Shake he 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 'em? will you need be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White-bart in Southwark? I thought, you would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient Freedom: but you are all recreant and daftards, and delight to live in slavery to the 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 for 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 thus 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: 
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil; 
Unless by robbing of your friends and us. 
Weren'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 
I see them lording it in London streets, 
Crying, 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;
Spare England, for it is your native Coast.
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

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
despight 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 base
and ignominious treasons make me betake me to my
heels. [Exit.

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 them.

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you All unto the King. [Exeunt omnes.

SCENE, 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 earthly
thone,
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.
The Second Part of

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his pow'rs do yield;
And humbly thus with halterers 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!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. 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 Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
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
distrest;
Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
Is straitway calm'd and boarded with a pirate. (11)
But now is Cade driv'n back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms to second him.

(11) Is straitway claim'd, and boarded with a pirate.] I doubt not but my Readers will agree, that I have set forth to the Text its true Reading. After the violent Working of a Tempest, the Sea is, for the most part, totally becalm'd. Besides, with Allusion to the King's Affairs, the Tempest of Cade's Rebellion was just blown over; the State was in a Calm, by that Insurrection being quenched; and immediately York, like an usurping Pirate, comes to seize the Vessel of Government. And again, which heightens the Juxtaposition of the Metaphor, a Calm is the most usual Occasion of Vessels being taken by Pirates; which, by the Use of their Sails, they might otherwise escape.

I pray
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, Somerst, we will commit thee thither.
Until his army be dismist from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
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, a Garden in Kent.

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. F IE on ambitions; 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 so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life
for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Where-
fore on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden to see
if I can eat grapes, 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 others' waining;
Or 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 soil come to seize me 
a stray, for entring his fee-simple without leave. A villain, thou wilt betray me and get a thousand crown
of the King by carrying my head to him; but I'll make
thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow 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?
Isn'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 beft blood that ever was
broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I hav
eat no meat these five days, yet come thou and thy fa
men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door nail, I
pray 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.
Oppole thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,
See, if thou canst out-face me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb; and thou art far the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon.
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth:
As for more words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion
that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or
cut not out the burly-bon'd Clown in chines of beef are
thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees
thou may'lt be turned into hobnails. [Here they fight.
O I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me; let
ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the
ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither
garden, and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do
dwell in this house; because the unconquer'd soul of Cade
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,
T' emblaze the honour which thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory: tell
Kent from me, she hath lost her best man; and exhort all
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 wish 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.

ACT
ACT V.

SCENE, 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.
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. 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 kindly in my thoughts. But I must make fair weather yet a while, Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.

Buckingham! I pr'ythee, pardon me, That I have giv'n no answ'er 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 every 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 send 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 changes to the King's Pavilion.

Enter King Henry, and Attendants. Re-enter Buckingham, and York, attended.

K. Henry. Buckingham, doth York intend no Harm to us, That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York.
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 heave 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.
K. Henry. The head of Cade? great God! how art thou?
O, let me view his visage being dead,
That, living, wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend; art thou the man, that slew him?
Iden. I was, an’t like your Majesty.
K. Henry. How art thou call’d? and what is thy degree?
Iden. 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.
K. Henry. Iden, kneel down; rise up a Knight;
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!

Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset.

K. Henry. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the Queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.
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 fight of Somerset?
False King! why hast thou broken faith with me,
showing how hardly I can brook abuse?

ing did I call thee? no, thou art no King:

ot fit to govern and rule multitudes.

ich durst not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

hat head of thine doth not become a Crown:

y hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

nd not to grace an awful princely scepter.

hat gold must round enwrap these brows of mine,

ole smile and frown (like to Achilles' spear)
sable with the change to kill and cure.

ere is a hand to hold a scepter up,

nd with the same to act controlling laws:

give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more

er him, whom heav’n created for thy ruler.

som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,

of capital treason 'gainst the King and Crown;

obe, audacious traitor, kneel for grace.

ork. Sirrah, call in my Sons to be my bail; (12

Wouldst have me kneel? First, let me ask of these,

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 bastard boys of York

shall be the Surety for their traitor father.

ork. 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 bale to those (13)

(12) Wouldst have me kneel? First, let me ask of these,

If they can brook I bow a knee to man.

Sirrah, call in my Sons to be my bail.] As these Lines have hither-to stood, I think the Sense perplex'd and obscure. I have ventured to transpone them, and make a slight Alteration, by the Advice of my ingenious Friend Mr. Warburton.

(13) Shall be their Father's Bail, and Bane to those.] Considering, how our Author loves to play on Words similar in their Sound, but opposite in their Signification, I make no Doubt but I have here rectified his genuine Reading. Bale, (from whence our common Adjective, baleful) signifies, Detriment, Ruin, Misfortune, &c.
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See, where they come; I'll warrant, they'll make it go.

Enter Clifford.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their b-
Clif. Health and all Happines to my lord the King!
York. I thank thee, Clifford; say, what news wilt thou see?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy Sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak't me much, to think I do;
To Bedlam with him, is the man grown mad?
K. Henry. Ay, Clifford, a Bedlam and ambitious
Mourn
Makes him oppose himself against his King.
Clif. He is a traitor, let him to the Tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.
Q. Mar. 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 thy King, and thou a false-heart traitor;
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs;
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the Earl of Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bearward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.
King Henry VI.

R. Plan. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur
in back and bite, because he was with-held;
ho, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
th clapt his tail betwixt his legs and cry'd:
and such a piece of service will you do,
you oppose your selves to match lord Warwick.
Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.
York. Nay, we shall heat you thorowly anon.
Clif. Take heed, left by your heat you burn your selves.

K. Henry. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Id Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son,
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Russian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
Fit be banish'd from the frosty head,
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 experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame, in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
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. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
Sal. I have.

K. Henry. Canst thou dispense with heav'n for such an oath?

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 murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave 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. Henr. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm him:
York. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,
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 canst 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 Nevil's Cruft,
The rampant bear chain'd to the rugged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my Burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spite 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 contempt,
Defspight the bear-ward, that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to Arms, victorious noble father,
To quell the rebels and their compleices.

R. Plan. Fie, charity for shame, speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatick, that's more than thou canst tell.

R. Plan. If not in heav'n, you'll surely sup in hell.

[Sceunt; severally.

SCENE changes to a Field of 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,
King Henry VI.

and dying mens' cries do fill the empty air.)

Clifford, I say; come forth and fight with me;

loud 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 flew my Steed:

but match to match I have encountered him,

And made a prey for carrion kites and crows

in' th'n 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

chace,

For I my self must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then nobly, York; 'tis for a Crown thou

fights't.

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to day,

It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [Exit. War.

Clif. What seek' sthou 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! [Exit.

Enter young Clifford.

Y. 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.
The Second Part of

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance. Let no soldier flie.
He, that is truly dedicte 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 dead 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 founds
To cease! Waist thou ordained, O dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to atchieve
The silver livery of advis'd age;
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turnd to stone; and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. *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 gobbets will I cut it,
As wild *Medea* young *ABYRTUS* 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 I bear 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, (14)

(14) For underneath an Alchouse paltry Sign,
The Castle in St. Albans, Somerset
*Hath made the Wizard famous in his Death.*
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.
[Exit Richard Plantagenet.

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'ns! good Marg'ret, stay.
Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,
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 escape,
(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 flopt.

Enter Clifford.

Cliff. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy, ere bid you fly;
But fly you must: incurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief; and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away!

[Exeunt.

The Death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal Predi-
tion given by Jordan, the Witch, concerning this Duke;
which we met with at the Close of the First Act of this Play:
Let him from Castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy Plains,
Than where Castles, mounted, stand.
I.e. the Representation of a Castle, mounted for a Sign.

Vol. V. F. Alarum-

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;
And, like a Gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion. This happy day
Is not itself, 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 besprad 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' Mafs, 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 prefent 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 drum and trumpets, and to London all,
And more such days as these to us befall!  

[Exeunt.

T H E
THE

THIRD PART

OF

KING HENRY VIth.

With the DEATH of the

Duke of YORK.
Dramatis Personae.

KING Henry VI.
Edward, Son to the King, and Prince of Wales.
Duke of Somerset,
Earl of Northumberland,
Earl of Oxford,
Earl of Exeter,
Earl of Wiltshire,
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,
Marquess of Montague,
Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Salisbury,
Earl of Pembroke,
Lord Hastings,
Lord Stafford,
Sir Hugh Mortimer,
Sir William Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby.
Lord Rivers, Brother to the Lady Gray.

Sir John Montgomery.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
Mayor of Coventry.
Mayor and Aldermen of York.

Somerville.
Humphrey 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 John 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.
THE
The Third Part of (1)

King HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE, London.


WARRICK.

Wonder, how the King escap'd our hands! York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He instantly stole away and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Chear'd up the drooping army; and himself,

(1) The Third Part of K, Henry VI.] The Action of this play (which was at first printed under this title, The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good K. Henry VIth: or, the Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaster) opens just after the first Battle at St. Albans, wherein the York Faction turned the day; and closes with the Murder of King Henry VI. and the Birth of Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward V. So that this History takes in the Space of full sixteen Years.
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breach,
Charg'd our main battle'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 dang'rously.
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 battles join'd;

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.—

[Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's Head.

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my Sons:
Is his Grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norf. 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 that Throne,
Which now the House of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heav'n, these eyes shall never close.

This is the Palace of that fearful King,
And this the regal Seat; possess us, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Afflict me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all afflict you; he, that flies, shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk; stay by me, my lords;
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

[They go up.

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,
Unlesa Plantagenet, Duke of York, be King;
And bashful Henry depos'd; whose cowardly
Hath made us By-words to our enemies.

York.
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.

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,) To 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 favorites, 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 assail the Family of York.

North. Well hast 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. Thou'rt deceiv'd, I'm thine.

E 4

Exe.
The Third Part Of

For shame come down: he made thee Duke of York.

'Twas my inheritance, as the Kingdom is.

Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

Exe. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown.

In following this usurping Henry:

Whom should he follow, but his natural King?

True, Clifford; and that's Richard Duke of York.

And shall I stand, and thou fit in my Throne?

It must and shall be so, content thy self.

Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.

He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmorland shall maintain.

And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,

March'd through the city to the Palace-gates.

No, Warwick, I remember it to my grieve.

And, by his soul, thou and thy House shall rue it.

Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,

'Kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives,

Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Urge it no more; left that, instead of words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,

As shall revenge his death before I stir.

Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats.

Will you, we shew our Title to the Crown?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

What Title haft 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.

Talk not of France, sith thou haft lost it all.

The lord Protector lost it, and not I;

When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old. [lose:

You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you

Father, tear the Crown from the Usurper's head.

Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont.
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  
speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords,  
And be you silent and attentive too;  
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live. [Throne.

K. Henry. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly  
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;  
Ay, and their Colours, often borne 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 hear 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;  
Whose 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 it unconstraining'd,  
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. Depo'sd he shall be, in despight of thee.

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 slew my father!

K. Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words revive my
heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy Crown:
What mutter you, or what conspire 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 but reign in Quiet, while I live.

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?

West. Base, fearful and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thy self and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, Cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.
West. 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!

Exeunt Nor. Clif. West.

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Ext. They seek 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 entale
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 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. Accurst be he, that seeks to make them foes!
[Senet. Here they come down.
York. Farewel, my gracious lord, I’ll to my Castle.
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.
[Exeunt York, Warwick, Norfolk and Montague.
K. Henry. And I with grief and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queen, and the Prince of Wales.

Ext. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I’ll seal away.
K. Henry. So, Exeter, will I.
[Going.
Queen. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee—
K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.
Queen. Who can be patient in such extremities?
Ah, wretched man! would I had dy’d a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov’d so unnatural a father.
Hath he deserv’d to lose his birth-right thus?
Hast thou but lov’d him half so well as I,

Or
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldest have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than made that savage Duke thine heir,
And disinherit thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be King, why should not I succeed?
K. Henry. Pardon me, Margret; pardon me, sweet son;
The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforc'd me.

Queen. Enforc'd thee? art thou King, and wilt be forc'd?
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 my self
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed;
Until that Act of Parliament be repealed,
Whereby my son is disinherit'd.

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 I do 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.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Henry.
K. Henry. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Queen. Ay, to be murth’rd by his enemies.—
Prince. When I return with victory from the field, I’ll see your Grace; till then I’ll follow her.
Queen. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[Exeunt Queen and Prince.

K. Henry. Poor Queen, how love to me and to her son Hath made her break out into terms of rage! Reveng’d may she be on that hateful Duke, Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire, Will coft 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 changes to Sandal-Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.

Rich. Brother, 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. (2)
York. About what?
Rich. About that, which concerns your Grace and us;

(2) No Quarrel, but a slight Contention.] Thus the Players, first, in their Edition; who did not understand, I presume, the force of the Epithet in the old Quarto, which I have restored,—sweet Contention, i.e. the Argument of their Dispute was upon a grateful Topic; the Question of their Father’s immediate Right to the Crown.

The
The Third Part of

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 canst 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 whet on Warwick to this enterprize.

Thou, Richard, shalt to th' Duke of Norfolk go,

And tell him privily of our intent.

You, Edward, shalt unto my lord Cobham,

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,

Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of spirit. (3)

While

(3) Witty, courteous, liberal, full of Spirit.] What a blessed harmonious Line have the Editors given us, and what a promising
King Henry VI

While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more
But that I seek occasion how to rise?
And 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?
Gab. The Queen, with all the northern Earls and Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by, with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortifie 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.

miling Epithet, in York's behalf, from the Kentishmen being so witty? I can't be so partial, however, to my own County, as to let this Compliment pass. I make no Doubt to read;

——For they are Soldiers,
Wealthy, and courteous, liberal, full of Spirit.
Now these 5 Characteristicks answer to Lord Say's Description of them in the preceding Play.

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writs,
Is term'd the civil'st Place in all this ible;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy.

York.
The Third Part of

York. What, with five thousand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's General; what should we fear?

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?

Alarum. Exit.

SCENE a Field of Battle betwixt Sandal-Castle and Wakefield.

Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. A, whether shall I fly, to escape 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 flew my father, he shall die.
Tutor. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.
Tutor. Ah! Clifford, murther not this innocent child,
Left thou be hated both of God and man.

Exit, drag'd off.

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
sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:

Am too mean a Subject of thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Cliff. In vain thou speakest, poor boy: my father's blood

Hath fop'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open't again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, coape with him.

Cliff. 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 ease my heart.

The sight of any of the House of York
Is 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.
Cliff. Such pity, as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me?

Cliff. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas, ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Left in revenge thereof, (tho' 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 hast no cause.

Cliff. No cause!
Thy father slew my father, therefore die.

[Cliff. slabs him.

Rut. Diu faciant, laudis summa fit ila tua! [Dies.

Cliff. 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.

Alarum:

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 fashions 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 Scepter 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.

[Alarum within.

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 hands are number’d, that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter the Queen, 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,

Cliff. Ay, to such Mercy as his ruthless arm
With downright payment she’d unto my father.
Now Phacton 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
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heav'n,
Coming whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no farther;
So Doves do peck the Falcon's piercing talons;
So desp'rate thieves, all hopeless 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.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows twice two for one.
Queen. 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.
Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.
North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[In the Struggle York is taken Prisoner:]
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-matcht.
North. What would your Grace have done unto him
now?
Queen. 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 preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of fons to back you now,
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back'd 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.
Aye, marry, Sir, now looks he like a King:
Aye, 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, and 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.
Queen. Nay, stay, let's hear the Oraifons he makes.
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of

France,
Whole tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill beleeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchangeing,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert 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.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,
Unles the adage must be verify'd,
"That 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,
Or as the south to the Septentrion.
Oh, tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
How couldst 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.
Wouldst 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
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 juic'd with blood: (4)
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
Oh ten times more, than tygers of Hycania.
See, ruthless Queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dip'dst 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'st 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 curt.
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 gnipes his soul.

Queen. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland!
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

(4) Would not have stain'd the Roses just with Blood. The Reading we deriv'd from the 2d Folio Edition. The old Quae and the 1st Folio Impression exhibit the Passage thus.

That Face of his the hungry Canibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with Blood.

But how are we to understand, Staining the Roses just with Blood.
Can the Poet mean, that the Canibals would not have stain'd the Roses in his Cheeks with Blood? The Position of the Words is forc'd, to admit of this Construction: and, just seems a very idle Expletive. The Conjecture, with which I have restor'd the Text, I think, retrieves the Poet's Thought.

Would not have stain'd the Roses juic'd with Blood.
i. e. would not have spilt that Blood, whose Juices sone this his young Cheeks, bright as the Vermilion Dye in Roses.
King Henry VI. 119

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.

[Stabbing him.]

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.

York. Open the gate of mercy, gracious God!

My soul flies through these wounds, to seek out thee.

[Dies.]

Queen. Off with his head and set it on York gates;

York may overlook the town of York.  [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE, near Mortimer's Cross in Wales.

March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their Power.

EDWARD.

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.

Haw him in the battle range about;

And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth;

Dethought, he bore him in the thickest troop,

As doth a Lion in a herd of neat;

As a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,

Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,

The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.

Oar'd our father with his enemies,

Ocala enemies my warlike father;

Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.

And how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious fun;  
How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
Trim'd like a yonker prancing to his love?  

_Edw._ Dazzle mine eyes? or do I see three suns?  
_Rich._ Thee glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;  
Not separated with the racking clouds,  
But fever'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 fun.  
In this the heaven figures some event.

_Edw._ 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.  
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;  
That we the sons of brave Plantagenet,  
Each one already blazing by our meads,  
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,  
And over-thine the earth, as this the world.  
What's'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear  
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

_Rich._ Nay, bear three daughters:—by your leave,  
I speak it,  
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?  

_Mef._ 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.

_Mef._ 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 subdued,  
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 sadderst 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, boist'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 burthen:
For self-same 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 that's thine, or else thou wert not his.
March. Enter Warwick, Marquis of Montague, and their army.

War. How now, fair Lords? what fare? what news abroad?

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.

Edw. 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 befaln.
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 advertised
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 hated 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 myself,
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 his power;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Dutches of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. ’Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft have I heard his prais’es in pursit,
But ne’er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, ft 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 fist;
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 steele,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb’ring our Ave Maries with our heads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the laft, 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 Norbumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easie-melting King, like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath inrolled 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 myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Wellswen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand:
Why, Via! to London will we march amain;
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 sun-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 hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums; God and St. Guf for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mess. 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 changes to York.

Enter King Henry, the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, and the Prince of Wales, with Drums and Trumpets.

Queen. Welcome, my Lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompassed with your crown.
Dost not the object cheer your heart, my Lord?

K. Henry. Ay, as the rocks cheer them, that fear their wreck;
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.

Cliff. 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 'scapes 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 knitts 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 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
The Third Part of

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 grandfathers 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 with him.

K. Henry. Full well hath Clifford plaid the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever 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!

Queen. My Lord, cheer up your spirits, our foes are nigh;
And this fo1t courage makes your followers faint;
You promised 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.

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.

Mess. 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.
Daraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field:
The Queen hath best success, when you are absent.

Queen. 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!

March. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence,
Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Eduw. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy Diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy.
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful King?

Eduw. 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. 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'lt thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Queen. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick, dare you speak?
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.  

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently. —  
Break off the parle, for scarce I can refrain  
The execution of my big-swoln heart  
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.  
Clif. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?  
Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,  
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rusland:  
But, ere fun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.  
K. Henry. Have done with words, my Lords, and let me speak.  

Queen. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.  
K. Henry. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;  
I am a King, and privilèg'd to speak.  
Clif. My Liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,  
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.  
Rich. Then, executioner, 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 right, or no?  
A thousand men have broke their faits to day,  
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.  
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. Who ever got thee, there thy mother stands,  
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.  
Queen. But thou art neither like thy fire o'r dam,  
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatick,  
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided;  
As venomous toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.  
Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,  
Whole father bears the title of a King.
King Henry VI

(As if a channel should be call'd the sea)
Shall't thou not, knowing whence thou art extraght,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless Callot 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 thought 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 grac'd thy poor Sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sun-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 slept;
And we, in pitty of the gentle King,
Had slipt our claim until another age.

Cla. But when we saw, our sun-shine made thy spring;
And that thy summer bred us no increafe,
We set the ax to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit our selves,
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 desie thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle King to speak.
Sound trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave,
And either Victory, or else a Grave.

Queen. Stay, Edward—

Edw. No, wrangling Woman, we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

[Exeunt omnes.]
SCENE changes to a Field of Battel at Ferrbridge in Yorkshire.

ALARUM. EXCURSIONS. ENTER WARWICK.

WAR. FORE-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 good?

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 thy self?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk, (5)

BROACH'D

(5) Thy Brother's Blood the thirsty Earth hath drunk.] This Passage, 1 from the Variation of the Copies, gave me a little Perplexity. The old 4to applies this Description to the Death of Salisbury, Warwick's Father. But this was a notorious Deviation from the Truth of History. For the Earl of Salisbury in the Battle at Wakefield, wherein Richard Duke of York lost his Life, was taken prisoner, beheaded at Pomfret, and his Head, together with the Duke of York's, six'd over York-Gate.
King Henry VI.

Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
And in the very pangs of death he cry'd,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far
Warwick, revenge; brother, revenge my death.
So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoaking 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, whilsts 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 with thine.
And ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou sett'st up, and pluck'rt down, of Kings!
Befothing thee, (if with thy will it stands
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'er it be, in heav'n or on earth.

Gates. Then, the only Brother of Warwick, introduc'd in this
Play, is the Marquifs of Montague: (or Montague, as he is
tell'd by our Author:); but he does not dye, till ten years af-
ter, in the Battle at Barnet; where Warwick likewise was
kill'd. The Truth is, the Brother, here mentioned, is no Per-
son in the Drama: and his Death is only an incidental Piece
of History. Consulting the Chronicles, upon this Action at
Euribridge, I find him to have been a natural Son of Salisbur-y,
in that respect, a Brother to Warwick;) and esteem'd a
valiant young Gentleman.

Rich.
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. Away, away: once more, sweet lords, farewell.
Cla. Yet let us all together 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. [Exeunt.

Excursons. 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 stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand, that flew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death;
And cheers these hands, that flew thy fire and bro't,
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 chafe,
For I my self will hunt this wolf to death. [Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

K. Henry. This battle 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 a mighty sea
Fore'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea.
For to retire by fury of the wind.
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 battle; 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 fit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials queintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many makes 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 time;
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 yeain;
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 filthy sheep,
Than doth a rich-embroiderd canopy
To Kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
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 couch'd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust and treasons wait on him;

Alarum. Enter a Son, that had kill'd his Father.

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no body.—
This man, whom hand to hand I slew 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 doth me.
Who's this! oh God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares 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 bereav'd 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.

Enter a Father, bearing his Son.

Fath. Thou, that so stoutly hast resifted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou haist 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 eyes; 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 soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. Henry. Woe above woe; grief, more than common

grief;
O, that my death would stay these rueful deeds!
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red rose 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, presenteth:
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?

Fadh. 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,
Mis-think the King, and not be satisfy'd?

Son. Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death?

Fadh. Was ever father, so bemoan'd his son?

K. Henry. Was ever King, so griev'd for subjects' woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[Exit.

Fadh. 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 fo oblequious will thy father be,
Sad for the los's of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.

I'll
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.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales,  
and Exeter.

  Prince. Fly, father, fly, for all your friends are fled;  
And Warwick rages like a chased bull:  
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
  Queen. Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post amain.
  Edward and Richard, like a brace of grey-hounds  
Having the fearful flying bare in fight,  
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,  
And bloody steel graspt 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! [Exit.

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 tough commixtures melt,  
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-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 giv'n consent  
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,  
Thy burning Car had never scorch'd the earth:  
And Henry, hadst thou s'way'd as Kings should do,  
Or as thy father and his father did,
King Henry VI.

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?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold our 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;
Itabb'd your fathers' bosoms; split my breast. [He faints.


Edu. Now breathe we, lords, good fortune bids us pause;
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue 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 Argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fle'd with them?

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 whereasoe'er he is, he's surely dead. [Clifford groans.

Rich. Whose soul is that which takes her hearty leave?
A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.
See who it is.

Edu. And now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford's
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing Rustland when his leaves put forth;
But set his murther'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring;
I mean, our princely father, Duke of York.

War.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head of your father's head, which Clifford placed there: Instead whereof, let his supply the room. Measure for Measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our House! That nothing but death to us and ours: Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound, And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

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 didst love York, and I am son to York.
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 wert 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 Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst: York and young Rutland could not satiate.

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
And ask the lady Bona for thy Queen.
So shalt thou siew 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 sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the Coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
'Tis 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 Seat:
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. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE, a Wood in Lancashire.

Enter Sinklo and Humphry, with cross-bows in their hands.

SINKLO.

UNDER this thick-grown brake we'll shroud
our selves,
For through this laund anon the Deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our Stand,
Culling 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
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 befel me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

*Hum.* 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 pre-

love,

To gree 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 wast anointed:

No bending knee will call thee *Caesar* 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 my self?

*Sink.* Ay, here's a deer, whose skin's a keeper's:
This is the *quondam* King, let's seize upon him.

**K. Henry.** Let me embrace these four Adversits;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

*Hum.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

*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 Sitter
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 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,
he, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
The 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,
Inferreth 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 forsaken, 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; nor 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
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, man?

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 oaths, 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 were feasted 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 be obey’d;
And what God will, that let your King perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the Palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Gray.

K. Edw. BROTHER of Glo’ster, at St. Alban’s field
This lady’s husband, Sir John Gray, was slain,
His land then seiz’d on by the Conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossefs those lands,
Which we in justice cannot well deny;
Because, in quarrel of the Houfe of York,
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit:
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edward. It were no les; but yet I’ll make a pause.
Glo. Yea! is it so?

K. Edw. The lady hath a thing to grant,
for the King will grant her humble suit.
Clar. 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.
Ay't please your Highness to resolve me now?
and what your Pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
Glo. Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your
lands,
if what pleases him, shall please you:
right closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.
Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.
Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell
me.
Clar. 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.
Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.
K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's
lands.
Gray. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's
wit.
Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have
leave;
I'll youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
K. Edw. Now tell me, Madam, do you love your
children?
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.
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 commands.
Glo. He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble.
Clar. 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 curtsy.
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 fust 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 lie with thee.
Gray. To tell you plain, I'd rather lye in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
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,
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, or with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say, Ay, to my request;
No; if thou dost 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.

Clar. 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 jest 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 should call
you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee
mother.

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 shrift.

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shrift.

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.
Clar. To whom, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.
Glo. That would be ten days' Wonder at the least;
Clar. That's a day longer than a Wonder lasts.
Glo. By so much is the Wonder in extremis.
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.
[Exit.

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 lustful 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 spy's a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the Sea that Succers 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'erween's too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
King Henry VI

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.
Oh 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 up like 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 unlick'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 mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
Be round-impaled with a glorious Crown.
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 desparately 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:

G 2

I'll
The Third Part

I'll drown more falers, than the Mermaid shall;
I'll play more gazers, than the Baflbck;
I'll play the cratten, as well as Nalors;
Deceive more silly, than Ulyss could;
And, like a lover, take another Frez:
I can add colours ever to the Camarion;
Change shapes with Frozens, for advantages;
And let the monthless Madhoolock to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a Crown?
That, were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

SCENE changes to France.

Flourish. Enter King Lewis, Lady Roma, Edmond, Edward Prince of Wales, Queen Marguer, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis rises, and speaks up again.

K. Lew. F A I R Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: let all welcome thy son,
And Bith, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis sits.
Queen, No, mighty King of France; now Margaret
Must take her fall, and learn a while to serve,
Where Kings command. I was, I must content.
Great Alphonse's Queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath tried my Tis doe,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like fate unto my fortune.
And in my humble seat conform my self.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair Queen, whence springest thou,
deep sighs?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And keeps my tongue, while my heart's drawn: commends
K. Lew. What's in it, he is there still like my will,
And slumber by our side. Yield not thy neck.

To fortune's yoke, but let thy discretion mind
Still ride in unison with all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Marguer, and tell thy grief;
It shall be easy: if France can yield relief.
Queen. Those guardian words receive my thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty’d sorrow leave to speak.
Now therefore be it known to noble Louis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a Kings, become a banish’d man,
And fai’d to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
Keeps the regal Title, and the Seat
Of England’s true-annointed lawful King.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son Prince Edward, Henry’s heir,
Become to crave thy just and lawful aid:
And if thou fail us, all our hope is gone.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our People and our Peers are both milled;
Our Treasure too’d, our Soldiers put to flight;
And, as thou seest, our Selves in heavy plaine.

K. Leu. Renowned Queen, with patience calm the storms.
While we beholds a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.
K. Leu. The more I stay, the more I’ll fear our thee.
Queen. O, but impatience waits on true sorrow:
And she, where comes she, the breaker of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

K. Leu. What’s he, approacheth boldly to our Presence?
Queen. Our Lord of Warwick, Edward’s greatest friend.
K. Leu. Welcome, brave Warwick, what brings thee
ToPresence? [He enters. She enters.
Queen. Ay, now begins a second scene to thes:
For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.
War. From worthy Edward, King of Scots,
My Lord and Soveraign, and the revered friend,
Lesse (in hands and unsign’d letters)
Will do greetings to thy royal person.
And trust to crave a league of army:
And which, to confirm that amity
With especial honor, it shall be possible to grant.
This gracious lady Emma, thy sole sister,
The Third Part of

To England's King in lawful marriage.

Queen. If That go forward, Henry's hope is done!
War. And, gracious Madam, in our King's behalf,
[Speaking to Bon.+]

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 entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Queen. 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 may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For tho' Usurpers sway 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 defannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdued the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise Prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his Prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse;
You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
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, canst thou speak against thy
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years. [Ligea,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the Right,
Now buckler falsehood 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 downfal of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the House of Lancaster.
War. And I the House of York.
K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use farther conference with Warwick.
Queen. Heav'n's grant, that Warwick's words bewitch
him not! [They stand aloof.
K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me even upon thy con-
science,
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. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eyes?
War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.
K. Lew. 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 an external 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. Lew. 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 War.
G 4 When
When I have heard your King's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, this: our sister shall be Edward's.
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your King must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.
Draw 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.
Queen. Deceitful Warwick, it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy Coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. 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 promis'd.
Yet 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 quandam Queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

Queen. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace!
Proud settler-up and puller-down of Kings!
I 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. Lew. Warwick, this is some Post to us, or thee.

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. Lew.
And, Madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

[To the Queen. They all read their Letters. Oxs.
King Henry VI.

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and Mistres's smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.
Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were netted.

I hope, all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair Queen?
Queen. Mine such, as fills my heart with unhop'd joys.
War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
K. Lew. What! has your King marry'd the lady Gray?

And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance, that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen. 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'ly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's:
No more my King; for he dishonours me,
But most 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 guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself, for my desert is honour!
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.
My noble Queen, let former grudges pass,
And, henceforth, I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Queen. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love,
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

G 5

With
The Third Part of

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.
For '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_?

_Queen._ 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. Lew._ And mine with hers, and thine, and _Margaret'_s.

Therefore at last I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid.

_Queen._ Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

_K. Lew._ Then, _England's_ messenger, return in post,
And tell false _Edward_, thy suppos'd King,
That _Lewis of France_ is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.

Thou seest 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 sake.

_Queen._ 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 Pfoh.

_K. Lew._ But, _Warwick_,
Thyself and _Oxford_ with five thousand men
Shall cross the seas, and bid false _Edward_ battle;
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,
That if our _Queen_ and this young _Prince_ agree,
I'll join my younger daughter and my joy.
To him forthwith, in holy wedlock's bands.

Queen. 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. Lew. Why stay we now; these soldiers shall be levy'd,
And thou, lord Bourbon, our High Admiral,
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.

(6) I'll join my eldest Daughter, and my Joy,
To him forthwith,—Surely, this is a Mistake of the Copyists.
Hall, in the 9th Year of K. Edward IV. says, Edward,
Prince of Wales, wedded Anne SECOND Daughter to the Earl of Warwick. And the Duke of Clarence was in Love with the Elder, the Lady Isabel; and in Reality was married to her five Years before Prince Edward took the Lady Anne to Wife.

And in K. Richard 3d, Gloucester, who married this Lady Anne when a Widow, says.

For then I'll marry Warwick's Youngest Daughter.
What tho' I kill'd her Husband and her Father?
I.e. Prince Edward, and K. Henry VI. her Father in Law.
See likewise Holingshead in his Chronicle; p. 673 and 674.

ACT
ACT IV.

SCENE, the Palace in 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? Clar. 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 Hastings: Four stand on one side, and four on the other.

Glo. And his well chosen bride.
Clar. 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?
Clar. 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, and 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, are you offended too? Glo. Not I; no: God forbid, that I should wish Them severed whom God hath join'd together:

Pity
Pity to sunder them, that yeack so well.
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.

Clar. 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 appeas'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 stairs, 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 given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend our selves:
In them, and in our selves, our safety lies.

Clar. 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.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestowed the heir
Of the lord Bouvill 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.

Clar. In chusing for your self, you shew'd your judgment;

Which
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,
Unless 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:

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. 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
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 means 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! durst the Traitor breath 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 Margarets?

Post. Ay, gracious Sov'reign, they're so link'd in friendship,

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the younger; Clarence will have the elder. (7)

Now, brother King, farewell, and fit you fast, 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 follows.


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 des'rate case:

Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf

(7) Belike, the Elder; Clarence will have the Younger.] I have ventured to make Elder and Younger change Places in this Line against the Authority of All the printed Copies. The Reason of it will be obvious to every one, from the Proofs in my Note preceding this.
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or will soon be landed;
My self in person will straight follow you.

[Ex. 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 suspect.

Mon. 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 despatch 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. [Ex.

SCENE 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?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardise
To rest distrustful, where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.
Else 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 rests, but in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about, (8)
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found th’adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
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 sort,
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

[Exeunt.

Enter the Watchmen to guard the King’s Tent.

1 Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his
Stand: The King by this has set him down to sleep.

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 supprest.

2 Watch. To morrow then, belike, 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?
1 Watch. ’Tis the lord Hastings, the King’s chiefest
friend.

3 Watch. O, is it so? but why commands the King,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,

(8) His Soldiers lurking in the Town about.] Dr. Thirlby advis-
ed the reading Towns here, very justly, upon the Proof of this
Passage spoken by the Guard in the Scene immediately follow-
ing.

—— but why commands the King,
That his chief Fell’wers lodge in Towns about him, &c.

While
The Third Part of

While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

2 Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because the more dangerous.

2 Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness; I like it better than a dang'rous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands, 'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard we this royal tent, But 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:

Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!

But 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 out in a gown, sitting in a chair; Gloster and Hallings flying over the Stage.

Som. What are they, that fly there?

War. Richard and Hallings; 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 ambassade, 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,
King Henry VI.

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 needs must 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:

[Takes off his Crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true King, indeed; thou but the 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 resist both wind and tide.

[Ex. King Edward led out forceably.

Ox. 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE, the Palace.

Enter Rivers, and the Queen.

Madam, what makes you in this sudden
change?

Queen. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune has befallin King Edward?

Riv. What! loss of some pitch't battle against Warwick?

Queen. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?
Queen. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betray'd by falsity 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, and 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,
Left 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 informed 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,
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, a Park near Middleham-Castle 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 the chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus
Thus stands the case; you know, our King, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop, at whose 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 his 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 lies the game.
K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.
Now, brother Gloster, Haslings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?
Glo. Brother, the time and cause requireth haste,
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.
K. Edw. But whither shall we then?
Hast. To Lyn, my Lord,
And ship from thence to Flanders.
Glo. Well guest, believe me, for that was my meaning.
K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite 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.
K. Edw. Bishop, farewell; shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray, that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to 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
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 my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of householde harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But Warwick, after God, thou settest me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee:
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer fortune's spight,
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;
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 has 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 chusing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heav'n's in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch and lawrel 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.

K. Henry. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands;
Now join your hands, and with your hands, your hearts,
That no dissention hinder government.
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life;
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sov'reign's will?
Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yeaok 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.

Clar. 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
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.

Clar. It shall be done, my sov'reign, with all speed.

K. Henry. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you 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
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
Must 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. Unfavorable 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 solace for any fore that may betide.

Manent Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

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 presaging prophesy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond;
So doth my heart mis-give me, in these conflicts
What may befal 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.

SCENE 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 amends;
And says, that once more I shall enchange
My wainer'd 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 Ravensburg, before the gates of York,
King Henry VI. 169

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.
K. Edw. Tush! man, abode,ments must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.
Hafl. My Liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York and his Brethren.
Mayor. My Lords, we were forewarned 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,
Al 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 Dukedom;
Being well content with that alone.
Glo. But when the fox has once got in his nose,
I'll soon find means to make the body follow. [Aside.
Hafl. Why, master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
When 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!
Hafl. The good old man would fain that all were well,
Were not long of him; but being enter'd,
Doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Th him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.
K. Edw. So, master Mayor; these gates must not be shut
In the night, or in the time of war.
What, fear not, man, but yield me up the keys; [Takes his key.

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.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John; but why come you in arms?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomer'ry: 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,

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 yourself 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 claim:
'Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hafl. Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must rule.
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.
King HENRY VI.

Hast. Sound trumpet, Edward shall be here proclaim’d:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. [Flourish.
Sold. Edward the fourth by the grace of God, King of
England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.
Mont. And whosoever gain-fays 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 in York:
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We’ll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.
Ah, froward Clarence, evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry, and forsake 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 changes again to London.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence,

War. What counsel, Lords? Edward from Belgium,
With haughty 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.
Clar. 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
The Third Part of

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 Dian 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.

K. Henry. Farewel, my Heitor, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. 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 all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewel, sweet Lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[Exeunt.

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 meed hath got me fame:
I have not stopt mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with flow 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 javns 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
Enter King Edward, and his Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac’d Henry, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of England.
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.

[Ex. with King Henry.

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.

Gle. Away betimes, before his forces join;
Ad take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE, before the Town of Coventry.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers and others, upon the walls.

WARWICK.

WHERE is the Post, that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Mes. By this at Dunsmore, marching hither-ward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?

Where is the Post, that came from Montague?

2 Mes. By this at Dainty, with a puissant troop.

Enter Somervile.

War. Say, Somervile, what says my loving son?
And by thy guess how nigh is Clarence now?

H 3 Somerv.
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 lyes: 
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 flept our scouts, or how are they seduced, 
That we could hear no news of his repair? 
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city-gate, 
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
But while he thought to steal the single ten,
The King was slyly 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, kneel down:
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
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 sail, to strike to thee.
K. Edw. Sail, how thou canst; have wind and tide thy friend;
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.

Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!
Ox. Oxford! Oxford! for Lancaster!
Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again and bid us battle;
If 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
Ev’n with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match’d, the greater victory;
My mind presageth 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.—
[A Parley is founded; Richard and Clarence whisper together; and then Clarence takes his red rose out of his hat, and throws it at Warwick.] (9)

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
Look, here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruin my father's house,
Who gave his blood to line the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, truw'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 myself thy mortal foe:
With resolution, wherefo' 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 desir 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.

(9) A Parley is founded, &c.] This necessary Note of Direction, which explains the Matter in Action, I restor'd from the old Quarto. And, without it, it is impossible that any Reader can guess at the Meaning of this Line of Clarence;

Look, here I throw my Infamy at Thee.

K. Edw.
King Henry VI.

K. Edu. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.
Glo. Welcome, good Clarence, this is brother-like.
War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!
K. Edu. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.
K. Edu. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:
Lords, to the field; St. George and victory! [Exeunt.
March. Warwick and his Company follow.

Scene, a Field of Battle near Barnet.

Enter Edward, bringing forth Warwick wounded.

K. Edu. So, lye thou there: die thou, and die our Fear;
For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, fit fast, I seek 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 Jove's spreading tree;
And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.
These eyes, that now are dim'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day Sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.

H 5
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 smeared in dust and blood,
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Ev'n now forlaie 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 Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our losse again:
The Queen from France hath brought a puissant Pow'r:
Ev'n now we heard the news: ah, 'couldst 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'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glews 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, Condemp 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,
O, farewell, Warwick!——

War. Sweetly rest his soul!

Fly, lords, and save your selves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven. [Diss.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power.
[They bear away his Body, and Extent.
SCENE changes to another Part of the Field.

Thur. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Glocester, 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,
Ere he attain his eafeful western bed:
I 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.

Clar. 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 assur’d,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis’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 changes to Tewksbury.

March. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, Somerset,

Queen. GREAT lords, wise men ne’er fit and wail
their los’s,
But clearly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,

And
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-ful eyes add water to the sea;
And give more strength to That which hath too much?
While in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'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 throuds and tacklings still?
And though unskilful, 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-sand 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:
Bestrive 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 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 weaknesses 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,
King Henry VI.

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 Doth live again in thee; long may'st 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.

Queen. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford; thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. 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.

Queen. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

March. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood, Which, by the heav'n's assistance and your strength, Must 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.

Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say, My tears gain-say; for every word I speak, Ye see, I drink the water of my eye: Therefore no more but this; Henry, your Sov'reign, Is
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 ballot.


Re-Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, &c. The Queen, Oxford, and Somerset, Prisoners.

K. Edw. Now here's a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes-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.

[Exeunt.

Queen. 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 haft turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a Subject, proud ambitious York.
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign 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.

Queen. Ah! that thy father had been so resolv'd!
Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stolen the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night,
His currish riddles fort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, Brat, I'll plague ye for that word.
Queen. Ay, thou wait born to be a plague to men.
Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Cla. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. 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 it my Father's Right and mine.
Glo. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.

[Stabs him.]

K. Edw. And take thou that, to end thy agony.
[Edw. stabs him.]
Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[Clar. stabs him.]

Queen. Oh, kill me too!
Glo. Marry, and shall.——— [Offers to kill her.
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.
Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother:
I'll hence to London on a serious matter.
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What? what?
Glo. The Tower, man, the Tower!——I'll root 'em out.
[Exit.

Queen. Oh Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, Boy.

Canst 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
He was a man; this (in respect) a child; 
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child. 
What's worse than murtherer, that I may name it? 
No, no, my heart will burst, and 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. 
Queen. 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. 
Clare. By heav'n, I will not do thee so much ease. 
Queen. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clare. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it? 
Queen. Ay, but thou ufeft to forswear thy self: 
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity. 
What, wilt thou not? where is that Devil-butcher, (10) 
Richard? hard-favour'd Richard, where art thou? 
Thou art not here: Murther is thy Alms-deed. 
Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'th back. 

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence. 
Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince! 

[Exit Queen.

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone? 
Clare. To London all in post; and, as I guess, 
To make a bloody supper in the Tower. 

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head. 

(10) Where is that Devil's Butcher, Richard? Thus all the Editions. But Devil's Butcher, in other Terms, I think, is Kill-devil: rare News for the Free-thinkers, if there were any Grounds for depending on it. But the Poet certainly wrote devil-Butcher; and the first Part of the Compound is to be taken adjectively, meaning, execrable, infernal, devilish.

Now
Now march we hence, discharge the common sort
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. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Tower of London.

Enter King Henry, and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant
on Tower Walls.

Glo. G O O D 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'ster, 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 weakeless 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 Roscius 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 Greet,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
K. Henry. I, Dedalus; 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.
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.
K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst
presume,
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-landing 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, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in dismal discord 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. (11)

Glo.

(15) And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st— Had our Editors had but a
Grain of Sagacity, or due Diligence, there could have been no
Room for this absurd Break, since they might have ventured to
fill it up with Certainty too. The old Quarto would have led
them part of the way,

Thou cam'st into the world—

And that the Verse is to be completed in the manner I have
given it, is incontestible; for unless we suppose King Henry ac-
tually
King Henry VI. 187

Glo. I'll hear no more: die Prophet in thy speech.

[Stabs him.

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Henry. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this—

God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [Dies.

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!

O, may such purple tears be always shed,

From those who with 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.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—

Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of:

For I have often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legs forward.

Had 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,

O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!

And so I was; which plainly signify'd

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog;

Then, since the heav'n's have shap'd my body so,

Hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it.

Had no father, I am like no father.

Have no brother, I am like no brother;

And this word Love, which grey-beards call divine;

Resident in men like one another,

And not in me: I am my self alone.—

Henry reproaches him with this his preposterous Birth, how can

Richard in his very next Soliloquy say?

Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of,

For I have often heard my Mother say,

I came into the World with my Legs forward.

Can easily see, that this Blank was caus'd by the Nicety of the

Stylist, to suppress an indecent Idea. But, with Submission,

was making but half a Cure, unless they had expung'd the

petition of it out of Richard's Speech too.

Clarence,
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort 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, 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 foes-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 Clifford's, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their Courser's at the trumpet's sound.
With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montagu,
That in their chains setter'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-posse the Crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid,
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.

K. Edw.
K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely Queen; And kiss your princely Nephew, Brothers both. Clar. The duty, that I owe your Majesty, I feel upon the lips of this sweet Babe. Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, (12) thanks.

Glo. And that I love the tree, from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master; 
And cry'd, all hail! when as he meant all harm. 
K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my Country's Peace and Brothers' Loves.
Clar. What will your Grace have done with Margaret? Raignier 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 stateiy Triumphs, mirthful Comick Shows, Such as befit the pleasure of the Court?
Sound, drums and trumpets; farewell, sow'r Annoy! For here, I hope, begins our lasting Joy. [Exeunt omnes.

(12) Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy Brother, thanks.] This line, ever since the first Edition by the Players, has been given to K. Edward; but I have, with the old Quarto, restored it to the Queen, from whom it comes with much more propriety.
THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

RICHARD III.
Dramatis Personae.

KING Edward IV.
Edward Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward V.
Richard, Duke of York,  
Sons to Edward IV.
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.
Marquess of Dorset, Son to Queen Elizabeth.
Earl Rivers, Brother to the Queen.
Lord Gray, Son to Queen Elizabeth.
Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.
Bishop of Ely.
Lord Hastings.
Sir Thomas Vaughan.
Sir Richard Ratcliff.
Lord Lovel,  
Friends to the Duke of Gloucester.
Catesby.
Sir James Tyrrel, a Villain.
Thomas, Lord Stanley, Lord Steward of K, Edward IVth's
Household, afterwards Earl of Derby.
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 Ufflrick, a Priest.

Elizabeth, 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 III. with Soldiers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, in England.
The LIFE and DEATH of (1)

R I C H A R D III.

A C T I.

S C E N E, The Court.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.

NOW 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.
Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,

(1) The Life and Death of King Richard III. This Tragedy, tho it is call'd the Life and Death of this Prince, comprizes, at most, but the last 8 Years of his Time: For it opens with George Duke of Clarence being clap'd up in the Tower, which happen'd in the beginning of the Year 1477; and closes with the Death of Richard at Bosworth-field, which Battle was fought on the 22d of August in the Year 1485.
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,—
I, that am rudely stampt, and want love's 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 unashionably,
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 spy 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 mev'd up;
About a Prophesy, 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?
  Clar. His Majesty,
Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
  Glo. Upon what cause?
  Clar. Because my name is George.
  Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours:
  He
He should for That commit your godfathers.
Belike, his Majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new christened in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence, may I know?

Clar. Yes, 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 sends you to the Tower;
My lady Gray his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.

Clar. 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 deliverity?

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 herself,
Since that our Brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty goslings in this 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.

I 2

Glo.
King Richard III.

Glo. Ev'n so, an't please your worship, Brackenbury!
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man— we say, the King
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble Queen
Well strook in years; fair, and not 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-folk:
How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. What, fellow? nought to do with mistress Shore?
I tell you, Sir, he that doth naught with her,
Excepting one, were best to 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.

Clar. 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.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliver you, or else lye 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 our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Haft. Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

Glo. As much unto my good lord Chamberlain:

Well
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. 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.

Glo. 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.

Hast. More pity, that the Eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. 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?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.           [Exit Hastings.

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
'Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heav'n.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With Lyes 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 bustle in!
For then, I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I 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. [Exit.

I 3 SCENE
Enter the Cource of Henry the Sixth, with Halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mournuer.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load, If honour may be shrouded in a herse; Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament Th' untimely Fall of virtuous Lancaster. Poor key-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; Stabb'd by the self-fame 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: 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'rd's 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 Cource.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the Cource, and set it down. Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,

To
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the Coarse; or, by St. Paul,
I'll make a Coarse of him that disobeys.

Gen. 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 hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet Saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul Dev'l! 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 exclaims.
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 exhalès this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells.
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 myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curze thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst
make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself;
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I flew 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
saw
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 fland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltles's shoulders.

Anne. Thou waft provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught 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'st be damned for that wicked deed!

O, 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.
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 liest!
Glo. So will it, Madam, till I lye with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glo. 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 wast the cause, and most accurst 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 sweet 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 thyself, 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.

I 5.  

Glo.
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;
Shall'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 standers-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 those forrows 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 can not 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'ly 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. 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 encompseth 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 suppliant 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-monast'ry 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.

Traffel 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. Sirs, take up the coarse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble Lord?

Glo. No, to White-Fryars, 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!  
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,  
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,  
The bleeding witnesses of her 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 dissembling 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,  
Stab'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,
Myself to be a marvellous 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 myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn you fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[Exit.

SCENE changes to the Palace.

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray.

Riv. HAVE patience, Madam, there's no doubt, his Majesty
Will soon recover his accustomed health.
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 into the trust of Richard Glofter,
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. (2)

(2) Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Derby.] This is
a Blunder of Inadvertence, which has run thro' the whole Chain
of Impressions. It could not well be original in Shakespeare,
who
Buck. Good time of day unto your royal Grace!
Stanley. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been!
Queen. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley,
To your good pray'r will scarcely say, Amen;
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Stanley. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious flanders of her false accusers:
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness; which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.
Queen. Saw you the King to day, my Lord of Stanley?
Stanley. But now, the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from vistiing 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 Glo'ster 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.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.

who was most minutely intimate with his History and the inter-marriages of the Nobility. The Person, here called Derby, was Thomas Lord Stanley, Lord Steward of King Edward the IVth's Household. But this Thomas Lord Stanley was not created Earl of Derby till after the Accession of Henry VII; and, accordingly, afterwards in the Fourth and Fifth Acts of this Play, before the Battle of Bosworth-field, he is every where called Lord Stanley. This sufficiently justifies the Change I have made in his Title.
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 dissenstious rumours.  
Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,  
Smile in mens' 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 haft 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 suitors else,  
(Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,  
That in your outward action shews itself  
Against my children, brothers, and myself;)  
Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground  
Of your ill will, and thereby to remove it.  

Glo. I cannot tell; the world is grown so bad,  
Than wrens make prey, where eagles dare not perch.  
Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.  

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster.  
You envy my advancement and my friends:  
God grant, we never may have need of you!  

Glo. Mean time, God grants that we have need of you.  
Our Brother is imprison'd by your means;  
Myself disgrac'd; and the nobility  
Held in contempt; while many fair promotions  
Are daily given to ennoble 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 that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my Lord, for——

Glo. She may, Lord Rivers—why, who knows not so?
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 deserts.
What may she not? she may—ay, marry, may she—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a King.
A bachelor, a handfast stripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.—

Queen. My Lord of Glo'sier, I have too long borne
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 serv'ant-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.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. And lessen'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, (3)
I will avouch in presence of the King:
'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. Out, Devil! I remember thee 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 Adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine 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 battle, at St. Albans slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are:
Withal, 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, 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 Cacoëmon! 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 lawful 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.

From this passage, the editors have follow'd them) I have restor'd from the old Quarto's; and, indeed, without it the Verte, which immediately follows, is hardly Sense.
210 King Richard III.

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 joylesse.
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'ft 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 Glo
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'ft the Duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are now fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, has plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. Mar. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Haif. O, 'twas the foulest deed to flay that babe,
And the most mercilesst, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept, when it was reported
Dorf. No man but prophesy'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 surfei't die your King,
As ours by mutter, 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!
Thyself a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may't 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!
River's and Dorset, you were standers-by,
And so wail 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,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!
Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.
Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou
shalt hear me.

If heav'n's have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
0, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe;
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, thou troublor of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul;
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'lt,
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-market abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wait seall'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!

Thou
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour, thou detested——

_Glo. Margaret._

_Q. Mar. Richard._

_Glo. Ha?——_

_Q. Mar. I call thee not._

_Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for, I did think,_
That thou hadst 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._

_Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curse against your self._

_Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune!_

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool, thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself:
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'rous bunch-back'd toad.

_Hast. False-breading woman, end thy frantick curse;_

Left 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: O, serve me well, and teach your selves that duty._

_Dorf. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick._

_Q. Mar. Peace, master Marquis, you are malapert; Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current._

_O, 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._

_Dorf. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me._

_Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high,
Our Airy 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 darknes folded up.
Your Airy buildeth in our Airie’s nest;
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it:
As it was won with blood, so be it lost!
Buck. Peace, peace for shame, if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably 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,
In 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.
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.
0 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?
0, but remember this another day;
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor Marg’ret was a Prophetess.
Live each of you the subject to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

[Exit.]

_Buck._ My hair doth stand on end to hear her Cursel.
_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.
_Dorf._ 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 fattering 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 scathe to us.
_Glo._ So do I ever, being well advis'd;
For had I curst now, I had curst my self.

[Aside.]

_Enter Catesby._

_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?

_Riv._ Madam, we will attend your Grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.]

_Glo._ I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischief, that I let abroach,
I lay 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 figh, and with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I cloathe my naked villany
With old odd ends, ftol'n forth of holy Writ,
And seem a Saint, when most I play the Devil.

_Enter
King Richard III.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my handy, stout, resolute 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 affur’d,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools’ eyes drop tears.

I like you, lads; about your business; go. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Tower.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your Grace so heavily to day?

Clar. 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 me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower;
And was embark’d to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Gloster;
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the Hatches. Thence we look’d toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the Wars of York and Lancaster.

That
That had befal'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Methought, that Glo'sper stumble; and in falling
Struck me (that fought to stay 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 mens' 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?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghoist; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this fore agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthned 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 Waravick,
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 Tewksbury;
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, walk'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.

Clar. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done those things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
0, 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
Rest!

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,     [Aside
Makes the night 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 fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 Vil. Ho, who's there?

Brak. In God's name, what art thou? how cam'st 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 cease our Commission, and talk no more.

Brak. [Reads] I am in this commanded, to deliver the noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.

Vol. V. K I will
I will not reason what is meant hereby, 
Because I will be guileless of the meaning. 
There lyes 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. \[Exit. \]

1 Vil. You may, Sir, 'tis a point of wisdom; fare you well.

2 Vil. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 Vil. No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes,

2 Vil. When he wakes! why, Fool, he shall never wake until the great Judgment-day.

1 Vil. Why, then he'll say, we stabbed him sleeping.

2 Vil. The urging of that word, Judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 Vil. What? art thou afraid?

2 Vil. Not to kill him, having a Warrant for it: But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no Warrant can defend me.

1 Vil. I'll back to the Duke of Glo'ster, and tell him so.

2 Vil. Nay, pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change; It was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 Vil. How dost thou feel thy self now?

2 Vil. Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 Vil. Remember the reward, when the deed's done.

2 Vil. Come, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 Vil. Where's thy conscience now?


1 Vil. When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 Vil. 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 Vil. What if it come to thee again?

2 Vil. I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous Thing, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot fly, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lye with his neighbour's wife, but it detects.
tects him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that muti-
tinies in a Man's bosom: it fills one full of obitacles. It
made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I
found. It beggars any man, that keeps it. It is turned out
of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every
man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to him-
self, and live without it.

1 Vil. 'Tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not
to kill the Duke.

2 Vil. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him
not: he would intinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 Vil. I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 Vil. Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputa-
tion. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 Vil. Take him over the coffered, with the hilt of
thy sword; and then throw him into the malmse-butt,
in the next room.

2 Vil. O excellent device, and make a sop of him.

1 Vil. Soft, he waketh. Shall I strike?

2 Vil. No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, Keeper? give me a cup of
wine.

2 Vil. You shall have wine enough my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 Vil. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 Vil. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 Vil. My voice is now the King's, my looks mine
own.

Clar. 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?

Both. To, to, to——

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. 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.

Clar.
Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.
2 Vil. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.
Clar. Are you call'd forth from out 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' 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.
Clar. 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 treacherous blade,
Unrip'dist the bowels of thy Sovereign's son.
2 Vil. Whom thou wast 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?
Clar. 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,
O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect, nor lawlesse course,
To cut off those that have offended him.
Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That Princely novice, was struck dread by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me:
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for Meed, go back again,
And I will tend you to my brother Gloster,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 Vil. You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our Princely father York
Blest 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 Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 Vil. Ay, mill-stones; as he lasson'd us to weep.

Clar. 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.

Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 Vil. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heav'n.

2 Vil. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. 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 murd'ring 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?

Clar.
Clar. Relent, 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? ah! you would beg,
Were you in my distress.—

1 Vil. Relent? ’tis cowardly and womanish.
Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me.
A begging Prince what Beggar pities not?
2 Vil. Look behind you, my lord.
1 Vil. Take that, and that; if all this will not do,

[Stabs him.
I’ll drown you in the malm’s eat butt within.        [Exit.

2 Vil. A bloody deed, and desparately dispatch’d:
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murther done!

Re-enter first Villain.

1 Vil. How now? what mean’st thou, that thou help’st
me not?
By heav’n, the Duke shall know how slack you’ve been.
2 Vil. I would he knew, that I had sav’d his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
I or I repent me, that the Duke is slain.         [Exit.

1 Vil. So do not I; go, Coward, as thou art.
Well, I’ll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke give order for his burial:
And, when I have my Meed, I must away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay.        [Exit.

ACT
ACT II.

SCENE, the Court.

Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, and Woodville.

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 redeem 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 suprem King of Kings, Confound your hidden falshood, 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! K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him: Hastings, love lord Marquiss. Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest, Upon my part, shall be inviolable. 

K 4

Hast.
King Richard III.

Hafl. And so swear I.
K. Edu. Now, Princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
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.
Doth 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,
Be he to me! This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[Embracing Rivers, &c.
K. Edu. A pleasing cordial, Princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble Duke.

Enter Gloucester, with Ratcliff.

Glo. Good morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen;
And, Princely Peers, a happy time of day.

K. Edu. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed Peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most Sovereign Liege:
Among this Princely heap, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
Firft, Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service:
Oft 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 Woodville, 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 start:]

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?
Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsaken his cheeks.
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.
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,
Deserve no worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanl. A boon, my Sov'reign, for my service done.
K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.
Stanl. I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.
K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request't?

K 5

Stanl.
Stanl. The forfeit, Sov'reign, of my servant's life;
Who slew 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 spied to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forswake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
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
Ev'n 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 carthers, or your waiting valets
Have done a drunken slaughter, and desac'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:
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
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 Queen.
Glo. These are the fruits of rashness: mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it still unto the King.
God will revenge it. Come, lords, will you go
To comfort Edward with our company? [Exeunt.
Enter the Dutchess 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 love
you well.

Incaptive and shallow Innocents!
You cannot guess, who caus'd your father's death.
Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
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 kisst 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 vizor 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.
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 myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.—

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Queen. To make an act of tragic 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 hast the comfort of thy children left:
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:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.
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 stay 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 parcel'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.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,
That with unthankfulness you take his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus opposite with heav'n;
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Rivers. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young Prince your son; send strict 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.

Lutt. Gloucester, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, and Ratcliff.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star:
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.
King Richard III.

Duch. 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.
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-swoln 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'd (4)
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.
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 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.
Riv. 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,

(4) Fortwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetch'd,] Edward,
the young Prince, in his Father's life time and at his Demise,
kept his Household at Ludlow as Prince of Wales; under the
Governance of Antony Woodville Earl of Rivers, his Uncle by
the Mother's side. The Intention of his being sent thither
was to see Justice done in the Marches; and, by the Authori-
ty of his presence, to restrain the Welshmen, who were wild,
dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustom'd Murthers
and Outrages. Vid. Hall, Holingshead, &c.

Which
Which, haply, by much company might be urg’d.
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.
Hast. 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 sake, 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, (5)
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Tow’d Ludlow then, for we’ll not stay behind. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to a Street near the Court.

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.
3 Cit. Doth the news hold of good King Edward’s death?

(1) My other self, my Counsel’s Consistory,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my dear Cousin: I have alter’d the Pointing of this Passage, by the Direction of my ingenious Friend Mr. Warburton: because, by this new Regulation, a strange and ridiculous Anticlimax is prevented.

2 Cit.
King Richard III.

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. Wo 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.
3 Cit. Stood the State so? no, no, good friends, God wot;

For when this Land was famously enrich'd
With politick 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.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Glo'ster;
And the Queen's sons and brothers 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.
3 Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the Sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but if God fort it so,
'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
Ensuing danger; as by proof we see,
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
King Richard III.

2 Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.
3 Cit. And so was I, I'll bear you company. [Exeunt.

Scene changes to the Court.

Enter Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, the Queen, and the Duchess of York.

Arch 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 over-taken him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.
Dutch. Why, my young 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 Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apiece.
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flow'rs are flow'rs, and weeds make haste.
Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him, that did object the same to thee.
He was the wretchedst 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 stout
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.
Dutch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.
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.
Dutch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York.
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?
Mes. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.
Queen. How doth the Prince?
Mes. Well, Madam, and in health.
Dutch. What is thy news?
Mes. Lord Rivers and lord Gray are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Dutch. Who hath committed them?
Mes. The mighty Dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.
Arch. For what offence?
Mes. 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.
Queen. Ah me! I see the ruin of my house;
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and swefe throne:
Welcome, destruction, blood and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband loth his life, to get the Crown,
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and los.
And being scathed, 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. (6)

Queen.

(6) Or let me die, to look on Earth no more.] This is the Reading of all the Copies, from the First Edition, put out by the Play-
Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen. You have no cause.

Arch. 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, in London.

In Trumpets sound. Enter Prince of Wales, the
Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Archbishop,
with others.

BUCKINGHAM.

WELCOME, sweet Prince, to London, to your
Chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear Cousin, my thought's
Sovereign,
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, Uncle, but our crosse on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome and heavy.

But the old Dutchess had no Antipathy to the
world, or looking upon the Earth in general: Her Complaints
stain'd to the calamitous Days she had seen, the Mislays
and Slaughters of civil Wars at home: during the Process
in which she had been witness to so many Murthers, such Haste
and Destruction, that she very reasonably wishes, that such Hotage may cease, or that she may not live to behold any
more Friends massacred. I have therefore restored the Read-
ing of the old Quarto in 1597 (which is copied by all the other
whetlock Quarto's;) by which the Thought is finely and pro-
perly improv'd.

Or let me dye, to look on Death no more.

I
I want more Uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet Prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
Nor 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 sugar'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 bless your Grace with health and happy
days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord, and thank you
all:
I thought, my Mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Fie, what a slug 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?

Hast. 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 the 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 grossness of this age,
You break not Sanctuary, in seizing him;
The benefit thereof is always granted
To these, whose dealings have deserved the place;
And those, who have the wit to claim the place;
This Prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserved it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no Privilege nor Charter there:
Or have I heard of Sanctuary-men,
But Sanctuary-children ne'er till now.

Arch. My Lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?
Hast. I go, my Lord.

[Execunt Archbishops and Hastings.

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

Say, Uncle Gloster, if our Brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self:
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your 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 re-cify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively, from age to age, he built it?

Buck.
King Richard III.

Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.
Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not register'd, Menthinks, 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 ne'er live long.
Prince. What say you, Uncle?
Glo. I say, without characters Fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word. *(?) Aside.*

*(?) Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity,*
*I moralize two Meanings in one Word.* By Vice, the Author means not a Quality but a Person. There was hardly an old Play, till the Period of the Reformation, which had not in it a Devil, and a droll Character, a Jeaster; (who was to play upon, and work, the Devil;) and this Buffoon went by the Name of a vice. A Vice in a Play, badin, mime; Toplay its Vice, badiner; Mime, a Vice, Fool, Jeaster, &c. in a Play says Corgrave. Mimo, (mimus) a Jeaster, a Vice; says Mignou in his Spanish Dictionary. This Buffoon was at first accoutred with a long Jerkin, a Cap with a Pair of A's Ears, and a Wooden Dagger, with which (like another Arlequin) he was to make Sport in belabouring the Devil. This was the contumacious Entertainment in the Times of Popery, whilst Spirits and Witchcraft, and Exorcising held their own. When the Reformation took place, the Stage shook off some Groceries, and encreas'd in Refinements. The Master-Devil then was soon dismiss'd from the Scene; and this Buffoon was chang'd into a subordinate Fiend, whose Bulifens was to range on Earth, and seduce poor Mortals into that personated vicious Quality, which he occasionally supported; as, Iniquity in general, Hypocrisy, Ufury, Vanity, Prodigality, Gluttony, &c. Now as the Fiend (or Vice,) who personated Iniquity (or Hypocrisy, for Instance) could never hope to play his Game to the purpose but by hiding his cloven Foot, and affuming a Semblance quite different from his real Character; he must certainly put on a formal Demeanour, moralize, and prevaricate in his Words, and pretend a Meaning directly opposite to his genuine and primitive Intention. If this does not explain the Passage in Question, 'tis all that I can at present suggest upon it: Unless what Glo'ster himself says in the preceding Act, may come in by way of Comment.
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 makes 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 ancient Right in *France* again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a King.

Glo. Short summer lightly has a forward spring.

Enter York, Hastings, 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 late 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, give me this your 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.

And thus I cloath my naked Villany
With old odd Ends, stolen from of holy Writ;
And seem a Saint, when most I play the Devil.
King Richard III.

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 lay a beggar nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.
York. I 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 me.
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 Lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself, 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 needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My Grandam told me, he was murther'd 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 Dorset

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?
King RICHARD III.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: oh, 'tis a per'rous 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
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 aught 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, found 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 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 ancient knot of dangerous adveraries To morrow are let blood at Pounfret-castle; And bid my friend, for joy of this good news, Give mistress 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.
King Richard III.

Glo. At Crostby place, there you shall find us both.

[Ex. Cat.

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
The Earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof the King, my brother, stood possisst.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindnes.
Come, let us sup betimes; that, afterwards,
We may digest our complots in some form.    [Exeunt.]

Scene, before Lord Hastings's House.

Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings.

Mes. My Lord, my Lord,—

Haft. [within.] Who knocks?

Mes. One from Lord Stanley.

Haft. What is't o'clock?

Mes. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Haft. 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.

Haft. What then?

Mes. Then certifies your Lordship, that this night
He dreamt, the Boar had rased off his helm:
Besides, he fays, 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 horfe with him,
And with all speed post with him towards the north:
To shun the danger that his foul divines.

Haft. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the separted Councils:
His honour, and myself, 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, wanting 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  
shoulders,  
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!
King Richard III.

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 send some packing that yet think not on't. 

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord, When men are unprepar'd and look not for it. 

Haft. 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'st, are dear To Princely Richard and to Buckingham. 

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you— For they account his head upon the bridge. [Aside. 

Haft. 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? 

Stan. My Lord, good morrow; and, good morrow, Catesby; You may jest on, but, by the holy rood, I do not like these several Councils, I. 

Haft. My Lord, I hold my life as dear as you do 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'r'd the Tower? the day is spent. 

Haft. Come, come, have with you: wot ye what, Lord? To day the Lords, you talk of, are beheaded. 

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear the heads,
Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my Lord, away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Haf. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.
[Exeunt Lord Stanley and Catesby.
Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?
Purf. The better, that your Lordship please to ask.
Haf. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet;
Then I was going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies.
But now I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,) This day those enemies are put to death;
And I in better state, than e'er I was.
Purf. God hold it to your Honour's good content!
Haf. Gramercy, fellow; there, drink that for me.
[Throws him his purse.
Purf. I thank your Honour. [Exit Pursuivant.

Enter a Priest.
Priest. Well met, my Lord, I'm glad to see your Honour.
Haf. 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 whispers:

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlain? Our friends at Pomfret they do need a Priest, Our Honour hath no thriving work in hand.
Haf. Good faith, and when I met this holy man, the men, you talk of, came into my mind. That, go you tow'rd the Tower?
Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I shall not stay: shall return before your Lordship thence.
Haf. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. And supper too, altho' thou know'st it not.

[Aside.

Come.
Come, will you go?

Rat. I'll wait upon your Lordship. [Exeunt

SCENE changes to Pomfret-Castle.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with ballocks, carrying Lord Rivers, Lord Richard Gray, and Sir Thomas Vaughan to Death.

Rat. COME, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,

Gray. To day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble Peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
The Second, here, was back'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal fate,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Gray. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
When the exclaim'd on Haslings, 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 Haslings. 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;
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [Exeunt
SCENE, The Tower.

Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Catesby; 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?
Stanl. 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.
Gb. 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 pronounced your part;
I mean, your voice for crowning of the King.
Gb. 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 Holbourn,
I saw good strawberries 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.

[Exe. Glo. and Buck.

*Stanl.* 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 Gloucester? I have sent for these Strawberries.

*Haft.* His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning; 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.

*Stanl.* 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 deserve, That do conspire my death with devilish plots Of damned Witchcraft; and that have prevail’d Upon my body with their hellish Charms.

*Haft.* The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord, Makes me most forward in this Princely presence, To doom th’ offenders, whosoe’er they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

_Glo._ Then be your eyes the witnesses 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,
Consorted 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 Is? thou art a traitor——
Off with his head——now, by St. Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.

_Lovel_ and _Catesby_,——look, that it be done: (3)
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 rase 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,

(3) _Lovel_ and _Ratcliff_, look that it be done.] There are two
Things to be observ'd, which will warrant the Variation I have
made upon this Passage. The Scene is here in the _Tower_: and
_Lord Hastings_ was cut off on that very day, when _Rivers_, _Gray_
_and_ _Vaughan_ suffer'd at _Pomfret_. How then could _Ratcliff_ at
the same instant be both in _Yorkshire_ and the _Tower_? In the
very Scene preceding This, we find him conducting those Gen-
tlemen to the Block. The Players in their Edition first made
the Blunder, as to _Ratcliff_ attending _Lord Hastings_ to Death:
_for, in the old Quarto, we find it tightly——Exeunt: Man-
ent _Catesby_ with _Hastings_. And in the next Scene, before the
_Tower-Walls_, we find _Lovel_ and _Catesby_ come back from the
Execution, bringing the head of _Hastings_.

_L 5_ And
And I my self secure in grace and favour.
Oh, Marg'ret, Marg'ret, now thy heavy Curse
Is lighted on poor Haflings' wretched head.
    Cates. Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be
    at dinner.
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.
    Hafl. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in 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.
    Lou. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to exclaim.
    Hafl. Oh, bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesie the fearful'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.

SCENE changes to the Tower-walls.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rusty armour, mar-
wellous ill-favour'd.

Glo. C O M E, 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 diftraught, 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.
    Buck. Let me alone to entertain him. Lord Mayor,—

Enter the Lord Mayor, attended.

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.
King Richard III.

Buck. Hark, a drum!
Glo. Catesby, 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 Hastings's head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Catesby and Lovel.
Louv. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
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 show of virtue,
That (his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife)
He liv'd from all attainer of Suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'ft 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 murther me and my good lord of Glo'ster?

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 extreme 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 mist'ret's Shore.

Buck. Yet had not we determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which
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 speak; and timely confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons:
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the Citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

Mayor. But, my good lord, your Grace's word shall
serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
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;
'Tavoid the cenfures of the carp ing 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.

Glo. Go after, after, Cousin Buckingham.
The Mayor towards Guild-Hall's he's him in all post:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy 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 lust,
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Ev'n where his ranging eye, or savage heart,
Without controul, lusted 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 o' clock
Look for the news that the Guild-Hall affords.

[Exit Buck.

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shrew.
Go thou to Fryer Peuer; bid them both
Meet me within this Hour at Baynard's Castle.

[Exeunt Lov. and Catesb. 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 Pauls.
And, mark, how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I've spent to write it over,
For yefternight 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,
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.  

SCENE
SCENE changes to 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;
Th' unsatiate 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:
Laid 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 tow'rd end,
I bid them, that did love their Country's Good,
Cry, God save Richard, England's royal King!

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
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 inferr'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 wisdom, and your love to Richard.
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they, would they not speak?

Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand; intend some fear;
Be not you spokè 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. [Ex. 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;
He is within, with two right-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 lets importing than our gen’ral Good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Catesby. I'll signify so much unto him strait. [Exit.

Buck. Ah, ah! my lord, this Prince is not an Ed-
ward;

He
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 no nay!

Buck. I fear, he will; here Catesby comes again.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby, what says his Grace?

Catesby. 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 Catesby.

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 Bishops. Catesby returns.

Mayor. See, where his Grace stands 'tween two Clergymen.

Buck. Two props of Virtue, for a Christian Prince,
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.
Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
Do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'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 disgracious in the City's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your
Grace,
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 supreme 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 mindness 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 in the swallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion:
Which to re-cure, we heartily sollicit
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 successively, from blood to blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empery, your own.
For this, conforted 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,

Besf
Best fiteth my degree, or your condition.
For not to answer, you might, haply, think,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yeal of Sov'reignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If so reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'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,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert,
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the Crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatness,
Being a Bark to brook no mighty Sea;
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 Seat of Majesty;
And make us, doubtless, 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 contrast 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-distress’d Widow,
Ev’n in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye;
Seduc’d 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.

Gale. 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 downfall of your House:
And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come, Citizens, we will intreat no more. [Exeunt.

Gale. Call them again, sweet Prince, accept their suit.
If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.
Glo. Will you inforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again; I am not made of stone, [Exit Catesby,
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 soul-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your meer enforcement shall acquaintance 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.

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. [Exeunt.
ACT IV.

SCENE, before the Tower.

Enter the Queen, Dutchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset, at one Door; Anne, Dutchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young Daughter, at the other.

DUTCHESS.

WHO meet us here? my Neice Plantagenet, Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Glo'fter? (9) Now, for my life she's wandering to the Tower, On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Princes. 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,

(9) Who meet us here? my Neice Plantagenet, Led in the Hand of her kind Aunt of Glo'fter?] Here is a manifest Intimation, that the Dutchess of Glo'fter leads in somebody in her hand; but there is no Direction, or entrance mark'd in any of the Copies, from which we can learn who it is. I have ventured to guess, it must be Clarence's young Daughter. The old Dutchess of York calls her Neice, i.e. Grand- daughter; a Grand-children are frequently call'd Nephews.
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 Lieu.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, Ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother
And rev'rend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come, Madam, you must strait 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 swoon 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. Full of wife 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:
Benot 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 unaverted eye is mururous.

*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 seal me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the Queen!

*Queen.* Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, with thyself 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!"
So, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Groans rer 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,
With his tim'rous dreams was still awak'd.
Bid, 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 soul I mourn for yours.

*Dor.* Farewel, thou woful welcomer of Glory!

*Anne.*
264 King Richard III.

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!  
Dutch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune  
guide thee!  
[To Doric]  
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels tend thee!  
[To Anne]  
Go thou to Sanctuary, good thoughts possess 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 fallen play-fellow,  
For tender Princes; use my babies well!  
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.  
[Exeunt]

SCENE changes to 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 the 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: (10)  
Young Edward lives—think now, what I would speak.

Buck. (10) Ah! Buckingham, now do I play the Touch.] Mr. W.  
Burton thinks, the technical Term is absolutely requisite  
and that the Poet wrote;  
—— Now do I 'ply the Touch.  
i. e. apply the Touchstone; for that is meant by what he sa
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 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 freezes;
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear Lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your Grace immediately. [Exit Buck.

Cates. The King is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,

And unrespective 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,

Whose 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?

Thom. So, again, in Timon of Athens, speaking of Gold, he says;

O, thou Touch of Hearts!

I.e. thou Trial, Touchstone.
The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
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 glass:
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 Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrel?

Tir. James Tirrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed? [He takes him aside

Tir. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. Please you, I'd rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou haft it; two deep enemie
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they, that I would have thee deal upon;
Tirrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come hither, Tirrel;
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.

Tir. 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 Rich-

Buck. I hear the news, my Lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wise'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——

K. Rich. How chance, the Prophet could not at that time
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 courtsey 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.

M 2

Buck.
Buck. My Lord,
K. Rich. Ay, 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?
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'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r 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?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecon, while my fearful head is on.

[Exit.

Enter Tirrel.

Tir. 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 flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their deaths' sad story.
O 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 flopt:
When Dighton thus told on—we smothered
The most replenish'd sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
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 Tirrel———am I happy in thy news?
Tir. 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?
Tir. I did, my Lord.
K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tirrel?
Tir. The Chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.
K. Rich. Come to me, Tirrel, 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.

Tir. 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 Abraham’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’s’t in so bluntly?

Cates. Bad news, my Lord; Morton is fled to Richmond.
And Buckingham, back’d with the hardy Wellsmen,
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.
K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.
Come, I have learn’d, that fearful commenting.
King Richard III.

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, must men; my Counsel is my shield,
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.  [Exit.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So now Prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in these confines sly 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 the Duchtess of York, 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.

Duch. So many miseries have craz’d my voice,
That my woe-weari’d 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 didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Henry dy’d, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind fight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe’s scene, world’s shame, grave’s due, by life usurp’d,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England’s lawful earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

Queen. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
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 ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of Signiory;
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him.
Thou had'st an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou had'st a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.
Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou did'st kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou had'st a Clarence too, and Richard
kill'd him.

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;
And makes her Pue-fellow with others' moan!

Dutch. Oh, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woe;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,
And now I clay me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward:
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my los's.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,
Unmely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their factor to buy souls,

M 4.

And
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Infuses his pitiful and unpitied end.
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray, for
vengeance.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, the dog is dead!
Queen. Oh! thou didst prophesie, the time would
come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottell’d spider, that foul bunch-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 wait; a garish flag,
To be the aim of ev’ry dang’rous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A Queen in jest, 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 distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being su’d to, one that humbly sues;
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 did’st usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden’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. O thou well-skill'd in curses! stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day:
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think, that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
Byring thy los'd 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 your client's woes,
Airy succeders of intestate joys, (11)
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope, tho' 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.
[Drum, within.
I heard his drum, be copious in exclaims.

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,

(11) Airy Succeders of intestine joys, Thus the Generality of the Editions, from the oldest Folio Impression. But I cannot understand this Reading. I have adopted another from the Quarto in 1597, which, I think, must be the true one:
Airy Succeders of intestate joys,
i.e. Words, tun'd to Complaints, succeed Joys that are dead; and unbequeath'd to them, to whom they should properly descend.
King Richard III.

From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Queen. Hid'st 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

Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Queen. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say.

[Flourish. Alarum.]

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 yourself.

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 staid 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 can't on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me,
Tetchy 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 grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none but Humphry Hous, that call'd your Grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgrac'd in your sight,

Let
Let me march on, and not offend your Grace.

Strike up the Drum.

Dutch. I pry thee, hear me speak.


Dutch. Hear me a word:

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.—

Dutch. Either thou'lt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extream age shall perish,
And, never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy Curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'lt!
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 sisses 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 speak 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, slain her beauty,
Slander my self as false to Edward's bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscar'd from bleeding slaughter;
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

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.
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 cousin?

Queen. Cousins, indeed; and by their Uncle couzen’d

Of Comfort, Kingdom, Kindred, Freedom, Life:

Whose hands foever lanc’d their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.

No doubt, the murderous 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 desper’ate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling rest,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, to thrive I in my enterprize,

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 demise 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

Thou drown the sad Remembrance of those wrongs;

Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness

Laf’t longer telling than thy kindness do.

K. Rich.
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

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 hasty 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 be?

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 the weep:
Therefore present to her, as sometime Marg'ret
Did to thy father, steep 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 fake,
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,
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich.
King Richard III.

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 encrease I will beget
Mine issue of your blood, upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is less little 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, fave 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, (12)
Shall

(12) The liquid Drops of Tears, that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient Pearl,
Advancing their Love with Interest,
Oftentimes double Gain of Happiness.] The great Improvenent
Shall come again, transform’d to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan with interest
Oft 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 garlands 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, Cæsar’s Cæsar.
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
forbids.
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.

To the Sense, which my easy Emendation makes here, will, I
fatter my Self, convince every judicious Reader, of its being the
genuine Reading. Love and Loan (which was the obsolete Mans-
er of spelling Loan;) are made out of one another, only by
a Letter turn’d upside down. Oftentimes is a stupid Concretion
of three Words, from the Indolence of the Editors, which
grangely flattens the Sentence. My Emendation gives this apt
and easy Sense. The Tears, that you have lent to your Afflictions,
shall be turn’d into Gems; and requite you by way of Interest, with
Happiness twenty times as great as your Sorrows have been.

Queen.
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.
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.
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, 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 wouldst swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something, that thou haft not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Now by the world—
Queen. 'Tis full of thy soul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death—
Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then by myself.
Queen. Thyself thyself misusfet.
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 hadst 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
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey to worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. By time to come.

Queen. That thou haft wronged in the time o'erpast:
For I my self have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose fathers thou haft slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age.
The parents live, whose children thou haft butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, 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 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;

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;

Beopposite 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, desolation, 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.
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?
K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Queen. I go, write to me shortly.
K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so fare-wel—

[Exit Queen.
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing, woman!

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the western coast Rideth 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.
K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk,
Ratcliff, thy self, or Catesby; where is he?
Cates. Here, my good lord.
Cates. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.
K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither, post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither—dull unmindful villain,

[To Cates.

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?
Cates. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness' pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O true, good Catesby,—bid him levy strait
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cates. I go.

[Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?
K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go?
Rat. Your Highness told me, I should post before.
K. Rich. My mind is chang'd——

Enter
Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you?

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 Runagate, 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 unslay'd?

Is the King dead? the Empire unposses'sd?

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 he 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,

Safe-conducting 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 would'st fain be gone, to join with

Richmond:

But
But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Mighty Sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never 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 Edmond Courtney, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. In Kent, my Liege, the Guilfords are in arms,
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the Rebels, and their Power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs 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.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir Thomas Lovel, and Lord Marquis 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 Dorsetshire sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assisants, yea, or no;
Who answered him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his Party; he, mistrusting them,
Hes’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
with a mighty Pow’r landed at Milford,
It colder news, but yet it must be told.
K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason
here,
A royal battle might be won and lost;
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [Exeunt.

Scene changes to the Lord Stanley’s House.

Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher Urswick.

Sir. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me; (13)
That in the fly of this most bloody Boar,
My son George Stanley is frankt up in hold:

(13) Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me;] The
Person, who is call’d Sir Christopher here, and who has been
byid so in the Dramatis Personae of all the Impressions, I find
by the Chronicles to have been Christopher Urswick, a Batchel-
ner in Divinity; and Chaplain to the Countess of Richmond,
who had intermarried with the Lord Stanley. This Priest, the
History tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, un-
suspected, on Message betwixt the Countess of Richmond, and
her Husband, and the young Earl of Richmond, whilst he was
preparing to make his Descent on England.
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 Hertford-west in Wales.

Stan. What men of name refer to him?

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, and Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice at Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many others of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their Power,
By the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy Lord: I kiss his hand,
My letter will resolve him of my mind.

Farewel. [Exeunt

ACT V.

SCENE, Salisbury.

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, with halberds
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, Gloucester
and Rivers,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By under-hand, 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 Doomsday:
This is the day, which in King Edward's time
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
false to his children, or his wife's allies.
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:
This, this *All-Souls* day to my fearful Soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-seer, 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 matter's bosoms.
Thus *Margaret* his Curse falls heavy on my head:
When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember, *Margaret* was a Prophetess.
Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[Execunt Buckingham, Sheriff and Officers.]

*Scene, on the Borders of Leicester-Shire. A Camp.*

_Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with Drum and Colours.*

_Richm._ Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoak 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.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping Bear
(That spoil'd your summer-fields, and fruitful vines.)
Swills your warm blood like wath, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms; this foul swine
Lyes 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, cheerily on, courageous friends;
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Osf. 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 fo
fear.

Which in his dearest Need will fly from him.

Rich. 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard in arms, with Norfolk, Surrey,
Ratcliff, Catesby, and others.

K. Rich. HERE pitch our Tents, even here in Bos-
worth field.

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Surr. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,——

Nor. Here, most gracious Liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks: ha, mus
we not?

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. Six, or sev'n, 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 busie day.

[Exeunt.

SCENE
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
    Desire 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 quarters much,
        (Which, well I am assur’d, I have not done)
    His regiment lyes half a mile at least
South from the mighty Power of the King.
    Richm. 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 battle,
    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.

SCENE changes back to King Richard’s Tent.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.

K. Rich. WHAT is’t o’ clock?
    Cates. It’s supper time, my lord;
It’s nine a clock.
    K. Rich. I will not sup to night.
Give me some Ink and Paper.

Vol. V.
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,

_Use_ careful watch, chafe 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.

_Fill me_ a bowl of wine—give me a watch—

_To_ Ratcliff.

_Saddle_ white _Surrey_ for the field to morrow:

_Look, that_ my staves be found, and not too heavy.

_Ratcliff_,—

_Rat._ My lord?

_K. Rich._ Saw'st thou, the melancholy lord, _Northumberland_?

_Rat._ _Thomas_ the Earl of _Surrey_, and himself,
Much about cock-shot time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

_K. Rich._ I am satisfy'd; give me a bowl of wine.

_I 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 changes back to Richmond's Tent.**

_Enter_ Stanley to Richmond: Lords, &c.

_Stan._ Fortune and Victory fit on thy helm!

_Rich._ All comfort, that the dark night can afford,
King Richard III.

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares 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 battle 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.

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Left leaden slumber poize me down to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind-lords, and gentlemen.

[Exeunt. Manet Richmond.

O thou! whose Captain I account my self,
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.

N 2  SCENE,
King Richard III.

Scene, 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 Towksbury; therefore despair and die.
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls [To Richm.
Of butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

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.
Harry, that prophesy'd thou shouldst 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 battle 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 battle! 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.
Gray. Think upon Gray, and let thy soul despair.

[To K. Rich.

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance! 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 battle 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, (13)
[To K. Rich.

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy Nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.
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.

(13) Let us be laid within thy Bosom, Richard.] This is a poor feeble Reading, which has obtain'd by Corruption, ever since the first Edition put out by the Players; and, indeed, up as high as the Quarto in 1602. But I have restor'd from the elder Quarto, publish'd in 1597, which Mr. Pope does not pretend to have seen;

Let us be Lead within thy Bosom, Richard,
This corresponds with what is laid in the Line immediately following,

And weigh thee down to Ruin, Shame, and Death!
And likewise with what the Generality of the Ghosts say threateningly to Richard;

Let me sit heavy on thy Soul to morrow!

N 3

Enter
Enter the Ghost of Anne, his wife.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
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
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath.
I dy'd for Holpe, ere I could lend thee aid; (14) [To Rich
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.

[The Ghosts vanishes.

Have mercy, Jesu—soft, I did but dream.
O coward Conscience! how dost thou affright me?
The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

(14) I dy'd for Hope, ere I could lend thee Aid,] All the exclamations concur in this Reading, to the absolute Detriment of Sense. I restore, with the Addition of a single Letter;
I dy'd for Holpe, ere I could lend thee Aid;
i.e. I perish'd for that Help, which I had intended and wasparing to lend Thee; tho' I could not essentially give Thee Assistance.
What? do I fear my self? there's none else by;
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murth'rer here? no; yes, I am.
Then fly—what, from my self? great reason; why?
Let 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?
0, 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 a thousand sev'ral tongues,
And ev'ry tongue brings in a sev'ral Tale,
And ev'ry Tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury in high'ft degree,
Murther, stern murther in the dir'ft degree,
All sev'ral 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 shall pity me.
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I my self
Find in my self no pity to my self.
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
Have strick 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;

N 4
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exeunt K. Richard and Ratcliffe.

Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his Tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.
Richm. 'Cry 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-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsie head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murth'red,
Came to my tent, and cried on 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 strowal 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 Prayers 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:
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 foul stone, made precious by the foil
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 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!

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.

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 brav'd the East an hour ago—
A black day it will be to some body, Ratcliff.

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, bustle, bustle—caparison my horse;
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his Power;
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

N 5

And
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My Forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Constituting 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 battle, which on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse:
This and St. George to boot!——What think'lt thou,
Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike Sovereign.
This paper found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a show
Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,

[Reads
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

K. Rich. A thing devised by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen; go, each man to his Charge.
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
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, of rascals, run-aways,
A scum of Britons, and base lackey-peafants,
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 restrain the one, distress the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow, (15)
Long kept in Bretagne at his mother's cost?

(15) And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Britaine at our Mother's Cost? This is spoken
Richard, of Henry Earl of Richmond: but they were far from
having any common Mother, but England: and the Earl
Richm
A milk-top, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold, as over shoes in snow.
Let’s whip these fraggles o’er the seas again,
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These 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, bobb’d and thump’d;
And on record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? Iye 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:
Spare your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley, will he bring his Power?

Mes. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with his son George’s head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh;
After the battle 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 St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons.

Richmond was not subsisted abroad at the Nation’s publick
Charge. He fled with the Earl of Pembroke into Bretagne in
King Edward IVth’s Reign: And many Artifices were tried both
by that King first, and King Richard afterwards, to get him de-
ferred up by the French King and Duke of Bretagne. But he
happily escap’d all the Snares laid for him. During the greatest
part of his Residence abroad, he was watch’d and restrain’d al-
most like a Captive; and subsisted by Supplies convey’d from
the Countess of Richmond, his Mother. It seems probable there-
fore, that we must read;

Long kept in Bretagne as his Mother’s Cost.

Upon
Upon them! Victory fits on our helms. [Exeunt.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cates. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue:
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an oppose 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.

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.
Stan. Couragious Richmond, well hast thou acquitted thee:
Lo, here these long-usurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
Have I pluck't off, to grace thy brows withal.
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, Amen, to all!
But tell me first, is young George Stanley living?
Stanl. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if you so please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of Name are slain on either side?
Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter the lord Ferris,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, Sir William Brandon.

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 heaven upon this fair conjunction,
    That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not, Amen?
_England_ hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
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:
All this divided _York_ and _Lancaster_,
Divided in their dire division.
0 now let _Richmond_ and _Elizabeth_,
The true Succeeders 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 agen:
That she may long live here, God say, Amen! [Exeunt]
THE

LIFE

OF

K. HENRY VIII.
Dramatis Personae.

KING Henry the Eighth.
Cardinal Wolsey, his first Minister and Favourite.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Cardinal Campeius, the Pope's Legat.
Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.
Sir Thomas Audlie, Lord Keeper after Sir Tho. More; and then Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
Lord Abergavenny.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Sir William Sands.
Cromwell, first Servant to Wolsey, afterwards to the King.
Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Catharine.
Three Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.
Garter, King at Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, and Serjeant at Arms.
Door-Keeper of the Council-Chamber.
Porter, and his Man.

Queen Catharine, first Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.
Anne Bullen, beloved by the King, and afterwards married to him.
As old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, Woman of the Bed-chamber to Queen Catharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows. Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The Scene lies mostly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.
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 out 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
Richly 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,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and sight is, (besides 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,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Think before ye
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living: think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

(1) or to see a Fellow
In a long motley Coat.] Alluding to the Fools and Buffoons, intro-
due'd for the Generality in the Plays a little before our Author's
Time: and of whom he has left us a small Taste in his own.

(2) Think ye see
The very Persons of our noble Story.] Why the Rhyme should
have been interrupted here, when it was so easily to be ful-
mied, I cannot conceive. It can only be accounted for from
the Negligence of the Press, or the Transcribers: and there-
fore I have made no Scruple to replace it.
The LIFE of
King HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

SCENE, An Antechamber 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 you done, since last we saw 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 Guynes 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
Such a compounded one?
 *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 itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, 'till the last
Made former wonders, it's. 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 discern'r
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these sons
(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 † 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 discours'r lose some life,
Which Action's self was tongue to. All was royal;

† The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis (or, Beavoir) a Saxon, was for his Prowess created by William the Conqueror Earl of Southampton: Of whom, Camden in his Britannia.

(3) Which Action's self was tongue to.

*Buck.* All was royal.
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 promiscus 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 ketch 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
Walks successors their way; nor call’d upon
For high feats done to th’ Crown; neither ally’d
To eminent assistants; 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 for him, which buys
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heav’n hath giv’n him; let some graver eye
Face into that: but I can see his pride.

To the disposing of it nought rebell’d;
Order gave each thing view: The office did
Distinctly his full function. Who did, &c.

But hitherto these Speeches have been regulated: but, I think,
Marking. Buckingham could not with any propriety say This;
The wanted Information as to the Magnificence, having kept
Chamber with an Ague during the Solemnity. I have therefore
Abated to split the Speeches, so as to give them Probabi-
ly from the Persons speaking; without hazarding the Author’s
Life by this new Regulation.

Peep
310 King Henry VIII.

Peep through each part of him; whence has he that? (If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before; and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French Going out, took he upon him,
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,
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: And his own letter
(The honourable board of council out)
Must fetch in him he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By his so ficken'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 vanity
But minister 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 general prophesie, that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The subden 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?

(4) whence has he that,

If not from hell? the Devil! Thus has this Passage been point
ed in all the Editions; but the very inference, which is made
upon it, directs the Stops as I have regulated them.
Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd at a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this businesse
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The late takes notice of the private difference betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart, that wishes tow'rs 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. Bofom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purfe borne before him, certain of the guard, and two secretaries with Papers; the Cardinal 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, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, an't please your Grace.

Wol. 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 belt not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temp'rance; that's th'appliance only,
Which your diseafe requires.

Buck.
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 Inglish 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 sting your self. We may out-n
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,
Seeming t’ augment it, waites it? be advis’d:
I say again, there is no English Soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the flap 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. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To th’ King I’ll say’t, and make my vouch as
strong
As shore of rock.—Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal raving,  
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,  
As able to perform't; his mind and place  
Infesting 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 costly treaty, 'th enterview,  
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
Did break i'th' ringing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir.—This cunning  
Cardinal

The articles o'th' combination drew,  
As 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,  
Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt,  
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came  
To whisper Wolsey;) here makes visitation:  
His fears were, that the interview betwixt  
England and France might through their amity  
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league  
Peep'd harms, that menac'd him. He privily  
Deals with our Cardinal, and, as I trow,  
Which I do well—for, I am sure, the Emperor  
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted,  
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,  
And pay'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 sell his honour as he pleases,  
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, you were  
Something mistaken in't.

VOL. V. O

Buck.
King Henry VIII.

Buck. No, not a syllable: I do pronounce him in that very shape. He shall appear in proof.

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 busines of 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't part black. The will of heav'n Be done in this and all things! I obey. O my lord Aberga'ny, 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 confessor, John de la Court And Gilbert Peck, his chancellor. (5)

(5) One Gilbert Peck, his Counsellour. So the Old Copies have it, but, I, from the Authorities of Hall and Holingshead, chang'd it to Chancellor. And our Peer himself, in the Beginning of the second Act, vouches for this Correction.

At which, appear'd against him his Servant, Sir Gilbert Peck his Chancellor.——

Buck.
Buck. So, so; these are the limbs o’th’ plot; no more, I hope?
Bran. A monk o’th’ Chartreux.
Buck. Nicholas Hopkins? (6)
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false, the o’er-great Cardinal
Hath shew’d him gold; my life is spann’d already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure ev’n this instant cloud puts on,
By dark’ning my clear sun. My lord, farewell. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the Council-Chamber.

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal’s
shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell; the
Cardinal places himself under the King’s feet, on his
right side.

King. My life it self, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i’th
level
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 within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the
Queen y’ster’d by the Dukes of Norfolk, and Suffolk;
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.
King. Arise, and take your place by us; half your
suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;

(6) Michael Hopkins?] So all the Old Copies had it; and so
Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope from them. But here again, by the
help of the Chronicles, I have given the true Reading.

O 2 Repeat
Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thank your Majesty.
That you would love yourself, 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) ev'n he scapes not
Language unmannerly; yea such, which breaks
The fides 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 delp'rate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. 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 aught
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
Perfor
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Sov’reign would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th’ hearing; and, to hear ’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 baseness.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single 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
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 sav’rous fisshes 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

O 3  Not
Not ours, or not allow'd: what work, as oft
Hitting a großer 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 sit state-statues only.

King. Things 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 hack't,
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.

Enter Surveyor.

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

That
Than ever they were fair. This man so compleat,
Who was enroll'd among wonders, and when we,
Almost with list'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 besmeared in hell. Sit, you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strikee honour fad. Bid him recount
The 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.

Sur. 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 it 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 menace'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your Highness, note
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,
Deliver 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 aught?

Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins. (7)

(7) By a vain Prophecy of Nicholas HENTON.] We heard
before, from Brandon, of one Nicholas Hopkins; and now his
Name is chang'd into Henton; so that Brandon and the Surveyor
seem
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 Poulney, 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, with me to permit
John de la Court, my Chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the Confession's seal (S)
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My Chaplain to no creature living, but
seem to be in two Stories. There is, however, but one and the
same Person meant, Hopkins; as I have restor'd it in the Text,
for Perpignity's Sake: yet will it not be any Difficulty to account
for the other Name, when we come to consider, that he was a
Monk of the Convent, call'd Henton, near Bristol. So both Hall
and Holingshead acquaint us. And he might, according to the
Custom of those Times, be call'd as well Nicholas of Henton,
from the Place; as Hopkins, from his Family.

(8) under the Commission's Seal

He solemnly had sworn,) So all the Editions down from the
very beginning. But, what Commission's Seal? That is a Questi-
on, I dare say, none of our diligent Editors ever ask'd them-
selves. The Text must be restor'd, as I have corrected it; and
honest Holingshead, from whom our Author took the Substance
of this Passage, may be call'd in as a Testimony.—"The
"Duke in Talk told the Monk, that he had done very well to
"bind his Chaplain, John de la Court, under the Seal of Con-
"fession, to keep secret such Matter." Vid. Life of Henry.
VIII. p. 363.
To me, should utter; with demure confidence,
Thus pausingly enf’d;—Neither the King, nor’s heirs
(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 dang’rous
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,
As to the Tower, 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) would
Have put his knife into him.
**King Henry VIII.**

*King.* A giant traitor!

*Wol.* Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

*Queen.* God mend all!

*King.* There's someth'ng more would out of thee; what say'lt?

*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, an Apartment in the Palace.**

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.*

*Cham.* 'Tis possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

*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 merely
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 or Clotharius, they keep state so.

*Sands.* They've all new legs, and lame ones; one
would take it,

(That never saw 'em pace before) the spavin
And spring-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 reformaction of our travell’d gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I’m glad, ’tis there; now I would pray our
Monseurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either
(For to run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in France;
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Retaining thereunto, as sights 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-bolter’d breeches, and those 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 diseas’es
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities?

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords; the all whose sons
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:
Or, sure, there’s no converting ’em: now, Sirs,
An honest country Lord, as I am, beaten
Long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing, and, by’t Lady,
King Henry VIII.

Held current 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 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, (9)
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.

--- h'as wherewithal in him;
Sparing would shew &c.] Thus this has hitherto been falsely pointed. The wherewithal, intended by Lord Sands, was not in the Cardinal's internal Wealth, the Bounty of his Mind; but the Goods of Fortune, his outward Treasures, large Revenues: which would have aggravated the Sin of Parsimony in him.
King Henry VIII.

Scene changes to York-house.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other ladies and gentlewomen, as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.

Guil. Adies, a gen'r'al welcome from his Grace. Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates To fair content and you: none here, he hopes, In all this noble bevy, has brought with her One care abroad: he would have all as merry, As, first-good company, good wine, good welcome, (10) Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Lovell.

0 my Lord, y'are tardy; The very thoughts 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 rested: 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.

(10) As, first, good Company, good Wine, &c.] As this Passage has been all along pointed, Sir Harry Guilford is made to include All these under the first Article; and then gives us the Drop as to what should follow. The Poet, I am persuaded, wrote;

As first-good Company, good Wine, good Welcome, &c. I.e. he would have you as merry as these three Things can make You, the best Company in the Land, of the best Rank, good Wine, &c.

Cham.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is entering; nay, you must not freeze;
Two women, plac'd 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, my Lord:
So now y'are fairly feasted: gentlemen,
The penance lyes on you, if these fair ladies
Pafs away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his seat.

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. [Drinks.

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 make my play:
Here's to your Ladyship, and pledge it, Madam:

For
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 y'are privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?

Serv. 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 showre 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 less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
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.

Ch. Choose ladies, King and Anne Bullen.

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee.


Wol. My Lord,—

Cham. Your Grace;

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

[Whisper.

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 churchman, or, I'll tell you Cardinal,
I should judge now 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 daughter,
(The Viscount Rochford,) one of her Highness' women.

King. By heaven, 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.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' th' privy chamber?

Low. Yes, my Lord.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.
King Henry VIII.

Wolf. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies every one: sweet partner,
I must not yet forfake you; let's be merry.
Good my lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the musick knock it.

[Exeunt with Trumpets.

ACT II.

SCENE, a Street.

Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

1 Gentleman.

Wither 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, speake, what has happen'd?

1 Gen. You may gues quickly, what.

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 pass'd 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 alledg'd

Many
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 

On a viva voce to his Face;
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Pecke his chancellor, and John Court
Confessor to him, with that devil-Monk
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gen. That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies.

1 Gen. The same.
All these accus'd him strongly, which he sain
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 extremely;
And something spoke in choler, ill and hafty;
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.

1 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
And, gen’rally, who-ever the King favours,
The Cardinal instantly 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 courtseie.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, (Tipstaffes be-
before him, the Axe with the edge toward him. Hal-
berds on each side) accompanied with Sir Thomas Loy-
vell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William 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 stalk me
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
To th’law I bear no malice for my death,
Thas done, upon the Premises, but Justice:
But those that sought 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 guiltilst 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
And lift my soul to heav'n. Lead on, o' God's name.

Louv. 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 those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his Grace:
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven: 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!

Louv. 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 Bohun!
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 tryst fell; God's peace be with him!

Henry the Sev'nth succeeding, truly pitting.
My father's lofs, 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, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroak has taken
For ever from the world. I had my tryal,
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 most.
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 lib'ral 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:
Farewel; and when you would say something sad,
Speak, how I fell——I've done; and God forgive me!

[Exeunt Buckingham and Train.]

1 Gen. O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
I hear, 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. Yes, but 't held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger

He
He sent command to the Lord Mayor strict
To stop the rumour; and allay those tongues,
That durst dispense it.

2 Gent. But that slander, 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) posses'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,
The Arch-bishopsrick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. 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.

1 Gen. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this:
Let's think in private more.

[Exeunt]

SCENE, an Antechamber 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 fur-
nish'd. 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 serv'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 Lord Chamberlain.

Cham.
**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
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 lifts. The King will know him one day.

**Suf.** Pray God, he do! he’ll never know himself else.

**Nor.** How holy he works in all his business,
And with what zeal? for now he has crackt the league
Twee’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,
Tears, and despair, and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce; a los of Her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
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 blest the King; and is not this course pious?

**Cham.** Heav’n keep me from such counsel! ’tis most true,
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;
This imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages; all men’s honours

_Lye_
King HENRY VIII.

Lye like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch 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
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's there? ha?

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? how dare you thrust
your selves
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 ye 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
Thou art a cure fit for a King.—You’re welcome,
Most learned rev’rend Sir, into our kingdom;

[To Campion.

Use us, and it: my good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot:
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private Conference.

King. We are busy; go.

[To Norf. and Suff.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of:
I would not be so fick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,
I’ll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another.

[Exeunt Norf. 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 Judg-
ment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One gener’l tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campion;
Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him wel-
come,
And thank the holy Conclave for their loves;
They’ve sent me such a man I would have with’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. 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 christian 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-Fryers:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My Wolsey, see it furnish’d. O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? but, conscience, conscience!—
O, ’tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

[Exeunt.

SCENE, an Antechamber of the Queen’s Apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. NOT for that neither—here’s the pang,
that pinches.
His Highness having 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 avault! 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 quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, ’tis a suff’rance panging
As foul and body’s few’ring.

Old L. Ah! poor lady,
She's a 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 lives in content;
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
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 spic of your hypocrisie;
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 sooth, are blessings; and which gifis
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft 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.
Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire
me,
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
King HENRY VIII.

For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an embalming: I my self
Would for Carnarvonshire, though there belong'd
No more to th' Crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies; what were't worth to know
The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistresses' 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'ly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Tak'n 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 pounds 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: Nor 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. 'Befeech your lordship,
Touchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady,

P 3

I shall
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 Lord Chamberlain.
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; see, see 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'ermount 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 Dutchess. 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 saints me
To think what follows.
The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence; pray, do not deliver
King Henry VIII.

What here y’ave heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?—

[Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Black-Fryers.

Trumpets, Senneet, 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 bat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver Cross; then a gentleman-bearer bare-headed, accompanied with a sargeant at arms, bearing a mace; then two gentlemen, bearing two great 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 Conscript: below them, the scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Wilt our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What’s the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th’ authority allow’d;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. 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.

P 4  Cryer.
King Henry VIII.

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;]

Queen. 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 indifferent, 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 wit-ness,
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 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 proccs of this time you can report, And prove it too, against mine honour aught, 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 th' sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir, The King your father was reputed for A Prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment. Ferdinando
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wifelst Prince that there had reign'd, by many
A year before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wife Council to them
Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,
Sir, I befeech you, spare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore. If not, i' th' 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 Seffion 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

P 5

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 Consist’ry 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 gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? 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 lyes 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 to say so 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 arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have by fortune, and his Highness’ favours,
Gone lightly o’er low steps; and now are mounted,
Where Pow’rs are your retainers; and your words,

Domesticks
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
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 curfs to the King, and offers to depart

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t' accuse 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
Court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you, keep your
way.
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, 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.

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, wise-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried her self towards me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in bearing
Of all these ears (for where I’m robb’d and bound,
There must I be unloos’d; although not there
At once, and fully satisfy’d;) if I
Did broach this busines 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, spake 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; you are excus’d:
But will you be more justify’d? you ever
Have with’d the sleeping of this busines, never
Desir’d it to be stirr’d; but oft have hindered
The passages made tow’rd its:—On my honour,
I speak my good lord Cardinal to this point; (11)
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov’d me to’t,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark’d 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 ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating

(11) on my Honour
I speak, my good Lord Cardinal, to this Point.]
In all the Editions, excepting Mr. Rowe’s, this passage has
been pointed mistakingly, as if the King were speaking to the
Cardinal: but This is not the Poet’s Intention. The King,
having first address’d to Wolsey, breaks off: and declares upon
his Honour to the whole Court, that he speaks the Cardinal’s
Sentiments upon the Point in Question; and clears him from
any Attempt, or Wish, to stir that Business.
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: 'Th’ progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the King his lord advertise,
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our brother’s wife. This respite shook
The bottom of my conscience, enter’d me, (12)
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 stand 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 gladded in’t 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

(12) ———— This Respite shook

The Bottom of my Conscience.] Tho’ this Reading be Sense,
yet, I verily believe, the Poet wrote;

The Bottom of my Conscience,

My Reason is this. Shakespeare in all his Historical Plays was
a most diligent Observer of Holingshead’s Chronicle; and had
him always in Eye, wherever he thought fit to borrow any Mat-
ter from him. Now Holingshead, in the Speech which he has
given to King Henry upon this Subject, makes him deliver him-
selv thus. “Which Words, once conceived within the secret
Bottom of my Conscience, engendred such a scrupulous Doubt,
that my Conscience was incontinently accombred, vex’d,
and disquieted.” Vid. Life of Henry 8th p. 907.

The
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I mean to rectifie my conscience, (which
I then did feel full-sick, and yet not well;)
By all the rev'r'nd 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 reek,
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. Please your Highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And confluence of dread; that I committed
The daring'ft counsel, which I had, to doubt:
And did intreat your Highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you, (13)
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present fummons: Unfollicited

(13) ———— I then mov'd You,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your Leave
To make this present Summones unfollicited.] Thus all the Impref-
sions. But these Sagacious Editors have palm'd a strange
Piece of Nonsense upon us, from a false Pointing. What! did
the King move the Bishop, nay, and so move him as to get his
Leave, and yet could the Summons be said to be unfollicited? I
have rescued the Text from such an absurd Contradiction: and,
again, done it upon the Authority of honest Holingshead.——
"I moved it in Confession to You, my Lord of Lincoln, then
"ghostly Father. And forasmuch as then you yourself were in
"some Doubt, you mov'd me to ask the Counsel of all these
"my Lords. Whereupon I mov'd you, my Lord of Canterbury,
"first to have your Licence, in as much as you were Metropo-
"litain, to put this Matter in Question; and so I did of All you,
"my Lords." Holingshead. ibid. p. 908.
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,
(Catharine our Queen) before the primest creature
That's paragon'd i'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
She intends to his Holiness.

King. I may perceive,
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant Cranmer,
Prythee, 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.]
King Henry VIII.

ACT III.

SCENE, the Queen's Apartments.

The 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,
Bend themselves when he did sing.
To his musick, plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers.
There had made a lasting spring.
Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
Even 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 slumber 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.
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 as 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,
Deferves 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 bare 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 Serenissima,
Queen. O, 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, suspi-
cious:
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
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I'm sorry my Integrity should breed
(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 cenfure
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 busines.
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.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with those
fears:
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 he be grown so desperate to be honest,
And live a subject? nay, forsooth, my friends——
They, that must weigh out my afflictions,
They, that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence,
In my 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. 'Twill 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 disgrac'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!
Heaven 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 rev'rend 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 with ye half my miseries,
I have more charity. But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, take heed, for heaven's sake, left at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere 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
If ye be any thing, but churchmen's habits
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
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 my 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 myself,
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 willingness that noble title
Your master 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 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 ease such sorrows, not to sow 'em. (14)
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself; nay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of Princes kiss 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 women's 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 it not; for us (if you please
To trust us in your business) we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. Do what you will, my lords; and, pray,
forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannishly.
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit

(14) We are to ease such Sorrows, not to sow 'em.] There is no Antithesis in these Terms, nor any Consonance of the Metaphors: both which my Emendation restores.

We are to ease such Sorrows, not to sow 'em. i. e. to weed them up, harrow them out. This Word with us may be deriv'd not only from arare to plow; but the Saxon Word, Ear, which signified a Harrow.
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his Majesty.
He has no 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 so dear. [Exeunt.

SCENE, Antechamber to the King's Apartments

Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surrey,
and Lord Chamberlain.

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 uncomem'd gone by him, or 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 deserveth 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 the 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 settled,
Not to come off, in his most high displeasure.

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 mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. How?

Suf. 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?

Suf. 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 physick
After his patient's death; the King already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord,
For, I profest, you have it.

Sur. Now all joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My Amen to't!

Nor. All mens'!

Suf. There's order given for her Coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young; and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature. I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
360 King Henry VIII.

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

Is stoln away 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; shortly, I believe,

His second marriage shall be publish'd, and

Her Coronation. Catharine no more

Shall be call'd Queen; but Princess dowager,

And 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. You he had
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 Duchess of Albany,
[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 fair visage—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!
Wol. [Aside.] The late Queen's gentlewoman! a
Knight's daughter!
To be her mistress' 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 deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lyeth' bosome of
Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is sprung up
An heretick, 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.
Enter King, reading of a schedule; and Lovel.

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, 'tis 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 lip, and startis; Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground, Then lays his finger on his temple; startis, 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 proud rate, that it out-speaks possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heav'n's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet, To bleis your eye withal.

King. If we did think, His contemplations were above the earth, And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still Dwell in his mutfings; but, I am afraid, His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, whispers. Lovel, who goes to Wolsey.

Wol. Heav’n forgive me——

Ever God bless your Highness!——

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of heav’ly 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
Imploy’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?

Sur. The Lord increase this business!

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:

Q 2

And
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 requite, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fill'd with my abilities, mine own Ends
Have been mine so, 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 un-deserver, 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, as '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,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.
King Henry VIII.

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
shriek after him, whispering and smiling.

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 chased 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 cross 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 plight 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 Greatness;
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening;
And no man see me more.

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

Q 3

To
King Henry VIII.

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 so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cros' em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words to do 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 course, men of malice;
You've christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
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;
Ead me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
T' y'd it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

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'ft him:

Whill
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 deferts. 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 make 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. 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 wrig 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, (15)

Q 4

(15) Worse than the scaring Bell,—] This absurd Reading has only found place in Mr. Pope's two Editions. I have restor'd,
Worse than the sacring 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 spotles, 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.

Sur. 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

restor'd, from all the best Copies, sacring Bell. That Gentle-
man, sure, should know, that in Roman Catholick Countries the
little Bell, which is rung to give Notice of the Hoste approach-
ing when it is carried in procession, as also in other Offices of
that Church, is call'd, the Sacring, or Consecration Bell; from
the French Word, Sacrer.
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his Highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That out of meer ambition, you have made
Your holy hat be stamp'd on the King's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable sub-
stance
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome; and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to th' meer 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,
Press 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 legitaine within this kingdom,
Fall in the compas of a Præmunire)
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be (16)
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations

(16) Castles, and whatsoever, I have ventur'd to substitute
Chattels here, as the Author's genuine Word, for this good
Reason: because, as our Law-books inform us, the Judgment
in a Writ of Præmunire is, that the Defendant shall be from
thenceforth out of the King's Protection; and his Lands and
Tenements, Goods and Chattels forfeited to the King; and that
his Body shall remain in prison at the King's pleasure. But be-
cause it may object'd, that Shakespeare had no Acquaintance
with the Law-books, it will be proper to take notice, that this
very Description of the Præmunire is set out by Holingshead in
his Life of K. Henry VIII. p. 909.

Q5 How
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great Seal to us,
The King shall know it; and, no doubt, shall thank
you.
So fare you well, my little good lord Cardinal.

[Exeunt all but Wolsey.

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 eafe 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 this 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 we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of Princes, and our 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 power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? nay, if you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?
Wol. Why, well;  
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself 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,  
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 my 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 miss'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
(The image of his maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish th'other hearts, that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
King Henry VIII.

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 Crom-
well,
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, 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

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.
King Henry VIII.

2 Gen. 'Tis well; the citizens,
I'm sure, have shewn at full their loyal minds,
And, let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward
In celebration of this day 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,
That paper in your hand?

1 Gen. Yes, 'tis the lift
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.

2 Gen. I thank you, Sir; had I not known those
customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Catharine,
The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gen. That I can tell you too; the Archbishop
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 Princess 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 remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

2 Gen. Alas, good lady! ———
The trumpets sound; stand close, the Queen is coming.

[Hautboys.]

The
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.
5. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.
6. Marquess 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, crowned with an Earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
7. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
8. A canopy borne 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. That 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
King Henry VIII.

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 strain's 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, the duchess of Norfolk.

1 Gen. It is, and all the rest are countesses.
2 Gen. Their coronets say so. These are stars, in-deed:
And sometimes falling ones.
1 Gen. No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, Sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 Gen. Among the crowd i'th' Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled,
With the meer rankness of their joy.

2 Gen. You saw the ceremony?

3 Gen. I did.

1 Gen. How was it?

3 Gen. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gen. Good Sir, speake 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

A
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff 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 loft. 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 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, this is my wife there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

3 Gen. But, pray, what follow'd?
3 Gen. At length her Grace rose, and with modest
cares
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd; and, faint-like,
Came her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury,
Sh* had 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 music of the kingdom,
Together sung 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 lost,
'Tis now the King's, and call'd Whitehall.
3 Gen. I know it:

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that 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. Stokesly 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' Archbishop.
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, already, of the privy-council.
2 Gen. He will deserve more.
3 Gen. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, you shall go my way,
Which is to th' Court, and there shall be my guests:
Something I can command; as I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, Sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE 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 ease.

[Sitting down.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'dst me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think, your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no care to't.

Cath. Prythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd.

If well, he slept before me happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam.

For
For after the stout Earl of Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man forely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not set his mule.

*Cath.* Alas, poor man!

*Grif.* At last, with easie roads he came to Leicester;
Lodg'd in the Abbey; 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 gently on 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
Ty'd all the kingdom; simony was fair play:
His own opinion was his law. 'Th' Presence
He would say untruths, and he 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
I were malicious else.

Gris. This Cardinal, (17)
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 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 unfinished, 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 hast made me,

(17) ————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:) Thus this Passage has hitherto been most absurdly pointed. That Wolsey should be a ripe Scholar from his Cradle, is most extraordinary and incredible. My Alteration of the Pointing, I dare be positive, gives us the Poet’s Meaning; and expresses that Character, which, Holinshed tells us, Edmund Campian, in his History of Ireland, had given of the Cardinal, that he was a Man undoubtedly born to Honour.

With
With thy religious truth and modesty,  
Now in his athes honour. Peace be with him!  
Patience, be near me still, and let 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 fit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down  
quiet,  
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter solemnly one after another, six perso-  
nages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads gar-  
lands of bays, and golden vicars 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 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  
rejoycing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven.) And so  
in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with  
them. The musick continues.

Catb. Spirits of peace; where are ye? are ye gone?  
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?  
Grif. Madam, we're here.  
Catb. It is not you I call for;  
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?  
Grif. None, Madam.  
Catb. No? saw you not e'en 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
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

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 is 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.

Mes. 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 fame, your servant.

Cath. O my lord,
The times and titles are now alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap.
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 physic, 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
Banish’d the Kingdom! Patience, is that letter,
I caus’d you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

Cath. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King.

Cap. Most willing, Madam.

Cath. In which I have commended to his good-
ness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter;
(The dews of heav’n fall thick in blessings on her!)
Beseeming 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 lye) but well deserve,
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 wish 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!

Castl. 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—

[Exit, leading Catharine.]
ACT V.

SCENE, before the Palace.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

GARDINER.

It's one o'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, and left him at Primrose
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

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 busines. Affairs, that walk
(As they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the busines.
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you:
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. 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

V  1  V.                      R

I pray
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'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 never 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,
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made matter
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. 'Th' Archbishop
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
to speak my mind of him; indeed, this 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 convened. 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.

[Exeunt Gardiner and P]
King Henry VIII.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant. [Ex. Lov.

Scene changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. CHARLES, I will play no more tonight; 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.

Re-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 Moit heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou! ha!

To pray for her! what! is she crying out!

Lov. 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 mistress will Remember in my prayers.

R 2

King.
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,

Lov. 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.

What! — [Exeunt Lovell and Denny.

Cran. I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?

'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 trial, in those charges

Which
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 thoroughly 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, let’s walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? my lord, I look’d,
You would have given 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. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur’d witnesses, than your master,
Whose minister you are, while here he liv’d

R 3

Upon
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 ufe; and with what vehemency
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
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 soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [Exit Cranmer,
H'as strangled all his language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. 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
King Henry VIII.

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
Have more, or else unsay't: now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the issue. 

[Exit Lady.]

SCENE, before the Council-chamber.

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I Hope, I'm not too late; and yet the gentle-
man,
That was sent to me from the Council, pray'd me to—
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? 
hoar?
Who waits there? sure, you know me?

Enter Door-KEEPER.

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. 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.

Cran. 'Tis Butts,

R 4. The
King Henry VIII.

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 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.—

Scene
King Henry VIII.

S C E N E, 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 Canterbury. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. SPEAK to the business, Mr. Secretary; (18) 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?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gard. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord Arch-bishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

Cranmer approaches the council-table.

Chan. My good lord Arch-bishop, I'm very sorry

(18) Chan. Speak to the Business.] This Lord Chancellor, tho' a Character, has hitherto had no place in the Dramatis Personae. In the last Scene of the fourth Act, we heard, that Sir Thomas More was appointed Lord Chancellor: but it is not he, whom the Poet here introduces. Wolsey, by Command, delivered up the Seals on the 15th of November 1529; on the 25th of the same Month, they were deliver'd to Sir Thomas More, who surrender'd them on the 16th of May, 1532. Now the Conclusion of this Scene taking Notice of Queen Elizabeth's Birth, (which brings it down to the Year 1534) Sir Thomas Audley must necessarily be our Poet's Chancellor, who succeeded Sir Thomas More, and held the Seals many Years.
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 best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd your self, and not a little:
Toward the King first, 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 herefies;
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those, that 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 pitted in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
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 stirs 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 best. 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 counsellor,
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 pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. 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 ye 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 to 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 found.

Crom. Not found?
Gard. Not found, 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.

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?
   *Crom.* Would I were fairly out on't.
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.

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, out of dear respect,
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 flatters 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 what so eager thou hast for, I'm sure,
Thou haft a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man, sit down: now let me see the proudest
[To Cran.

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 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 a lowlie foot-boy
At chamber-door, and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Pow'r, as he was a counsellor 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 Marques's 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.
King Henry VIII.

Cran. And let heaven
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 shewed 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, 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 switches 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
or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine a-
gain; 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. What should you do, but knock 'em down by
the dozens? is this Morefields to muster in? or have we
some strange Indian with the great tool come to Court,
the women to besiege us? blest me! what a fry of forn-
ication is at the door? on my christian conscience, this
one christning 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
brasier 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 pe-
nance; 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 haberdasher's 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 mit
the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out,
Clubs! when I might see from far some forty trunche-
oneers draw to her succour; which were the 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 play-
house; and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but
the Tribulation of Tower-Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse,
their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of
'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance
these
these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

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. Please your Honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn in pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule ’cm.

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 bumbards, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
Th’ are come already from the christening;
Go break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I’ll find
A Marshall, shall hold you play these two month.

Port. Make way 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 changes to 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 christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess 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 myself 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 gossips, y'have been too prodigal, I thank you heartily: so shall this lady, When she has so much English.

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, (heaven 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
(But few or none 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'nly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her;
Her foes 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 herself;
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, Terour,
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: childrens' 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,
Would, I had known no more! but she must die, (19)
She must, the Saints must have her yet a Virgin;
A most unspotted Lilly she shall pass
To th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord Arch-bishop,
Thou'lt 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: (20)
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,
H'as businesfs at his house, for all shall stay;
This little one shall make it holy day. [Exeunt.

(19) Would I had known no more: but She must die,
She must, the Saints must have her, yet a Virgin,
A most unspotted Lilly, &c.] Thus the Editors hitherto, in their
Sagacity, have pointed this Passage, and destroy'd the true
Sense of it. The first part of this Sentence is a Wish: The
other should be a sorrowful Continuation of the Bishop's Pro-
phesy. But, sure, Cranmer was too wise and pious a Man, too
well acquainted with the State of Mortality, to make it a part
of his Lamentation that this good Princefs must one time or
other go to Heaven. As I point it, the Poet makes a fine
Compliment to his Royal Mistress's Memory, to lament that
she must die without leaving an Heir of her Body behind her.

(20) And you good Brethren.] But, the Aldermen never were
call'd Brethren to the King. The Top of the Nobility are but
Cousins and Counsellors. Dr. Thirlby, therefore, rightly advised;
And your good Brethren——
i.e. the Lord Mayor's Brethren; which is properly their Style.
EP ILOG U E.

'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, 'tis naught. Others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, That's witty!
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected Good w're like to hear
For this Play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good wom'n;
(For such a one we shew'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 Fifth Volume.