THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEAR.

VOLUME the FIFTH.

LONDON:
Printed for J. TONSON in the Strand; and for J. DARBY, A. BETTESWORTH, and F. CLAY, in Trust for RICHARD, JAMES, and BETHEL WELLINGTON.

MDCCXXVIII.
Plays contain'd in this Volume.

King Henry VI. Part I.

King Henry VI. Part II.

King Henry VI. Part III.

King Richard III.

4s.
The First Part of

Henry
the
Sixth.
Dramatis Personæ.

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

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

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

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

The Scene is partly in England, and partly in France.
The First Part of

King HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

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

BEDFORD.

UNG be the heav'n's with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death:
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long,
England ne'er lost a King of so much worth.

A 3

Gloz.
Glou. England ne'er had a King until his time:
Virtue he had, deserving to command.
His brandish'd sword did blind men with its beams;
His arms spread wider than a Dragon's wings:
His sparkling eyes replete with awful fire
More dazed and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He never lifted up his hand but conquer'd.

Exe. We mourn in black, why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him
By magick verse have thus contriv'd his end?
Win. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
Unto the French, the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his fight.
The battels of the Lord of hosts he fought;
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

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

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

Glou. Name not religion, for thou lov'lt the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
King Henry VI.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us;
Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.
Posterity await for wretched years,
When at their mothers moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens;
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Caesar, or bright——

SCENE II.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. My honourable lords, health to you all;
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of losses, of slaughter, and discomfiture;
Guilienne, Champaign, and Rheims, and Orleans,
Paris, Guyfors, Poiétiers, are all quite lost.

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

Glou. Is Paris lost, and Rouen yielded up?

If

a nourish.

† I can't guess the occasion of the Hemysic, and imperfect sense, in this place; 'tis not impossible it might have been filled up with——Francis Drake——the that were a terrible Anachronism (as bad as Hædon's quoting Aristotle in Troil. and Cres.) yet perhaps, at the time that brave Englishman was in his glory, to an English-hearted audience, and pronounced by some favourite Actor, the thing might be popular, tho' not judicious; and therefore by some Critick, in favour of the author, afterwards struck out. But this is a mere slight conjecture.
The First Part of

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

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

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

Amongst the soldiery this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions;
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings:
A third man thinks, without expense at all
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

Awake, awake, English nobility,
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot;
Crop'd are the Flower-de-luces in your arms,
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern, Regent Lam of France,
Give me my steel'd coar, I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful, wailing robes,
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

SCENE III.

Enter to them another Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import.
The Dauphin Charles is crowned King in Rheims,
The bastard Orleans with him is join'd:
Reignier Duke of Anjou doth take his part,
The Duke of Alain rolls to his side. [Exit.

Exe.

† England's.
King Henry VI.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned King? all fly to him?
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?
Glo. We will not fly but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.
Bed. Glo'rter, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I mustered in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Scene IV.

Enter a Third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal sight
Btwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

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

3 Mess. O no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown.
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having scarce full six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French.
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluckt out of hedges.
They pitched in the ground confusedly.
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in,
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him,
Here, there, and every where, enraged he flew.
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms,
All the whole army fled agaz'd on him.
His soldiers appley his undaunted spirit,
A. Talbot! Talbot! cried out amain,
And rufh'd into the bowels of the battel.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up.

A. 5
The First Part of

If Sir John Falstaff had not play'd the coward,
He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one streak.
Hence grew the gen'ral wrack and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies,
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France with her chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain then? I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease;
Whilst such a worthy leader wanting aid,
Unto his daftard foemen is betray'd.

3 Meff. O no, he lives, but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford;
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

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

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

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

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

Glon.

† See the note on the fifth Scene of Act 3.
King Henry VI.

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

[Ex. Gloucester.

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

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

[Exit.

SCENE V.

FRANCE.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reignier, marching with
a drum and soldiers.

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

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

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury.

[Aside.

5 Otherwhiles.
The First Part of
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor mony hath he to make war.
Char. Sound, sound alarum: we will rush on them:
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:
Him I forgive my death that killeth me;
When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [Exeunt.
[Here alarm, they are beaten back by the English,
with great loss.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reignier.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?
Dogs, cowards, daftards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.
Reig. Salisbury is a deprate homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
Two other lords, like Lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.
Alan. Froyard a countryman of ours records,
England all Oliver's and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the Third did reign:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Sampsons and Goliasses
It sendeth forth to skirmish; one to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascales! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity!

Char. Let's leave this town, for they are hair-brain'd
slaves,
And hunger will enforce them be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.
Reig. I think by some odd † gimmals or device.
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else they could ne'er hold out so as they do:
By my consent we'll e'en let them alone.
Alan. Be it so.

Enter

† Gimmals, are rings of double rounds, from gemelli.
Wheels one within another.
Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

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

Dau. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appal'd. Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence? Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand: A holy maid hither with me I bring, Which by a vision sent to her from heav'n Ordained is to raise this tedious siege, And drive the English forth the bounds of France. The spirit of deep prophesieth the hath, Exceeding the nine Sibyls of old Rome: What's past and what's to come she can decipher. Speak, shall I call her in? believe my words: For they are certain and infallible.

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

SCENE VI.

Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats?

Pucel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me? Where is the Dauphin? come come from behind, I know thee well, tho' never seen before. Be not amaz'd: there's nothing hid from me: In private will I talk with thee apart:

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravity at first dash.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter, My wit untrain'd in any kind of art; Heav'n, and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,  
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,  
God's mother deigned to appear to me,  
And in a vision full of majesty  
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,  
And free my country from calamity:  
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success.  
In compleat glory she reveal'd her self,  
And whereas I was black and swart before,  
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,  
That beauty am I blest with which you see.  
Ask me what question thou canst possible,  
And I will answer unpremeditated.  
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,  
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.  
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate  
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.  

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

_Pucel._ I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd sword,  
Deck'd with fine flow'r-de-luces on each side,  
The which at Tournain in St. Katherine's church  
Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.  

_Dau._ Then come a God's name, for I fear no woman.  

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

_Here they fight, and Joan de Pucelle overcomes._  

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

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

_Dau._ Who-e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:  
Impatiently I burn with thy desire,  
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued;  
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,  
Let me thy servant and not Soveraign be,  
'Tis the French Dauphin sueh to thee thus.
King Henry VI.

Pucel. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.

Dau. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reig. My lord methinks is very long in talk.

Alan. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock,
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him since he keeps no mean?

Alan. He may mean more than we poor men do know:

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? What devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans or no?

Pucel. Why no, I say; diufrustful recreants.
Fight till the last gasp; for I'll be your guard.

Dau. What she says I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, Halcyon days,
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge it self,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death the English circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bore at once.

Dau. Was Mahomet inspired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.

Helen the mother of great Constantine.
Nor yet St. Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee?

Alan. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours,
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Dau. Presently try: come, let's away about it.
No prophet will I trust if she provest false.

[Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE VII.

Changes to London.

Enter Gloucester, with his Serving-men.

Glou. I am this day come to survey the Tower; since Henry's death I fear there is conveyance: Where be these warders, that they wait not here? Open the Gates. 'Tis Gloucester that calls.

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

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

Glocesterc's men rush at the Tower gates, and Woodville the Lieutenant speaks within.

Wood. What noise is this? what Traitors have we here?

Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates, here's Gloster that would enter.
Wood. Have patience, noble Duke; I may not open; The Cardinal of Winchester forbids; From him I have express commandment, That thou, nor none of thine shall be let in.

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

Serv. Open the gates there to the Lord Protector,
We'll burst them open if you come not quickly.

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

Win. How now, ambitious umpire, what means this?

Glow. Piel'd Priest, dost thou command me be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor, And not protector of the King or realm.

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

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

Here

† Piel'd, alluding to his shaven crown, a metaphor from a peel'd orange.
† The publick streets were formerly under the district of the Bishop of Winchester.
† Damascus, N.B. About four miles from Damascus is a high hill, reported to be the same on which Cain slew his brother Abel. Maudr. Trav. p. 151.

* ----- if thou wilt.

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

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

Glow. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face? Draw men for all this privileged place.

Blue coats to tawny. Priest, beware thy beard, I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.

Under my feet I'll stamp thy Cardinal's hat:
Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London, and his Officers.

Mayor. Fy, Lords, that you being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace.
Glo. Peace Mayor, for thou know'lt little of my wrongs:
Here's Beauford that regards not God nor King,
Hath here di'ain'd the Tower to his use.
Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens,
One that 'll motions war, and never peace,
O' er-charging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is Protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself King, and supprest the Prince.
Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.
[Here they skirmisli again.

Mayor. Nought rest for me in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation,
Come officer, as loud as e'er thou canst.

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

In spight of Pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the Pope.
Glo. Winchester Goose, I cry a rope, a rope.
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?
Thee I'll chase hence, thou Wolf in Sheep's array.
Out tawny coats, out scarlet hypocrite.
Here Gloucester's
King Henry VI.

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

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

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

Gro. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

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

Mayor. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!
I my self fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Orleans, in France.

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

M. Gun. S I R R A, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father I know, and oft have shot at them,
How e'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief Master-gunner am I of this town,
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The Prince's spials have informed me,
The English in the suburbs close intrench'd
Went thro' a secret gate of iron bars,
In yonder tow'r, to over-peer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us, with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ord'nance 'gainst it I have plac'd,
And fully ev'n these three days have I watch'd
If I could see them. Now, Boy, do thou watch.
The First Part of

If thou spy'rt any, run and bring me word,  
And thou shalt find me at the governor's.    [Exit.

Boy. Father, I warrant you take you no care,  
I'll never trouble you if I may spy them.

SCENE IX.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the turrets, with others.

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

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

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns, and contumelious taunts,  
In open market-place produc'd they me,  
To be a publick spectacle to all.  
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,  
The Scare-crow that affrights our children so.  
Then broke I from the officers that led me,  
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,  
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.  
My grievously countenance made others fly,  
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.  
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure:  
So great a fear my name amongst them spread,  
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel.  

And pil'd.
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had;
They walk'd about me ev'ry minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart:

_Sal._ I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here thro' this grate I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.
_Sir Thomas Gargrave_, and _Sir William Glanfdale_,
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our batt'ry next?

_Gar._ I think at the north gate, for there stand lords.
_Glan._ And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
_Tal._ For ought I see this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enseebled.

[Here they shoot, and Salisbury falls down.]

_Sal._ O Lord have mercy on us, wretched sinners.
_Gar._ O Lord have mercy on me, woful man.
_Tal._ What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?
Speak, _Salisbury_; at least if thou canst speak;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheeks side struck off!
Accursed tow'r, accursed fatal hand
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen batt'ls Salisbury o'recame:
_Henry the Fifth_ he first train'd to the wars.
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
Yet liv'st thou, _Salisbury_? tho thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast to look to heav'n for grace.*
Heav'n be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!

*—to heav'n for grace.
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world,
Heav'n be thou, _&c._
The First Part of

Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot, may look up to him.
O Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not die, while—
—He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
As who should say, when I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantagenet, I will; and Nero-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.
[Here an alarm, and it thunders and lightens.

What stir is this? what tumult's in the heav'n's?
Whence cometh this alarum and this noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head.
The Dauphin with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.

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

[Alarum. [Exit.

SCENE X.

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

---a Salisbury to you.
Puzel or Puffel, Dolphin or Dog-fish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my Horfes heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey brave, &c.
King Henry VI.

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

Enter Pucelle.

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

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

[They fight.*

* [They fight.

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

A short alarum. Then enter the town with soldiers.
O'take me if thou canst, I scorn thy strength,
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men,
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [Exit Pucelle.

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

A short alarum.

Hark countrymen, either renew the fight,
Or tear the Lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your foil, give Sheep in Lions stead;
Sheep run not half so d'tim'rous from the Wolf.

* [They fight.

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder.
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpeter.

Pucelle. Talbot farewell, &c. a treacherous.

Or
Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you fly from your o'ft-subb'ded slaves.

[Alarum. Here another skirmish.

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

[Exit Talbot.

[Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.

SCENE XI.

Enter on the wall, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier, Alan-
son, and Soldiers.

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

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

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

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

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

In memory of her, when she is dead,  
Her ashes, in an urn more gracious  
Than the rich jewel'd coffer of Darius,  
Transported shall be at high festivals,  
Before the Kings and Queens of France.  
No longer on St. Dennis will we cry,  
But Jean la Pucelle shall be France's Saint.  
Come in, and let us banquet royally,  
After this golden day of victory.  
[Flourish. Exeunt]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Continues in Orleans.

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

SERJEANT.

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

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

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

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,  
By whose approach the regions of Artois,  
Walloon, and Picardy are friends to us:  
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,  
Having all day carous'd and banquetted.  
Embrace we then this opportunity,

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As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,

Despairing of his own arms fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

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

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial?

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,

If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun.

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

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

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

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. I to this.

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

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

Cent. Arm, arm; the enemy doth make assault.

[Gry, St. George! A Talbot!]

SCENE II.

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

Alan. How now, my lords? what all unready so?
Basf. Unready? I am glad we 'leap'd so well.

Reig.
King Henry VI.

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

Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot is a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heav'n's sure favour him.

Alan. Here cometh Charles, I marvel how he sped.

Enter Charles and Joan.

Bast. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain;

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Pucel. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my pow'r alike?

Sleeping or waking must I still prevail?

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improvifferent soldiers, had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have sln.

Char. Duke of Alanson, this was your default,

That being captain of the watch to-night,

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alan. Had all our quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And for my self, most part of all this night
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels.

Then how or which way should they first break in?

Pucel. Question, my lord, no further of the case,

How or which way; 'tis sure they found some part

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:

And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,  
And lay new platforms to endamage them.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

[Alarum. Enter a Soldier crying, a Talbot! a Talbot!  
they fly, leaving their clothes behind.

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

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy.

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

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

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,  
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,  
They did amongst the troops of armed men  
Leap o'er the walls, for refuge in the field.
King Henry VI.

Bur. My self, as far as I could well discern
For smoak and dusty vapours of the night,
Am sure I fear'd the Dauphin and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving Turtle Doves,
That could not live aunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the pow'r we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. All hail, my lords; which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot, who would speak with him?

Meff. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty, admiring thy renown,
By me intreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? nay, then I see our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comick sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You can't, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your honours bear me company?

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

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

Come hither captain, you perceive my mind. [Whispers.

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [Exeunt.
SCENE IV.

The Countess of Auvergne's Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

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

**Port.** Madam, I will. [Exit.

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

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

**Mess.** Madam, according as your ladyship
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

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

**Mess.** Madam, it is.

**Count.** Is this the scourge of France?

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

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

**Count.**
**King Henry VI.**

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

**Meff.** Stay, my lord Talbot, for my lady craves To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

**Tal.** Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief, I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Enter Porter with keys.

**Count.** If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

**Tal.** Pris'ner? to whom?

**Count.** To me, blood-thirsty lord: And for that cause I train'd thee to my house. Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me, For in my gallery thy picture hangs: But now the substance shall endure the like, And I will chain these legs and arms of thine, That haft by tyranny these many years. Waisted our country, slain our citizens, And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

**Tal.** Ha, ha, ha.

**Count.** Laughest thou wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

**Tal.** I laugh to see your ladyship so fond, To think that you have ought but Talbot's shadow. Whereon to practise your severity.

**Count.** Why? art not thou the man?

**Tal.** I am indeed.

**Count.** Then have I substance too.

**Tal.** No, no, I am but shadow of my self: You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here; For what you see is but the smallest part And leaft proportion of humanity: I tell you, Madam, were the whole frame here; It is of such a spacious lofty pitch, Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

**Count.** This is a riddling merchant for the nonce; He will be here, and yet he is not here: How can these contrarieties agree?

**Tal.** That will I shew you presently.
Winds his horn, drums strike up, a peal of Ordnance.
Enter Soldiers.

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

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

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

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

---

SCENE V.

Changes to London, in the Temple garden.

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

Grea. Lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Saf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient.
Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth:
Or else was wrangling Somerset in th' error?
Suf. Faith I have been a truant in the law,
I never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then be-
tween us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher
pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any prying eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

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

Som. Let him that is no coward, and no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours; and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say withal I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more;
'Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
The First Part of

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

Plan. And I.

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

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

Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;

[To Somerset:

In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now Somerset, where is your argument?

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

Plan. Now by this maiden blossom in my hand,

---the white Rose side.

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

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

Som. Well, well, &c.

---a bloody red.

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

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

Plan. Hath not thy Rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy Rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing to maintain his truth,
While thy confunding canker eats his halfhood.

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

Plan. Now by this maiden---
I scorn thee and thy a passion, peevish boy.

Sus. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plam. Proud Pool, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

Sus. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William de la Pool;
We grace the Yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now by God's will thou wrong'st him, Somerset.

His grandfather was Lyonel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless Yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not for his craven heart say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard, Earl of Cambridge,
For treason headed in our late King's days?
And by his treason stand'st not thou attain'd,
Corrupt and exempt from antient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood,
And till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attain'd,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your paraker Pool, and you your self,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension;
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colours for thy foes:
For these my friends in spight of thee shall wear.

Plan. And by my soul, this pale and angry rose
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Sus. Go forward, and be choke'd with thy ambition:
And so farewell until I meet thee next.

[Exit.

a fashion. Som.
The First Part of


Plan. How I am bray'd, and must perforce endure it!

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

---

SCENE VI.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and jailors.

Mer. KIND keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Ev'n like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonm'nt:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Ne'er-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

*—death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flow'r.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Lawyer. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.

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

[Exeunt.

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

Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come,
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber,
And answer was return'd that he will come.

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

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
Plan. I, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despis'd Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latest gasp.
Oh tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?
Plan. First lean thine aged back against mine arm,
And in that case I'll tell thee my displeasure.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Amongst which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father Earl of Cambridge loft his head.

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

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

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth. grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his cousin Richard, Edward's son,
The first begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward King, the third of that descent,
During whose reign the Piercys of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was, for that young King Richard thus remov'd
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,
I was the next by birth and parentage:
For by my mother I derived am
From Lyorel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To the Third Edward; whereas Bolingbroke
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that heroic line.
But mark; as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth
After his father Bolingbroke did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, (then deriv'd

From
From famous Edmund Langley Duke of York
Marrying my sister that thy mother was;
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And re-instal me in the diadem:
But as the rest, so fell that noble Earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were supprest.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.
Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

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

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

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

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

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit over-past thy days.
Well I will lock his council in my breast,
And what I do imagine let that rest.
Keepers convey him hence, and I my self
Will see his burial better than his life.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choak'd with ambition of the meaner fort,
The First Part of

And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries.
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress.
And therefore haste I to the Parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my will the advantage of my good. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Parliament.


WINCHESTER.

OM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd?
Humphrey of Gloucester, if thou can'st accuse
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object;
G洛. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, altho' in writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen.
No, Prelate, such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and discontents pranks,
The very infants prattle of thy pride.

Thou
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace,
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree.
And for thy treach’ry what's more manifest?
In that thou laid’st a trap to take my life,
As well at London-Bridge, as at the Tower.
Beside I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The King thy Soveraign is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

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

Glo. As good?
Thou baffle of my grandfather.

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

Glo. Am not I then Protector, fav'ry prieft?

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

Glo. Yes, as an out-law in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unrev'rend Gloster.

Glo. Thou art reverend
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. This Rome shall remedy.

War. Go thither then.
My lord it were your duty to forbear.
The First Part of

Som. Ay, see the bishop be not over-born: Methinks my lord should be religious, And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler then. It fitmeth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near. War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that? Is not his grace Protector to the King?

RICH. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue, Left it be said, 'Speak sirrah when you should, ' Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords? Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

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

[A noise within; Down with the tawny coats.

K. Henry. What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant, Begun thro' malice of the bishop's men.

[A noise again, Stones, Stones.

SCENE II.

Enter Mayor.

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

Enter in skirmish with bloody pates.

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

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

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

[G skirmish again.]

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

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

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

Glo. Stay, stay I say,
And if you love me as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

K. Henry. O how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my lord of Winchefer, behold
My fghts and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should strive to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord Protector yield: yield Winchefer;
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your Sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murther too
Hath been enacted thro' your enmity:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo.
The First Part of

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness. [Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.

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

SCENE IV.

Changes to Roan in France.

Enter Joan la Pucelle disguised, and four soldiers with
sacks upon their backs.

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

Sol.
King Henry VI.

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

Watch. Qui va là?

Pucel. Paisans pauvres gens de France.
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in, the market bell is rung.

Pucel. Now Roan I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

[Exeunt.

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Alanson.

Dan. St. Dennis bless this happy stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her præstisants:
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

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

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

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

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

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

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


Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned forcerefs,

Hath
The First Part of
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. [Exit.

SCENE V.

An alarm: Excursions. Bedford brought in sick in a chair. Enter Talbot and Burgundy without; within Joan la Pucelle, Dauphin, Baisard, and Reignier on the walls.

Pucel. Good morrow gallants, want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?
Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless cur timer:
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Daun. Your grace must starve perhaps before that time.
Bed. Oh let not words but deeds revenge this treason.
Pucel. What will you do, good grey beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of France and hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardise a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with his shame.
Pucel. Are you so hot? yet Pucelle hold thy peace,
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[They whisper together in counsell.

God speed the parliament; who shall be the speaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?
Pucel. Be like your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.
Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alanjon, and the rest.
Will ye like soldiers come and fight it out?

Alan,
Alan. Seignior no.
Tal. Seignior hang: base muleteers of France,
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Pucel. Captains' away, let's get us from the walls,
For Talbot means no goodnecs by his looks.
God be wi'you, my lord: we came Sir but to tell you
That we are here. [Exeunt from the walls.
Tal. And there will we be too ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame.
Vow Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by publick wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again or die.
And I as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late betrayed town
Great Coeurdelion's heart was buried;
So sure I swear to get the town or die.
Burg. My vows are equal partners with thy vows:
Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford: come my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord Talbot do not so dis honour me:
Here I will sit before the walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weal and woe.
Burg. Couragious Bedford, let us now persuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes.
Methinks I should revive the soldiers hearts,
Because I ever found them as my self.
Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so: heav'n's keep old Bedford safe.
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boastful enemy. [Exit.
The First Part of

An alarm: excursions: † Enter Sir John Falstaff, and a captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Falstaff, in such haste?
Fal. Whither away? to save my self by flight.

We are like to have the overthrow again,
Cap. What! will you fly and leave lord Talbot?
Fal. Ay, all the Talbots in the world to save my life.

Cap. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee. [Exit.

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

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

SCENE VI.

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

Tal. Lost and recover'd in a day again,
This is a double honour, Burgundy;
Yet heav'n's have glory for this victory.

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

Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke; but where is Pucelle
now?
I think her old familiar is asleep.

† Falstaff is here introduced again, who was dead in Henry the Fifth, Act 2, Scene 3; the occasion whereof is, that this Play was written by Shakespeare before Hen. 4, or Hen. 5. See the last lines of Hen. 5.
King Henry VI.

Now where's the bastard's braves, and Charles his + gikes?
What, all a-mort? Roan hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled,
Now we will take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the King,
For there young Henry with his nobles lyes.

Burg. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.
Tal. But yet before we go let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roan,
A braver soldier never crouched launce,
A gentler heart did never sway in court.
But Kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt]

SCENE VII.

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

Pucel. Dismay not, Princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered.
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick Talbot triumph for awhile.
And like a Peacock sweep along his tail,
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rule'd.

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

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

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

+ gikes or scoffs.

C 2

Pucel.
The First Part of

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

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

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

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

[Drum beats afar off.
Hark, by the sound of drum you may perceive Their powers are marching unto Paris ward.

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

[Trumpets sound a parley.

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Duke of Burgundy marching.

Dan. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy.

Burg. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Pucel. The Princely Charles of France, thy countryman.


Dan. Speak Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Pucel. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France, Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile France, And see the cities and the towns defac'd By waiting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes;
See, see the pining malady of France.
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast.
Oh turn thy edged sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help:
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of common gore;
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucel. Besides, all French and France exclaim on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill;
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind and mark but this for proof;
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was not he in England prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends,
See then thou foughtst against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return, return thou wandering lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

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

Pucel. Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again.

Dau. Welcome brave Duke, thy friendship makes us fresh.

C 3

Baf.
The First Part of

Bafi. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.
Alan. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.
Dau. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

PARIS.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Winchester, York,
Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter: To them Talbot
with his soldiers.

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

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

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

K. Henry. Welcome brave captain and victorious
lord.

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

Manent Vernon and Becket.

Ver. Now Sir to you that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York;
Dar’st thou maintain the former words thou spak’st?
Baf. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your fawcy tongue
Against the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
Baf. Why what is he? as good a man as York.
Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness take you that.

[Stikes him.

Baf. Villain, thou know’st the law of arms is such
That who so draws a sword ’tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I’ll unto his Majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see I’ll meet thee to thy cost.
Ver. Well, miscreant, I’ll be there as soon as you,
And after meet you sooner than you would.  [Exeunt.
ACT IV. SCENE I.

PARIS.

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

GLOUCESTER.

ORD Bishop, set the crown upon his head.

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

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

† Enter Falstaff.

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

Tel. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee:
I vow'd, base Knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
Which I have done; because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.
Pardon, my Princely Henry, and the rest:
This daftard, at the battle of Poitiers,

† See the note on the fifth Scene of Act 3.

When
When but in all I was six thousand strong;
And that the French were almost ten to one;
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away.
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men,
My self and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surpriz'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no?

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

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords;
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this most honourable order;
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain.
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood,

K. Henry. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom,
Be packing therefore thou that waft a Knight;
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.

And now, my lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glos. What means his grace that he hath chang'd his title?
No more but plain and bluntly, To the King. [Reading:
Hath he forgot he is his Soveraign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Portend some alteration in good will?
What's here? I have upon especial cause, [Reading:
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck, Together]
The First Part of

Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles the rightful King of France.
O monstrous treachery! can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Henry. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
Glow. He doth, my lord, and is become our foe.
K. Henry. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?
Glow. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. Henry. Why then lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.
My lord, how say you, are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? yes: but that I'm prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. Henry. Then gather strength, and march unto him strait:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends,
Tal. I go, my lord, in heart desiring full
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit Talbot.

SCENE II.

Enter Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious Sovereign.
Bas. And me my lord, grant me the combat too.
Verk. This is my servant, hear him noble Prince.
Sem. And this is mine, sweet Henry favour him.
K. Henry. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.
Say gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord, for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

K. Henry,
King Henry VI.

K. Henry. What is the wrong whereon you both complain?

Baf. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here with sharp and carping tongue
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks;
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law,
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms,
In confusion of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

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

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

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out;
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Henry. Good lord! what madness rules in brains;
Sick men!

When for so light and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both of York and Somerset,
Quiet your selves and be again at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be try'd by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

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

York. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.

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

Baf. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? confounded be your strife;
And perish ye with your audacious prate;
Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed?
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the King and us?
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections:
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt your selves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.

K. Henry. Come hither you that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within our selves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside what infamy will there arise,
When foreign Princes shall be certify'd,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle, which was bought with blood,
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife:
I see no reason, if I wear this rore,
That any one should therefore be suspicious,
I more encline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.
But your discourses better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our Regent in those parts of France.

And
And good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Our self, my lord Protector, and the rest;
After some respite will return to Calais;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented by your victories,
With Charles, Alanson, and that trait'rous rout:

[Exeunt.

Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, and Vernon.

War. My lord of York, I promise you the King
Most prettily methought did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not;
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Truth, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet Prince, he thought no harm.

York. And if I wis he did——But let it rest,
Other affairs must now be managed.

[Exeunt.

Flourish. Manet Exeter.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For had the passions of thy heart burst our,
I fear we should have seen decyph'r'd there
More ranc'rous spight, more furious raging broils;
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But how's e'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites;
But that he doth preface some ill event.
'Tis much, when scepters are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind division;
Then comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[Exit.

SCENE
SCENE III.

BOURDEAUX.

Enter Talbot with trumpets, and drum.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter, Summon their general unto the wall. [Soundis

Enter General aloft.

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

Cap. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death, Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge! The period of thy tyranny approacheth. On us thou canst not enter but by death: For I protest we are well forti'd, And strong enough to issue out and fight. If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed, Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee. On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitch'd To wall thee from the liberty of flight; And no way canst thou turn thee for redress, But death doth from thee with apparent spoil, And pale destruction meets thee in the face. Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament, To rive their dangerous artillery

Upon
King Henry VI.

Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo there thou stand'ft, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible, unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I thy enemy saw thee withal;
For ere the glass that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.

[Drum afar off.]

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

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

God and St. George, Talbot, and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [Exeunt.]

SCENE

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

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

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

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

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

Enter a second Messenger.

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

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

Mess. O send some succour to the distress’d lord.

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get:
All long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Mess. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot’s soul,
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel towards his warlike father;
This sev’n years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet, where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave!
Away, vexation almost stops my breath,
That dredful friends greet in the hour of death,
Lucy farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause, I cannot aid the man.

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

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

SCENE V.

Enter Somerset with his army.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted. All our general force
 Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot
Hath fullied all his gloes of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:

York.
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Capt. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Som. How now, Sir William, whither were you sent?

Lucy. † Hither, my lord; from bought and sold

lord Talbot.

Who ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,

To beat affailing death from his weak legions.
And while the honourable captain there

Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs;
And in advantage ling'ring looks for rescue;

You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away

The levied succours that shall lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.

Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,

Athanor, Reignier, compass him about;

And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims,

Swearing that you with-hold his levied host,

Collected for this expedition

Som. York lies: he might have sent, and had the
horse:

I owe him little duty and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrap the noble-minded Talbot:

Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife.

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

Lucy. Too late comes rescue now: he's ta'en or

flain,

† Whither my Lord?
King Henry VI.

For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.
Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu.
Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[Exeunt.

Scene VI.

Near BOURDEAUX.

Enter Talbot and his son.

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

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

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

Jhn. He that flies so, will never return again.

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

Jhn. Then let me stay, and father do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
The First Part of

You fled for vantage, ev'ry one will swear: But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear. There is no hope that ever I will stay; If the first hour I think and run away. Here on my knee I beg mortality, Rather than life preferv'd with infamy.

**Tal.** Shall all thy mother's hopes lye in one tomb? **John.** Ay rather than I'll shame my mother's womb. **Tal.** Upon my blessing I command thee go. **John.** To fight I will, but not to fly the foe. **Tal.** Part of thy father may be fav'd in thee. **John.** No part of him but will be shame in me. **Tal.** Thou never hadst renown, and canst not lose it. **John.** Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it? **Tal.** Thy father's charge shall clear thee from the stain. **John.** You cannot witness for me, being slain. If death be so apparent, then both fly. **Tal.** And leave my followers here to fight and die? My age was never tainted with such shame. **John.** And shall my youth be guilty of such blame? No more can I be sever'd from your side, Than can your self, you'lt self in twain divide: Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I; For live I will not; if my father die. **Tal.** Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son, Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon: Come, side by side together live and die, And soul with soul from France to heav'n shall fly.  

*Exeunt.*

Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot's son is hemm'd about, and Talbot rescues him.

**Tal.** St. George, and victory! fight soldiers, fight: The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word, And left us to the rage of France's sword, Where is *John Talbot*? pause, and take thy breath, I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death. **John.** O twice my father, twice am I thy son: The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done.
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

_Tal._ When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then, leaden age
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down _Alanson, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee._

The ireful bastard _Orleans_ that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered;
And interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; then in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from _Talbot_, my brave boy——

Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art not thou weary, _John_? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battel, boy, and fly?
Now thou art fea'd, the son of chivalry?

Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
Oh too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with _Frenchmen's_ rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain; and if I stay,
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day.

In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and _England's fame_:
All these and more we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

_John._ The sword of _Orleans_ hath not made me smart,

These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
On that advantage bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,

Before
The First Part of

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance.
Surely by all the glory you have won,
And if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot,
If son to Talbot die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy des' rate Sire of Creux,
Thou Icarus, thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
And commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.

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

Enter John Talbot, borne.

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

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Continues near Bourdeaux.

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

C H A R L E S.

AD York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's raging brood
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid,
But with a proud, majestical, high scorn
He answer'd thus: young Talbot was not born

*—yield thy breath.
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.
Poor boy, he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, &c.

† lither, smooth, gentle.
To be the pillage of a gigot wench.
So left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

But. Doubtless he would have made a noble Knight:
See where he lies interred in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

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

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

Enter Lucy.

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

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

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

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

Lucy. Where is the great Aicides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Wiltford, Waterford, and Valence,
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield;
Lord Strange of Blackmore, lord Verdon of Alton,
Lord Cromwel of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Fakenbridge,
Knight of the noble order of St. George,
Worthy St. Michael, and the Golden Fleece,
Great Marshal to our King Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France.

Puce. Here is a fitsy, fately stile indeed;
The Turk that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writs not so tedious a still as this.
Him that thou magnifyst with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown leys here at our feet.

† gigot, a Drab, Strumpet.
King Henry VI.

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

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

Char. Go take their bodies hence.

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

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

SCENE II.

Changes to England.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Exeter.

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

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

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

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

VOL. V. D

K. Henry.
The First Part of

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

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

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

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exe. What, is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verify'd
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesie,
If once he come to be a Cardinal,
He'll make his cap coequal with the crown.

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

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth-intend she shall be England's Queen.

K. Henry. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover, where inhipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.  [Exeunt.

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

Legate. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

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

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

---

SCENE III.
FRANCE.

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

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

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

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

Enter Scout.

Scout. Succes unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices.


Scout. The English army that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battel presently.
The First Part of

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

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

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

Day. Then on, my lords, and France be fortunate. [Exeunt]

Alarm: excursions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly. Now help ye charming spells and \( + \) periapses; And ye choice spirits that admonish me, And give me signs of future accidents: [Thunder.]
You speedy helpers that are substitutes Under the lordly monarch of the North, Appear, and aid me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance argues proof Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye familiar spirits that are cull'd Out of the pow'rfull regions under earth, Help me this once, that France may get the field. [They walk, and speak not.
Oh hold me not with silence over long: Where I was wont to feed you with my blood, I'll lop a member off, and give it you In earnest of a further benefit: So you do condescend to help me now. [They hang their heads.
No hope to have redress? my body shall Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit. [They shake their heads.

† Charms sow'd up, from weedeater, to sowe. Ezek. xiii. 18. Woe to them that sowe pillows to all armholes, to hunt souls.

Cannot
King HENRY VI.

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul and all,
Before that England give the French the foil. [They depart.
See, they forfake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now France thy glory droopeth to the dust. [Exeunt.

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

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

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

Pucelle. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee,
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.

York. Fell bawling bag, enchantress hold thy tongue.
Pucelle. I pr'ythee give me leave to curse a-while.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Alarm. Enter Suffolk with Margaret in his hand.

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

Oh fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands;
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace.

[Exit. And
The First Part of
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say; that I may honour thee:
Mr. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, whose ever thou art.
Suf. An Earl I am; and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the Swan her downy cignets save,
Keeping them pris'ners underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again, as Suffolk's friend. [She is going.
Oh stay! I have no pow'r to let her pass,
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeit beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, De la Pole, disable not thy self:
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy pris'ner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Oh, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mr. Say, Earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [Aside.
Mr. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [Aside.
Mr. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [Aside.
Mr. 'Twere best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mr. He talks at random; sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mr. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf.
King Henry VI.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my King:* 
Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Main, yet he is poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [Aside.

Mar. Hear ye me, captain? are ye not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What tho' I be in thrall'd, he seems a Knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not crave his courtesy.
Suf. Sweet madam give me hearing in a cause.
Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.*
Suf. Say, gentle Princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queen?
Mar. To be a Queen in bondage, is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For Princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's Royal King be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's Queen,
To put a golden scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head.

---

* Why, for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy, &c.

* captivate ere now:
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Quo.
Suf. Say, gentle Princess, &c.
The First Part of

if thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry’s wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam, I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice my self.
How say you, madam, are you so content?

Mar. And if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth.
And, madam, at your father’s castle walls,
We’ll crave a parley to confer with him.

SCENE V.

Sound. Enter Reignier on the walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, fee, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune’s fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:

Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King;
Whom I with pain have woo’d and won thereto;
And this her ease-held imprisonment
 Hath gain’d thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows,

That Suffolk doth not flatter, face or fain.

Reig. Upon thy Princely warrant I descend;
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpet.
Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our territories.
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy in so sweet a child.
Fit to be made companion of a King.
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the Princely bride of such a lord:
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake.
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again in Henry's Royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a King,
And yet methinks I could be well content.
To be mine own attorney in this case.

[Aside]
I'll over then to England with this News,
And make this marriage to be solemnized:
So farewell Reignier, let this diamond safe
In golden palaces as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell my lord: good wishes, praise and pray'res
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [She is going.

Suf. Farewell sweet madam; hark you Margaret,
No princely commendations to my King?

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

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But madam, I must trouble you again,
No loving token to his majesty?
The First Part of

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love I send the King.
Suf. And this withal. [Kisses her.
Mar. That for thy self—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a King.
Suf. O were thou for my self—but Suffolk stay,
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth,
There minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Sollicit Henry with her wond'rous praise,
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
Her natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Enter York, Warwick, a Shepherd, and Pucelle.

York. BRING forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.
Shep. Ah Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I sought ev'ry country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter, I will die with thee.

Pucel. Decrepid miser, base ignoble wretch,
I am descend'd of a gentler blood.
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out—my lords, an please you 'tis not so,
I did beset her, all the parish knows:
Her mother living yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my batch'lorship.

War. Graceless, wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

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

Peacil. Peasant, avaunt. You have suborn’d this man
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

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

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

Peacil. First let me tell you whom you have con-
demn’d,
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu’d from the progeny of Kings;
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above,
By inspi ration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits.
But you that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain’d with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it fright a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden-blood thus rigorously effus’d,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heav’n.

York. Ay, ay; away with her to execution.

War. And hear, ye, Sirs, because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow.
Place pitchy barrels on the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

_Pucel._ Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then _Joan_ discover shine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murther not then the fruit within my womb.
Although ye hale me to a violent death;

_York._ Now heav'n forefend! the holy maid with child?
_War._ The greatest miracle that ere you wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
_York._ She and the Dauphin have been juggling sure,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
_War._ Well go to, we will have no bastards live,
Especially since _Charles_ must father it.
_Pucel._ You are deceiv'd, my child is none of his,
It was _Alanson_ that enjoy'd my love.

_York._ * It dies, and if it had a thousand lives.
_Pucel._ O give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither _Charles_, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But _Regnier_ King of _Naples_ that prevail'd.
_War._ A married man! that's most intolerable.
_York._ Why here's a girl; I think she knows not well
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.
_War._ It's sign she had been liberal and free.
_York._ And yet forsooth she is a virgin pure.
_Strumpet._ Thy words condemn thy brat and thee,
_Use_ no intreaty, for it is in vain.

_Pucel._ Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse.

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Inviron you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves. [Exit.

_York._ Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell.

**SCENE**

* _York_. _Alanson_! that notorious Machiavel!

It dies——
King Henry VI.

Scene VII.

Enter Cardinal of Winchester.

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

York. Is all our travel turn’d to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country’s benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsity, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
Oh Warwick, Warwick, I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

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

Enter Charles, Alanfon, Bastard and Reignier.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim’d in France;
We come to be informed by your selves,
What the conditions of that league must be.

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

Win. Charles and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of meer compassion and of lenity

To
The First Part of

To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace;
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
And Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute and submit thy self,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

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

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

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

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once 't be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

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

Aside to the Dauphin.
War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall:
Only reserve'd you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.
York. Then swear allegiance to his Majesty,
As thou are Knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England:
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
So now dismiss your army when you please:
Hang up your ensigns, let you drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII.
Changes to England.

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

K. Henry. Y O U R wond'rous rare description, no-
ble Earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempestuous gales
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driv'n by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Turn, my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface to her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so divine,
The First Part of

So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Henry. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume:
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Marg'ret may be England's Royal Queen.
Glow. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem.
How shall we then dispense with the contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths,
Or one that at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lifts
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor Earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glow. Why what I pray is Marg'ret more than that?
Her father is no better than an Earl,
Although in glorious titles he excell.
Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a King,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem,
And of such great authority in France
That his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glow. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kin'sman unto Charles.

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

Suf. A dow'r, my lords! disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his Queen,
And not to seek a Queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for Oxen, Sheep or Horse.
But marriage is a master of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
King Henry VI.

Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed.
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us;
In our opinions she should be preferr’d;
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should me match with Henry, being a King,
But Marg’ret, that is daughter to a King?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King,
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
More than in woman commonly is seen,
Answer our hope in issue of a King:
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Marg’ret, he be link’d in love.
Then yield my lords, and here conclude with me,
That Marg’ret shall be Queen, and none but she.

K. Henry. Whether it be through force of your report
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attain’d
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am affir’d,
I feel such sharp dissonance in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping; post, my lord, to France,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That lady Marg’ret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown’d
King Henry’s faithful and anointed Queen.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for till you do return,
I am perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
The First Part of

If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [Exit.

Glow. Ay, grief I fear me, both at first and last.
[Exit Gloucester.

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

Henry the Sixth.

With the Death of the

Good Duke Humphry.
Dramatis Personæ.

K I N G Henry VI.
Humphry Duke of Gloucester, \(\textit{Uncles to the King.}\)
Cardinal Beaufort, Bp. of Winchester, \(\textit{Of the King’s Party.}\)
Duke of York, pretending to the Crown.
Duke of Buckingham, \(\textit{Of the King’s Party.}\)
Duke of Somerset, \(\textit{Of the York Faction.}\)
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Salisbury, \(\textit{Of the York Faction.}\)
Earl of Warwick, \(\textit{Of the King’s Party.}\)
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, \(\textit{Sons to the Duke of York.}\)
Richard Plantagenet, \(\textit{Sons to the Duke of York.}\)
Vaux. A Sea Captain, and Walter Whitmore—Pirates.
Hume and Southwel—2 Priests.
Bolingbrook, an Astrologer.
A Spirit attending on Jordan the Witch.
Thomas Horner, an Armorer.
Peter, his Man.
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 Elinor, Wife to the Duke of Gloucester.
Mother Jordan, a Witch employ’d by the Duchess of Gloucester.
Wife of Simpcox.

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

The Scene is laid very dispersedly in several Parts of England.
† The Second Part of
King HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

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

SUFFOLK.

† By your high imperial majesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princes Marg'ret for your
grace;
So in the famous ancient city, Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,

† This and the third part were first written under the Title of
The Contention of York and Lancaster: printed in 1600; but
since vastly improved by the Author.

† Vide Hall's Chron. fol. 66, year 23. Init.
The Second Part of
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, Alanfon,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, twenty reverend Bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
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 Marquiss 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 confence that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alder-liefeft sovereign;
Makes me the bolder to salute my King
With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

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

All kneel. Long live Queen Margaret, England's hap-
iness.

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [Flourish.
Suff. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French King Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.
Glo. Reads.] Imprimis, it is agreed between the French
King, Charles, and William de la Pole. Marquis of
Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that
the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter
unto Reignier, King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerufalem,
and crown her Queen of England, ere the thirteenth of
May next ensuing.

Item. That the duchy of Anjou, and the county of
Main, shall be released and delivered to the King her
father.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.

SCENE
The Second Part of

SCENE II.

Manent the rest.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphry must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars?
Did 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,
Receive'd deep Scars in France and Normandy:
Or hath mine uncle Bedford, 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 aw
And was his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris, in despight of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die!
O peers of England, shameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Raising 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.
King Henry VI.

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 roast,
Hath giv'n the dutchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leaness of his purse.

Sal. Now by the death of him who dy'd for all,
These counties were the Keys of Normandy:
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
War. For grief that they are past recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! my self did win them both:
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer.
And are the cities that I got with wounds,
Delivered up again with peaceful words? *

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

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

Car. My lord of Glo'ster, 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.

V O L. V. Rancour

*

peaceful words?

York. For Suffolk's Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike Ill.
France should, &c.
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,
Calling him Humphry, the good Duke of Glo'ster,
Clapping their hands and crying with loud voice,
Maintain your royal excellence,
With God preserve the good Duke Humphry:
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering glo'ss,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

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

Car. This weighty busines 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'ster be displac'd, he'll be Protector,

Buck. Or Somerset or I will be Protector,
Defy the 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'ster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman:
Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal
More like a soldier than a man o'th' church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.
Warwick my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Have won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphry,
And brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our sovereign;
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people;
Join we together for the publick good,
In what we can to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the Cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And as we may, cherish Duke Humphry's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.
War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land
And common profit of his country.
York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.
Sal. Then let's make haste, and look unto the main.

[Ex. Warwick and Salisbury.

*—unto the main.

War. Unto the main? Oh father, Main is lost,
That Main, 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 Main;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
York. Anon you 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 curtezans,
Still revelling like lords till all be gone:
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shat'rd, and all is born away;
Ready to starve, and dare 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 did the fatal brand Albion burnt,
Unto the prince's heart of Calidon.
Anon and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me: for I had hope of France,
Ev'n as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own,
And therefore I will take the Nevills parts,
And make a shew of love to proud Duke Humphrey;
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 fitt,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.

Then
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 robe,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And force perforce I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[Exit York.

SCENE IV.

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 sullen earth,
Gazing at that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face;
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine,
And having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
And never more abase our sight 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

E 3 Against
The Second Part of

Against my King and nephew virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world.
My troublous dreams this night do make 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'ster'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 Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

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

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

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?
[Ex. Glo.

Elean. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Glo'sfer 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'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferred?
With Margery Jordan, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbroke the conjurer,
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promised, to shew your highness
A Spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your grace shall be propounded him.
Elean. It is enough, I'll think upon the questions;
When from St. Albans we do make return,
We'll see those things effected to the full.

Here
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 business 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 say from the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for to be plain,
They (knowing Eleanor's aspiring humour)
Have hired me to undermine the Dutchess,
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk's and the Cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take no 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' wrack,
And her attain'ure will be Humphry's fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.  

[Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armorer'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.

Exit
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.
Q. Mar. To my Lord Protector? [reading] Are your supplications to his lordship? let me see them; what is thine?
1 Pet. Mine is, and'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.
3 Pet. Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown?
Q. Mar. What did the Duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?
3 Pet. That my mistress was? no; forsooth; my master said that he was; and that the King was an usurper.
Suf. Who is there?—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant, presently; we'll hear more of your matter before the King. [Exit Serv.
Q. Mar. And as for you that love to be protected Under the wings of our Protector’s grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[Tears the supplications.]
Away, base cullions: Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [Exeunt.
Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise?
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's Isle?
And this the royalty of Albion's King?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a Queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a Duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies hearts of France;
I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave Maries on his beads;
His champions are the prophets and apostles,
His weapons holy laws of sacred writ,
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would the college of the Cardinals
Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his 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 Beau-
ford
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 Nevils;
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.
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 must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphry in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So one by one we’ll weed them all at last,
And you your self shall steer the happy helm.

SCENE VI.

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

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 presence are thy betters, Warwicks.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal.
The Second Part of

Sal. Peace, son; and shew some reason, Buckingham; why Somerset should be preferre'd in this?

Q. Mar. Because the King forsooth will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himself
to give this censure: these are no woman's matters.

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.

Sal. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)
The common-wealth hath daily run to wrack,
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bond-men to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons 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 main 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 suspicion is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[Exit Glo.]

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

[She gives the dresser a box on the ear.]

I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?

Elean. Was't I? yea, I'lt 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 Mafter wears no breeches,
King Henry VI.

She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreavenged.  
[Exit Eleanor.

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

SCENE VII.

Re-enter Duke 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 spiteful 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 lost.
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 Armorer, and his Man Peter.

Suft. 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?

Suft. Please it your Majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his matter of high treason:
His words were these; that Richard Duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your Majesty was an usurper.

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

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

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

York. Base doughty 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?

Gls. 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.

Somm. I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.
King Henry VI.  III

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

SCENE VIII.

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwell, and Bolingbroke.

Hume. COME my masters, the Duchess I tell 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 aloof, while we be busie below; and so I pray you go in god's name, and leave us.  [Exit Hume.] Mother Jordan, be prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor above.

Elean. Well said, my masters, and welcome to all; to this glee, the sooner the better.

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

[Here they perform the ceremonies and make the circle,
Bolingbrook or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, ceteris thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.

† Or, (as in the later editions) of my master.
The Second Part of

Spirit. Adsum.
M. Ford. Asmuth, by the eternal God, whose name
And power thou tremblest at, tell what I ask;
For till thou speake, thou shalt not pass from hence.
Spirit. Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said, and
done!

Boling. First of the King: What shall of him become?
Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose:
But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks they write the answer.
Boling. Tell me what fates await the Duke of Suffolk?
Spirit. By water shall he die, and take his end.
Boling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?
Spirit. Let him flun castles,
Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
Falsè fiend avoid. [Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.

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

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

Elean. Not half so bad as thine to England's King,
Injurious Duke, that threat'rt where is no caufe.

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 Trinkers here forth-coming all.

[Execut Guards with Jordan, Southwel, &c. *

The

*—Southwel, &c.
† York.
The King is now in progress towards St. Albans,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them:
A sorry breakfast for my lord Protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

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.

A C T

† York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well;
A pretty plot, well chose to build upon.
Now, pray my lord, let's see the devil's writ;
What have we here? [Reads.
The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.
Why, this is just, Aio te Æaciden Romanos vincere posse.
Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him from castles
Sail shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my lords,
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The King is now, &c.

† This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators have heard in the Scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first editions of this Play.
ACT II.  SCENE I.

At St. Alban's.

Enter King Henry, Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Faulkner's halloving.

2. MARGARET.

BELIEVE me lords, for flying at the brook I saw no better sport these seven years day; Yet by your leave, the wind was very high, And ten to one old Joan had not gone out, K. Henry. But what a point, my lord, your 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, he'd 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 Bent 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?

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice.

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

Glo.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as yourself, my lord,
An't like your lordly, lord Protectorship.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Glo'ster.
K. Henry. I pr'ythee peace, good Queen,
And whet not on these too-too furious peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.
Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector, with my sword.
Glo. Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come
to that.
Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.
Glo. Make up no factious numbers for that
matter,
In thine own person answer thy abuse.
Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep:
And if thou dar'st, this evening,
On the east side of the grove.
K. Henry. How now, my lords?
Car. Believe me, cousin Glo'ster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We'd had more sport—Come with thy two-hand
sword.
Glo. True, uncle, are ye advis'd?—The east-side
the grove.
Cardinal, I am with you.
K. Henry. Why how now, uncle Glo'ster?
Glo. Talking of hawking, nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll have your crown
for this,
Or all my fence shall fail.
Car. [Aside.], Protector, see to't well, prote& your self.
K. Henry. The winds grow high, so do your stomachs,
lords.
How icksome is this music to my heart?
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.
Enter one crying, A Miracle.

Glo. What means this noise?
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. Albans'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 glorifie the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?
Simp. Born blind, and't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, and't like your worship.
Glo. Had't thou been his mother, thou couldst have
better told.
K. Henry. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, and't like your grace.
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't 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; Simpson, come,
Come offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many a time and oft
My self have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me.

Suf. How canst thou so?

Simp. A fall off a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O born so, master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But once in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Masts, thou lov'st plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Sir, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave, but yet it shall not serve:
Let's see thine eyes, wink now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet, thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, 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 he did never see.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, Sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?
The Second Part of

Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No indeed, master.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saunter Simcox, an if it please you, master.
Glo. Saunter, fit there, the lying'ft knave in christendom!
If thou hast been born blind,
Thou might'st as well know all our names, as thus
To know 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 Albans,
Have you not beadle's 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.

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 that 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.
K. Henry. O God, seest thou this, and bear'lt 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 him be whipt through every market-town,
till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[Exit Beadle.

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.

SCENE III.

Enter Buckingham.

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

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

[Aside to Glo'fter.

Glo. Ambitious church-man, leave t'afflict 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?

Queen.
The Second Part of

Queen. Glo'ster, see here the tainture of thy neck, And look thy self be faultless, thou wert best.

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

SCENE IV.

The Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. NOW, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick, Our simple supper ended, give me leave, In this close walk to satisfy my self, In craving your opinion of my title, Which is infallible to England's crown. Salisbury. My lord, I long to hear it thus at full. Warwick. 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 **Edward Langley**, Duke of **York**;
The sixth, was **Thomas Woodstock**, Duke of **Gloster**;
**William of Windsor** was the seventh and last,
**Edward the black Prince dy’d before his father,**
And left behind him **Richard**, his only son,
Who, after **Edward the Third’s death**, reign’d **King,**
Till **Henry Bolingborne, 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 murdered.**

**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, **Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.**

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

But to the rest.

**York.** His eldest sister, **Anne,**
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married **Richard Earl of Cambridge,**
Who was son to **Edmond Langley,**
**Edward** the Third’s fifth son’s son;
By her I claim the kingdom.
She then was heir to **Roger Earl of March,**
Who was the son of **Edmond Mortimer,**
Who married **Philip**, sole daughter
Unto **Lionel Duke of Clarence.**
The Second Part of

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 slips of such a stock.
Then father Salisbury kneel we together,
And in this private plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful Soveraign
With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

Both. Long live our Sov'raign 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 slain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dang'rous days,
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have sna'red the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke Humphry:
'Tis that they seek; and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesie.

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

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

York. And Nevil, this I do assure my self:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the King. [Exeunt.
Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry and state, with guard, to banish the Duchess.

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 sin,
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.
You four from hence to prison, back again;
From thence unto the place of execution;
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You madam, for you are more nobly born;
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall after three days open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

Elean. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

Glo. The law thou seest hath judg'd thee, Eleanor,
I cannot justifie, whom law condemns.
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah Humphry, 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 Humphry, 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 lanthorn to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphry, no less below'd,
Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

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

F 2

Glo.
The Second Part of

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.
Farewell, good King; when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [Exit Glo'fter.

Q. Mar. Why now is Henry King, and Marg'ret Queen,
And Humphry, Duke of Glo'fter, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a main; 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.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays,
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'o appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ah, 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'o appellant,
The servant of the armourer, my lords.

SCENE VI.

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

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

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

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 to fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.

Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

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.

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 pre-

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.

F 3

SCENE
SCENE VII.

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 Dutchess: 'T' Unneath may she endure the stony streets, To tread them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind a-brook The abject people gazing on thy face, With envious looks still laughing at thy shame, That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels, When thou didst ride in triumph thro' the streets. But soft, I think she comes, and I'll prepare My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Dutchess in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with 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 Gloffer, 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.

† i.e. scarcely.


King Henry VI.

Elean. Ah Gloster, teach me to forget my self:
For whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this land;
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans,
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be advis'd how I tread.

Ah Humphry, can I bear this shameful yoak?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the fun?
No: dark shall be my light, and night my day,
To think upon my pomp, shall be my hall,
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphry's wife,
And he a Prince and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,
That he stood by, whilst I his forlorn Dutchess
Was made a wonder and a pointing stock
To every idle, rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing, till the ax of death
Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.

For Suffolk, (he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all)
And York, and impious 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 thou not until thy foot be fmar'd,
Nor ever seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry.
I must offend, before I be attained:
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any t scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?

F 4

Why

a envious.

† harm.
The Second Part of

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.

Herald. 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;
My Nell, I take my leave: and master Sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the King's commissiion.

Sker. And'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
Sker. 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. 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 Dutche's, and Duke Humphry's lady,
According to that state you shall be us'd.

Elean.
King Henry VI.

Elean. Sheriff fare well, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.
Sher. It is my office, madam, pardon me.
Elean. Ay, ay, farewell, thy office is discharg'd.
Come Stanley, shall we go?
Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.
Elean. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way, I long to see my prison. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

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 ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How peremptory and unlike himself!
We know the time since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submissi0on.
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,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the Lion roars,
And Humphry is no little man in England.
First note, that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy,
(Respecting what a ranc’rous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease)
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness’ council.
By flattery hath he won the common hearts:
And when he’ll please to make commotion,
’Tis to be fear’d they all will follow him.
Now ’tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they’ll o’er-grow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
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 Dutchefs, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet by repeating 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 Dutchefs,
By wicked means to frame our Sov’raign’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
Unsounded 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 revolved.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults, to faults unknown, Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphry.

K. Henry. My lords at once; the care you have of us,

To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot, Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience? Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent From meaning treason to our royal person, As is the fucking Lamb or harmless Dove: The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah! what’s more dangerous than this fond affiance?

Seems he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow’d, For he’s disposed as the hateful Raven. Is he a Lamb? his skin is surely lent him, For he’s inclin’d as is the ravenous Wolf. Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit? Take heed, my lord, the welfare of us all Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious Sovereign.

K. Henry. Welcome, lord Somerset; what news from France?

Som. That all our interest 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
The Second Part of

But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [Aside]

SCENE II.

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 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 of France,
And being Protector, staid 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,
At 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 disbursed 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, to 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 while I was Protector
Pity was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an offender's tears;
And lowly words were ransom for their fault:
Unless it were a bloody murtherer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them 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 your self.
I do arrest you in his Highness' name,
And here commit you to my lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Henry. My lord of Glo'sler, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear your self from all suspicion;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
Virtue is choke'd with foul ambition,
And charity chace'd hence by rancor's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your Highness' land.
I know, their complott 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 willingnes.
But mine is made the prologue to their play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Boarford's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice;
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburthen with his tongue
The envious load that lieth upon his heart:
And dogged York, that reaches to the moon,
Whose over-weaning arm I have pluck'd back;
By false accufe doth level at my life.
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavours have stirr'd up

My
The Second Part of

My dearest liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
(My self had notice of your conventicles)
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt:
The ancient proverb will be well effected,
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My Liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitor's rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

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

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

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant; I lose indeed,
Believe the winners, for they play'd me false;
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch
Before his legs be firm to bear his body;
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my fear were false, ah that it were:
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear. [Exit.

SCENE III.

K. Henry. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if our self were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your Highness leave the parliament?

K. Henry. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,

WhoSE
King Henry VI

Whose flood begins to flow within my eyes;
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 strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house:
Even so remorseless have they born him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss:
Even so my self bewail good Glo'ster's case
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dim'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good:
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
Say, who's a traitor? Glo'ster he is none. [Exit.

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

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity: Glo'ster's shew
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers:
Or as the snake roll'd in a 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 Glo'ster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die, is worthy policy,
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.
The Second Part of

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:
Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphry for the King's Protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madness then
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murtherer;
His guilt should be but idly post'd over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphry prov'd by reasons to my liege;
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by glins, by snares, by subtily,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk;
Ere 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.
King Henry VI.

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.

SCENE IV.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betwixt me,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For being green, there is great hope of help.
Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent a Regent thither:
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd:
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
Som. If York, with all his far-fetch'd policy,
Had been the Regent there instead of me,
He never would have Stay'd in France so long.
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,
By staring there so long, till all were lost.
Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Mens flesh preferr'd so whole, do seldom win.
Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:
No more, good York; sweet Somerset be still.
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been Regent there,
Might haply have proved far worse than his,
York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame
take all.
Som. And in the number, thee that wishest shame.
Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is;
Th' uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.
The Second Part of

To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his Majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms;
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
Whilst I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphry.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers,
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Manet York.

York. Now York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth th' enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time show'rs, comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busie than the lab'ring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved Snake,
Who cherish'd in your breasts, will fling your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me;
King Henry VI.

I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whilst I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heav'n or hell.
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
(Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,) Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd flaw.
And for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentish man,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
And in the end being recu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells,
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And giv'n me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer which is now dead,
In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble,
By this I shall perceive the Commons mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured;
I know no pain they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms,
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
For Humphry being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put a-part, the next for me. Exit.

SCENE
SCENE VI.

Enter two or three running over the stage, from the murder of Duke Humphry.

1. R U N to my lord of Suffolk; let him know we have dispatch'd the Duke, as he commanded.

2. Oh that it were to do! what have we done? Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

1. Here comes my lord.
Suf. Now, Sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?
1. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
Suf. Why, that's well said. Go get you to my house, I will reward you for this ven'rous deed:
The King and all the Peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1. Yes, my good lord.
Suf. Away, be gone. [Exeunt.

Enter King Henry, the Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, Somerset, with attendants.

K. Henry. Go call our uncle to our presence strait:
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.
K. Henry. Lords take your places; and I pray you all
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Glo'fer,
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar.
King HENRY VI.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman:
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion.
K. Henry. I thank thee: Well, these words content
me much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord, Gloster is dead.
Q. Mar. Marry God forsend!
Car. God's secret judgment: I did dream to-night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[King swoons.

Q. Mar. How fares my lord? help lords, the King is
dead.
Som. Rear up his body, wring him by the nose. ♠
Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help: oh Henry, ope thine
eyes.
Suf. He doth revive again; madam be patient.
K. Henry. O heav'ly God!
Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?
K. Henry. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort
me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital pow'rs:
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words,
Lay not thy hands on me, forbear, I say,
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight:
Upon thy eye-balls mur'd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.

Look

♠ This line is not in the old edition.
The Second Part of

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
Yet do not go away; come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death.
As for my self, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recal his life;
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs;
And all to have the noble Duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:
It may be judg'd I made the Duke away,
So shall my name with Slander's tongue be wounded,
And Princes courts be filled with reproach:
This get I by his death: ah me unhappy!
To be a Queen, and crown'd with infamy.

K. Henry. Ah woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper. look on me.
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?
Be poys'rous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
Is all thy comfort 'shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his statue, and do worship to it,
And make my image but an ale-house sign.
Was I for this nigh wreckt upon the sea,
And twice by adverse winds from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boaded this? but well fore-warning winds
Did seem to say, seek not a scorpion's nest.
Nor set thy footing on this unkind shoar.
What did I then? but curse the gentle gusts,

\[ \text{And} \]

\[ awkward wind. \]
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shoar,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock:
Yet Apollo would not be a murtherer.
He left that hateful office unto thee.*
The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
When from thy shoar the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of the land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,
(A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,)
And threw it tow'rd's thy land, the sea receiv'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart.
And ev'n with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's withedd coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
To sit and watch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
Am I not witcht like her? or thou not felse like him?
Ah me, I can no more; dye Margaret,
For Henry weeps that thou didst live so long.

*office unto thee.
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shoar
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.
The splitting rocks, etc.


The Second Part of

Noise within. Enter Warwick, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty soveraign,
That good Duke Humphry traiterously is murther'd
By Suffolk, and the Cardinal Beauford's means:
The Commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in their revenge.
My self have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Henry. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corps,
And comment then upon his sudden death.
War. That I shall do, my liege: stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

K. Henry. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts;
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphry's life:
If my suspect be false, forgive me God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisles, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears.
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies.
[Bed with Gloster's body put forth.]

And to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?
War. Come hither, gracious soveraign, view this body.

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is made:
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life is death.

War.
War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him,
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,
Who in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy,
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full gaftly, like a stranglet man;
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling,
His hands abroad displace'd, as one that graspt
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued,
Look on the sheets; his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd:
It cannot be but he was murther'd here:
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why Warwick, who should do the Duke to death?
My self and Beauford had him in protection,
And we, I hope, Sirs, are no murtherers.

War. But both of you have vow'd Duke Humphry's death,
And you forsooth had the good Duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you belike suspet these noblemen,
As guilty of Duke Humphry's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,
But will suspet 'twas he that made the slaughter?
The Second Part of

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbleedied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's the knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his tallons?
Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a 'vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scour'd in his ranc'rous heart,
That saddens me with murther's crimson badge.
Say if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guilty in Duke Humphry's death.
War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dare not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
War. Madam be still; with rev'rense may I say;
For ev'ry word you speak in his behalf,
Is flander to your royal dignity.
Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl; and noble stock
Was grafted with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevil's noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the death's-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false mur'd'rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy pass'd speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st;
That thou thy self wast born in bastardy:
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.
King Henry VI. 147

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood.
If from this presence thou darst go with me.
War. Away ev'n now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphry's ghost.

[Exeunt.

Scene VII.

K. Henry. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked (though lock'd up in steel)
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Q Mar. What noise is this?

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

K. Henry. Why how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
Suf. The trait'rous Warwick with the men of Bury
Set all upon me, mighty Soveraign.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart, the King shall know your mind.
Dread lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unless lord Suffolk stand be put to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphry dy'd;
They say, in him they fear your Highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
(Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking)
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

G2 They
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your Highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strange edict,
Were there a serpent seen with forked tongue
That nimbly glided towards your Majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Left being suffer'd in that harmless slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you where you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolish'd kinds,
Could send such message to their Sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how quient an orator you are.
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or we will all
break in.

K. Henry. Go Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure my thoughts do hourly prophesie
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore by his Majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Q. Mar. Oh Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk.
K. Henry. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle Suz-}
fol

No
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable:
If after three days space thou here be't found,
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come Warwick, come good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.  [Exit.

SCENE VIII.

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you,
Heart's discontent and sour affliction,
Be play-fellows to keep you company;
There's two of you, the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps.

Suf. Cease, gentle Queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them; wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
Mine hair be fixt on end like one distract:
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban.
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink,
Gall, worse than gall the daintiest that they taste,
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypresses trees,
Their chiefest prospect mur'dring basilisks,
Their softest touch as smart as lizards stings,
Their musick frightful as the serpent's hiss.

G 3 And
And boading screech-owls make the comfort full,
All the soul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself,
And these dread curses like the sun against glass,
Or like an over-charged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thy self.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now by the ground that I am banished from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. Oh let me intreat thee cease, give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heav'n wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone that I may know my grief,
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want:
I will repeal thee, or be well assure'd
Adventure to be banished my self:
And banished I am, if but from thee.

Go, speak not to me; even now be gone—
Oh go not yet—Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die:
Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heav'nly company.
For where thou art there is the world it self,
With ev'ry ferv'ral pleasure in the world:
And where thou art not, desolation.
King Henry VI.

I can no more—Live thou to joy thy life;  
My self no joy in ought but that thou liv'ft.

Scene IX.

Enter Vaux.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, pr'ythee?

Vaux. To signify unto his Majesty,  
That Cardinal Beauford's at the point of death;  
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,  
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,  
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.  
Sometimes he talks, as if Duke Humphry's ghost  
Were by his side; sometimes he calls the King,  
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,  
The secrets of his over-charged soul:  
And I am sent to tell his Majesty,  
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the King.  
[Ex. Vaux.

Ay me! what is this world? what news are these?  
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,  
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?  
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,  
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?  
Theirs for the earth's increase; mine for my sorrows.  
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is coming.  
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live,  
And in thy fight to die, what were it else  
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe  
Dying with mother's dug between its lips.  
Where from thy fight I should be raging mad,  
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes;  
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:  
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul.
The Second Part of

Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in Jeff,
From thee to die, were torture more than death;
Oh! let me stay, befall what may befall.
Q. Mar. Away; though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk; let me hear from thee:
For wherefore thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an iris that shall find thee out.
Suf. I go.
Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st casket
That ever did contain a thing of worth,
Even as a slit-tied bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.
Q. Mar. This way for me. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE X.

Enter King Henry, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinal in Bed.

K. Henry. How fares my lord? speak Beauford
to thy Soveraign.
Car. If thou beest Death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible:
War. Beauford, it is thy Soveraign speaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto my tryal when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live where they will or no?
Oh torture me no more, I will confesse—
Alive again? then shew me where he is:

I'll
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them:
Combe down his hair; look, look, it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul;
Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Henry, O thou eternal mover of the heav'n's,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;
Oh beat away the busie medling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be.

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heav'n's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign! O God forgive him.

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation.

[Exeunt.]
ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Coast of Kent.

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain Whitmore, and other Pirates, with Suffolk and others Prisoners.

CAPTAIN.

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea:
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragick melancholy night;
Who with their drowsie, slow and flagging wings
Clap dead mens graves; and from their milky jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize:
For whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.
Mastcr, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this:
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 Gen. What is my ransom, master, let me know.
Mas. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
Wait. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains throats, for die you shall:
Nor can those lives which we have lost in fight,
Be counter-poised with such a petty sum
1 Gent. I'll give it, Sir, and therefore spare my life.
2 Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.
Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die;
To Suffolk.
And so should these, if I might have my will.
Cap. Be not so rash, take ransom, let him live.
Suf. Look on my † George, I am a gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me, that by Water I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly founded.
Whit. Gualtier or Walter, which it is I care not;
Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wiped away the blot.
Therefore, when merchant-like I fell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world.
Suf. Stay Whitmore, for thy prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.
Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags?
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the Duke.
Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood;
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be lashed by such a jaded groom:
Haft thou not kissest thine hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-

† In the first edition it is my ring.
‡ This verse is omitted in all but the first old edition, without which what follows is not sense. The next line also, Obscure and lowly swain — King Henry's blood! was falsely put into the Captain's mouth.
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel’d down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall’n,
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak Captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat’s side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar’st not for thy own,
Cap. Poole, Sir Poole? lord?
Ay kennel—puddle—fink, whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks:
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing up the treasure of the realm.
Thy lips that kiss’d the Queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou that sim’ldst at good Duke Humphry’s death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affie a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless King,
Having nor subjeft, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg’d
With gobbets of thy mother’s bleeding heart,
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France;
The false revolted Normans thorough thee
Dishain to call us lord; and Picardie
Hath slain their governors, surpriz’d our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Neville all,
(Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain)
Are hating thee, are rising up in arms.
And now the house of York (thrust from the crown
By shameful murther of a guiltless King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,)
Burns with revenging fire, whose hopeful colours
Advance a half-fac'd sun striving to shine;
Under the which is writ, Invitis nubibus.
The Commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our King,
And all by thee. Away, convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these poultry, servile, abject drudges:
Small things make base men proud. This villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pyrate.
Drones suck not eagles blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thy self.
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:
I go of message from the Queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter——

Whit. Come Suffolk I must waft thee to thy death.
Suf. Gelidus timor occupat artus, it's thee I fear.
Whit. Thou shalt have caufe to fear, before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

Gent. My gracious lord intreat him; speak him fair.
Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit; no; rather let my head
Scoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heav'n and to my King;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than fland uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.
The Second Part of

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more; Come soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot.

Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.
A Roman sworder and Bandetto slave
Murther'd sweet Tully. Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Caesar; savage Islanders
Pompey the Great: And Suffolk dies by Pirates.

[Exit Walter Whitmore with Suffolk,

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart;
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[Ex. Captain and the rest.

Mnr. the first Gent. Enter Whitmore with the body.

Whit. There let his head and liveless body lye,
Until the Queen his mistress bury it. [Exit Whit.

Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends,
So will the Queen that living held him dear. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Southwark.

Enter Bevis and John Holland.

Bevis. COME and get thee a sword though made of
a lath; they have been up these two days.

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee Jack Cade the clothier means to dress
the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap
upon it.

Hol. So he had need, 'tis thread-bare. Well, I say
it was never a merry world in England since gentlemen
came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in
handy-crafts men.

Hol.
King Henry VI. 159

Hol. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.
Bevis. Nay more, the King's council are no good workmen.

Hol. True, and yet it is said, Labour in thy vocation; which is as much as to say, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them; there's Bevis's son, the tanner of Wingham.

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

Hol. And Dick the butcher.

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And Smith the weaver.

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

-Drum. Enter Cade, Dick the butcher, Smith the weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father—

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes; command silence.

Dick. Silence.

Cade. My father was a Mortimer—

Dick. He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies—

Dick. She was indeed a pedlar's daughter, and fold many laces.

Weave. But now of late not able to travel with her fur'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.
The Second Part of

Dick. Ay by my faith the field is honourable, and there was he born under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weaz. A must needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipt three market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Weaz. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i’th’ hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then, for your captain is brave and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three- hoop’d pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass; and when I am King, as King I will be—

All. God save your Majesty.

Cade. I thank you, good people. There shall be no mony, all shall eat and drink upon my score, and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let’s kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment; that parchment being scribbled o’er, should undo a man? Some say the bee plants, but I say ‘tis bees wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? who is there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weaz. The clerk of Chatham; he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Weaz. We took him setting boys copies.
King Henry VI.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Wewau. He's a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay then he's a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations and write court hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee; what is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters: 'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Doft thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thy self like an honest plain dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess; away with him; he is a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck. [Exit one with the Clerk.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where is our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly; Sir Humphry Stafford and his brother are hard by with the King's forces.

Cade. Stand villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down; he shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him I will make my self a Knight presently; rise up, Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.
SCENE III.

Enter Sir Humphry Stafford, and young Stafford, with drum and soldiers.

Staff. Rebellious hinds, the filth and skum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages, forfake this groom,
The King is merciful if you revolt.

Y. Staff. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves I pass not,
It is to you good people that I speak,
O'er whom (in time to come) I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staff. Villain, thy father was a plaisterer,
And thou thy self a shearmans, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Y. Staff. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this Edmund Mortimer Earl of March
married the Duke of Clarence's daughter, did he not?

Staff. Ay, Sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. Staff. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I, deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Weaz. 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.

Staff. 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. Staff. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.
Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. Go too, Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his father's sake Henry the Fifth (in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns) I am content he shall reign, but I'll be Protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the Dukedom of Main.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England main'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that lord Say hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traytor.

Staff. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay answer if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then; I ask but this; can he that speaks with the tongue of the enemy be a good counsellor or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. Staff. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, assail them with the army of the King.

Staff. Herald away, and throughout every town Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those which fly before the battle ends, May (even in their wives and childrens sight) Be hang'd up for example at their doors; And you that be the King's friends follow me. [Exit 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 thriftly honest men, and such As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

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

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

[Alarum to fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain.]
Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?
Dick. Here, Sir.
Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavest it thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house; therefore thus I will reward thee: the Lent shall be as long again as it is, and thou shalt have a license 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 home before us.
Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the goal's, and let out the prisoners.
Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

BLACKHEATH.

Enter King Henry with a supplication, and Queen Margaret with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Q. Mar. Of T 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.
King Henry VI.

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 Ru'd like a wandering planet over me, And could it not enforce 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 would'st not half have mourn'd so much for me.
Q. Mar. My love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

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 from the Duke of Clarence, his 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.
The Second Part of

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 Marg'ret, 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.

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SCENE V.

LONDON.

Enter lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?
1 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.
King Henry VI.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command, But I am troubled here with them my self. The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower. But get you into Smithfield, gather head, And thither will I send you Matthew Goff. Fight for your King, your country and your lives, And so farewell, for I must hence again. [Exeunt.

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 henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.

Enter a soldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade, Jack Cade!
Cade. Knock him down there. [They kill him.
Weav. 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 set London-bridge on fire, and if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [Exeunt omnes.

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.
John. Mais, 'twill be fore law then, for he was thrust
in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law, for his
breath stinks with toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away,
burn all the records of the realm, my mouth shall be
the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless
his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in
common.

SCENE VI.

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, nay, thou buckram lord,
now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal.
What canst thou answer to my Majesty for giving up of
Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the Dauphin of
France? be it known unto thee by these presents, even
the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the bemon
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 be-
fore our fore-fathers had no other books but the score
and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd; and
contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast
built a paper-mill. It will be prov'd to thy face that
thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a Noun
and a Verb, and such abominable words, as no christian
ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of
the
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 my self for example that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis bona terra, mala gens.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Caesar writ, Is term'd the civil't 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 told not Main, I lost not Normandy, Yet to recover them would lose my life; Justice with favour have I always done, Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never; When have I ought exacted at your hands? Kent to maintain, the King, the realm and you, Large gifts have I 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 poffeit 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 strick Those that I never saw, and strick them dead.

George. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

VOL. V. H Say.
The Second Part of

Say. These cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' th' ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor mens causes Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen cauldle then, and the help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why doth thou quiver, man?

Say. The palfie, 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 cheasts 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-hedging. This breast from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts. Let me live.

Cade. I feel remorse in my self with his words; but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he has a familiar under his tongue, he speaks not a 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 maidenhead ere they have it; men shall hold of me in Capite.
And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell,

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O brave.

Enter one with the heads:

Cade. But is not this brave?
Let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well
When they were alive: Now part them again,
Left thy counsel 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 VII.

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

Cade. Up Fish-street, down St. Magnus Corner, kill
And knock down, throw them into Thames.

A Parley sounded.

What noise is this I hear?
Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley?
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the King
Unto the Commons, whom thou hast mis-led,
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

H 2

Clif.
The Second Part of

Clift. 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 pafs 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 him:
will you needs 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-hart in
Southwark? I thought you would never have given out
these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom:
but you are all recrants 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.

Clift. 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.
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a flirt o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying Village 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
King Henry VI.

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 surprise me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying; in despiught 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 VIII.

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and Somerset on the terras.

K. Henry. Was ever King that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content then 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 will 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?

A. 3. Enter
Enter multitudes with halters about their necks.

Cliff. He's fled my lord, and all his pow'rs do yield,
And humbly thus with halters on their necks
Expect your Highness' doom of life or death.

K. Henry. Then, heav'n, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise.
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your Prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure your selves will never be unkind:
And so with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Enter Messenger.

Mest. 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 claim'd and boarded with a pyrate.
But now is Cade driv'n back, his men dispers'd,
And now is York in arms to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham, go and meet with him,
And ask him what's the reason of these arms:
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower,
And Somerset we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiffed from him.
King Henry VI.

Sum. 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 so 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.

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SCENE IX.

A garden in Kent.

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. I am on ambition; I have 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 leafe of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden to see if I can eat grafs, or pick a fallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather; and I think this word fallet was born to do me good, for many a time but for a s. fallet 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 fallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoil'd in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?

H 4

This

† a sallet, by corruption from calata a helmet (says Skinner) qua galea calata recurvum.
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and’s worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by other's 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 for
a stry, for entering his see’ simple without leave. Ah
villain, thou wilt betray me and get a thousand crowns
of the King by carrying my head to him, but I'll make
thee eat iron like an ostridge, and 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?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spight of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these sawcy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? by the best blood that ever was
broach’d, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I
have eat no meat these five days; yet come thou and
thy five men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a
door nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne’er be said while England stands,
That Alexander Iden an Esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish’d man.
Oppose thy 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 ere
thou
thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech love on my knees thou may'st 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,
To 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'rest me, heav'n 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. [Exit.

H 5. A C T
ACT V. SCENE I.

In the fields near London.

Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

Y O R K.

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, Should
King Henry VI.

Should raise so great a power without his leave?
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court?

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
Oh I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms.
And now like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the King:
More like a King, more kingly in my thoughts.
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong. [Aside.

O Buckingham! I pr'ythee pardon me,
That I have giv'n no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour is he prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour he is prisoner.

York. Then Buckingham I do dismiss my powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse your selves;
Meet me to-morrow in St. George's field,
You shall have pay and ev'ry thing you wish.
And let my Sovereign virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll 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 submissiion,
We twain will go into his Highness' tent.

Scene
The Second Part of

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry and attendants.

K. Henry. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submiss ion and humility,

York doth present himself unto your Highness.

K. Henry. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To have the traitor Somerset from hence,

And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,

Whom since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition,

May pass into the presence of a King,

Lo', I present your grace a traitor's head;

The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Henry. The head of Cade? great God! how just 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.
King Henry VI. 18f

SCENE III.

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 imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art no King:
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which durst not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown:
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely scepter.
That gold must round entwirl these brows of mine,
Whose smile and frown (like to Achilles' spear)
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,
And with the same to act controlling laws:
Give place; by heaven thou shalt rule no more.
O'er him, whom heav'n created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee York
Of capital treason 'gainst the King and crown;
Obey, audacious traitor, kneel for grace.
York. Wouldst have me kneel? first, let me ask
of thee,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man!
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:
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,
The Second Part of

To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood bespotted Neapolitan,
Out-cast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy better in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail, and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward and Richard.

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

Enter Clifford.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Cliff. Health and all happiness to my lord the King.

York. I thank thee, Clifford; say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright me with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thou mistak'st me much to think I do;
To Bedlam with him, is the man grown mad?

K. Henry. Ay, Clifford, a Bedlam and ambitious humour

Makes him oppose himself against his King.

Cliff. He is a traitor, let him to the Tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.

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.

Cliff. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here?

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so.

I am the King, and thou a false-hearted traitor;
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains

They
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

SCENE IV.

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.

R. Plan. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur
Run back and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapt his tail betwixt his legs and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose your selves to match lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

York. Nay, we shall beat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed lest by your heat you burn your selves.

K. H. nry. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son,
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
Oh where is faith? oh where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frothy 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 wheresoe'er dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame, in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with milky age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with my self
The title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal feet.

K. H. nry. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.
The Second Part of

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. Henry. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou ha'st,
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 crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear about my burgonet,
(As on a mountain top the cedar sways,
That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm,)
Ev'n to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
 despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

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

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

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

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE.
SCENE V.

The Battle at St. Albans.

Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls; And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear, Now when the angry trumpet sounds alarum, And dying men's cries do fill the empty air, Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me, Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland, Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

War. How now, my noble lord? what all a-foot? York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed. But match to match I have encountered him. And made a prey for carrion kites and crows. Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold Warwick: seek thee out some other chase, For I my self must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then nobly York, 'tis for a crown thou fight'st: As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day, It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [Exit War. Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love, But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Clif. Nor should thy prow's want praise and esteem, But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.
The Second Part of

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 couronné 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,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance. Let no soldiers fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self love; for he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour. O let the vile world end,
And the prefixed flames of the last day
Knit earth and heav'n together.
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease. Waft thou ordained, O dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age;
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in Russian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stone. York not our old men spare;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclains,
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 Absirius did.
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

Come.
King Henry VI.

Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
As did Aeneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Aeneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[Exit, bearing off his Father.

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, to fight.

R. Plan. So, lye thou there: [Somerset is kill'd.
For underneath an ale-house paltry sign,
The castle in St. Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death;
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

S C E N E V I.

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 scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,) We shall to London get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stop't.

Enter
The Second Part of

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must: incurable discomfort
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.

SCENE VII.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagener,
Warwick, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all truth of time;
And like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion. This happy day
Is not it self, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

R. Plan. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times he strid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But till 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 haft thou fought to-day;
By thine mass so did we all. I thank you Richard.
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Wells, lords, we have not got that which we have,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

Yorks. I know our safety is to follow them,
For, as I hear, the King is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.
What says lord Warwick, shall we after them?

Warr. 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.
The Third Part of

Henry the

Sixth.

With the Death of the

Duke of York.
Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry VI.
Edward, Son to the King, and Prince of Wales.
Duke of 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 D. of York, afterwards K. Edw. IV.
George, Duke of Clarence, second Son to the Duke of York.
Richard, Duke of Gloucester, third Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Richard III.
Edmund, Earl of Rutland, youngest Son to the Duke of York.
Duke of Norfolk,
Marquis of Montague,
Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Salisbury, of the Duke of York's Party
Earl of Pembroke,
Lord Haughting,
Lord Stafford,
Sir John Mortimer,
Sir Hugh Mortimer, Uncles to the Duke of York.
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.
Humphry and Sinklo, two Huntsmen.
Lewis, King of France.
Bourbon, Admiral of France.
Queen Margaret.
Bona, Sister to the French King.
Lady Gray, Widow of Sir Richard Gray, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

Soldiers and other Attendants on King Henry, and King Edward.

In Part of the Third Act the Scene is laid in France, during all the rest of the Play in England.
† The Third Part of

King HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

LONDON.


WARWICK.

Wonder how the King escap'd our hands! York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north, He sily 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,

† First printed under the title of The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth; or the second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaster. 1600.
The Third Part of

Lord Clifford and lord Stafford all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battel's front; and breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his beaver with a down-right blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

Mont. And brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battels join'd.

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

York. Richard hath best deferv'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 the throne,
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heav'n these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful King,
And this the regal seat; possess it York,
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs,

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

Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk; stay by me, my lords,
And soldiers stay and lodge by me this night. [They go up.

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Unlesse 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,
Unlesse Plantagenet Duke of York be King,
And basful Henry depos'd, whose cowardise
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords, be resolute;
I mean to take possefion of my right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
King Henry VI

Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dare:
Resolve thee, Richard, claim the English crown.

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmorland, Exeter, and others.

K. Henry. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state; belike he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,)
T'aspire unto the crown, and reign as King.
Earl of Northumberland, he flew thy father,
And thine lord Clifford, and you vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his fay'rites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heav'n's be reveng'd on me.
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down.
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Henry. Be patient gentle Earl of Westmorland.
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such is he:
He daunt not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. We'll haist 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?

West. 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 flamblems of the parliament house,
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

Thou factious Duke of York descend my throne,

[To the Duke.

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet,
I am thy Sovereign.

York. Henry, I am thine.

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

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the Earldom was.
The Third Part of

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural King?
K. Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
York. It must and shall be so, content thy self.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.
West. He is both King and Duke of Lancaster,
And that the lord of Westmorland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And flew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.
North. Yes Warwick, I remember it to my grief.
And by his soul thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in, my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more, lest that instead of words
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats.
York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Henry. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer, Earl of March,
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France with thou hast lost it all.
K. Henry. The lord Protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet methinks you lose:
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father do so, set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavelling thus.
Rich.
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.

K. Henry. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grand sire and my father sat? No: first shall war unpeople this my realm; Ay, and their colours often born in France, And now in England to our heart's great sorrow, Shall be my winding sheet: why faint you, lords? My title's good and better far than his.

War. But prove it Henry, and thou shalt be King.

K. Henry. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his King.

K. Henry. I know not what to say, my title's weak:

Tell me, may not a King adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Henry. And if he may, then am I lawful King:

For Richard in the view of many lords,

Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,

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 unconstrain'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. Depos'd he shall be in despit of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke up in despite of me.

Cliff. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence;
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that flew my father.

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

York. Henry of Lancaster, reign thy crown:
What matter 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 for this time reign as King.

York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Cliff. What wrong is this unto the Prince your son?

War. What good is this to England and himself?

West. Base, fearful and despairing Henry!

Cliff. How hast thou injur'd both thy self and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Cliff. 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.

Cliff. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd.

[Exeunt Nor. Cliff. Westm.

Scene.
War. Turn this way Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. 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 entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war; and whilst I live
To honour me as thy 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.

[Sonnet. 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. [Ex:

K. Henry. And I with grief and sorrow to the court.

Enter the Queen, and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her
anger:

I'll steal away.


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 extrems?

Ah wretched man! would I had dy'd a maid.

I 4

And
And never seen thee, never born thee son,  
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnat'ral a father.  
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus?  
Hadd'st thou but lov'd him half so much as I,  
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,  
On nourisht him as I did with my blood;  
Thou would'st 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, Marg'ret; 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 shall thou be safe? such safety finds  
The trembling lamb, invironed with wolves.  
Had I been there, which am a sily woman,  
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes;  
Before I would have granted to that act.  
But thou prefer'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 disinherited.  
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,  
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:  
And spread they shall be, to thy soul disgrace,  
And utter ruin of the house of York.  

Thus
Thus do I leave thee; come son, let's away,
Our army's ready, come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

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

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.
Revenge'd may she be on that hateful Duke,
Whose haughty spirit winged with desire
Will cost 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.

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**SCENE IV.**

**Changes to Sandal-Castle 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 slight contention.

**York.** About what?
The Third Part of

Rich. About that which concerns your grace and us,
The crown of England, father, which is yours.


Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving th'house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign:
Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst nor, son, it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority o'er him that swears.
Henry had none, but did usurp the place.
Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous,
Therefore to arms: and, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough: I will be King, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And wher on Warwick to this enterprize.
Thou, Richard, shalt to th' Duke of Norfolk go,
And tell him privily of our intent.

You, Edward, shalt unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
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 Gabriel.

But stay, what news? why com'st thou in such post?
Gab. The Queen, with all the northern Earls and Lords,
Intends here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortisfe your hold, my lord.

Tork. Ay, with my sword. What, think'st thou that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London.
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not.
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[Exit Montague.

Enter Sir John Mortimer, and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour.
The army of the Queen means to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; what should we fear?

[A March afar off.

Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth and bid them battel strait.

York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
I doubt not uncle of our victory.
Many a battel have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?

[Alarm. Exit.

SCENE
The Third Part of

SCENE V.

Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to escape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford.

Cliff. Chaplain away, thy priesthood saves thy life;
As for the brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Cliff. Soldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah Clifford, murdher not this innocent child,
Left thou be hated both of God and man. [Exit.

Cliff. 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.

A'gentele Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:
Tum too mean a subject of thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Cliff. In vain thou speak'rt, poor boy: my father's blood
Hath stopp't the passage where thy words should enter.

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

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 slake mine ire nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul:
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—

Rut. O let me pray before I take my death:
To thee I pray—sweet Clifford pity me.
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born:
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me.
Left in revenge thereof (sith 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.
Clif. No cause!
Thy father slew my father, therefore die. [Clif. Stabs him.
Rut. Die faciant landis summa sit iba tua!]
Clif. Plantagenet, I come Plantagenet,
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this do make me wipe off both. [Exit.

SCENE VI.


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 pursuit'd by hunger-starved wolves:
My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, courage father, fight it out:
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, Charge! and give no foot of ground;
And cry'd, a crown or else a glorious tomb,
A scepter or an earthly sepulcher.
With this we charg'd again; but out alas,
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a Swan
With boodles labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[A short 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 sands 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.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm
With downright payment shew'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prink.

York. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heav'n,
Scorning 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 desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out incentives '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 buckler 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.
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 preaching of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look York, I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas poor York, but that I hate thee deadly,
The Third Part of

I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parcht thine intrainls,
That not a tear can fall for Ruiland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldn't be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus:
Stamp, rave and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldn't be fe'd I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York—and, lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a paper crown on his head.

Ay marry Sir, now looks he like a King:
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, 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 this life, against the holy oath?
Oh, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable:
Off with the crown, and with the crown his head,
And whilft 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 orisons he makes.
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of
France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth;
How ill-beaeming is it in thy sex
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou came'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, were thou not
shameless:

Thy
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,
Unless 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 could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child;
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to wear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Didst thou me rage? why now thou haft thy wish.
Would'st have me weep? why now thou haft thy will.
For raging wind blows up incessant show'r's,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obloquies,
And ev'ry drop cries vengeance to his death,
'Gainst thee fell Clifford, and thee false French woman.
North. Beshrew me but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.
York. That face of his
The hungry canibals would not have toucht,
Would not have stain'd the roses just with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
Oh ten times more, than tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless Queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dip'st in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
The Third Part of

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;
And if thou tell'lt 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 curst.
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 ink sorrow gripes 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.
Cliff. 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 thy gate of mercy, gracious God.
My soul flies through these wounds, to seek out thee.
Queen. Off with his head, and set it on York gates; So York may overlook the town of York. [Exeunt.
ACT II. SCENE I.


EDWARD.

Wonder how our princely father escap'd;
Or whether he be escap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit?
Had he been taken, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he escap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

RICH. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watch him how he single Clifford forth;
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies,
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun;
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.
Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear shining sky.
See, see they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange: the like yet never
heard of.
I think it cites us, brothers, to the field,
That we the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our needs,
Should notwithstanding join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

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 irreful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen;
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,

Laugh'd
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless Queen gave him, to dry his cheek,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same, and there it doth remain
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone we have no staff, no stay.
Oh Clifford, 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 the 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 words deliv'rancr
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 drownd 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 los'd 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 battals join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great reward;
But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the King unto the Queen,
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and my self,
In haste, post haste, are come to join with you:
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Dutchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds belike when valiant Warwick fled;

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from saint Henry's head,
And wring the awful scepter from his silt,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick, blame me not,
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbring our Ave Marias with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say ay, and to it lords.
War. Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me lords: the proud insulting Queen,
With Clifford, and the haughty Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the ease-melting King, like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament:
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now if the help of Norfolk and my self,
With all the friends that thou brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welchmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand:
Why Via! to London will we march,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry charge upon our foes,
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak
Ne'er may he live to see a 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 forsend.

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. George
for us.

Enter
King Henry VI.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?
Mes. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The Queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.
War. Why then it forts, brave warriors let's away!
[Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE III.

TORK.

Enter King Henry, 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 encompass'd with your crown,
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
K. Henry. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;
To see this sight it irks my very soul:
With-hold revenge, dear God, 'tis not my fault,
 Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmless pity must be laid aside:
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would defile their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who escapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,

VOL. V. K. Thou
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows,
He but a Duke, would have his son a King,
And raise his issue like a loving fire;
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him;
Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young,
And tho' man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometimes they have us'd with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame my liege, make them your president.
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,
What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away,
Ah, what a shame was this? look on the boy,
And set his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, feel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford plaid the orator,
Inferior 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 thou'and-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 soft courage makes your followers faint:
You promised Knighthood to our forward son.
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down.

King. 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.

Mes. 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.
Darraign your battel, they are near at hand.

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

Quee. 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.

SCENE IV.

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

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

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

Edw. I am his King, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent;

K. Since
The Third Part of

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'st 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. Alban's 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 parley, 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 Rutland:
But ere sun set I'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Henry. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Queen. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Henry. I pray thee give no limits to my tongue,
I am a King, and privilg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words, therefore be still.

Rich.
King Henry VI.

Rich. Then, execution, re-unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am revolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their faiths 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 sire nor dam,
But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venomous toads, or lizards dreadful slings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a King,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea)
Sham'd thou not, knowing whence thou art extraugeth,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart.

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know her self.

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this King by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin stoop:
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day.
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grace'd thy poor Sire with his bridal day,
Even then that 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 pity of the gentle King
Had slip't our claim until another age.
The Third Part of

Cla. But when we saw our sun-shine made thy spring,  
And that thy summer bred us no increase,  
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 thee growing with our heated bloods.  

Edw. And in this resolution I defe thee,  
Not willing any longer conference,  
Since thou deny'dst the gentle King to speak.  
Sound trumpets, let our bloody colours wave,  
And either victory or else a grave.

Queen. Say Edward—

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

[Exeunt omnes.

SCENE V.

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?
King Henry VI.

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,
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 his steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood;
I'll kill my horse because I will not fly:
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage,
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were plaid in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.
And ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou sett' up and plucker down of Kings!
Beseeching 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-e'er it be, in heav'n or on earth.

Rich. Brother give me thy hand, and gentle Warwick
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
The Third Part of

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, fare-wel.

Cla. Yet let us all together to our troops;
And give them leave to fly that will not slay;
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;
Fare-flow no longer, make we hence amain.

[Exeunt.

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now Clifford I have singled thee alone.
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Railand, both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Cliff. Now Richard I am with thee here alone;
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Railand,
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother.
To execute the like upon thy self,
And so have at thee.

They fight. Warwick enters, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay Warwick single out some other chase,
For I my self will hunt this wolf to death. [Exeunt.
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 the self-same sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best,
Both rugged to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered;
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down:
To whom God will, there be the victory:
For Margaret my Queen and Clifford too
Have chid me from the battel, swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if God's good will were so:
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
'O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain,
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quietly, 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 times:
' So many hours must I tend my flock,
' So many hours must I take my rest,
' So many hours must I contemplate,
' So many hours must I sport my self;
' So many days my ewes have been with young,
The Third Part of

So many weeks ere the poor fools will e'en,
So many months ere I shall shear 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 bough a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd 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 wondrous 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.

SCENE VII.

Alarum. Enter a Son that had kill'd his Father at one door, and a Father that had kill'd his Son at another door.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits no body.
This man, whom hand to hand I flew in fight,
May be possessed 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
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks:
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
While lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'er-charg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, bearing his Son.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly haft resist'd me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see: is this our foe-man's face?
Ah no, no, no, it is my only son!
Ah boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.
O pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy! thy father gave thee life too 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, pretenteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd?

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 rew'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.

Fadh. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet,
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulcher,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell:
And to obsequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Prince was for all his valiant sons.

I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill. [Exit.

K. Henry. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care;
Here sits a King more woful than you are.

SCENE VIII.

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 chafed bull:
Away, for death doth hold as in pursuit.

Queen. Mount you my lord, towards Berwick post
amain.

Edward and Richard, like a brace of grey-hounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasped in their treiful hands,
Are at our backs, and therefore hence amain.
Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed.
Or else come after, I'll away before.
K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which while it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee, [Falling
And now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing Henry, strengthening mis-proud York;
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now, but Henry's enemies?
O Phaebus! hadst thou never giv'n consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car had never scorched the earth:
And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as Kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies.
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish words, 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 out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds.
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:
Come York and Richard, Warwick and the rest,
I stabb’d your father’s bosom; split my breast.

[He faints.]


Edw. 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 gale
Command an Argosie to stem the waves.
But think you lords that Clifford fled 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 whereoe’er he is, he’s surely dead.

[Clifford groans.]

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

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

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

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

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing furs but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-woeing 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 fees, 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 despatch 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 satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal King:
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy Queen.
So shalt thou finde 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 t'offend thine ears. 
First will I see the coronation, 
And then to Britany I'll cross the sea, 
T'effect this marriage, so it please my lord. 

Edw. Ev'n as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be; 
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat: 
And never will I undertake the thing 
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting. 
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Glo'sier, 
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'sier, 
For Glo'sier's Dukedom is too ominous. 

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation: 
Richard, be Duke of Glo'sier; now to London, 
To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.
ACT III. SCENE I.

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

Sinklo.

UNDER this thick-grown brake we'll throud 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.

Humph. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

Sink. That cannot be: the noise of thy cross-bow will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost:
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best.
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befeel me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Humph. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, with a prayer-book.

K. Henry. From Scotland am I stol'n ev'n of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wished sight:
No Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right:
No, not a man comes for redress to thee;
For how can I help them, and not my self?
The Third Part of

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

K. Henry. Let me embrace these four adversities,
For wife 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 sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor Queen and son! your labour is but lost:
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a Prince soon won with moving words:
By this account then Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a batt'ry in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The Tyger will be mild while she doth mourn,
And Nero would be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick to give:
She on his left side craving aid for Henry;
He on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more!
While Warwick tells his tale, smooths the wrong,
Infers his 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 thou 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?

a the four adversaries.
King Henry VI.

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a King.
K. Henry. Why so I am in mind, and that's enough.
Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy crown?
K. Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones;
Not to be seen: my crown is call'd Content,
A crown it is that seldom Kings enjoy.
Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with content,
Your crown Content and you must be contented
To go along with us. For as we think,
You are the King, King Edward hath depos'd:
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.
K. Henry. But did you never swear, and break an oath?
Hum. No, never such an oath, and will not now.
K. Henry. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?
Hum. Here in this country where we now remain.
K. Henry. I was anointed King at nine months old,
My father and my grandfather were Kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?
Sink. No, we were subjects but while you were King.
K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a 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 guilt;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oath, for of that sin
My mild-intreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,
And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.
Sink. We are true subjects to the King, King Edward.
K. Henry. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seat'd as King Edward is.
Sink.
The Third Part of

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. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

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

K. Edw. Brother of Glo's:hir, at St. Alban's field
This lady's husband, a Sir John Gray,
was slain,
His land then feiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repose those lands,
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house 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. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.
Glo. Yea! is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before 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.
May'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,

a Vid. Hall. 3 year of Edw. 4. fol. 5. It was his her
falsely printed Richard.
And if what pleaseth him shall please you:

Fight 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.


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 rule'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,

Till 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 myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

Gray. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

Gray. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

Gray. So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

Gray. What you command that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

Gray. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

Gray. Why then I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. As red as fire! nay then her wax must melt.

Gray.
The Third Part of

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 curstie.
K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
Gray. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me in another sense.
What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?
Gray. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No by my troth, I did not mean such love.
Gray. Why then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
Gray. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lye with thee.
Gray. To tell you plain, I'd rather lye in prison.
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, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you diffmits 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 bluest of wooers in christendom.
K. Edw. Her looks do argue her replete with modesty,

Her
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 shall 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 sons: 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 thrift.

Clar. When he was made a frither, it was for a thrift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you must 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 extremities.

K. Edw. Well, jest on brothers, I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.
The Third Part of

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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

M. neet 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 do but dream on Sov'reignty,
Like one that stands upon a promontory
And spyes a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that inundates him from thence,
Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish, the crown being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it,
And so (I say) I'll cut the causes off,
Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'er-weens too much,
Unles my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard:
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And ‘witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
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 like to a wither’d shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where fits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or 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 sends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out)
Torment my self to catch the English crown.
And from that torment I will free my self,
Or hew my way out with a bloody ax.
Why I can smile, and murther while I smile,
And cry content to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions:
I’ll drown more sailors than the Mermaid shall,
I’ll slay more gazers than the Basilisk,
I’ll play the orator as well as Neslur.
The Third Part of

Deceive more flily than Ulysses could,
And like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours ev’n to the Camelion,
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murth’rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I’ll pluck it down.  

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Changes to FRANCE.

Flourish. Enter King Lewis, Lady Bona, Bourbon,
Prince of Wales, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lew. FAIR Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us; it ill beths thy state,
And birth, that thou shouldest stand while Lewis sits.

Queen. No, mighty King of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
Where Kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion’s Queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform my self.

K. Lew. Why say, fair Queen, whence springs this
deep despair?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears
And stops my tongue, while my heart’s drown’d in cares.

K. Lew. Whate’er it be, be thou still like thy self,
And sit thee by our side.  
[Seats her by him.

Yield not thy neck
To fortune’s yoak, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas’d, if France can yield relief.

Queen.
Queen. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue ty'd sorrow leave to speak.
Now therefore be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a King become a banished man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true anointed lawful King.
This is the cause that I poor Margaret,
With this my son Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid:
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help:
Our people and our Peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And as thou seest, our selves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned Queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we fly, the stronger grows our foe.
K. Lew. The more I fly, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen. O but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

SCENE V.

Enter Warwick.

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?
Queen. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.
K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick, what brings thee to France?
Queen. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise,
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.
War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My lord and sov'reign, and thy vowed friend,
I come (in kindness and unseign'd love)
First to do greetings to thy royal person,
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's King in lawful marriage.

Queen. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done;
War. And gracious madam, in our King's behalf,
(Speaking to Bona.

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 late ent'ring 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 th'o 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 disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wifeful;
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 loft
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten;

Methinks
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest; you tell a pedigree
Of three score and two years, a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
And not betray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a pedigree?
For shame leave Henry, and call Edward King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
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.

[They stand aloof.

Queen. Heav'n's grant that Warwick's words bewitch
him not.

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 sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now filter, let us hear your firm resolue,
Bona. Your grant or your denial shall be mine.
Yet I confess, that often ere this day, [Speaks to War.
When I have heard your King's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then Warwick, this: our filter 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 promised.
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 quondam 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,

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

S.C.E.N.E
King Henry VI.

Scene VI.

Enter a Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you: [To Warwick:

Sent from your brother, Marquis Montague.
These from our King unto your Majesty. [To K. Lew.
And madam, these for you, [To the Queen.
From whom I know not. [They all read their Letters.

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled.
I hope all's for the best.

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 soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to perswade 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'nly 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 saults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him;
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed Queen?

Queen. Renowned Prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from soul 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 Margarets.

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 hoi,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed King,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride.
Thou 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 armor on.

War.
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 Puff.
K. Lew. But Warwick,
Thou 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 eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith, in holy wedlock 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,
Shall 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 jeft 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. [Exi's.
ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to England.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset and Montague.

GLOUCESTER.

OW 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. Edu. 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. Edu. Suppose they take offence without a cause:
They are but Lewis and Warwick, I am Edward,
Your King and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glo. And you shall have your will, because our King.
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edu.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, you offended too?

Glo. Not I; no: God forbid that I should wish
Them severed whom God hath join'd together.
Pity to sunder them, that yeak 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 storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of it self
England is safe, if true within it self?

Mont. Yes, but the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trustling 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 lyes.

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 Bonvill on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw.
The Third Part of

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

Cl. In chusing for yourself, you shew'd your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be King;
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.

L. Gray. 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 myself 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 frown;
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.

SCENE II.

Enter a Pofi.

K. Edw. Now messenger, what letters or what news from France?

Pofi. 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?

Pofi.
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 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 (quothe) 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 insens'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 Margaret?  
Post. Ay, gracious Sov'raign, they're so link'd in friendship,  
The young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.  
Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.  
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.]
The Third Part of

Glo. Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter:
I stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

[Aside.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick?
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case!
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
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 suspicion.

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 despight 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. [Exi.

SCENE
SCENE III.

Enter Warwick and Oxford in England, 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 cowardize To rest mistrustful, 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 town about, And but attended by a simple guard, We may surprize and take him at our pleasure? Our scouts have found th' adventure very easie: That as Ulysses and stout Diomed With flight and manhood stole to Rhesus' Tents, And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds, So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle, At unawares may beat down Edward's guard, And seize himself: I say not, slaughter him, For I intend but only to surprize him. You that will follow me to this attempt, Applaud the name of Henry with your leader: [They all cry Henry]

Why then, let's on our way in silent fort, For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George. [Exeunt.

SCENE.
The Third Part of

SCENE IV.

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 suppress’d;
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 refteth 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,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?
2 Watch. ’Tis the more honour, because the more dangerous.
3 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.
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 Hastings flying over the Stage.

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard and Hastings; let them go, here is The Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke! why Warwick, when we parted
Thou calld 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,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shrowd your self from enemies?

K. Edw. Brother of Clarence, and art thou here too?
Nay then I see that Edward must needs down.
Yet Warwick, in despight of all mischance,
Of thee thy self, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as King:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compas 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 a shadow.

My
My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbifhop 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.

[They lead him out forcibly.]

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide. [Exeunt.
Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do,
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal Throne. [Exeunt.

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SCENE V.

Enter Rivers, and the Lady Gray.

Riv. MADAM, what makes you in this sudden change?

La. Gray. Why brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune has befalln King Edward?

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

La. Gray. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my Sovereign slain?

La. Gray. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner.

Either betray'd by falsehood 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.

La. Gray.
King Henry VI.

La. Gray. Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.

And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's Offspring 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.

Rev. But madam, where is Warwick then become?

La. Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest, King Edward's friends must down,
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that once hath broken faith,) I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right.
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let us fly, while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

In YORKSHIRE.

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. Now my lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chieftest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case; you know our King, my brother,
Is pris'ner to the bishop, at whose hands,
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And often but attended with weak guard.

Comes:
The Third Part of

Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with horse and men
To set him free from his captivity,

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lyes the game.
K. Edw. Nay this way, man, see where the hounds men stand.
Now brother Gloster, Hassings and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?
Glo. Brother, the time and case 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'lt 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 repose the crown. [Exeunt.]
Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Henry. M R. Lieutenant, now that God and friends have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sov'raigns,
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

K. Henry. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee:
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer fortune's 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.
The Third Part of

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For chusing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heav'n in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war,
And therefore I yield thee my free content.

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 disension hinder government.
I make you both Protectors of this land,
While I my self will lead a private life;
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his Sov'reign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent,
For on thy fortune I repose my self.

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

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.
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'raign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may beside. [Exeunt.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
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.

There-
The Third Part of

Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repoteth the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.

Come therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Changes to YORK.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. NOW brother Richard, Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall enterechange
My wained state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravensburg, before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast! brother, I like not this.
For many men that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush man, aboadments must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon
them.

Enter
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,
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.
Mayor. True, my good lord, I know you for no less.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.
Glo. But when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.    [Aside:
Haft. Why master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are King Henry's friends.
Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.    [He descends.
Glo: A wife stout captain, and persuaded soon.
Haft. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen.

K. Edw. So, master Mayor; these gates must not be shut
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What, fear not man, but yield me up the keys,
[Take his Keys.
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.
March. Enter Montgomery, with Drum and Soldiers.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
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 Montgom'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 your self our King,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glo. Why brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Hurst. Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must rule.
Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother we will proclaim you out of hand,
Theruit therecof 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'raign speakeh like himself,
And now will I be Edward's champion.
King Henry VI.

Haut. Sound trumpet, Edward shall be here proclaimed:

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 gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[Throws down his Gauntlet.

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks to all.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness,
Now for this night let's harbour here at York:
And when the morning 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 shrowded Clarence, evil it besemeth 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 IX.

Changes again to London.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
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.

M z Clari.
The Third Part of

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 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 Soveraign, 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 Soveraign,

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


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 stoped mine ears to their demands, 'Nor posted off their suits with slow delays; 'My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds, 'My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs, 'My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.'

2
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[Shout within. A Lancaster! a Lancaster!]
Exe. Hark, hark, my lord, what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward 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.

Glo. Away betimes before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[Exeunt.]
ACT V. SCENE I.

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

WARWICK.

HERE is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

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

WAR. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 MESS. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Somerville.

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

Somerv. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

WAR. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Somerv. It is not his, my lord; here Southam 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.

March.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See how the fury Warwick mans the wall.

War. Oh unbid spight! is sportful Edward come?

Where flept our scouts, or how are they seduc’d,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,

Call Edward King, and at his hands beg mercy?

And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck’d thee down,

Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?

And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glo. I thought at least he would have said the King,

Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay by my faith, for a poor Earl to give:

I’ll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. ’Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother,

K. Edw. Why then ’tis mine, if but by Warwick’s gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

And weakling, Warwick takes his gift again,

And Henry is my King, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick’s King is Edward’s prisoner:

And gallant Warwick, do but answer this,

What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-cast,

But while he thought to steal the single ten,

The King was slily 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.
The Third Part of

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 sling it at thy face,
Then bear so low a fall 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.

S C E N E  II.

Enter Oxford, with Drums and Colours.

War. O cheerful colours, see where Oxford comes!
Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
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 rouze 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.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st 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 impieity,
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrifice'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim my self thy mortal foe:
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou art abroad,
To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.
And so proud-hearted Warwick I defie thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends:
And Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more
below'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence, this is brother-like.
War. O passing traitor, perjurd and unjust!

K. Edw. What Warwick, wilt thou leave the town
and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
The Third Part of

War. Alas, I am not coop’d here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee farewell, Edward, if thou dar’n’t.

K. Edw. Yes Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the field; St. George and victory. [Exeunt.

March. Warwick and his Company follows.

SCENE III.

BARNET.

Alarms and Excursions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwick wounded.

K. Edw. O, thee thou there; die thou, and die our fear,
For Warwick was a bug that scar’d us all.
Now Montague is fall, 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,
Whole 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.
The wrinkles in my brow, now fill’d with blood,
Were lik’d oft to kingly sepulchres:
For who liv’d King, but I could dig his grave?

And
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood,
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Ev'n now for sake 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 los'd again:
The Queen from France hath brought a puissant power.
Ev'n now we heard the news: ah, could'st thou fly!

War. Why then I would not fly.——Ah Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while,
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou did'st,
Thy tears would wash this cold concealed 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, Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded 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. [Dies.

Osf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power.
[They bear away his Body, and Exeunt.
SCENE IV.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph with Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful 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 new the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rides way:
And as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along:
Strike up the drum, cry courage, and away. [Exeunt.
SCENE V.
Tewksbury.

March. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Queen, GREAT lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their los's,
But clearly seek how to redress their harms,
What though the masts be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
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 shrouds 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 sit and weep,
But keep our course though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack;
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quick-fond of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these, the enemies to our poor bark.

Say
Say you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while;
Tread on the sand, why there you quickly sink
Befstride the rock, the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a three-fold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves with sands and rocks.
Why courage then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Left in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage!
And warriors faint! why 'twere perpetual shame.
Oh brave young Prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long may'th 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 a wise, 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.

Mef. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf.
King Henry VI.

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 battel, hence we will not budge.

SCENE VI.

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

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heav'n's 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'raign,
Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancelled, 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 battel.


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 Hammer castle straight:
The Third Part of

For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go bear them hence, I will not hear them speak.

Ox. 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 hast 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 stol'n 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 wast 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'd 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. Tower, the Tower! [Exit.]

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

Can't thou not speak? O traitors, murderers!
They that stabb'd Caesar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, and were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man; this (in respect) a child,
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speak—

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals,
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 shall thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What? wilt thou not? then Clarence do it thou.

Clar. By heav'n, I will not do thee so much ease.

Queen. Good Clarence do, sweet Clarence do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would: do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thy self:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What, wilt thou not? where is that Devil's butcher,
Richard? hard-favour'd Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murther is thy Almsdeed.

Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'tst back.


Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince!

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. 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.

Now march we hence, discharge the common fort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London:
And see our gentle Queen how well she fares,
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE VII.

The Tower of London.

Enter King Henry, and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant on the 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'fer, and good devil, were alike,
And both prepost'rous; therefore not good lord.
Glo. a Sir, leave us to our selves, we must confer.

[Exit Lieutenant.

K. Henry. So flies the wreakles 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 Roscias 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-doubteeth 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 Creet,
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.

Sirrah.
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? Isn't for my life?
   Glo. Think'lt 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 didn't 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 figh, and many a widow's,
   * And many an orphan's water-standing eye,
   * Men for their sons, wives for their husbands fate,
   * And orphans for their parents timeless death,
   * Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
   * The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
   * The night-crow cry'd, aboding luckless time;
   * Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
   * The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
   * And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung:
   * Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
   * And yet brought forth lefts 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 signifie thou can't to bite the world:
And if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou can't—
   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—
O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee.  [Dies.
   Glo.
King HENRY VI. 285

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 alway shed
From those who wish the downfall of our house.
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither,

[Stabs him again.

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 usurped 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 signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog:
Then since the heav'n's have shap'd in body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother,
And this word [love] which grey beards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my self alone.

Clarence beware, thou keep'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
S C E N E VIII.

Enter King Edward, Queen, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, Nurse, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit on England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies:
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, three-fold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffs, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their couriers at the trumpet's sound.
With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the Kingly Lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roard.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our fear,
And made our footstool of security.
Come hither, Besi, 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 mightst 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, [Aside.
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave,
And heave it shall some weight or break my back;
Work thou the way, and that shall execute.

K. Edw. Clarence and Glo'ster, love my lovely Queen,
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe your Majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks noble Clarence, worthy brother,
thanks.
King Henry VI.

Glo. And that I love the tree from whence thou sprangst,
Witness the loving kisst I give the fruit.
To say the truth, to Judas kiss'd his master, [Aside.
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?
Reignier her father to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.
K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comick shows,
Such as best the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets, farewell low'r annoy,
For here I hope begins our lasting joy. [Exeunt omnes.]
THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

RICHARD III.

VOL. V. N
Dramatis Personæ.

King Edward IV.
Edw. Pr. of Wales, afterwards Edw. V. Sons to Edw.
Richard, Duke of York. 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.
Marquis of Dorset, Son to the Queen.
Earl Rivers, Brother to the Queen.
Lord Gray.
Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.
Bishop of Ely.
Lord Hastings.
Sir Richard Ratcliff, Friends to the Duke of Gloucester.
Lord Lovel.
Catesby.
Sir James Tyrrel, a Villain.
Lord Stanley.
Earl of Oxford.
Blount.
Herbert.
Sir William Brandon,
Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Two Children of the Duke of Clarence.
Lord Mayor.

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

RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The COURT.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.

O W is the Winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this Sun of York:
And all the clouds that low'r'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.

N 2

Grin-
King Richard III.

Grim-visaged War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass,
I, that am rudely stamp'd, 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 dimembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world; scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them:
Why I, (in this weak piping time of peace)
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophesies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up.
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 should for that commit your godfathers.
Belike, his Majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new christned in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence, may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not, but as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophesies 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.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodvil her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower?
From whence this day he is delivered.
We are not safe; Clarence, we are not safe.
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 mistrefs Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity,
Got my lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what, I think it is our way
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow, and her self,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

Brak.
King RICHARD III.

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.

Glo. Ev'n so, an't please your worship, Brakenbury!
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man—we say the King
Is wife 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-folks:
How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?

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

Glo. What, fellow?—nought to do with 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—would'st thou betray
me?

Brak. I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
And to forbear your confrence 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 whatsoe'er 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
Touche 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.
King Richard III.

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.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord.
Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain:
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 play 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 a 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 lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And if I fail not in my deep intent, Clarence hath not another day to live:

Which

a St. John.
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,  
And leave the world for me to busie 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.

SCENE II.

Enter the Cears of Henry the Sixth, with halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mournor.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,  
If honour may be shrouded in a herse;  
Whilst I 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,  
Stab'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds.  
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,  
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.  
Curs'd be the hand that made these fatal holes!  
Curs'd be the heart, that had the heart to do it!  
More direful hap betide that hated wretch  
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,  
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,  
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives.
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose 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 Christ'sey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there.
And still as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, while I lament King Henry's coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.

Glo. Stay you that bear the coarse, and set it down:
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villains, set down the coarse; or by St. Paul,
I'll make a coarse of him that disobeys.
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 pow'r over his mortal body,
His soul thou can'st not have; therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curt.
Anne. Foul devil! for God's sake hence, trouble us not.

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell:
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclains.
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.
King RICHARD III.

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells,
Thy 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 murtherer dead;
Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered.

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry:
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit my self.

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

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

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee,
Thou canst make no excuse that will be currant,
Unless thou hang thy self.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse my self.

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

Glo. Say, that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say, they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish slaye, by thee.

Gol. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hands.
King Richard III.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'lt. Queen Marg'ret saw
Thy mur'd'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 fländ'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou waft provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on ought but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this King?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Doft grant me, hedge-hog? then God grant me too,
Thou may'lt be damned for that wicked deed:
O he was gentle, mild and virtuous.

Glo. The b fitter for the King of heav'n that hath him.

Anne. He is in heav'n, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me that help'd to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyest.

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 waft the cause, and most accruest 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.
King Richard III.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks:

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty’s wrack,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by;
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o’er-shade thy day, and death thy life.

Glo. Curse not thy self, fair creature, thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng’d on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng’d on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng’d on him that kill’d my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: why dost thou spit at me? [She spits at him.

Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake.

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead.

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once:
For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears;
Sham’d their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
Not when my father York, and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

When

† The twelve following beautiful lines added after the first editions.
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 these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sies, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made
For kiling, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast.
And let the soul forth that adoreth 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'ny 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.
302 King Richard III.

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 encompasseth thy finger,
Ev'n so thy breast incloseth my poor heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby place:
Where, after I have solemnly interred
At Chertsey monastery this noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart, and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Trassel and Barkley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already. [Exit, two with Anne.
Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Glo. No to White-Friars, there attend my coming.
[Exit Coarst.

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 extreamest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by.
With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil and 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 degrade 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 hale, and am mishapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier;
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life she finds, although I cannot,
My self to be a marvelous 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
SCENE III.

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’ns have blest you with a goodly son
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Queen. Ah! he is young, and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be Protector?
Queen. It is determin’d, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.
Buck. Good time of day unto your Royal grace.
Derby. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been.
Queen. The Countess Richmond, good my lord of Derby,
To your good prayer will scarcely say Amen;
Yet Derby, notwithstanding she’s your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur’d,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Derby. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious flanders of her false accusers:
Or if she be accus’d on true report,
King Richard III. 305

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 Derby?

Derby. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I

Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope, his grace speaks cheer-

fully.

Queen. God grant him health; did you confer with

him?

Buck. Madam, we did, he seeks to make atonement

Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,

And between them and my lord Chamberlain;

And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Queen. Would all were well——but that will never

be——
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloucester.

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

Who are they that complain unto the King,

That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?

By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly

That fill his ears with such diffidentioius rumors.

Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,

Smile in men’s faces, smooth, deceive and cog,

Duck with French nods, and apish courteous,

I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,

But thus his simple truth must be abus’d

By silken, fly, insinuating jacks?

Gray. To whom in all this presence speaks your

grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast not honestly 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 Glo'ster, you mistake the matter:
The King of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else,
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews it self
Against my children, brother, and my self
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,
That 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, broth-
er Glo'ster.

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,
My self disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt, while many fair promotions
Are daily given to enable 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,

‡ This line is restor'd from the first edition.

c mean.
And lay those honours on your high descent.
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 handsom stripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.
Queen. My lord of Glo’sler, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraiding, and your bitter scofts:
By heav’n I will acquaint his Majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endur’d,
I had rather be a country servant maid
Than a great Queen with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn’d and baited at.
Small joy have I in being England’s Queen.

SCENE IV.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. And 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?
I will avouch in presence of the King:
’Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. Out devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill’dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
Glo. Ere you were Queen, ay, or your husband King,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weedor 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. Alban’s slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget.
What you have been ere now, and what you are; What I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murth'rous villain, and so still thou art. Glo. Poor Clarence did forfake his father Warwick; Ay, 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. He thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,

Thou Cacodæmon, there thy kingdom is.

Rlv. My lord of Glo'ster, in those busy days, Which here you urge to prove us enemies, We follow'd then our lord, our Sov'reign King; So should we you, if you should be our King.

Glo. If I should be!—I had rather be a pedlar; Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Queen. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose You should enjoy, were you this country's King, As little joy you may suppose in me, That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof; For I am she, and altogether joyles.

I can no longer hold me patient. Hear me, you wrangling pyrates, 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 subje&ts; 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'ft to me, And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance; [To Glo. [To the Queen. The
King Richard III.

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 drewst rivers from his eyes,
And then to dry them gav'st the Duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounce'd against thee, are now fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, has plagu'd thy bloody deed.

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

Hafl. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept, when it was reported.

Dorf. No man but 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 perversh brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heav'n?
Why then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses,
If not by war, by forfeiture die your King,
As ours by 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.

Thy self a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self:
Long may't thou live to wall thy children's loss,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art ill'd in mine.
Long die thy happy days before thy death
And after many length'en'd hours of grief,
Die, neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen.

Rivers and Dorset, you were standers-by,
And so waft thou, lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabbed 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,
O let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace.
The worm of conscience still be gnaw thy soul;
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends:
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unlesse it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils.
Thou elvish-markt, abortive, rooting hog,
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell:
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb,
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested——

Glo. Margaret.
Glo. Ha!
Q. Mar. I call thee not.
Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. Mar. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.
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 bottel'd spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool,
King Richard III

Fool, fool, thou whets't a knife to kill thy self:
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me,
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False boading 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.

Dors. Dispute not with her; she is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, master Marquifs, you are mala-pert;
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.

Dors. 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 darkness folded up.
Your airy buildeth in our Airies neft;
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.

* O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites
His venom tooth will rankle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks upon him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

* Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

* Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

* Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And stooth the devil that I warn thee from?
O but remember this another day;
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say poor 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 an end to hear her curses.

* 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;
King Richard III.

He is fank'd up to fatting 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 fcathe 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 mischiefs that I set a-broach
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 Derby, 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 withial wher me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Gray.
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I cloathe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ,
And seem a Saint, when most I play the Devil.

Vol. V.

† Franck'd up to fatting.] A Franck is an old English word for a Hogly. 'Tis possible he uses the metaphor to Clarence, in allusion to the Craft of the family of York, which was a Boar. Wherefore relate those famous old verses on Rich. 3d.

The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel the Dog,
Rule all England under a Hog.

He uses the same metaphor in the last Scene of Act 4.

‡ mischies.
Enter two Villains.

But soft, here come my executioners. How now my handy, stout, resolved mates, Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

1 Vil. We are, my lord, and come to have the warrant That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me: When you have done, repair to Crosby place. But, Sirs, be sudden in the execution, Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead; For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps, May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him. 1 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 millstones, when fools eyes drop tears. I like you lads; about your business; go. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The Tower.

Enter Clarence and d 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 to were 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
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glo'sier,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pass'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Glo'sier stumbled, and in falling
Struck me (that sought 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 wracks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon:
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems;
That wo'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 ghost; 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 in 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 Harwick,
Who cry'd aloud——What scourge for perjury

O 2
King Richard III.

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 stab'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Invaded me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I, trembling, wak'd; and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

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:
O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!
I pr'ythee, 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 name.

Scene

† The four following lines have been added since the first edition.

‡ In the common editions the Keeper is made to hold the Dialogue
with Clarence, till this line. And here Brakenbury enters, pronounc-
ing those words: which seem to me a reflection naturally resulting
from the foregoing conversation, and therefore continued to be spoken by
the same person: as it is accordingly in the first edition.
King Richard III.

SCENE VI.

Enter two Villains.

1 Vill. Ho, who's here?
Brak. In God's name, what art thou? how can't thou hither?
2 Vill. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.
Brak. What, so brief?
1 Vill. 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious. Let him see our commission, and talk no more.
Brak. [Reads.] I am in this commanded, to deliver the noble Duke of Clarence to your hands. I will not reason what is meant hereby, because I will be 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 Vill. You may, Sir, 'tis a point of wisdom: fare you well.
2 Vill. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?
1 Vill. No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.
2 Vill. Why he shall never wake until the great judgment day.
1 Vill. Why then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.
2 Vill. The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.
1 Vill. What? art thou afraid?
2 Vill. Not to kill him, having a warrant. But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.
1 Vill. I'll back to the Duke of Glo'sfer, and tell him so.
2 Vill. Nay, pr'ythee stay a little: I hope this e holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

O 3

1 Vill. e passionat.
King Richard III.

1 Vil. How dost thou feel thyself now?
2 Vil. 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 makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuses him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour’s wife, but it detects him. ‘Tis a blushing shame-fac’d spirit, that mutinies in a man’s bosom: it fills one full of obstructions. It made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turn’d out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.
1 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 insinuate with thee but to make thee fight.
1 Vil. I am strong fram’d, he cannot prevail with me.
2 Vil. Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?
1 Vil. Take him on the coif’d, with the hilt of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmstie-but in the next room.
2 Vil. O excellent device, and make a stop of him.
1 Vil. Soft, he wakes. 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.
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?
2 Vil. To, to, to—
Clar. To murthre me?
Esbh. 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. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.
2 Vil. Never, my lord, therefore prepare to die.
Clar. Are you drawn forth among a world of men,
To slay the innocent? what's my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have giv'n their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' 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 murthre; 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 murthre too:
O 4
Thou
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 Vill. And like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow, and with thy treach'rous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy Sovereign's son.

2 Vill. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 Vill. 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 murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,*
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm:
He needs no indirect, or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 Vill. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That Princely novice was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 Vill. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoked 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 bind'd for need, go back-again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster:

Who will reward you better for my life,
Then greatest will for tidings of my death.

2 Vill. You are deceived, your brother Gloster
hates you.

Clar. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

1 Vill. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our Princely father York,
Dish his three sons with his victorious arm,

† And

*— for the dead,
O know you yet, he doth it publickly,
Take not, etc. This line interpolated since the first edition.
King Richard III.

† And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Glo' fer think on this, and he will weep.
1 Vil. Ay, mill-stones; as he lesfon'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 fobs,
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 murdr'ing 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. Relent, and save your souls.*
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,
O 5  

Come

*——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 murdr'ers as your selves came to you;
Would not intreat for life, as you would beg
Were you in my distress.

These lines are not in the old edition.

1 Vil. Relent? &c.

† This necessary line is restor'd from the old edition.
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me.*
1 Vil. Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[Stabs him.
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [Exit.
2 Vil. A bloody deed, and desperedly dispatch'd:
Now, how, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder.

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,
For 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.

*intreat for me,
A begging Prince what beggar pities not?
2 Vil. Look behind you, my lord.
1 Vil. Take that, &c.
ACT II. SCENE I.

The COURT.

Flourish. 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 a recall me hence.
And b 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,
Dissolve not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heav'n, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love:

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.
K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Left he that is the supreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.
Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.
K. Edw. Madam, your self is not exempt from this;
Nor your son Dorset, Buckingham nor you;
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand,
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen.

a redeem.    b more.
King Richard III.

Queen. There Hastings, I will never more remember Our former hatred, to thrive I and mine.


Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. Edw. Now Princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements 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 dueous 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. Edw. A pleasing cordial, Princely Buckingham, Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Glo'fier here, To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the noble Duke.

Enter Ratcliff and Gloucester.

Glo. Good-morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen, And Princely Peers a happy time of day.

K. Edw. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day: 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
Hold me a foe: if I unwittingly
Have ought committed that is hardly born
By any in this presence, I desir
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desir all good men's love.
First, madam, I intreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service.
Of you my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us.
Of you and you, lord Rivers and of Dorset,
That all without desert have frown'd on me:
Of you lord Woodvil, and lord Scales of you,
Dukes, Earls, lords, gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Queen. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter;
I would to God all trifles 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 forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear:
Some tardy cripple had the countermand,
That came too lag, 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 currant from suspicion.

Enter Earl of Derby.

Derby. A boon, my Sov'reign, for my service done.
K. Edw. I pr'ythee peace, my soul is full of sorrow.
Derby. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.
K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'ld.
Derby. The forfeit, Sov'reign, of my servant's life,
Who flew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet; and bid me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forlorn
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
E'en in his garments, and did give himself
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear redeemer,
You strain are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I unjustly too, must grant it you.
But for my brother, not a man would speak.
King Richard III.

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.

SCENE II.

Enter the Duchessa 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, call-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.

Incable and shallow innocents!
You cannot guess who caused 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 kist my cheek;
Bad me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice.
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark what noise is this?

Enter the Queen with her bair about her ears, Rivers and Dorset after her.

Queen. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment my self?
I'll join with black despair against my soul;
And to myself become an enemy—

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Queen. To make an act of tragick violence.
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?
If you will live, lament. if die, be brief,
That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's,
Or like obedient subjects follow him,
To his new kingdom of a perpetual rest.

Dutch. Ay, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title to thy noble husband;

c ne'er-changing night.
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 glas,
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 seeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. 'O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my d grief)
To over-go thy e 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: *
Ah for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!
Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!
Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and
Clarence!
Queen. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.
Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.
Dutch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.
Queen. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

*—forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being govern'd by the watry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.
Ah, for my husband.—

d moan. e wees.
King Richard III.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. 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 distress
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 strait for him,
Let him be crown'd, in him your comfort lives.
Drown desp'rate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Scene III.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Derby, 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.

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo.
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-forrowing 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-swoin 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 fetcht
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buck-
ingham?

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,
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.

Hap. 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,
Madam, and you my sister, will you go,
To give your censures in this weighty business?

[Exeunt.]

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 sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

G. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin!
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Toward Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

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 myself:
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?

2 Cit. Ay, Sir, it is too true, God help the while.

3 Cit. Then matters look to see a troublous world.

1 Cit.
King Richard III.

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 then this land was famouly 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 mo-

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'sfer,
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

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
334  King Richard III.
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
    2 Cit. Marry we were sent for to the justices.
    3 Cit. And so was I, I'll bear you company.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York,
the Queen, and the Dutchess.

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 overta'en him in his growth.
    York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.
    Dutch. Why, my good cousin, it is good to grow.
    York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
    My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
    More than my brother. Ay, quoth my uncle Glo'ster,
    Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
    And since, methinks I would not grow so fast,
    Because sweet flow'rs are slow, 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 wretched't thing when he was young,
    So long a growing, and so leisurely,
    That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
    York. And so no doubt he is, my gracious madam.
    Dutch. I hope he is, but yet let mothers doubt.
    York. Now by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
    I could have giv'n my uncle's grace a flout
    To touch his growth, nearer then he touch'd mine.
    Dutch.
King Richard III. 335

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. 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 Grey 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 tyrant now hath seiz'd the gentle hind. Inflicting tyranny begins to jut Upon the innocent and awless throne; Welcome destruction, blood and massacre! I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch.
Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days! How many of you have mine eyes beheld? My husband lost his life to get the crown, And often up and down my sons were toss'd, For me to joy and weep their gain and loss. And being feated, 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 earth no more.

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 I.

Continues in London.

The 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 thoughts Sovereign,
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle, but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome and heavy.
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:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward shew, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous:
Your grace attended to their furer'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends.

† London was anciently call'd Camera regia.
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 sluggard is Hastyng! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Hastyng.

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 Sanctury; 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 Hastyng, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Arch. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be
Obdurate to entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of Sanctury; 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 those whose dealings have deserve'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This Prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserve'd it,
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there:
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Arch. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, lord Haflings, will you go with me?

Hafl. I go, my lord.

[Exeunt Archishop and Haflings.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
Say, uncle Glofter, 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 best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower of any place;
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general 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, [Aside.
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Caesar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of his 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. And 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 he is more beholden to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my Soveraign,
But you have pow'r in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince.
Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give,
And being a toy it is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O then I see you'll part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.
York. 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?
My self, and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
Prince. My lord Protector 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. And if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come my lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto to the Tower.

SCENE II.

Manent Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little praising York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: oh 'tis a perilous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them reit: 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 cæsare matter
To make lord William Hastings of our mind,
For the intailment of this noble Duke
In the seat royal of this famous Isle?
Cates. He for his father's sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to ought against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?
Cates. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well then, no more than this: go, gentle
Catesby,
And as it were far off found thou lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit 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.
King Richard III.

Glo. Commend me to lord William; tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret 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.

Glo. At Crosby 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
Th' Earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the King, my brother, stood possesse.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings.

Mes. My lord, my lord.

Hast. Who knocks?

Mes. One from lord Stanley.

Hast. What is't a clock?

Mes. Upon the stroak of four.
Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

Mes. So it appears by what I have to say:
First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. What then?

Mes. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm:
Besides, he says there are two councils held,
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to sue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him towards the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord,
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and my self, are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence:
Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance;
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so a fond
To trust the mock'ry of unquiet dumbers,
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incenfe the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chafe:
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.

Mes. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

[Exit.]

Enter Catesby.

Cats. Many good morrows to my noble lord.

Hast.
King Richard III.

Haßt. 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.

Haßt. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the crown?

Cates. Ay, my good lord. Haßt. 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 Pomsfret.

Haßt. 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.

Haßt. 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. Haßt. 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. Haßt. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it. P 5. Enter
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.

**Hast.** My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours,
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now;
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

**Stan.** The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from

**London,**
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet you see how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancor I misdoubt,
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward.
What shall we tow'r'd the Tower? the day is spent.

**Hast.** Come, come, have with you: wot ye what,

my lord,
To day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

**Stan.** They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

**Hast.** Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[Exeunt Lord Stanley and Catesby.

Sireah, how now? how goes the world with thee?

**Purs.** The better, that your lordship please to ask.

**Hast.** I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
Then when thou met't me last where now we meet;
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies,

But
But now I tell thee, keep it to thy self,
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purf. God hold it to your honour's good content.
Hast. 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.
Hast. 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?
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the priest,
Your honour hath no thriving work in hand.
Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you tow'rd the Tower?
Buck. I do, my lord, but long I shall not stay:
I shall return before your lordship thence.
Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. And supper too, altho' thou know'st it not.

[Aside.

Come, will you go?
Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Gray. God keep the Prince from all the pack of you,
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison!
Fatal and ominous to noble Peers.
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:
And for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Gray. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
For standing by when Richard stab'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd the Hastings. O remember, God!
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us:
As for my sister and her Princely sons,
Be satisfy'd, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is now expir'd.

Riv. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let us all embrace;
Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE V.

The Tower.

Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Lovel, with others, at a table.

Hast. NOW noble Peers, the cause why we are met is to determine of the coronation:

In God's name speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Derby. 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 sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble lord, may name the time,

And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow;

I have been long a sleeper; but I trust

My absence doth neglect no great design,

Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck.
King Richard III.

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.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings no man might be bolder, His lordship knows me well, and loves me well. My lord of Ely, when I was left 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 found Hastings in our business, And finds the worthy 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.

Derby. 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.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smoothly 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.

Derby. What of his heart perceive you in his face, By any b likelihood he shew'd to-day?

Hast. b livelihood.
King Richard III.

Haft. Marry, that with no man here he's 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 prevailed
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, whoso'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, fbtrumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Haft. If they have done this deed, my noble lord——

Glo. If ? thou protector of this damned fbtrumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of I's? thou art a traitor——
Off with his head——now by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliff look that it be done:
The rest that love me, rise and follow me, [Exeunt.

Mement Lovel and Ratcliff, with the lord Haftings.

Haft. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream the boar did rafe 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 bloody were butcher’d,
And I my self secure in grace and favour.
King Richard III.

Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner.

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Haft. 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.

Louv. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Haft. Oh bloody Richard, miserable England,
I prophesie the fearful 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 VI.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rusty armour,
marvellous ill-favour'd.

Glo. COME cousin, canst thou quake and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion; ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is, and see he brings the Mayor along.

Enter
Enter the Lord Mayor and Catesby.

**Buck.** Lord Mayor——

**Glo.** Look to the draw-bridge there.

**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 Ratcliff with Hafting’s head.

**Glo.** Be patient, they are friends; **Ratcliff** and **Lovel.**

**Louv.** Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected **Hafting.**

**Glo.** So dear I lov’d the man that I must weep:
I took him for the plainest, harmless creature
That breath’d upon the earth a christian:
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts;
So smooth he daub’d his vice with shew of virtue,
That (his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation with **Shore’s wife**)
He liv’d from all attainder of suspicion.

**Buck.** Well, well, he was the covert’st 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 **Gloster.**

**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 in the villain’s death;
But that the extrem peril of the case,
The peace of **England,** and our person’s safety
Enforc’d us to this execution?

**Mayor.**
Mayor. Now fay befall you, he defferv'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 mistref's Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die
Until your lordship came to see his end,
Which now the loving hate of these our friends,
Something againft our meaning, hath prevented;
Because, my lord, I would have had you heard
The traitor fpeak, and tim'rously confess
The manner and the purpofe of his treafons:
That you might well have signify'd the fame
Unto the citizens, who hapy may
Miscontrue us in him, and wail his death.

Mayor. But, my good lord, your grace's word fhall
ferve,
As well as I had seen and heard him fpeak:
And do not doubt, right noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens,
With all your juft proceedings in this cafe.

Glo. And to that end we with'd your lordship here;
T'avoid the cenfures of the carping world.

Buck. But fince you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And fo, my good lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Mayor.

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The Mayor towards Guild-Hall hies him in all post:
There at your c meetref t vantage of the time,
Infer the bafardy of Edward's children,
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for faying he would make his fon
Heir to the Crown, meaning indeed his house,
Which by the fign thereof was termed fo.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And beftial appetite in change of luft,
Which stretch'd unto their fervants, daughters, wives,
Ev'n where his d ranging eye, or savage heart,

Without

\(^c\) meetref.

\(^d\) raging.
Without control, lufted to make a prey,
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that infatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France;
And by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke, my father:
Yet touch this sparingly as 'twere far off,
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

But. 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.

But. I go, and towards three or four a-clock
Look for the news that the Guild-Hall affords.

[Exe. But. and Catesby severally]

Glo. 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, unexamind, free at liberty.
Here's a good world the while; who is so gross:
That cannot see this palpable device?

Yet
Yet who so bold, but says, he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealings must be seen in thought. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham at several doors.

Gl. 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.
  Gl. 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'r'd end,
I bid them that did love their country's good,
Cry, God save Richard, England's royal King.
  Gl. 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 was urg'd to tell my tale again:
Thus faith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferred,
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; e pretend some fear,
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit;
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord,
For on that ground I'll build a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests:
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee, for myself;
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?

Cate. He doth intreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day;

He intend.
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 less import than our gen'ral good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Cates. I'll signify so much unto him strait. [Exit.

Buck. Ah ha, my lord, this Prince is not an Edward,
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of courteous,
But meditating with two deep divines:
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England, would this virtuous Prince
Take on his Grace the sov'reignty thereof,
But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God shield, his Grace should say
us nay.

Buck. I fear he will; here Catesby comes again.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby, what says his Grace?

Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heav'n, we come to him in perfect love,
And so once more return, and tell his Grace.

[Exit Cates.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.
King Richard III.

Scene VIII.

Enter Gloucester above, between two Bishops.

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. My lord, there needs no such apology; I 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 dis gracious in the city's eye, And that you come to re 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 supream seat, the throne majestic, 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 flock. While in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts, Which here we waken to our country's good, The noble Isle doth want her proper limbs: Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock grafted with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion.
Which to re-cure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land.
Nor as Protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your Empiry, your own.
For this, consoled with the citizens
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your Grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition.
For not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded;
To bear the golden yoak of Sov'tainty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to 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 obstacales 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 bid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,

And
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 contract to lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to that vow;
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother of a many children,
A beauty-waining, and distressed widow,
Ev'n in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
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.
King Richard III.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Gates. 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, where you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our King,
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and down-fall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come citizens, we will intreat no more. [Exeunt.

Gates. 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,
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-lead reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your meer enforcement shall acquaint me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof.
King Richard III.

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 I.

The TOWER.

Enter the Queen, Anne Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset.

Duchess.

WHO meets us here? my niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Prince,
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day.
Queen. Sister, well met; whither away so fast?
Anne. No farther than the Tower, and as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as your selves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Queen. Kind sister thanks, we'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
Mister Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young son of York?
Lieu. Right well, dear madam; by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen.
**King Richard III.**

Queen. The King? who's that?

Lie. 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.

Lie. 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 reverend 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 tiding, 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 bye thee, bye thee from this slaughter-house,
Left thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam;
Take all the swift advantage of the time;
You shall have letters from me to my son.
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Dutch. O ill dispersing wind of misery,
O my accursed womb, the bed of death:
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murderous.

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 multi round brow,
Were red-hot steel, to fear me to the brain.
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, e'er men can say, God save the Queen.

Queen. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour with thy self no harm.

Anne. No! why? when he that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's coarse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,

And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wife; '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.

Loo, e'er I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grothly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest.

For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his tim'rous dreams was still awak'd.

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick,
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.
King Richard III.

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. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'ft thy leave of it.
Dutch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee! [To Dorset.
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!
[To Anne.
Go thou to Sanctuary, good thoughts 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 wrack'd with a week of anguish.
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 sullen play-fellow,
For tender Princes; use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Court.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter Gloucester as King, Buckingham, Catesby.

K. Rich. STAND all apart—cousin of Buckingham—
Buck. My gracious Sovereign!
K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck.
King Richard III.

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last.
K. Rich. Ah Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be currant gold indeed:
Young Edward lives—think now what I would speak.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say I would be King.
Buck. Why so you are, my thrice renowned Liege.
K. Rich. Ha! am I a King? 'tis so—but Edward lives—
Buck. True, noble Prince.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence!
That Edward still should live true noble Prince.
Cousin, thou wast 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.

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.
King Richard III. 369

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tirrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; go call him hither.

[Exit Boy.]

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 Marquiss Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come, hither Catesby; rumour it abroad;
That Anne my wife is sick, and like to die.
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry strait to Clarence' daughter—
(The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.)
Look how thou dream'st—I say again, give out,
That Anne my Queen is sick, and like to die.
About it; for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glafs:
Murther her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! but I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrel?

Tir. James Tirrel, and your most obedient subject.


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.

Q. 5

K. Rich.
King Richard III.

K. Rich. Why then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
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 Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son; well, look to it,

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
Th' Earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesie, that Richmond should be King,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A King perhaps—†

Buck. My lord.

K. Rich.

† From hence to the words—Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein—have been left out ever since the first editions, but I like them well enough to replace them.
King Richard III.

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 curtesie 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 live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord.

K. Rich. I, what’s a-clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind Of what you promis’d me.

K. Rich. But what’s a-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 if you will or no:

K. Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein. [Exit.

Buck. Is it ev’n so? repays he my deep service With such contempt? made I him King for this? O let me think on Hastings, and be gone To Breconock, while my fearful head is on. [Exit.

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Scene III.

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 Forres, whom I did suborn To do this piece of ruthless butchery, Albeit they were flest villains, bloody dogs, Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,

*Wept.*
372 King Richard III.

Wept like two children, in their deaths sad stories:

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 florp:

When Dighton thus told on—we smothered

The most replenished sweet work of nature,

That from the prime creation e'er she framed.

Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;

They 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.

As

2 like to.
At young Elizabeth my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown;
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My lord.
K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?
Cates. Bad news, my lord, † Morton is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
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
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a King.
Go muster men; my council is my shield,
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in these confines slily have I luck'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?

† Bishop of Ely.
Queen. Ah my poor Princes! ah my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fixt in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother’s lamentation.

Q. Mar. Hover about her, say, that right for right
Hath dimm’d your infant morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miseries have craz’d my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the intrails of the wolf?
Why didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?
Q. Mar. When holy Henry dy’d, and my sweet son. *
Queen. Ah that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholly seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah who hath any cause to mourn but we?

Q. Mar. If any ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniority;
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand,
If sorrow can admit society.
I had an Edward till a Richard kill’d him:
I had a husband till a Richard kill’d him.

Thou

* —— and my sweet son.
Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe’s scene, world’s shame, grave’s due, by life usurp’d,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England’s lawful earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.
Queen. Ah that thou wouldst, etc.
King Richard III.

Thou hadst an Edward till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst a Richard till a Richard kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou didn't kill him:
I had a Rutland too, thou holp't to kill 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!

Dutch. Oh Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward, he is dead, that kill'd my Edward:
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward:
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my los.
Thy Clarence he is dead that stab'd my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragic play,
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their factor to buy souls,
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand
Infuses his piteous and unpitied end.
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray, a for-vengeance.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, the dog is dead.

Queen.

a — saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd away.
King Richard III.

Queen. Oh thou did'st prophesie the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottell'd spider, that soul hunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune,
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted Queen,
The presentation of but what I was;
The flatt'ring index of a direful pageant;
One heav'd on high to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag
To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A Queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues 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 didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;
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.
Queen. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,  
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.  
Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days;  
Compare dead happiness with living woe;  
Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were,  
And he that slew them fouler than he is;  
Beating thy loss makes the bad causer worse,  
Revolving this, will teach thee how to curse.  
Queen. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.  
Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine.  
[Exit Margaret.  
Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words?  
Queen. Windy attorneys to your client's woes,  
Airy successes of intestine joys,  
Poor breathing orators of miferies,  
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-tied; go with me,  
And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother  
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.  
I hear his drum, be copious in exclaims.

SCENE V.

Enter King Richard and his Train.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?  
Dutch. O the that might have intercepted thee  
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,  
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.  
Queen. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown,  
Where should be branded, if that right were right,  
The slaughter of the Prince that owd that crown,  
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers.  
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?  

Dutch.
Dutch. Thou rood, 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 your
self.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother, for I am in
haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have statt 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'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, 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.

*—in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith none but Humphry Houre, that call'd
your grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so, etc.
K. Rich. If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on and not offend your Grace.
Dutch. O hear me speak, for I shall never see thee,
K. Rich. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dutch. Either thou'lt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extrem age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battell, 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 serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[Exeunt.

Queen. Tho far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to her.
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, stain her beauty,
Slander my self as false to Edward's bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy.
So she may live unscarr'd from bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. 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.
K. Rich. No, at their births good stars were opposite.

Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavowed is the doom of destiny.

Queen. True ; when avoided grace makes destiny.

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins?

Queen. Whose hands forever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
No doubt the murder'sous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the inrails 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 des'rate bay of death,
Like a poor bark of sails and tackling rent,
Rush'd all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so 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 devise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Ev'n all I have; ay, and my self and all;
Will I withal endow a child of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

Thou
Thou drowst the sad remembrance of those wrongs, 
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kind-
ness
Last longer telling than thy kindness do.
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 haughty 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 slew her bro-
thers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her, as sometime Marg'ret
Did to thy father flept 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;
King Richard III.

Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st a quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen. There's no other way,
Unles's thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her.

Queen. Nay then indeed she cannot chuse but hate thee,

Having brought 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 you encrease I will beget
Mine issue of your blood, upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood:
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being King,
And by that loss your daughter is made Queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,

This

† This long speech is not in the edition of 1598, or that of 1602, but added by the Author since.
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity.
The King that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a King;
And all the ruins of distressful times,
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see.
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their love with interest,
Oftentimes double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go,
Make bold her bathful 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 chastified
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.
King Richard III.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty Queen—

Queen. To b vail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Queen. But how long shall that title ever last?


Queen. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heav'n and nature lengthen it;
Queen. As long as hell and Richard like of it.

K. Rich. Say, I her Sov'reign, am her subject c 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 tale.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow, and too quick.

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 d knightly virtue,
The crown usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.

*—too shallow, and too quick.

Queen. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Two deep and dead, poor infants in their grave,
Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam, that is past.

Now by my George, c't.

b vail.  c low.  d kingly.
If something thou would’st swear to be believ’d,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong’d.

K. Rich. Now by the world—

Queen. ’Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father’s death—

Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour’d.
K. Rich. Then by myself.
Queen. Thy self thy self misuseth.
K. Rich. Why then, by heav’n—

Queen. Heav’n’s wrong is most of all:
If thou didst fear to break an oath with heav’n,
The unity the King my husband made
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers dy’d.
If thou hadst fear’d to break an oath with heav’n,
Th’ imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grace’d the tender temples of my child;
And both the Princes had been breathing here.
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey to worms.

K. Rich. By time to come,
Queen. That thou haft wronged in the time o’er-past:
For I my self have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong’d by thee.
The children live, whose fathers thou hast slaughter’d,
Ungovern’d youth, to wail it in their age.
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher’d;
Old wither’d plants, to wail it in their age.*

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent;
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt

Vol. V. R

*—to wail it in their age.

Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misus’d ere us’d, by times ill-us’d o’er past.

K. Rich. As I intend, &c.

* him.  e him.
King Richard III.

Of hostile arms; my self, my self confound;
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours;
Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy rest;
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding; if with pure heart’s love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous Princely daughter.
In her confines 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. 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. [Exit Queen.
K. Rich. Bear her my true love’s kisls, and so
far well ——
Relenting fool, and shallow-changing woman!

Scene 2 desires.
King Richard III.

SCENE VI.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. Most mighty Soveraign, on the western coast
Rides a puissant navy: to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral:
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them a-shore.

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 fRAIN

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———

R 2

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 mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.
K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

White-liver'd run-a-gate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty Sov'raign, 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 unwielded?
Is the King dead? the empire unposses'd?
What heir of York is there alive, but we?

And who is England's King, but great York's heir?
Then tell me, what makes 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 Welch-man comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore?

Conducting safe the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Gold friends to me: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their Sov'raign in the west?
King Richard III. 389

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 I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Mighty Sovereign, You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful, I never was, nor ever will be false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster men; but leave behind Your son George Stanley: look your heart be firm, Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[Ex. Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Sov'raign, 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 confed'rates, are in arms:

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. In Kent, my Liege, the Guilfords are in arms, And every hour still more competitors Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.


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,

R 3. And
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 Marquiss Dorset,
'Tis said, my Liege, in Yorkshire are in arms;
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,
The Britain 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 assistants, yea, or no?
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party; he misusing them,
Hoist sail, and made his course again for Britain.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in
arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news; that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty pow'r landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet it must be told.

K. Rich. Away tow'ards Salisbury; while we reason
here,
A royal barrel might be won and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.  [Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE VII.

Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher.

Stan. SIR Christopher, tell Richmond this from me: That in the Sty of this most bloody boar, My son George Stanley is † frank't up in hold: If I revolt, off goes young George's head, The fear of that holds off my present aid. So get thee gone; commend me to thy lord. Say too, the Queen hath heartily consented He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter. But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?

Chri. At Pembroke, or at Hertford, west in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resert to him?

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier; Sir Gilbert Talbot, and Sir William Stanley, Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt, And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew, And many other of great name and worth: And towards London do they bend their power, If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord: I kisst his hand, My letter will resolve him of my mind. Farewell. [Exeunt.

† [Frank'd up.] See the note on Act I. Scene IV. of this play.
ACT V. SCENE I.

SALISBURY

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham with haiders led to Execution.

BUCKINGHAM.

WILL not King Richard let me speak with him?
Sher. No, good my lord, therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Gray and Rivers,
Hely 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-Sou's day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my lord.
Buck. This is the day, which in King Edward's time
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found False to his children, or his wife's allies,
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:
This the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-feer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And giv'n in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.

Thus
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their master's bosoms.
Thus Marg' ret's curse falls heavy on my head:
When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Marg' ret was a prophetess.
Come Sirs, convey me to the block of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.]

SCENE II.

The Camp.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others,
with Drum and Colours.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends
Buis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer-fields, and fruitful vines,
Swill'd your warm blood like wash, and made his

In your embowell'd bosoms; this foul swine
Lyes now cv'n in the centre of this ills,
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 tryal of sharp war.

Oxf. Ev'ry man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear, Which in his greatest need will fly from him.
Richm. All for our vantage; then in God's name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III:

Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard in arms, with Norfolk, Ratcliff, and Catesby.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.
Why how now Catesby, why look'st thou so sad?
Cates. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
Nor. Here, most gracious Liege,
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks: ha, must 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 descried the number of the traitors? 
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalions 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.

Enter
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 mifta'en his colours much,
(Which well I am affur'd I have not done)
His regiment lyes half a mile a leaft
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 battel,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength.
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to our tent, the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent.]

† I have placed these lines here as they stand in the first editions, the rest place 'em three speeches before, after the words Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard: interrupting what there follows: The Earl of Pembroke, &c. I think 'em more naturally introduced here, when he is retiring to his tent and considering what he has to do that night.
Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.

K. Rich. What is't a clock?

Cates. It's supper time, my lord.

It's nine a clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.

What, is my beaver easier than it was?

And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cates. It is, my Liege, and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk hie thee to thy charge,

Use careful watch, chuse trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.


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 tall

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 slaves be found, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'lt thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,

Much about cock-flet time, from troop to troop

Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I'm 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
SCENE IV.

Richmond's Tent.

Enter Stanley to Richmond in his Tent.

Stan. Fortune and victory fit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
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 tho' the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battel early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to th' arbitration
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-furmed friends should dwell upon.
God give us leisure for these rights 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. Manor Richmond.

a noise.
King Richard III.

O thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries,
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory.
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still.

[Sleeps.]

Scene V.

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'rt me in the prime of youth
At Tewksbury; 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 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 prophecy'd thou shouldst be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleep; live thou and flourish.

Enter
Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

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 offspring 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,

Rivers, that dy’d at Pomfret: despair, and die.
Gray. Think upon Gray, and let thy soul despair.

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance! Richard, despair and die.

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.

Ghost. Dream on thy cousins smother’d in the Tower:
Let us be laid within thy bosom, Richard, [To K. Rich.
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy Nephews souls bid thee despair and die.

Sleep
Sleep Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy. [To Richm.

Good angels guard thee from the boar’s annoy;
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings.
Edward’s unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne his wife.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee. [To K. Rich.
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair and die.
Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep; [To Richm.
Dream of success and happy victory,
Thy adversary’s wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. The first was I that help’d thee to the crown:
The last was I that felt thy tyranny. [To K. Rich.
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death,
Painting despair; despairing yield thy breath.
I dy’d for hope, ere I could lend thee aid; [To Richm.
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay’d:
God and good angels fight on Richmond’s side,
And Richard fell in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish.

[K. Richard starts out of his dream.

Have mercy, Jesus—soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What? do I fear my self? there’s none else by,
Is there a murth'rer here? no; yes, I am.*
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And ev'ry tongue brings in a several tale,
And ev'ry tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury in high't degree,
Murth'rer, stern murth'rer in the dir't degree,
All several sins all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, all crying, guilty, guilty!
I shall despair: there is no creature loves me:
And if I die, no soul will pity me.*
Methought, the souls of all that I had murth'red
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.

* —— No; yes, I am:
Then fly—what, from myself? great reason; why?
Left I revenge. What? my self on my self?
I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I my self have done unto my self?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my self,
For hateful deeds committed by my self.
I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thy self speak well——Fool do not flatter.
My conscience hath, &c.

* —— no soul will pity me.
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I my self
Find in my self no pity to my self.
Methought, the souls of, &c.
King Richard III

K. Rich. By the Apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me,
Under our tents; I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exeunt K. Richard and Ratcliff.]

SCENE IV.

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. I cry you mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy flaggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep and fairest boading dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsie head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords;
Methought their souls whose bodies Richard murther'd,
Came to my tent, and cried out Victory,
I promise you my heart is very jocund,
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroak of four.

Richm. Why then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on; yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side,
The pray'rs of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks stand before our faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
King Richard III.

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 soul 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 corpse on the earth's cold face:
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof,
Sound drums and trumpets boldly, cheerfully,
God, and Saint George! Richmond, and victory!

Scene.
SCENE VII.

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 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 disdain'd 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.

K. Rich. Arm, arm, my lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battel shall be ordered.
My forward shall be drawn in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot:
Our archers shall be placed in the midst;

John
King Richard III.

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we our self will follow
In the main battel, which on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse:
This and St. George to boot. What think'st thou Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike Soveraign.
This paper found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a scrawl.

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 inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal,
A sort of vagabonds, of rascals, run-aways,
A scum of Britons, and base lackey-peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest:
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, detain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at his mother's cost?
A milk-fop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold, as over shoes in snow.
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
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 back'd Britons, whom our fathers

Have
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? lye with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? — hark, I hear their drum.

[Drum afar off.]

Fight gentlemen of England, fight bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head:
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:
Amaze the welkin with your broken slaves!

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 battel let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our standards, set upon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons.
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.  [Exeunt.

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SCENE VIII.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cates. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue:
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger!
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.
Cates. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.
K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field,
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.

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. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee:
Lo, here these long usurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluckt off, to grace thy brows withal.
Wear it, enjoy it, and make use of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all,
But tell me first, is young George Stanley living?
Derby. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if you so please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of note are slain on either side?
Derby. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter the lord Ferris,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inters their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us.
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the White Rose and the Red.
Smile heav'n upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity:
What traitor hears me, and says not Amen?

England hath long been mad, and scar'd her self;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The
The sons compell'd, been butchers to the fire: *
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true successors of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if 'tis will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous 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.

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butchers to the fire:
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division.
O now let, &c.

The End of the Fifth Volume.