

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
*SHAKESPEAR.*

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VOLUME *the* FIFTH.

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MDCCLXXVIII.

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*PLAYS contain'd in this Volume.*

KING HENRY VI. Part I.

KING HENRY VI. Part II.

KING HENRY VI. Part III.

KING RICHARD III.

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*P. Feindtriner scul.*

*1. 5. p. 3.*

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The FIRST PART of

H E N R Y

T H E

S I X T H.

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# Dramatis Personæ.

**K I N G** 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.*

*Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York.*

*Mortimer, Earl of March.*

*Woodvile, 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.*

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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.*

B E D F O R D.



U N G be the heav'ns 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

*Glow.*

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

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

*Henry* is dead, and never shall revive :  
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend ;  
 And death's dishonourable victory  
 We with our stately presence glorifie,  
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.  
 What ? shall we curse the planets of mishap,  
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow ?  
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted *French*  
 Conjurers and forc'ers, 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 pray'rs 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'ster*, 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'st the flesh,  
 And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,  
 Except it be to pray against thy foes.

# King HENRY VI.

7

*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<sup>a</sup> marish of salt tears,  
And none but women left to 'wail the dead.  
*Henry* the Fifth ! thy ghost I invoke ;  
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,  
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens ;  
A far more glorious star thy soul will make  
Than *Julius Caesar*, or bright—— †

## S C E N E II.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My honourable lords, health to you all ;  
Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,  
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture ;  
*Guienne*, *Champaign*, and *Rheims*, and *Orleans*,  
*Paris*, *Guysors*, *Poictiers*, are all quite lost.

*Bed.* What say'st thou man, before dead *Henry's*  
coarse ?

Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns  
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

*Glow.* Is *Paris* lost, and *Roan* yielded up ?

A 4

IF

<sup>a</sup> nourish.

† I can't guess the occasion of the Hemystic, and imperfect sense, in this place ; 'tis not impossible it might have been fill'd up with — Francis Drake — tho that were a terrible Anachronism (as bad as *Hector's* quoting *Aristotle* in *Troil.* and *Cress.*) 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.



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

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

*Mess.* No treachery, but want of men and mony.  
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,  
That here you maintain sev'ral factions;  
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,  
You are disputing of your generals.

One would have lingring wars with little cost;  
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings:  
A third man thinks, without expence at all  
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.  
Awake, awake, *English* nobility,  
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot;  
Crop'd are the Flower-de-luces in your arms,  
Of *England's* coat one half is cut away.

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

*Bed.* Me they concern, Regent I am of *France*;  
Give me my steeled coat, 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.

### S C E N E III.

*Enter to them another Messenger.*

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mis-  
chance.

*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 *Alençon* lies to his side.

[*Exit.*

*Exe.*

† *England's.*

# King HENRY VI. 9

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

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

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

*Bed. Glo'ster,* why doubt'st thou of my forwardness ?  
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,  
Wherewith already *France* is over-run.

## S C E N E 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 fight  
Betwixt 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, enrag'd he flew.  
The *French* exclaim'd, the devil was in arms,  
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.  
His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit,  
*A. Talbot ! Talbot !* cried out amain,  
And rush'd into the bowels of the battel.  
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,

† 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 stroak.  
 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 my self,  
 For living idly here in pomp and ease;  
 Whilst such a worthy leader wanting aid,  
 Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* 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 *Mess.* 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 yolk.

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

*Glou.*

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

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

[*Ex. Gloucester.*]

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

[*Exit.*]

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

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

F R A N C E.

*Enter Charles, Alançon, 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-  
beeves,  
Either they must be dieted like mules  
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,  
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.  
*Talbot* is taken, whom we wont to fear :  
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd *Salisbury*,

*Ated.*

And he may well in fretting spend his gall,  
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

*Char.* Sound, found alarum: we will rush on them:  
Now for the honour of the forlorn *French*:  
Him I forgive my death that killeth me;  
When he sees me go back one foot 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, dastards! I would ne'er have fled,  
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

*Reig.* *Salisbury* is a desp'rate 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.* *Froyfard* a countryman of ours records,  
*England* all *Olivers* 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 rascals! 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 prophesie she hath,  
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old *Rome*:  
What's past and what's to come she can descry.  
Speak, shall I call her in? believe my words,  
For they are certain and infallible.

*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.

S C E N E 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 bravely at first dash.

*Pucel.* Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,  
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art:  
Heav'n, and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd  
To shine on my contemptible estate.

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,  
 And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,  
 God's mother deign'd 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.

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

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

*Da. Then come a God's name, for I fear no wo-  
 man.*

*Pucel. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.*

*Here they fight, and Joan de Pucelle overcomes.*

*Da. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an *Amazon*,  
 And fightest with the sword of *Debora*.*

*Pucel. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.*

*Da. 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 subdu'd ;  
 Excellent *Pucelle*, if thy name be so,  
 Let me thy servant and not Sovereign be,  
 'Tis the *French Dauphin* sueth to thee thus.*

*Pucel.*

*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 ; distrustful recreants.  
Fight till the last gasp ; for I'll be your guard.

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

*Pucel.* Assign'd I am to be the *English* scourge.  
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise :

Expect Saint *Martin's* summer, *Halcyon* days,  
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.

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

With *Henry's* death the *English* circle ends,  
Dispersed are the glories it included :

Now am I like that proud insulting ship,  
Which *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 ho-  
nours,

Drive them from *Orleans*, and be immortaliz'd.

*Dau.* Presently try : come, let's away about it.

No prophet will I trust if she proves false. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E



## S C E N E 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 dunghil grooms ?

*Gloucester's men rush at the Tower gates, and  
 Woodvile the Lieutenant speaks within.*

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

*Glou.* Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear ?  
 Open the gates, here's *Glo'ster* 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 *Woodvile*, 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 ?

*Glou.* † Peel'd Priest, dost thou command me be  
shut out ?

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

*Glou.* Stand back thou manifest conspirator,  
Thou that contriv'd'st 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*

† Peel'd, alluding to his shaven crown, a metaphor from a peel'd orange.

† The publick stews 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*. *Maunder Trav.* p. 131.

\* ——— if thou wilt.

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

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

*Glou.* What ? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face ?  
Draw men for all this privileged place.  
Blue coats to tawny. Priest, beware thy beard,  
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.  
Under my feet I'll stamp thy Cardinal's hat :

*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.

*Glou.* Peace Mayor, for thou know'st little of my wrongs :

Here's *Beauford* that regards not God nor King,  
Hath here distrain'd the *Tower* to his use.

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

*Glou.* I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

*[Here they skirmish again.]*

*Mayor.* Nought rests 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 spite of Pope or dignities of church,  
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

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

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

Here Gloucester's

*Gloss.*

*Glou.* 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.

*Glou.* 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.*

## S C E N E 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 grate of iron bars,  
In yonder tow'r, to over-peer the city,  
And thence discover how with most advantage  
They may vex us, with shot or with assault.  
To intercept this inconvenience,  
A piece of ord'nance 'gainst it I have plac'd,  
And fully ev'n these three days have I watch'd  
If I could see them. Now, Boy, do thou watch.

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

[Exit.

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

## S C E N E 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 *Ponton de Santraile*,  
For him was I exchange'd and ransomed.  
But with a baser man of arms by far,  
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:  
Which I disdain'd scorn'd; and craved death,  
Rather than I would be so vilde 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 grisly countenance made others fly,  
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.  
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure:  
So great a fear my name amongst them spread,  
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,

And

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 Glansdale*,

Let me have your express opinions,

Where is best place to make our batt'ry next ?

*Gar.* I think at the north gate, for there stand lords.

*Glan.* And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

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

[*Here they shoot, 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 crost 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 battels *Salisbury* o'ercame :

*Henry* the Fifth he first train'd to the wars.

Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.

Yet liv'st thou, *Salisbury* ? 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.

Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.

*Sir Thomas Gargrave*, hast thou any life?

Speak unto *Talbot*, nay look up to him.

O *Salisb'ry*, 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'ns?

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 dastard *Frenchmen* dare.

[*Alarum.* [Exit.

## S C E N E 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 *Pussel*, *Dolphin* or *Dog-fish*,

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my *Horses* heels,

And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.

Convey brave, &c.

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

*Pucel.* Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.  
[*They fight.*\*

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

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

*Tal.* My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel.  
I know not where I am, nor what I do:  
A witch, by fear not force, like *Hannibal*  
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:  
So Bees with smoak, and Doves with noisom 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 soil, give Sheep in Lions stead:  
Sheep run not half so d<sup>d</sup>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 strumpet.

*Pucel.* *Talbot* farewell, &c. <sup>d</sup> *treacherous.*

Or



Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,  
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*  
It will not be: retire into your trenches:  
You all consented unto *Salisbury's* death,  
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.

*Pucelle* is enter'd into *Orleans*,  
In spite of us, or ought that we could do,  
O would I were to die with *Salisbury*!  
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.*

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

*Dau.* Divinest creature, bright *Astrea's* daughter,  
How shall I honour thee for this success!

Thy promises are like *Adonis's* 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 blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

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

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

*Dau.* '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 *Rhodes's* or *Memphis* ever was!

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 *Joan la Pucelle* shall be *France's* Saint.  
 Come in, and let us banquet royally,  
 After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

*Continues in Orleans.*

*Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.*

SERJEANT.



IRS 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 darknes, rain and cold.

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

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

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

*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.

[Cry, *St. George!* *A Talbot!*]

## S C E N E II.

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

*Alan.* How now, my lords? what all unready so?

*East.* Unready? I am glad we 'scap'd so well.

*Reig.*

*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'ns 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?  
Improvident soldiers, had your watch been good,  
This sudden mischief never could have faln.

*Char.* Duke of *Alanfon*, 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 centinels.

Then how or which way should they first break in?

*Pucel.* Question, my lord, no further of the case,  
How or which way; 'tis sure they found some part  
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:  
And now there rests no other shift but this,

To gather soldiers, scatter'd and disperst,  
And lay new platforms to endamage them. [Exit.

## S C E N E 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 sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. [Retreat.

*Tal.* Bring forth the body of old *Salisbury*,  
And here advance it in the market place,  
The middle centre of this cursed town.  
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul.  
For ev'ry drop of blood was drawn from him,  
There have at least five *Frenchmen* dy'd to-night.  
And that hereafter ages may behold  
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,  
Within the chiefest temple I'll erect  
A tomb, wherein his corps shall be interr'd:  
Upon the which, that every one may read,  
Shall be engrav'd the sack of *Orleans*,  
The treach'rous manner of his mournful death,  
And what a terror he had been to *France*.  
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,  
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,  
His new-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.

*Bur.*

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

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

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

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

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

*Tal.* 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 welcomest 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.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*The Countess of Auvergne's Castle.**Enter the Countess and her Porter.*

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

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

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

*Enter Messenger and Talbot.*

*Mess.* Madam, according as your ladyship  
By message 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 writhled 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 sort some other time to visit you.

*Count.*

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

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

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

*Enter Porter with keys.*

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

*Tal.* Pris'ner? to whom?

*Count.* To me, blood-thirsty lord :  
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.  
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,  
For in my gallery thy picture hangs :  
But now the substance shall endure the like,  
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,  
That hast by tyranny these many years  
Wasted 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 least proportion of humanity :  
I tell you, Madam, were the whole frame here,  
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,  
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

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

*Tal.* That will I shew you presently.



*Winds 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 yoaaketh 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.]*

## S C E N E V.

*Changes to London, in the Temple garden.*

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

*Plan.* **G**reat lords and gentlemen, what means this  
silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

*Suf.* Within the Temple-hall we were too loud,  
The garden here is more convenient.

*Plan.* Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth :  
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 quilllets 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 pur-blind eye may find it out.

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

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

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

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

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

*Ver.* Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more ;  
'Till you conclude that he upon whoſe ſide  
The feweſt roſes are crop'd from the tree,  
Shall yield tite other in the right opinion.

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

*Plan.* And I.

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

*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,  
Lest 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,  
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

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

*Plan.* Now by this maiden——

I scorn thee and thy <sup>a</sup> passion, peevish boy.

*Suf.* Turn not thy scorns this way, *Plantagenet*.

*Plan.* Proud *Pool*, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

*Suf.* I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

*Som.* Away, away, good *William de la 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 attainted,

Corrupted 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 attainted,  
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor ;  
And that I'll prove on better men than *Somerſet* ;  
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker *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.

*Suf.* Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition :

And ſo farewel until I meet thee next.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>a</sup> *faſhion.*

*Som.* Have with thee, *Pool*: farewell, ambitious  
*Richard.* [Exit.

*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 *Somerfet* 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. \*

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and jailors.*

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

These

\*—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.

S C E N E—

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 witting I no other comfort have.

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ?

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

*Mor.* Enough ; my soul then shall be satisfy'd.  
 Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.  
 Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to reign,  
 (Before whose glory I was great in arms,)  
 This loathsom 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 dismiss 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 ease I'll tell thee my displeasure.

This

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

*Mor.* This cauſe, fair nephew, that imprifon'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 *Piercies* 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 *Lyone!* Duke of *Clarence*, the third ſon  
 To the Third *Edward* ; whereas *Bolingbroke*  
 From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his pedigree,  
 Being but the fourth of that heroick line.  
 But mark ; as in this haughty great attempt  
 They labour'd 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 prosp'rous 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 sort.

And



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 th' advantage of my good. [Exit.



## A C T III. S C E N E I.

### *The Parliament.*

*Flourish.* Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloucester, Winchester, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, and Richard Plantagenet. Gloucester offers to put up a bill: Winchester ſnatches it, and tears it.

#### WINCHESTER.



COM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,  
 With written pamphlets ſtudiously devis'd?  
*Humphrey* of *Gloſter*, 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 can'ſt object:

*Gloſt.* 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 leud, peſtif'rous, and diſſentious 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 Sovereign is not quite exempt  
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

*Win. Glo'ster* I do defie thee. Lords, vouchsafe  
 To give me hearing what I shall reply.  
 If I were covetous, perverse, ambitious,  
 As he will have me; how am I so poor?  
 How haps it then I seek not to advance  
 Or raise my self? but keep my wonted calling.  
 And for 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————

*Glou.* As good?

Thou bastard of my grandfather.

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

*Glou.* Am not I then Protector, sawcy priest?

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

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

*Win.* Unrev'rend *Glo'ster*.

*Glou.* 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.

*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 fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

*Som.* Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

*War.* State holy or unhallow'd, what of that ?  
Is not his grace Protector to the King ?

*Rich. Plantagenet* I see must hold his tongue,  
Lest 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 *Glo'ster* and of *Winchester*,  
The special watchmen of our *English* weal ;  
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,  
To join your hearts in love and amity.  
Oh what a scandal is it to our crown,  
That two such noble peers as ye should jar !  
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell  
Civil dissention is a vip'rous worm,  
That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.

[ *A noise within ; Down with the tawny coats.*

*K. Henry.* What tumult's this ?

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

[ *A noise again, Stones, Stones.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Mayor.*

*Mayor.* Oh my good lords, and virtuous *Henry*,  
Pity the city *London*, pity us,  
The Bishop and the Duke of *Glo'ster's* men,  
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,  
Have fill'd their pockets full of peble 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 :

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.

*[Skirmish again.]*

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

*3 Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man  
Just and upright ; and for your royal birth  
Inferior to none but to his Majesty :

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.]*

*Glou.* 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 *Winchester*, behold  
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent ?  
Who should be pitiful, if you be not ?  
Or who should study to prefer a peace,  
If holy churchmen take delight in broils ?

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

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

*Glou.*

*Glow.* 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 dissention 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 sinews 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 sucking babe;  
 That *Henry* born at *Monmouth* should win all,  
 And *Henry* born at *Windsor* should lose all:  
 Which is so plain, that *Exeter* doth wish  
 His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Changes to Roan in France.*

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

*Pucel.* **T**HES E 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.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,  
And we be lords and rulers over *Roan*,  
Therefore we'll knock.

[Knocks.]

*Watch.* *Qui va la?*

*Pucel.* *Paisans pauvres gens de France.*  
Poor market folks that come to 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 Alanfon.*

*Dau.* *St. Dennis* blefs this happy stratagem,  
And once again we'll sleep secure in *Roan*.

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

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

*Enter 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 *Talbonites*.

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

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

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

[An alarm, Talbot in an excursion]

*Tal.* *France*, thou ſhalt rue this treason with thy  
tears,

If *Talbot* but ſurvive thy treachery.

*Pucelle*, that witch, that damned forcereſs,

Hath

Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,  
That hardly we escap'd the pride of *France*.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

*An alarm: Excursions. Bedford brought in sick in a chair. Enter Talbot and Burgundy without; within Joan la Pucelle, Dauphin, Bastard, 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 curtizan:  
I trust ere long to choak thee with thine own,  
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

*Das.* 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 counsel.*

God speed the parliament; who shall be the speaker?

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

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

*Tal.* I speak not to that railing *Hecate*,  
But unto thee, *Alanson*, 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 goodness by his looks.  
God be wi'you, my lord : we came Sir but to tell you  
That we are here. [Exit 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 *Cœurdelion's* heart was buried ;  
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

*Burg.* My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

*Tal.* But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,  
The valiant Duke of *Bedford* : come my lord,  
We will bestow you in some better place,  
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

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

*Burg.* Courageous *Bedford*, let us now persuade you.

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

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

[Exit.



*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.

[*Exit.*

*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.*

## S C E N E 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.

Now

† 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 Shakespear before *Hen. 4.* or *Hen. 5.* See the last lines of *Hen. 5.*

# King HENRY VI.

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Now where's the bastard's braves, and *Charles* his  
† glikes?

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 couched 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 rul'd.

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

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

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

† glikes or scoffs.

*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.

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

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

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

[*Drum beats afar off.*

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

[*Here beat an English march.*

There goes the *Talbot* with his colours spread,  
And all the troops of *English* after him. [*French march.*  
Now in the 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.*

## S C E N E VIII.

*Enter the Duke of Burgundy marching.*

*Dau.* A parley with the Duke of *Burgundy*.

*Burg.* Who craves a parley with the *Burgundy* ?

*Pucel.* The Princely *Charles* of *France*, thy country-  
man.

*Burg.* What say'st thou, *Charles* ? for I am march-  
ing hence.

*Dau.* Speak *Pucelle*, and enchant him with thy words.

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

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

*Pucel.* Look on thy country, look on fertile *France*,  
And see the cities and the towns defac'd  
By 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 unnat'ral wounds,  
 Which thou thy self hast giv'n her woful breast.  
 Oh turn thy edged sword another way,  
 Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help :  
 One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom  
 Should grieve thee more than streams of common gore ;  
 Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,  
 And wash away thy country's stained spots.

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

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

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

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

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

fresh.

C 3

*Bas.*

*Bast.* 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.*]

## S C E N E IX.

P A R I S.

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

*Tal.* **M**Y 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 sev'n walled towns of strength,  
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem:  
Lets fall the sword before your highness' feet:  
And with submissive loyalty of heart  
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,  
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

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

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

*K. Henry.* Welcome brave captain and victorious  
lord.

When I was young (as yet I am not old)  
I do remember how my father said,  
A stout champion never handled sword.  
Long since we were resolved of your truth,  
Your faithful service and your toil in war;  
Yet never have you tasted our reward,

Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,  
 Because 'till now we never saw your face :  
 Therefore stand up, and for these good deserts,  
 We here create you Earl of *Shrewsbury*,  
 And in our coronation take your place. [Exeunt.]

*Manent* Vernon and Basset.

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

*Bas.* Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage  
 The envious barking of your sawcy tongue  
 Against the Duke of *Somerfet*.

*Ver.* Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

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

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

[Strikes him.]

*Bas.* Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such  
 That whoso 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.*

G L O U C E S T E R.



ORD Bishop, set the crown upon his head.

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

*Gloss.* 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*.

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

When.

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

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?

*Glou.* To say the truth, this fact was infamous,  
 And ill beseeming 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 extreams.  
 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 wast a Knight;  
 Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.

[Exit Falstaff.]

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

*Glou.* What means his grace that he hath chang'd his  
 stile?

No more but plain and bluntly, *To the King*. [Reading].  
 Hath he forgot he is his Sovereign?  
 Or doth this churlish superscription  
 Portend some alteration in good will?

What's here? *I have upon especial cause,* [Reads].  
*Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,*

C &

Together



*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 still

You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit Talbot.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Vernon and Basset.*

*Ver.* Grant me the combat, gracious Sovereign,

*Bas.* And me my lord, grant me the combat too.

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

*Scm.* 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,*

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

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

*Bas.* Crossing the sea from *England* into *France*,  
This fellow here with sharp and carping tongue  
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;  
Saying the sanguine colour of the leaves  
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks;  
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth  
About a certain question in the law,  
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of *York* and him;  
With other vile and ignominious terms,  
In confutation 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 flow'r  
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

*York.* Will not this malice, *Somerfet*, 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 brain-  
sick men!

When for so slight and frivolous a cause  
Such factious emulations shall arise!

Good cousins both of *York* and *Somerfet*,  
Quiet your selves and be again at peace.

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

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

*York.* There is my pledge, accept it *Somerfet*.

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

*Bas.* Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

*Glou.* 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 perswade 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 rose,  
 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 discretions better can perswade,  
 Than I am able to instruct or teach :

And therefore as we hither came in peace,  
 So let us still continue peace and love.

Cousin of *York*, we institute your grace  
 To be our Regent in these parts of *France* :

And

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 chearfully 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*, *Alançon*, 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.* Tush, 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. [Exit.]

*Flourish.* *Manet* Exeter.

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

S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

## B O U R D E A U X.

*Enter Talbot with trumpets, and drum.*

*Tal.* **G**O to the gates of *Bordeaux*, trumpeter,  
Summon their general unto the wall. [*Sounds*]

*Enter General aloft.*

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

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

Upon no christian soul but *English Talbot*.  
 Lo there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,  
 Of an invincible, unconquer'd spirit :  
 This is the latest glory of thy praise,  
 That I thy enemy dew thee withal ;  
 For ere the glass that now begins to run  
 Finish the proces 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 horsemen, 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! [Exit.

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.

## S C E N E IV.

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

*York.* **A**R E 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 *Somerfet*,  
That thus delays my promised supply  
Of horsemen 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 *Somerfet*, who in proud heart  
Doth stop my cornets, were in *Talbot's* place:  
So should we save a valiant gentleman  
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward:

Mad

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 *Somerfet*.

*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 sundred friends greet in the hour of death.  
*Lucy* farewell, no more my fortune can,  
But curse the cause, I cannot aid the man.

*Maine, Bloys, Poictiers, and Tours* are won away ;  
Long all of *Somerfet*, and his delay.

[*Exit.*]

*Mess.* Thus while the vulture of sedition,  
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,  
Sleeping neglection 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.*]

## S C E N E 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 gen'ral force  
Might with a sally of the very town  
Be buckled with. The over-daring *Talbot*  
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,  
By this unheedful, desp'rate, 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 assailing 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*,  
*Alanson*, *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 entrapt 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 horsemen strait:  
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

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

† *Whither my Lord?*

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.*]

## S C E N E VI.

Near B O U R D E A U X.

*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 sapless age and weak unable limbs  
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.  
But, O malignant and ill-boading stars!  
Now art thou come unto a feast of death,  
A terrible and unavoyded danger.  
Therefore, dear boy, mount on thy swiftest horse,  
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape  
By sudden flight. Come dally not, be gone.

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

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

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

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

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

You

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

*Tal.* Shall all thy mother's hopes lye in one tomb?

*John.* Ay rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

*Tal.* Upon my blessing I command thee go.

*John.* To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

*Tal.* Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

*John.* No part of him but will be shame in me.

*Tal.* Thou never hadst renown, and canst not lose it.

*John.* Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?

*Tal.* Thy father's charge shall clear thee from the 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, your self in twain divide:

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

For live I will not; if my father die.

*Tal.* Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,  
 Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon:

Come, side by side together live and die,

And soul with soul from *France* to heav'n shall fly.

[*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

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 mis-begotten blood I spill of thine,  
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,  
Which thou didst force from *Talbot*, my brave boy——  
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,  
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,  
Art not thou weary, *John*? how dost thou fare ?  
Wilt thou yet leave the battel, boy, and fly ?  
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry ?  
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead ;  
The help of one stands me in little stead.  
Oh too much folly is it, well I wot,  
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.  
If I to-day die not with *Frenchmen's* rage,  
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age.  
By me they nothing gain ; and if I stay,  
'Tis but the shortning of my life one day.  
In thee thy mother dies, our 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 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 desp'rate Sire of *Creet*,  
 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.*

## S C E N E VII.

*Alarm. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.*

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

*Enter John Talbot, borne.*

*Serv.* O my dear lord ! lo where your son is borne.

*Tal.* Thou antick death, which laugh'ft 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, Alanfon, Burgundy, Bastard, and Pucelle.*

C H A R L E S.



A D *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

To

\*——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 † giglot wench.  
So left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

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

*Bast.* 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'st 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 *Washford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,  
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*;  
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,  
Lord *Cromwel* of *Wingfield*, lord *Furnival* of *Sheffield*,  
The thrice victorious lord of *Falconbridge*,  
Knight of the noble order of *St. George*,  
Worthy *St. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,  
Great Marshal to our King *Henry* the Sixth  
Of all his wars within the realm of *France*.

*Pucel.* Here is a filin: stately stile indeed:  
The *Turk* that two and fifty kingdoms hath,  
Writes not so tedious a stile as this.  
Him that thou magnify'st with all these titles,  
Stinking and fly-blown lyes nere at our feet.

† giglot, a Drab, Strumpet.

*Lucy.* Is *Talbot* slain, the *Frenchmens* only scourge,  
Your kingdom's terrour 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 befeems 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 putrifie 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* afear'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.]

S C E N E II.

*Changes to England.*

*Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Exeter.*

*K. Henry.* H A V E 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 stablish quietness on ev'ry side.



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

*Gloss.* Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect  
And surer 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 siter 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 sev'ral suits  
Have been consider'd and debated on:  
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;  
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd  
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,  
Which by my lord of *Winchester* we mean  
Shall be transported presently to *France*.

*Gloss.* 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*

And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded,  
And safely brought to *Dover*, where inshipp'd  
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. [Exeunt.]

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

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

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

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

S C E N E III.

F R A N C E.

Enter *Dauphin*, *Burgundy*, *Alançon*, *Bastard*, *Reignier*,  
and *Joan la Pucelle*.

*Dau.* THIS news, my lords, may cheer our droop-  
ing 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,  
Else Ruin combat with their palaces.

Enter *Scout*.

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

*Dau.* What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee speak.

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

*Day.* 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 † periapts ;  
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,  
And give me signs of future accidents : [Thunder.  
You speedy helpers that are substitutes  
Under the lordly monarch of the North,  
Appear, and aid me in this 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'rful regions under earth,  
Help me this once, that *France* may get the field.  
[*They walk, and speak not.*

Oh hold me not with silence over long :  
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,  
I'll lop a member off, and give it you  
In earnest of a further benefit :  
So 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 weid'ow, to sowe. Ezek.*  
xiii. 18. Woe to them that sowe pillows to all armholes,  
to hunt souls.

Cannot

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 forsake 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. [*Exit.*

*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.

*Pucel.* 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.

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

*York.* Fell banning hag, inchantress hold thy tongue.

*Pucel.* I pr'ythee give me leave to curse a-while.

*York.* Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the  
 stake. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E 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,

And lay them gently on thy tender side.

Who art thou? say; that I may honour thee.

*Mar.* *Margaret* my name, and daughter to a King,  
The King of *Naples*, whose'er thou art.

*Suf.* An Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.  
Be not offended, nature's miracle,  
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:  
So doth the Swan her downy 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 counterfeited beam,  
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.  
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:  
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.  
Fie, *De la Pole*, disable not thy self:  
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy pris'ner?  
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?  
Oh, beauty's princely majesty is such,  
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

*Mar.* 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 tryal of her love? [Aside.]

*Mar.* 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.]

*Mar.* Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no?

*Suf.* Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,  
Then how can *Margaret* be thy paramour? [Aside.]

*Mar.* 'Twere best to leave him, for he will not hear.

*Suf.* There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

*Mar.* He talks at random; sure the man is mad.

*Suf.* And yet a dispensation may be had.

*Mar.* And yet I would that you would answer me.

*Suf.*

*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 inthrall'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 courtesie.

*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,

D 4

If

\* 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.

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.

## S C E N E V.

*Sound.* Enter *Reignier* on the walls:

*Suf.* See, *Reignier*, see, thy daughter prisoner.

*Reig.* To whom?

*Suf.* To me.

*Reig.* *Suffolk*, what remedy?

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

*Suf.* Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:  
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 easie-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.

*Trumpets*

*Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.*

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

*Suf.* Thanks, *Reignier*, happy in so sweet a child,  
Fit to be made companion of a King:

What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

*Reig.* Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,  
To be the Princely bride of such a lord:

Upon condition I may quietly  
Enjoy mine own, the country *Maine* and *Anjou*,  
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,  
My daughter shall be *Henry's*, if he please.

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

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

*Suf.* *Reignier* of *France*, I give thee kingly thanks,  
Because this is in traffick of a King.

And yet methinks I could be well content  
To be mine own attorney in this case.

[*Aside.*

I'll over then to *England* with this News,  
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:  
So farewell *Reignier*, set this diamond safe  
In golden palaces as it becomes.

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

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

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

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

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



*Mar.* Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,  
Never yet taint with love I 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 wert thou for my self—but *Suffolk* stay,  
Thou may'st 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 nat'ral graces that extinguish art;  
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,  
That when thou com'st to kneel at *Henry's* feet,  
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[Exeunt.]

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter York, Warwick, a Shepherd, and Pucelle.*

*York.* BRING forth that forceress 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 descended 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 beget 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.* Fie *Joan*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:  
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,

And

And for thy sake have I shed many a tear ;  
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan*.

*Pucel.* Peasant, avaunt. You have suborn'd this man  
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

*Shep.* 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,  
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.  
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.  
Wilt thou not stoop? now cursed be the time  
Of thy nativity; I would the milk

Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,  
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake ;

Or else when thou did'st keep my lambs a-field,  
I wish some rav'nous 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 vitious qualities.

*Pucel.* 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 inspiration of celestial grace,  
To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits.  
But you that are polluted with your lusts,  
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,  
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,  
Because you want the grace that others have,  
You judge it streight 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 rig'rously effus'd,  
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heav'n.

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

*War.* And heark ye, Sirs, because she is a maid,  
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow :

Place pitchy barrels on the fatal stake,  
That so her torture may be shortened.

*Pucel.* Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?  
Then *Joan* discover thine infirmity,  
That warranteth by law 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 *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevail'd.

*War.* A married man! that's most intolerable.

*York.* Why here's a girl; I think she knows not well  
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.

*War.* It's sign she had been liberal and free.

*York.* And yet forsooth she is a virgin pure.  
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee,  
Use no intreaty, for it is in vain.

*Pucel.* Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my  
curse.

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

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

S C E N E

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\* *York.* *Alanson*! that notorious *Machiavel*!  
It dies—

## SCENE VII.

*Enter Cardinal of Winchester.*

*Car.* Lord Regent, I do greet your excellence  
With letters of commission from the King.  
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,  
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,  
Have earnestly implor'd a 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, falshood, 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 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  
 Of more than half the *Gallian* territories,  
 And therein rev'renc'd for their lawful King.  
 Shall I for lucre of the rest un-vanquish'd,  
 Detract so much from that prerogative,  
 As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole ?  
 No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep  
 That which I have, than coveting for more  
 Be cast from possibility of all.

*York*. Insulting *Charles*, 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 it be neglected, ten to one  
 We shall not find like opportunity.

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

[*Aside to the Dauphin.*  
*War.*

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

*Char.* It shall:

Only reserv'd you claim no interest  
In any of our towns of garrison.

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

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S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to England.*

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

*K. Henry.* YOUR wond'rous rare description, noble Earl,  
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:  
Her virtues graced with external gifts,  
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart.  
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts  
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,  
So am I driv'n by breath of her renown,  
Either to suffer shipwrack, or arrive  
Where I may have fruition of her love.

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

So full repleat 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 lists  
 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 kinsman unto *Charles*.

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

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

*Henry* is able to enrich his Queen,  
 And not to seek a Queen to make him rich.  
 So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,  
 As market-men for Oxen, Sheep or Horse,  
 But marriage is a matter of more worth,  
 Than to be dealt in by attorneyship :

Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,  
 Must be companion of his nuptial bed.  
 And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,  
 It most of all these reasons bindeth us;  
 In our opinions she should be preferr'd;  
 For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,  
 An age of discord and continual strife?  
 Whereas the contrary bringeth forth blifs,  
 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 attaint  
 With any passion of inflaming love,  
 I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,  
 I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,  
 Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,  
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.  
 Take therefore shipping; post, my lord, to *France*,  
 Agree to any covenants, and procure  
 That lady *Marg'ret* do vouchsafe to come  
 To cross the seas to *England*, and be crown'd  
 King *Henry's* faithful and anointed Queen.  
 For your expences and sufficient charge,  
 Among the people gather up a tenth.  
 Be gone, I say; for till you do return,  
 I am perplexed with a thousand cares.  
 And you, good uncle, banish all offence:



If you do censure me, by what you were,  
Not what you are, I know it will excuse  
This sudden execution of my will.

And so conduct me, where from company  
I may revolve and ruminatè my grief.

[Exit.

*Gloss.* 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.





*P. Fournier sculp.*

*1. 5 p. 21.*

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The SECOND PART of

H E N R Y

T H E

S I X T H.

With the DEATH of the

Good Duke *HUMPHRY*.

---

# Dramatis Personæ.

K I N G Henry VI.

Humphry Duke of Gloucester,  
Cardinal Beaufort, Bp. of Winchester, } Uncles to the King,  
Duke of York, pretending to the Crown.

Duke of Buckingham,  
Duke of Somerset, } Of the King's Party.  
Duke of Suffolk,

Earl of Salisbury, } Of the York Faction.  
Earl of Warwick, }

Lord Clifford, of the King's Party.

Lord Say.

Lord Scales, Governor of the Tower.

Sir Humphry Stafford.

Young Stafford, his Brother.

Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.

Young Clifford, Son to the Lord Clifford.

Edward Plantagenet, } Sons to the Duke of York.  
Richard Plantagenet, }

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 Dutchess of  
Gloucester.

Wife o' 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.*

S U F F O L K.

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

The

† *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.*

94 *The Second Part of*

The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaine, Alanson,  
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 repleat with thankfulness :  
For thou hast giv'n me, in this beauteous face,  
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

*Q. Mar. Great King of England,* and my gracious  
lord,  
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,  
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,  
In courtly company, or at my beads,  
With you mine alder-lieft 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 wondring, 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 Marg'ret, England's hap-  
piness.*

*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 Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England, ere the thirteenth of May next ensuing.*

*Item. That the dutchy of Anjou, and the county of Main, shall be released and delivered to the King her father.* [Lets fall the paper.

*K. Henry. Uncle, how now ?*

*Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord, Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart, And dimn'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.*

*K. Henry. Uncle of Winchester, I pray read on.*

*Win. Item, That the Dutchies of Anjou and Main shall be released and delivered to the King her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.*

*K. Henry. They please us well. Lord Marquis, kneel you down ;*

*We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,  
And girt thee with the sword. Cousin of York,  
We here discharge your grace from being regent  
I'th' parts of France, till term of eighteen months  
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,  
Glo'ster, York, Buckingham, and Somerset,  
Salisbury and Warwick,*

*We thank you all for this great favour done,  
In entertainment to my princely Queen.*

*Come, let us in, and with all speed provide  
To see her coronation be perform'd.*

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*

S C E N E

## S C E N E 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*,  
 Receiv'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 awe  
 And was his highness in his infancy  
 Crowned in *Paris*, in despite of foes?  
 And shall these labours and these honours die?  
 Shall *Henry's* conquest, *Bedford's* vigilance,  
 Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die!  
 O peers of *England*, shameful is this league,  
 Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,  
 Blotting your names from books of memory,  
 Rasing the characters of your renown,  
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd *France*,  
 Undoing all, as all had never been.

*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?

This peroration with such circumstances?  
 For *France*, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.



*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 roaft,  
Hath giv'n the dutchy of *Anjou* and *Maine*  
Unto the poor King *Reignier*, whose large ftyle  
Agrees not with the leanefs of his purfe.

*Sal.* Now by the death of him who dy'd for all,  
Thefe counties were the Keys of *Normandy* :  
But wherefore weeps *Warwick*, my valiant fon ?

*War.* For grief that they are paff recovery.  
For were there hope to conquer them again,  
My fword fhould fhed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.

*Anjou* and *Maine* ! my felf did win them both :  
Thofe provinces thefe arms of mine did conquer.  
And are the cities that I got with wounds,  
Delivered up again with peaceful words ? \*

*York.* France fhould 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 fums 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 jeft, and never heard before,  
That *Suffolk* fhould demand a whole fifteenth,  
For coft and charges in transporting her :  
She fhould have ftaid in *France*, and ftarv'd in *France*,  
Before ———

*Car.* My lord of *Glo'fter*, now ye grow too hot :  
It was the pleasure of my lord the King.

*Glo.* My lord of *Wincheft*er, I know your mind.  
'Tis not my fpeeches that you do milike,  
But 'tis my prefence that doth trouble you.

V O L. V.

E

Rancour

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\* ——— peaceful words ?

*York.* For *Suffolk's* Duke, may he be fuffocate,  
That dims the honour of this warlike Ifle :  
*France* fhould, &c.

Rancour will out, proud Prelate ; in thy face  
I see thy fury : if I longer stay,  
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.

Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,  
I prophesy'd, *France* will be lost ere long.

[Exit.

*Car.* So, there goes our Protector in a rage :  
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy ;  
Nay more, an enemy unto you all,  
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.  
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,  
And heir apparent to the *English* crown.

Had *Henry* got an empire by his marriage,  
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,  
There's 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,  
*Jesus* maintain your royal excellence,

Wish, *God* preserve the good Duke *Humphry* :  
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,  
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

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

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

[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,  
Despight Duke *Humphry*, or the Cardinal.

[Ex. Buckingham and Somerset.

*Sal.* Pride went before, Ambition follows him.  
While these do labour for their own preferment,  
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw but *Humphry* Duke of *Glo'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.*]

E 2

SCENE

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\* —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.

## S C E N E III.

*Manet York.*

*York.* *Anjou* and *Maine* are given to the *French*,  
*Paris* is lost, the state of *Normandy*  
 Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone :  
*Suffolk* concluded on the articles,  
 The peers agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd  
 To change two dukedoms for a Duke's fair daughter.  
 I cannot blame them all, what is't to them ?  
 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.  
 Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pillage,  
 And purchase friends and give to 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 shar'd, 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 *Althea* burnt,  
 Unto the prince's heart of *Calidon*.

*Anjou* and *Maine* both given unto the *French* !  
 Cold news for me : for I had hope of *France*,  
 Ev'n as I have of fertile *England*'s soil.  
 A day will come when *York* shall claim his own,  
 And therefore I will take the *Nevills* parts,  
 And make a shew of love to proud Duke *Humphry* ;  
 And when I spy advantage, claim the crown ;  
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.  
 Nor shall proud *Lancaster* usurp my right,  
 Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,  
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,  
 Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.

Then

Then *York* be still a while, till time do serve :  
 Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,  
 To pry into the secrets of the state ;  
 Till *Henry* surfeiting in joys of love,  
 With his new bride, and *England's* dear bought Queen,  
 And *Humphry* with the peers be fall'n at jars.  
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,  
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd ;  
 And in my standard bear the arms of *York*,  
 To grapple with the house of *Lancaster* ;  
 And force perforce I'll make him yield the crown,  
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair *England* down.  
 [Exit *York*.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Duke Humphry, and his Wife Eleanor.*

*Elean.* WHY droops my lord, like over-ripen'd  
 corn  
 Hanging the head with *Ceres'* plenteous load ?  
 Why doth the great Duke *Humphry* knit his brows,  
 As frowning at the favours of the world ?  
 Why are thine eyes fixt to the 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

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 *Gloster's* grove,

Shall lose his head for his presumption.

But list 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?

Hast 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*

*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'ster* bears this base and humble mind.  
Were I a man, a Duke, and next of blood,  
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,  
And smooth my way upon their headless necks.  
And being a woman, I will not be slack  
To play my part in fortune's pageant.  
Where are you there ? Sir *John* ; nay fear not, man,  
We are alone, here's none but thee and I.

*Enter Hume.*

*Hume.* Jesus preserve your Royal Majesty.

*Elean.* What say'st thou ? Majesty ? I am but Grace.

*Hume.* But by the grace of God, and *Hume's* ad-  
vice,

Your grace's title shall be multiply'd.

*Elean.* What say'st thou, man ? hast thou as yet con-  
ferr'd

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 high-  
ness

A Spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,

That shall make answer to such questions

As by your grace shall be propounded him.

*Elean.* It is enough, I'll think upon the questions :

When from St. *Albans* we do make return,

We'll see those things effected to the full.

Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry, man,  
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit 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 fies 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 buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say, a crafty knave does need no broker ;

Yet am I *Suffolk's* and the Cardinal's broker.

*Hume*, if you take not heed, you shall go near

To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.

Well, so it stands ; and thus I fear at last,

*Hume's* knavery will be the Dutchess' wrack,

And her attainure will be *Humphry's* fall :

Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[*Exit.*

## S C E N E V.

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

1 *Pet.* MY masters, let's stand close, my lord Pro-  
tector will come this way by and by, and  
then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

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

*Enter*



*Enter Suffolk, and Queen.*

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

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

*Suf.* How now, fellow would'st any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray my lord, pardon me, I took ye for my lord Protector.

Q. *Mar.* To my Lord Protector? [*reading*] Are your supplications to his lordship? let me see them; what is shine?

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.

*Suf.* Thy wife too? that's some wrong indeed. What's yours? what's here? [*Reads.*] *Against the Duke of Suffolk, for inclosing the Commons of Melford.* How now, Sir Knave?

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 *Glo'ster'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 Marias* on his beads;  
 His champions are the prophets and apostles,  
 His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,  
 His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves  
 Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.  
 I would the college of the Cardinals  
 Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to *Rome*,  
 And set the triple crown upon his head;  
 That were a state fit for his holiness.

*Szf.* 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.

*Szf.* 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

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 list 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.

## S C E N E VI.

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

*K. Henry.* For my part, noble Lords, I care not  
 which,

Or *Somerfet*, 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.

*Sam.* If *Somerfet* 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, *Warwick*.

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

*Sal.* Peace, son; and shew some reason, *Buckingham*;  
Why *Somerjet* should be preferr'd in this?

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

*Glo.* Madam, the King is old enough himself  
To give 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.

*Sis.* 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 sov'raignty.

*Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd, the clergy's  
bags

Are lank and lean with thy extortions:

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

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

*Q. Mar.* Thy sale of offices and towns in *France*,  
If they were known, as the suspect is great,  
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit Glo.*

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

[*She gives the dutchess a box on the ear.*

I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?

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

*K. Henry.* Sweet aunt, be quiet, 'twas against her  
will.

*Elean.* Against her will, good King? look to't in  
time,

She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby:  
Though in this place most Master wears no breeches,

*She:*

She shall not strike dame *Eleanor* unrevenged.

[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*.

## S C E N E VII.

*Re-enter Duke Humphry.*

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

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

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

*Enter Horner the Armorer, and his Man Peter.*

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

*York.* Doth any one accuse *York* for a traitor ?

*K. Henry.* What mean'st thou, *Suffolk* ? tell me,  
what are these ?

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

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

*Arm.* An't shall please your Majesty, I never said nor  
thought any such matter ; God is my witness, I am  
falsly 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'r-  
ing my lord of *York*'s armour.

*York.* Base dunghil 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 witness of this ; therefore I beseech your Majesty,  
do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusa-  
tion.

*K. Henry.* Uncle, what shall we say to this in law ?

*Gls.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge :  
Let *Somerfet* be Regent o'er the *French*,  
Because in *York* this breeds suspicion.

And let these have a day appointed them  
For single combat in convenient place ;  
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.

This is the law, and this Duke *Humphry*'s doom.

*Som.* I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

*Arm.* And I accept the combat willingly.

*Peter*

*King* HENRY VI. III

*Peter.* Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake pity my case; the spight † of man prevaileth 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 *Somerfet*, we'll see thee sent away. [Exit.]

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S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbroke.*

*Hume.* C O M E my masters, the Dutcheſs 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 aloft, while we be busie below; and so I pray you go in god's name, and leave us. [Exit *Hume*.] Mother *Jordan*, be prostrate and grovel on the earth; *John Southwel*, read you, and let us to our work.

*Enter Eleanor above.*

*Elcan.* Well said, my masters, and welcome to all: to this geer, the sooner the better.

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

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

Spirit,

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

*Spirit. Adsum.*

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

*Spirit.* Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said, and  
done !

*Boling.* First of the King : What shall of him become ?

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

[*As the Spirit speaks they write the answer.*

*Boling.* Tell me what fates await the Duke of *Suffolk* ?

*Spirit.* By water shall he die, and take his end.

*Boling.* What shall befall the Duke of *Somerset* ?

*Spirit.* Let him shun castles,

Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

*Boling.* Descend to darkness, and the burning lake :  
False 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'st where is no cause.

*Buck.* True, madam, none at all : What call you this ?  
Away with them, let them be clap'd up close,

And kept apart. You madam shall with us.

*Stafford,* take her to thee.

We'll see your Trinkets here forth-coming all.

[*Exeunt Guards with Jordan, Southwel, &c.* \*

The

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\* — Southwel, &c.

† York.



The King is now in progress tow'rd's *St. Albans*,  
With him the husband of this lovely lady :  
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them :  
A sorry breakfast for my lord Protector.

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

*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 Æacidem Romanos vincere posse*

Well, to the rest :

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolk* ?

*By water shall he die and take his end.*

What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset* ?

*Let him shun castles,*

*Sifer 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 Faulkners hallowing.

Q. MARGARET.



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

*Glo.* Why, *Suffolk*, *England* knows thine insolence.

*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 shave your crown  
for this,

Or all my fence shall fail.

*Car.* [*Aside.*]. Protector, see to't well, protect your self.

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

How irksome is this musick to my heart?

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

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

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*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. Alban's* shrine,  
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight,  
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

*K. Henry.* Now God be prais'd, that to believing souls  
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair !

*Enter the Mayor of St. Albans, and his brethren, bearing  
Simpcox between two in a chair, Simpcox's wife fol-  
lowing.*

*Car.* Here come the townsmen on procession,  
Before your highness to present the man.

*K. Henry.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,  
Though by his sight his sin be multiply'd.

*Glo.* Stand by, my masters, bring him near the King,  
His Highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

*K. Henry.* Good-fellow, tell us here the circumstance,  
That we, for thee, may 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'st 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.*

*Queen.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

*Simp.* God knows of pure devotion, being call'd  
A hundred times and oftner, in my sleep,

By good Saint *Alban*; who said; *Simpcox*, come,  
Come offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

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

*Car.* What, art thou lame?

*Simp.* Ay, God Almighty help me.

*Suf.* How cam'st 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 would'st climb a tree?

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

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

*Glo.* Mass, 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?

*Simp.* I know not.

*Glo.* Nor his ?

*Simp.* No indeed, master.

*Glo.* What's thine own name ?

*Simp.* *Saunders Simpcox*, an if it please you, master.

*Glo.* *Saunders*, sit there, the lying'st knave in christendom!  
If thou hadst 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 beadles 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, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?

*Queen.* It made me laugh to see the villain run.

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

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

*Glo.* Let 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'ster.*

*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.*

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

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

## S C E N E IV.

*The Duke of York's Palace.*

*Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.*

*York.* **N**OW, my good lords of *Salisbury* and *War-*  
*wick,*  
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.

*Salis.* My lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

*War.* Sweet *York* begin; and if thy claim be good,  
The *Nevils* 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 *Ciarente*; 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 *Glo'ster* ;  
*William of Windsor* was the seventh and last.  
*Edward* the black Prince dy'd before his father,  
 And left behind him *Richard*, his only son,  
 Who, after *Edward* the Third's death, reign'd King,  
 Till *Henry Bolingbroke*, Duke of *Lancaster*,  
 The eldest son and heir of *John of Gaunt*,  
 Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the Fourth,  
 Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful King,  
 Sent his poor Queen to *France* from whence she came,  
 And him to *Pomfret* ; where, as all you know,  
 Harmless King *Richard* trait'rously was murther'd.

*War.* Father, the Duke hath told the truth ;  
 Thus got the house of *Lancaster* the crown.

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

*Sal.* But *William* of *Hatfield* dy'd without an heir.

*York.* The third son, Duke of *Clarence*, from whose line  
 I claim the crown, had issue *Philip*, a daughter,  
 Who married *Edmond Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.  
*Edmond* had issue, *Roger* Earl of *March* :  
*Roger* had issue, *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 Glendour*, had been King ;  
 Who kept him in captivity, till he dy'd.  
 But to the rest.

*York.* His eldest sister, *Anne*,  
 My mother, being heir unto the crown,  
 Married *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*,  
 Who was 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*.

So, if the issue of the elder son  
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

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

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

S C E N E

## SCENE V.

*Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry and state, with guard, to banish the Dutchess.*

K. Henry. **S**TAND forth, dame *Eleanor Cobham*,  
*Glo'ster'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 *Smithfie'd* 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 *Ile of Man*.

*Elean.* Welcome is exile, welconie 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 *Glo'ster*; 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 belov'd,

Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Q. Mar. I see no reason, why a King of years  
Should be to be protected like a child:

God and King *Henry* govern *England's* realm:

Give up your staff, Sir, and the King his realm.

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

*Q. Mar.* Why now is *Henry* King, and *Marg'ret* Queen,  
 And *Humphry*, Duke of *Glo'ster*, scarce himself,  
 That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;  
 His lady banish'd, and a limb lopt 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 spraves,  
 Thus *Eleanor's* pride dies in her younger days.

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

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

## S C E N E 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.

1

*3 Neigh.*

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

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

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

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

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

*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.*]

S C E N E

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Duke Humphry and his Men, in Mourning Cloaks.*

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

*Enter the 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, stir not for your lives, let her pass by.

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

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

*Elean.*

‡ i. e. *scarcely*.

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

Ah *Humphry*, can I bear this shameful yolk ?  
 Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,  
 Or count them happy that enjoy the sun ?  
 No : dark shall be my light, and night my day.  
 To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.  
 Sometime I'll say, I am Duke *Humphry's* wife,  
 And he a Prince and ruler of the land :  
 Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,  
 That he stood by, whilst I his forlorn Dutcheſs  
 Was made a wonder and a pointing stock  
 To every idle, rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame,  
 Nor stir at nothing, till the ax of death  
 Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.  
 For *Suffolk*, (he that can do all in all  
 With 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 can'st they'll tangle thee :  
 But fear thou not until thy foot be snar'd,  
 Nor ever seek prevention of thy foes,

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

<sup>a</sup> *envious.*† *harm.*

Why yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,  
 But I in danger for the breach of law.  
 Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle *Nell* :  
 I pray thee fort thy heart to patience,  
 These few days wonder will be quickly worn.

*Enter a Herald.*

*Her.* I summon your grace to his Majesty's parliament  
 holden at *Bury*, the first of this next month.

*Glo.* And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before ?  
 This is close dealing. Well, I will be there ;  
 My *Nell*, I take my leave: and master Sheriff,  
 Let not her penance exceed the King's commission.

*Sher.* And't please your grace, here my commission  
 frays :

And Sir *John Stanley* is appointed now,  
 To take her with him to the *Isle of Man*.

*Glo.* Must you, Sir *John*, protect my lady here

*Stan.* So am I giv'n in charge, may't please your grace.

*Glo.* Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray  
 You use her well; the world may laugh again,  
 And I may live to do you kindness, if  
 You do it her: and so, Sir *John*. farewell.

*Elean.* What gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?

*Glo.* 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 prythee go and take me hence,  
 I care not whither, for I beg no favour;  
 Only convey me where thou art commanded.

*Stan.* Why madam, that is to the *Isle of Man*,  
 There to be us'd according to your state.

*Elean.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:  
 And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

*Stan.* No; like a Dutchess, and Duke *Humphry*'s lady,  
 According to that state you shall be us'd.

*Elean.*



*Elean.* Sheriff fare well, and better than I fare,  
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

*Sher.* It is my office, madam, pardon me.

*Elean.* Ay, ay, farewell, thy office is discharg'd.  
Come *Stanley*, shall we go?

*Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,  
And go we to attire you for our journey.

*Elean.* My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:  
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,  
And shew itself, attire me how I can.  
Go, lead the way, I long to see my prison. [Exeunt.]



## ACT III. SCENE I.

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

K. HENRY.



Muse my lord of *Glo'ster* is not come:  
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man;  
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now:

*Q. Mar.* Can you not see? or will 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 submission:  
But meet him now, and be it in the morn  
When ev'ry one will give the time of day,  
He knits his brow and shews an angry eye,  
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,  
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 flatt'ry 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 choak the herbs for want of husbandry.  
 The reverent care I bear unto my lord  
 Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.  
 If it be fond, call it a woman's fear :  
 Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,  
 I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.  
 My lords of *Suffolk*, *Buckingham*, and *York*,  
 Reprove my allegation if you can,  
 Or else conclude my words effectual.

*Suf.* Well hath your highness seen into this Duke.  
 And had I first been put to speak my mind,  
 I think I should have told your grace's tale.  
 The Dutches, by his subornation,  
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices :  
 Or if he were not privy to those faults,  
 Yet by 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 Dutches,  
 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 Sovereign, *Glo'ster* is a man  
 Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

*Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,  
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

*York.* And did he not, in his Protectorship  
Levy great sums of mony through the realm  
For soldiers pay in *France*, and never sent it?  
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

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

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

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

*Q. Mar.* Ah! what's more dang'rous than this fond  
affiance?

Seems he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,  
For he's 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 int'rest in those territories  
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

*K. Henry.* Cold news, lord *Somerset*; but God's will  
be done.

*York.* Cold news for me: for I had hope of *France*,  
As firmly as I hope for fertile *England*  
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,  
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.

But

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

[*Aside*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glo.* All happiness unto my lord the King :  
Pardon, my Liege, that I have staid so long.

*Suf.* Nay, *Glo'ster*, 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?

*Yerk.* '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,  
Ay night by night, in studying good for *England*.  
That do it that e'er I wrested from the King,  
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,  
Be brought against me at my tryal day.  
No; many a pound of my own proper store,  
Because I would not tax the needy commons,  
Have I disbursed to the garrisons,  
And never ask'd for restitution.

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

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

*Yerk.* In your Protectorship you did devise  
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,  
That *England* was defam'd by tyranny.

*Glo.*

*Glo.* Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector  
Pity was all the fault that was in me :

For I should melt at an offender's tears,  
And lowly words were ransom for their fault :  
Unless it were a bloody murtherer,  
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,  
I never gave them 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 tryal.

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

*Glo.* Ah gracious lord, these days are dangerous :  
Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,  
And charity chac'd hence by rancor's hand ;  
Foul subornation is predominant,  
And equity exil'd your Highness' land.  
I know, their complot is to have my life :  
And if my death might make this island happy,  
And prove the period of their tyranny,  
I would expend it with all willingness.  
But mine is made the prologue to their play :  
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,  
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

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

My liefest 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 witnesses 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 coucht ?

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,

Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false ;

And well such losers may have leave to speak.

*Beck.* 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.]

### S C E N E 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 parlia-  
ment ?

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

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.

*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 wer't not madness then  
To make the fox surveyor of the fold ?  
Who being accus'd a crafty murtherer ;  
His guilt should be but idly posted 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 quilllets how to slay him :  
Be it by gians, by snares, by subtilty,  
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 so the safety of my liege.



*Suf.* Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

*Q. Mar.* And so say I.

*York.* And I : and now we three have spoke it,  
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter a Post.*

*Post.* Great lords, from *Ireland* am I come amain,  
To signifie that rebels there are up,  
And put the *Englishmen* unto the sword :  
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,  
Before the wound do grow incurable ;  
For being green, there is great hope of help.

*Car.* 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 ſtaid in *France* ſo long.

*York.* No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done :  
I rather would have loſt my life betimes,  
Than bring a burthen of diſhonour home,  
By ſtaying there ſo long, till all were loſt.  
Shew me one ſcar character'd on thy ſkin :  
Mens fleſh preſerv'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*.

To

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.*]

## S C E N E 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 sting your hearts.

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me ;

I take it kindly : yet be well assur'd,  
 You put sharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.  
 Whilst I in *Ireland* nourish a mighty band,  
 I will stir up in *England* some black storm,  
 Shall blow ten thousand souls to heav'n or hell.  
 And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,  
 Until the golden circuit on my head,  
 (Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,)  
 Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd flaw.  
 And for a minister of my intent,  
 I have seduc'd a headstrong *Kentish* man,  
*John Cade* of *Ashford*,  
 To make commotion, as full well he can,  
 Under the title of *John Mortimer*.  
 In *Ireland* have I seen this stubborn *Cade*  
 Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,  
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts  
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine :  
 And in the end being rescu'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 villanies.  
 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.]

S C E N E

## S C E N E VI.

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

1. **R**UN 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 vent'rous deed :

The King and all the Peers are here at hand.

Have you laid fair the bed ? are all things well,  
According as I gave directions ?

1. Yes, my good lord.

*Suf.* Away, be gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

*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'ster*,  
Than from true evidence of good esteem  
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

*Q. Mar.*

*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, *Glo'ster* is dead.

*Q. Mar.* Marry God forbend !

*Car.* God's secret judgment : I did dream to-night,  
The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*K. swoons.*

*Q. Mar.* How fares my lord ? help lords, the King is  
dead.

*Som.* Bear up his body, wring him by the nose. †

*Q. Mar.* Run, go, help, help : oh *Henry*, ope thine  
eyes.

*Suf.* He doth revive again ; madam be patient.

*K. Henry.* O heav'nly God !

*Q. Mar.* How fares my gracious lord ?

*Suf.* Comfort my Sovereign, gracious *Henry* comfort.

*K. Henry.* What, doth my lord of *Suffolk* comfort  
me ?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,  
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital pow'rs :  
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren.  
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,  
Can 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 murd'rous tyranny  
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.

Look

† This line is not in the old edition.

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding ;  
 Yet do not go away ; come, basilisk,  
 And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight :  
 For in the shade of death I shall find joy ;  
 In life, but double death, now *Glo'ster'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 *Glo'ster*, 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'nous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.  
 Is all thy comfort shut in *Glo'ster'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 <sup>b</sup> 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 curst the gentle gusts,

And

<sup>b</sup> *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 *Æolus* would not be a murtherer,  
 He left that hateful office unto thee. \*  
 The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,  
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides ;  
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,  
 Might in thy palace perish *Margaret*.  
 As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,  
 When from thy shoar the tempest beat us back,  
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm ;  
 And when the dusky sky began to rob  
 My earnest-gaping sight of the land's view,  
 I took a costly jewel from my neck,  
 (A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,)  
 And threw it tow'rds 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* wished 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 false like him ?  
 Ah me, I can no more : dye *Margaret*,  
 For *Henry* weeps that thou didst live so long.

Noise

---

\*——office unto thee.

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

*Noise within. Enter Warwick, and many Commons.*

*War.* It is reported, mighty soveraign,  
That good Duke *Humphry* traiterously is murder'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 kisses, and to drain  
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears.  
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,  
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling :  
But all in vain are these mean obsequies.

[*Bed with Glo'ster'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 gastly, like a strangled man ;  
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling,  
His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt  
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.  
Look on the sheets ; his hair, you see, is sticking ;  
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,  
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd :  
It cannot be but he was murther'd here :  
The least of all these signs were probable.

*Suf.* Why *Warwick*, who should do the Duke to  
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 suspect 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 suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter ?

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

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

Is *Beauford* 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 scoured in his ranc'rous heart,  
 That flanders me with murder's crimson badge.  
 Say if thou dar'st, proud lord of *Warwickshire*,  
 That I am faulty in Duke *Humphry's* death.

*War.* What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolk* dare  
 him?

*Q. Mar.* He 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'ence may I say;  
 For ev'ry word you speak in his behalf,  
 Is slander to your royal dignity.

*Suf.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,  
 If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,  
 Thy mother took into her blameful bed  
 Some stern untutor'd churl; and noble stock  
 Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art,  
 And never of the *Nevil's* noble race.

*War.* But that the guilt of murder 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 murd'rous coward, on thy knee  
 Make thee beg pardon for thy passed 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.

*Suf.* Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,  
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

*War.* Away ev'n now, or I will drag thee hence :  
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,  
And do some service to Duke *Humphry's* ghost.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E 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.

[*A noise within.*]

*Q. Mar.* What noise is this ?

*Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.*

*K. Henry.* Why how now, lords ? your wrathful  
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 Sovereign.

*Enter Salisbury.*

*Sal.* Sirs, stand apart, the King shall know your  
mind.

Dread lord, the Commons send you word by me,  
Unless lord *Suffolk* trait be put to death,  
Or banished fair *England's* territories,  
They will by violence tear him from your palace,  
And torture him with grievous 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.

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 slyly glided tow'rds your Majesty,  
 It were but necessary you were wak'd ;  
 Lest being suffer'd in that harmless slumber,  
 The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.  
 And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,  
 That they will guard you whe're you will or no,  
 From such fell serpents as false *Suffolk* is ;  
 With whose invenomed 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 hinds,  
 Could send such message to their Sovereign :  
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,  
 To shew how quaint 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 *Suf-*  
*folk*.

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'st 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.

## S C E N E 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 cypress trees,  
 Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks,  
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards stings,  
 Their musick frightful as the serpent's hiss,

And boading screech-owls make the consort full.  
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell——

*Q. Mar.* Enough, sweet *Suffolk*, thou torment'st thy  
self,

And these dread curses like the sun 'gainst 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 banish'd from,  
Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
Though standing naked on a mountain top,  
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,  
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

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

That I may 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 assur'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 sev'ral pleasure in the world:  
And where thou art not, desolation.

I can no more——Live thou to joy thy life ;  
My self no joy in ought but that thou liv'st.

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Vaux.*

*Q. Mar.* Whither goes *Vaux* so fast ? what news, I  
pr'ythee ?

*Vaux.* To signifie 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 sight to die, what were it else  
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?  
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe  
Dying with mother's dug between its lips.  
Where from thy sight I should be raging mad,  
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes ;  
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth :  
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,

Or I should breathe it so into thy body,  
And then it liv'd in sweet *Elysium*.

To die by thee, were but to die in jest,  
From thee to die, were torture more than death;  
Oh! let me stay, befall what may befall.

*Q. Mar.* Away; though parting be a fretful corrosive,  
It is applied to a deathful wound.

To *Franca*, sweet *Suffolk*; let me hear from thee:  
For where'se'er thou art in this world's globe,  
I'll have an *Iris* that shall find thee out.

*Suf.* I go.

*Q. Mar.* And take my heart with thee.

*Suf.* A jewel lock'd into the woful'st casket  
That ever did contain a thing of worth,  
Even as a splited bark, so sunder we;  
This way fall I to death.

*Q. Mar.* This way for me. [Exeunt severally.]

## S C E N E X.

*Enter King Henry, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the  
Cardinal in Bed.*

*K. Henry.* **H**OW fares my lord? speak *Beauford*  
to thy Sovereign.

*Car.* If thou beest Death, I'll give thee *England's* trea-  
sure,

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 Sovereign speaks to thee.

*Car.* Bring me unto my tryal when you will.

Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live where they will or no?

Oh torture me no more, I will confess—

Alive again? then shew me where he is:



I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him—  
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them :  
 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'ns,  
 Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch ;  
 Oh beat away the busie meddling fiend,  
 That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,  
 And from his bosom purge this black despair.

*War.* See how the pangs of death do make him  
 grin.

*Sal.* Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

*K. Henry.* Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be.

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on 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.



HE 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 mitty 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.  
Master, 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.

*Maſt.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

*Maſt.* And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

*Whit.* 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

Be counter-pois'd 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 wip'd away the blot.  
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,  
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,  
And I proclaim'd a coward throug' 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 shed by such a jaded groom :  
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrop ?

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-faln,  
 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.

*Szf.* Ease slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

*Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side  
 Strike off his head.

*Szf.* Thou dar'st not for thy own.

*Cap.* *Poole*, Sir *Poole*? lord?

Ay kennel——puddle——sink, whose filth and dirt  
 Troubles the silver spring where *England* drinks:  
 Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,  
 For swallowing up the treasure of the realm.  
 Thy lips that kiss'd the Queen, shall sweep the ground;  
 And thou that smil'dst at good Duke *Humphry's* death,  
 Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,  
 Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.  
 And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,  
 For daring to affie a mighty lord  
 Unto the daughter of a worthless King,  
 Having nor subject, wealth, nor diadem:  
 By devilish policy art thou grown great,  
 And, like ambitious *Sylla*, over-gorg'd  
 With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.  
 By thee *Arise* and *Main* were sold to *France*;  
 The false revolking *Normans* thorough thee  
 Disdain to call us lord; and *Picardie*  
 Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our forts,  
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.  
 The princely *Warwick*, and the *Nevils* all,

(Whose

(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 murder 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 paultry, 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 cause to fear, before I leave  
 thee.

What, are ye daunted now ? now will ye stoop ?

*I 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  
 Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,  
 Save to the God of heav'n and to my King ;  
 And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,  
 Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.  
 True nobility is exempt from fear :  
 More can I bear than you dare execute.

*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 Cæsar* ; 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.*

*Manet 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.*

*1 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.

## S C E N E 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.*

*Hol.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

*Bevis.* Nay more, the King's council are no good workmen.

*Hol.* True, and yet it is said, *Labour in thy vocation*; which is as much as to say, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

*Bevis.* Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

*Hol.* I see them, I see them; there's *Best's* son, the tanner of *Wingham*.

*Bevis.* He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

*Hol.* And *Dick* the butcher.

*Bevis.* Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

*Hol.* And *Smith* the weaver.

*Bevis.* 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 sold many laces.

*Weav.* But now of late not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

*Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.

*Dick.*

*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.

*Wear.* 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.

*Wear.* 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 money, 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 stings, 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.*

*Wear.* The clerk of *Chatham*; he can write and read, and cast accompt.

*Cade.* O monstrous!

*Wear.* We took him setting boys copies.

*Cade.*



*Cade.* Here's a villain!

*Weav.* He's a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

*Cade.* Nay then he's a conjurer.

*Dick.* Nay, he can make obligations and write court 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, firrah, 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. Dost 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 confest ; 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.

S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Sir Humphry Stafford, and young Stafford, with drum and soldiers.*

*Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and skum of *Kent*,  
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down,  
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom,  
The King is merciful if you revolt.

*Y. Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,  
If you go forward ; therefore yield or die.

*Cade.* As for these silken-coated slaves I pass 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.

*Staf.* Villain, thy father was a plaisterer,  
And thou thy self a sheerman, art thou not ?

*Cade.* And *Adam* was a gardener.

*Y. Staf.* And what of that ?

*Cade.* Marry, this *Edmund Mortimer* Earl of *March*  
married the Duke of *Clarence's* daughter, did he not ?

*Staf.* Ay, Sir.

*Cade.* By her he had two children at one birth.

*Y. Staf.* That's false.

*Cade.* Ay, there's the question ; but I say 'tis true :  
The elder of them being put to nurse,  
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away,  
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,  
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.  
His son am I, deny it if you can.

*Dick.* Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

*Wezv.* Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,  
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it ; there-  
fore deny it not.

*Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words,  
That speaks he knows not what ?

*All.* Ay marry will we, therefore get you gone.

*Y. Staf.* *Jack Cade*, the Duke of *York* hath taught you  
this.

*Cade.*

*Cade.* He lies, for I invented it my self. 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* maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that lord *Say* hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak *French*, and therefore he is a traitor.

*Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance!

*Cade.* Nay answer if you can: the *Frenchmen* are our enemies: go 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. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the King.

*Staf.* Herald away, and throughout every town Proclaim them traitors that are up with *Cade*; That those which fly before the battel 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 shoone, For they are thrifty 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

*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 behaved'st thy self 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 borne before us.

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

*Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards *London*. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*B L A C K - H E A T H.*

*Enter King Henry with a supplication, and Queen Margaret with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.*

*Q. Mar.* **O**FT have I heard that grief softens the mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate;

Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.

But who can cease to weep, and look on this?

Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:

But where's the body that I should imbrace?

*Back.* What answer makes your grace to the rebels supplication?

*K. Henry.*

*K. Henry.* I'll send some holy Bishop to intreat ;  
 For God forbid so many simple souls  
 Should perish by the sword. And I my self,  
 Rather than bloody war should cut them short,  
 Will parly with *Jack Cade* their general.  
 But stay, I'll read it over once again.

*Q. Mar.* Ah barbarous villains ! hath this lovely face  
 Rul'd like a wandring planet over me,  
 And could it not inforce them to relent,  
 That were unworthy to behold the same ?

*K. Henry.* Lord *Say*, *Jack Cade* hath sworn to have  
 thy head.

*Say.* Ay, but I hope your Highness shall have his.

*K. Henry.* How now, madam ?  
 Lamenting still, and mourning *Suffolk's* death ?  
 I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,  
 Thou 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 ?

*Mes.* The rebels are in *Southwark* ; fly, my lord :  
*Jack Cade* proclaims himself lord *Mortimer*,  
 Descended from the Duke of *Clarence's* house,  
 And calls your grace usurper openly,  
 And vows to crown himself in *Westminster*.  
 His army is a ragged multitude  
 Of hinds and 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.*

*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.* Farewel 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.*

## S C E N E V.

### L O N D O N.

*Enter lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.*

*Scales.* **H**OW 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.*

*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 hence-  
 forward it shall be treason for any that calls me other  
 than lord *Mortimer*.

*Enter a soldier running.*

*Sol.* Jack Cade, Jack Cade!

*Cade.* Knock him down there. [They kill him.]

*Weav.* 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.* 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.

## S C E N E 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 *Basinecu*, the Dauphin of *France*? be it known unto thee by these presents, even the presence of lord *Mortimer*, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art : thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school ; and whereas before our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd ; and contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be prov'd to thy face that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a *Noun* and a *Verb*, and such abominable words, as no christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of  
the



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 *Cesar* writ,  
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this Isle;  
Sweet is the country, because full of riches,  
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy,  
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.  
I sold not *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 possess'd with dev'lish spirits,  
Ye cannot but forbear to murder me:  
This tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings  
For your behoof.

Cade. Tut when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I struck  
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

George. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind  
folks?

*Say.* These cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

*Cade.* Give him a box o'th' ear, and that will make 'em red again.

*Say.* Long sitting to determine poor mens causes Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

*Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of a hatchet.

*Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man ?

*Say.* The palsie, and not fear, provokes me.

*Cade.* Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole or no : take him away, and behead him.

*Say.* Tell me, wherein have I offended most ?

Have I affected wealth or honour ? speak.

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold ?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold ?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death ?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,

This breast from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts.

O let me live.

*Cade.* I feel remorse in my self with his words ; but I'll bridle it ; he shall die, an it be but for 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 maiden-head ere they have it ; men shall hold of me in *Capite*.

And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

*Dick.* My lord, when shall we go to *Cheapside*, and take up commodities upon our bills ?

*Cade.* Marry presently.

*All.* O brave.

*Enter one with the heads:*

*Cade.* But is not this brave ?

Let them kiss one another ; for they lov'd well  
When they were alive : Now part them again,  
Lest thy consult about the giving up

Of some more towns in *France*. Soldiers,

Defer the spoil of the city until night ;

For with these borne before us, instead of maces,

Will we ride through the streets, and at every corner

Have them kiss. Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Alarm, and Retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his Rabblement.*

*Cade.* Up *Fish-street*, down *St. Magnes Corner*, kill and knock down, throw them into *Thames*.

*A Parley sounded.*

What noise is this I hear ?

Dare any be so bold to 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.*

*Clif.* What say ye, country-men, will ye relent,  
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you,  
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?

Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon,  
Fling up his cap, and say, *God save his Majesty* ;  
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,  
*Henry* the fifth, that made all *France* to quake,  
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by,

*All.* God save the King ! God save the King !

*Cade.* What, *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, are ye so  
brave ? and you, base peasants, do ye believe 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 recreants and dastards, and delight to  
live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs  
with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish  
your wives and daughters before your faces. For me,  
I will make shift for one, and so God's curse light upon  
you all.

*All.* We'll follow *Cade*, we'll follow *Cade*.

*Clif.* Is *Cade* the son of *Henry* the fifth,  
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him ?  
Will he conduct you through the heart of *France*,  
And make the meanest of you Earls and Dukes ?  
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to :  
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,  
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.  
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,  
The fearful *French*, whom you late vanquished,  
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you ?  
Methinks already in this civil broil  
I see them lording it in *London* streets,  
Crying *Villiano* 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*

*Henry* hath mony, you are strong and manly :  
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

*All.* A Clifford ! a Clifford ! we'll follow the King  
and Clifford.

*Cade.* Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro,  
as this multitude ? the name of *Henry* the fifth hales  
them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave  
me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to  
surprize me. My sword make way for me, for here is  
no staying ; in despite 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.

S C E N E VIII.

*Sound trumpets.* Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret,  
and Somerset on the terras.

*K. Henry.* **W**AS 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 wish to be a subject.

*Enter Buckingham and Clifford.*

*Buck.* Health and glad tidings to your Majesty.

*K. Henry.* Why *Buckingham*, is the traitor *Cade* sur-  
priz'd ?  
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong ?

H. 3.

*Enter*

*Enter multitudes with halters about their necks.*

*Clif.* He's fled my lord, and all his pow'rs do yield,  
And humbly thus with halters on their necks  
Expect your Highness' doom of life or death.

*K. Henry.* Then, heav'n, set ope thy everlasting gates,  
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise.  
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,  
And shew'd how well you love your Prince and country:  
Continue still in this so good a mind,  
And *Henry*, though he be unfortunate,  
Assure your selves will never be unkind:  
And so with thanks and pardon to you all,  
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

*All.* God save the King! God save the King!

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* Please it your grace to be advertised,  
The Duke of *York* is newly come from *Ireland*,  
And with a puissant and mighty pow'r  
Of 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 *Somerfet*, 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 *Somerfet* we will commit thee thither,  
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

*Sam.* My lord,  
I'll yield my self 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*]

## S C E N E IX.

*A garden in Kent.*

*Enter Jack Cade.*

*Cade.* F I E on ambition; fie on my self that have a  
sword, and yet am ready to famish. These  
five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not  
peep out, for all the country is laid for me: but now  
am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my  
life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Where-  
fore on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden to see  
if I can eat grafs, or pick a faller another while, which  
is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather;  
and I think this word faller was born to do me good,  
for many a time but for a † faller 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 faller must serve me to feed on.

*Enter Iden.*

*Iden.* Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,  
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?

H 4

This

† a faller, by corruption from *calata* a helmet (*says Skinner*)  
*quia galeæ celatæ fuerunt.*

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 stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah  
villain, thou wilt betray me and get a thousand crowns  
of the King by carrying my head to him, but I'll make  
thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow my sword  
like a great pin ere thou and I part.

*Idea.* 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 spite 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.

*Idea.* Nay, it shall ne'er be said while *England* stands,  
That *Alexander Idea* an Esquire of *Kent*,  
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.  
Oppose thy steadfast gazing eyes to mine,  
See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks:  
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the 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 *Jove* 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'st 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.*



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

*In the fields near London.*

*Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.*

Y O R K.



R O M *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

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 ſubmiſſion,  
We twain will go into his Highneſs' tent.

S C E N E

## S C E N E 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 submission and humility,

*York* doth present himself unto your Highness.

*K. Henry.* Then what intend these forces thou dost  
bring ?

*York.* To have the traitor *Somerſet* from hence,  
And fight againſt that monſtrous rebel *Cade*,  
Whom ſince I heard to be diſcomfited.

*Enter Iden with Cade's head.*

*Iden.* If one ſo rude and of ſo mean condition  
May paſs into the preſence of a King,  
Lo, I preſent your grace a traitor's head;  
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat ſlew.

*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 Maſteſty.

*K. Henry.* How art thou call'd? and what is thy de-  
gree ?

*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.

SCENE

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 engirt 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.* Would'st 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 again,

To

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 betters 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.

*Clif.* Health and all happiness to my lord the King.

*York.* I thank thee, *Clifford*; say, what news with  
thee?

Nay, do not fright me with an angry look:  
We are thy sovereign, *Clifford*, kneel again;  
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

*Clif.* This is my King, *York*, I do not mistake,  
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do;  
To *Bedlam* with him, is the man grown mad?

*K. Henry.* Ay, *Clifford*, a *Bedlam* and ambitious  
humour

Makes him oppose himself against his King.

*Clif.* He is a traitor, let him to the *Tower*,  
And crop away that factious pate of his.

*Q. Mar.* He is arrested, but will not obey:  
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

*York.* Will you not, sons?

*E. Plan.* Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

*R. Plan.* And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

*Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here?

*York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so.  
I am the King, and thou a false-heart traitor;  
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,  
That with the very shaking of their chains

They

'They may astonish these fell-lurking curs :  
Bid *Salisbury* and *Warwick* come to me.

## S C E N E 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 heat you thoroughly anon.

*Clif.* Take heed lest by your heat you burn your selves.

*K. Henry.* Why, *Warwick*, hath thy knee forgot to bow ?  
Old *Salisbury*, shame to thy silver hair,  
Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son,  
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,  
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles ?  
Oh where is faith ? oh where is loyalty ?  
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,  
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth ?  
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,  
And shame thine honourable age with blood ?  
Why art thou old, and want'st experience ?  
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it ?  
For shame, in duty bend thy knee to me,  
That bows unto the grave with milky age.

*Sal.* My lord, I have consider'd with my self  
The title of this most renowned Duke,  
And in my conscience do repute his grace  
The rightful heir to *England's* royal seat.

*K. Henry.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me ?

*Sal.* I have.

*K. Henry*

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*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 hast,  
I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

*Old Clif.* The first, I warrant thee; if dreams prove true.

*War.* You were best go to bed and dream again,  
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

*Old Clif.* I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm  
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day:  
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,  
Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

*War.* Now by my father's badge, old *Nevil's* crest,  
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,  
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,  
(As on a mountain top the cedar shews,  
That 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 stigmatick, that's more than thou canst tell.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E



## 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 dy'ing mens cries do fill the empty air,  
*Clifford* I say, come forth and fight with me,  
 Proud northern lord, *Clifford* of Cumberland,  
*Warwick* is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

*Enter York.*

*War.* How now, my noble lord ? what all a-foot ?

*York.* The deadly-handed *Clifford* slew my steed :  
 But match to match I have encountred him,  
 And made a prey for carrion kites and crows  
 Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

*Enter Clifford.*

*War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.

*York.* Hold *Warwick* : seek thee out some other chase,  
 For I my self must hunt this deer to death.

*War.* 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 prowess want praise and e-  
 steem,  
 But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

*Yorks.*

*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'ns do make their minister,  
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part  
Hot coals of vengeance. Let no soldiers flie.  
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 promised 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. Wast 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 ruffian battle? Even at this sight  
My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 'tis mine,  
It shall be stony. *York* not our old men spares:  
No more will I their babes: tears virginal  
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;  
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,  
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.  
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.  
Meet I an infant of the house of *York*,  
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,  
As wild *Medea* young *Abfirtus* did:  
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

Come.

Come, thou new ruin of old *Clifford's* house :  
 As did *Æneas* old *Anchises* bear,  
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders ;  
 But then *Æneas* bare a living load,  
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[Exit, bearing off his Father.

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, to fight.

R. Plan. So, lye thou there : [Somerset is kill'd.  
 For underneath an ale-house paltry sign,  
 The castle in *St. Albans*, Somerset  
 Hath made the wizard famous in his death ;  
 Sword, hold thy temper ; heart, be wrathful still :  
 Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

S C E N E VI.

Fight. Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen Mar-  
 garet, 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 stoppt.

Enter

*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 discomfit  
 Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.  
 Away for your relief, and we will live  
 To see their day, and them our fortune give.  
 Away, my lord, away. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E VII.

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet;  
 Warwick, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.*

*York.* Of *Salisbury*, who can report of him ?  
 That winter lion, who in rage forgets  
 Aged contusions and all crush 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 still where danger was, still there I met him,  
 And like rich hangings in an homely house,  
 So was his will in his old feeble body.  
 But noble as he is, look where he comes.

*Enter Salisbury.*

*Sal.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day ;  
 By th' mass so did we all. I thank you *Richard*.  
 God knows how long it is I have to live ;  
 And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day  
 You have defended me from imminent death.  
 Well, lords, we have not got that which we have,

'Tis

'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,  
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

*York.* I know our safety is to follow them,  
For, as I hear, the King is fled to *London*,  
To call a present court of parliament.

Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.

What says lord *Warwick*, shall we after them?

*War.* After them! nay, before them, if we can.

Now by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day.

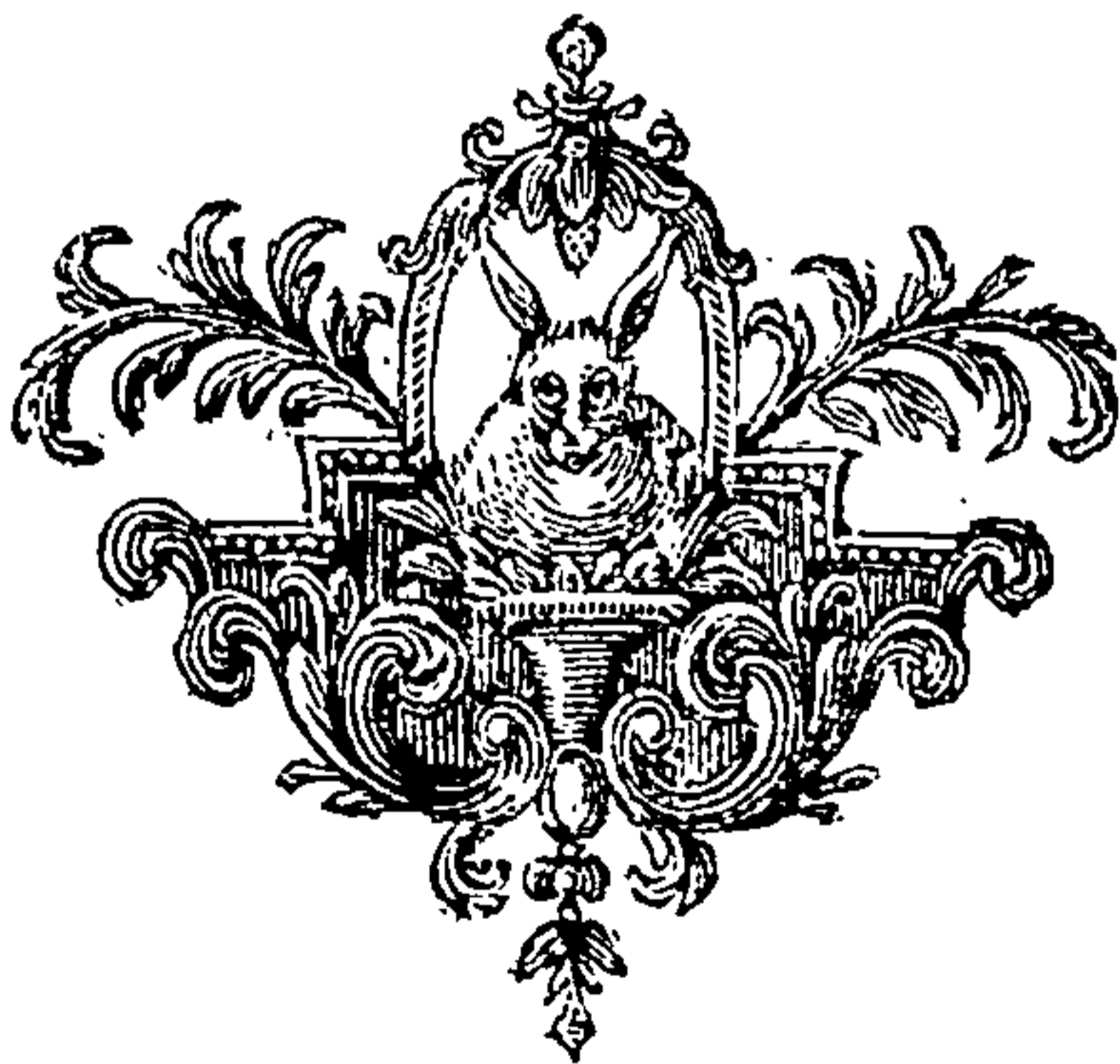
*St. Alban's* battel, won by famous *York*,

Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.

Sound drum and trumpets, and to *London* all,

And more such days as these to us befall.

[*Exeunt.*]





*l. 5. p. 100.*

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The THIRD PART of

H E N R Y

T H E

S I X T H.

With the DEATH of the

D U K E of Y O R K.

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# 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 Westmorland,

Lord Clifford.

} *Lords of King Henry's side.*

Earl of Richmond, *a Youth, afterwards King Henry VII.*

Richard, *Duke of York.*

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,

Earl of Pembroke,

Lord Hastings,

Lord Stafford,

Sir John Mortimer,

Sir Hugh Mortimer,

Sir William Stanly, *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 th. Play in England.*





† The THIRD PART of  
King *HENRY VI.*

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

L O N D O N.

*Alarum. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.*

W A R W I C K.



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 *Northumber-*  
*land,*

Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,  
Chear'd up the drooping army; and himself,

V O L. V.

Lord

† 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.

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 deserv'd of all my sons:  
Is his grace dead, my lord of *Somerset*?

*Norf.* Such hope have all the line of *John of Gaunt*.

*Rich.* Thus do I hope to shake King *Henry's* head,

*War.* And so do I, victorious Prince of *York*.

Before I see thee seated in 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,  
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

*York.* The Queen this day here holds her parliament,  
But little thinks we shall be of her council;  
By words or blows here let us win our right.

*Rich.* Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

*War.* The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,  
Unless *Plantagenet* Duke of *York* be King,  
And bashful *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 possession of my right.

*War.* Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,  
The proudest he that holds up *Lancaster*,

Dares stir a wing, if *Warwick* shake his bells.  
I'll plant *Plantagenet*, root him up who dare :  
Resolve thee, *Richard*, claim the *English* crown.

## S C E N E 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 slew thy father,  
And thine lord *Clifford*, and you vow'd revenge  
On him, his sons, his fav'rites, and his friends.

*North.* If I be not, heav'ns be reveng'd on me.

*Clif.* The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourn in steel.

*West.* What, shall we suffer this ? let's pluck him down.  
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

*K. Henry.* Be patient gentle Earl of *Westmorland*.

*Clif.* Patience is for poltroons, and such is he :  
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament  
Let us assail the family of *York*.

*North.* Well hast thou spoken, cousin be it so.

*K. Henry.* Ah, know you not the city favours them,  
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck ?

*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 shambles of the parliament house.

Cousin of *Exeter*, frowns, words and threats,  
Shall be the war that *Henry* means to use.

Thou factious Duke of *York* descend my throne,

[To the Duke.

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet,  
I am thy Sovereign.

*York.* *Henry*, I am thine.

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

*York.* 'Twas my inheritance, as the Earldom was.

*Exc.* Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

*War.* *Exeter*, thou art a traitor to the crown,  
In following this usurping *Henry*.

*Clif.* Whom should he follow but his natural King?

*War.* True, *Clifford*, and that's *Richard* Duke of *York*,  
*K. Henry*. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

*York.* It must and shall be so, content thy self.

*War.* Be Duke of *Lancaster*, let him be King.

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

*War.* And *Warwick* shall disprove it. You forget,  
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,  
And slew 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* sith 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 grandsire 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 despite 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.

*Clif.* King *Henry*, be thy title right or wrong,  
Lord *Clifford* vows to fight in thy defence ;  
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,  
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father.

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

*York.* *Henry* of *Lancaster*, resign thy crown :  
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords ?

*War.* Do right unto this princely Duke of *York*,  
Or I will fill this house with armed men,  
And o'er the chair of state where now he sits  
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the soldiers shew themselves.*]

*K. Henry.* My lord of *Warwick*, hear me but one  
word ;

Let me 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.

*Clif.* What wrong is this unto the Prince your son ?

*War.* What good is this to *England* and himself ?

*West.* Base, fearful and despairing *Henry* !

*Clif.* How hast thou injur'd both thy self and us !

*West.* I cannot stay to hear these articles.

*North.* Nor I.

*Clif.* Come cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.

*West.* Farewel, faint-hearted and degen'rate King,  
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

*North.* Be thou a prey unto the house of *York*,  
And die in bands for this unmanly deed.

*Clif.* In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,  
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd.

[*Exeunt Nor. Clif. Westm.*]

## SCENE III.

*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.

[*Sonet.* 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.

*K. Henry.* So *Exeter* will I. [*Going.*

*Queen.* Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee —

*K. Henry.* Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.

*Queen.* Who can be patient in such extreams?

Ah wretched man! would I had dy'd a maid,

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?  
 Hadst thou but lov'd him half so much as I,  
 Or felt that pain which I did for him once,  
 Or nourisht him as I did with my blood;  
 Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,  
 Rather than made that savage Duke thine heir,  
 And disinherited thine only son.

*Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me:  
 If you be King, why should not I succeed?

*K. Henry.* Pardon me, *Marg'ret*; pardon me, sweet  
 son;

The Earl of *Warwick* and the Duke enforc'd me.

*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's heirs unto the crown,  
 What is it but to make thy sepulchre,  
 And creep into it far before thy time?

*Warwick* is chancellor, and the lord of *Calais*,  
 Stern *Faulconbridge* commands the narrow seas,  
 The Duke is made Protector of the realm,  
 And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds  
 The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.  
 Had I been there, which am a silly woman,  
 The soldiers should have tofs'd me on their pikes;  
 Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour.  
 And seeing thou dost, I here divorce my self  
 Both from thy table, *Henry*, and thy bed,  
 Until that act of parliament be repealed,  
 Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,  
 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:  
 And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,  
 And utter ruin of the house of *York*.



Thus do I leave thee ; come son, let's away,  
Our army's ready, come, we'll after them.

*K. Henry.* Stay gentle *Margaret*, and hear me speak.

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

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

*Queen.* Ay, to be murther'd by his enemies.

*Prince.* When I return with victory from the field,  
I'll see your grace ; till then I'll follow her.

*Queen.* Come, son, away, we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen and Prince.*]

*K. Henry.* Poor *Queen*, how love to me and to her  
son

Hath made her break out into terms of rage.

Reveng'd may she be on that hateful Duke,

Whose haughty spirit winged with desire

Will 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.*]

S C E N E 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 ?

*Rich.* About that which concerns your grace and us,  
The crown of *England*, father, which is yours.

*York.* Mine, boy? not 'till King *Henry* be dead.

*Rich.* Your right depends not on his life or death.

*Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :  
By giving th'house of *Lancaster* leave to breathe,  
It will out-run you, father, in the end.

*York.* I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

*Edw.* But for a kingdom any oath may be broken :  
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

*Rich.* No ; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

*York.* I shall be, if I claim by open war.

*Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

*York.* Thou can't not, son, it is impossible.

*Rich.* An oath is of no moment, being not took  
Before a true and lawful magistrate,  
That hath authority o'er him that swears.

*Henry* had none, but did usurp the place.

Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous,

Therefore to arms : and, father, do but think

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,

Within whose circuit is *Elysium*,

And all that poets feign of blifs and joy.

Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest,

Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd

Even in the lukewarm blood of *Henry's* heart.

*York.* *Richard*, enough : I will be King, or die.  
Brother, thou shalt to *London* presently,

And whet on *Warwick* to this enterprize.

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

And tell him privily of our intent.

You, *Edward*, shall 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,

Not any of the house of *Lancaster*.

*Enter*

*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 fortifie your hold, my lord.

*York.* Ay, with my sword. What, think'st thou that we fear them?

*Edward* and *Richard*, you shall stay with me;  
My brother *Montague* shall post to *London*.  
Let noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the rest,  
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,  
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,  
And trust not simple *Henry* nor his oaths.

*Mont.* Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not.  
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

*[Exit Montague.]*

*Enter Sir John Mortimer, and Sir Hugh Mortimer.*

*York.* Sir *John* and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine uncles,  
You are come to *Sandal* in a happy hour.  
The army of the Queen means to besiege us.

*Sir John.* She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

*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

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Rutland and his Tutor.*

*Rut.* Ah, whither shall I fly to scape their hands?  
Ah, tutor, look where bloody *Clifford* comes.

*Enter Clifford.*

*Clif.* Chaplain away, thy priesthood saves thy life;  
As for the brat of this accursed Duke,  
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

*Tutor.* And I, my lord, will bear him company.

*Clif.* Soldiers, away with him.

*Tutor.* Ah *Clifford*, murder not this innocent child,  
Lest thou be hated both of God and man. [Exit.]

*Clif.* How now? is he dead already? or is it fear  
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

*Rut.* So looks the pent-up Lion o'er the wretch  
That trembles under his devouring paws;  
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,  
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.  
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy sword,  
And not with such a cruel threatening look.  
Sweet *Clifford*, hear me speak before I die:  
I am too mean a subject of thy wrath,  
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

*Clif.* In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my father's blood  
Hath stop'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.

*Clif.* Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine:  
Were not revenge sufficient for me:  
Nō, if I digg'd up thy forefathers graves,  
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,  
It could not flake mine ire nor ease my heart:  
The sight of any of the house of *York*  
Is as a fury to torment my soul;  
And till I root out their accursed line,

And

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,

Lest 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.* *Dii faciant laudis summa sit ista tua !*

*Clif.* *Plantagenet*, I come *Plantagenet*,

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood

Congea'l'd with this do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Alarum.* Enter Richard Duke of York.

*York.* The army of the Queen hath got the field :

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me,

And all my followers to the eager foe

Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,

Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves :

My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them :

But this I know, they have demean'd themselves

Like men born to renown, by life or death.

Three times did *Richard* make a lane to me,

And thrice cry'd, courage father, fight it out :

And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,

With purple falchion painted to the hilt

In blood of those that had encounter'd him :

And

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 bootless 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 prick.

*York.* My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth  
 A bird that will revenge upon you all :  
 And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heav'n,  
 Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not ? what ! multitudes and fear ?

*Clif.* So cowards fight when they can fly no farther ;

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons ;  
 So desp'rate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
 Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

*York.* Oh *Clifford*, but bethink thee once again,  
 And in thy thought o'er-run my former time ;  
 And if thou canst for blushing view this face,

And

And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardise,  
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 preachment of your high descent ?

Where are your messes 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,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee grieve, to make me merry, *York*.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parcht thine intrails,  
That not a tear can fall for *Rutland's* death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;  
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus:

Stamp, rave and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou would'st be fee'd I see, to make me sport:

*York* cannot speak unless he wear a crown.

A crown for *York*—and, lords, bow low to him:

Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on.

[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*]

Ay marry Sir, now looks he like a King:

Ay, this is he that took King *Henry's* chair,

And this is he was his adopted heir.

But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*

Is crown'd so soon, 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 whilst we breathe take time to do him dead.

*Clif.* 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 wolyes of  
*France*,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth;

How ill-beseeming 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 cam'st, of whom deriv'd,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert 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 's 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.  
 Bidst thou me rage ? why now thou hast thy wish.  
 Would'st thou have me weep ? why now thou hast thy will.  
 For raging wind blows up incessant show'rs.  
 And when the rage allays, the rain begins.  
 These tears are my sweet *Rutland's* obsequies,  
 And ev'ry drop cries vengeance 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 *Hyrkania*.  
 See, ruthless Queen, a hapless father's tears :  
 This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,  
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.

Keep

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this ;  
 And if thou tell'st the heavy Story right,  
 Upon my soul the hearers will shed tears :  
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,  
 And say, alas, it was a piteous deed.  
 There take the crown, and, with the crown my curse,  
 And in thy need such comfort come to thee,  
 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand.  
 Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the world,  
 My soul to heav'n, my blood upon your heads.

*North.* Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,  
 I should not for my life but weep with him,  
 To see how ink sorrow gripes his soul.

*Queen.* What, weeping ripe, my lord *Northumber-*  
*land* ?

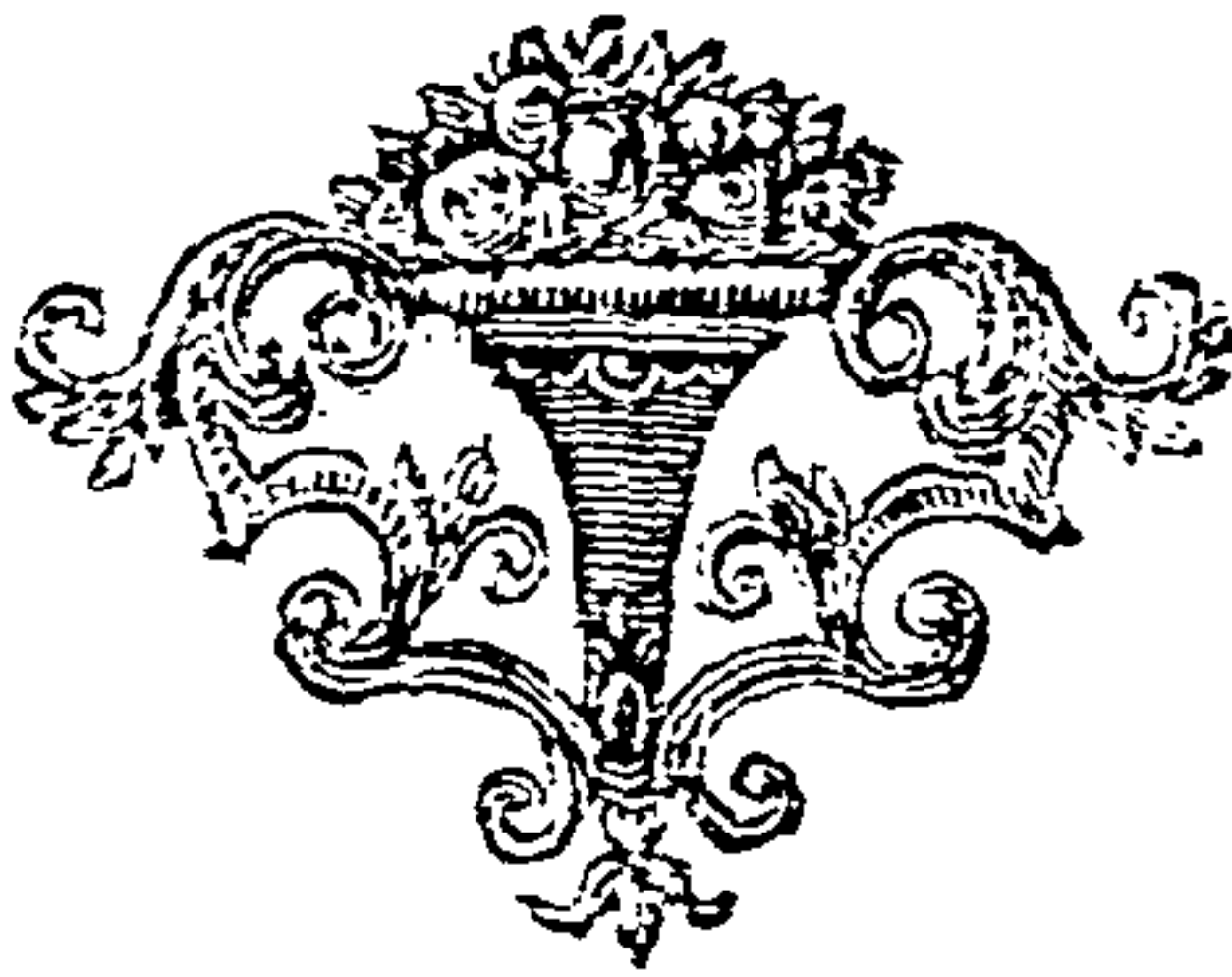
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,  
 And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

*Clif.* Here's for my oath, here's for my father's 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.  
[*Dies.*]

*Queen.* Off with his head, and set it on *York* gates ;  
 So *York* may overlook the town of *York*. [*Exeunt.*]





## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their Power.*

E D W A R D.



Wonder how our princely father scap'd ;  
Or whether he be scap'd away, or no,  
From *Clifford's* and *Northumberland's*  
pursuit ?

Had he been ta'en, we should have  
heard the news ;

Had he been slain, we should have heard the news ;  
Or had he scap'd, methinks we should have heard  
The happy tidings of his good escape.

How fares my brother ? why is he so sad ?

*Rich.* I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd  
Where our right valiant father is become.  
I saw him in the battel range about,  
And watcht him how he singled *Clifford* forth ;  
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop,  
As doth a lion in a herd of neat ;  
Or as a bear encompass'd round with dogs,  
Who having pincht a few and made them cry,  
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.

So far'd our father with his enemies,  
So fled his enemies my warlike father :  
Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his son.  
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.* Dazle 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 wondr'ous strange the like yet never  
heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field,  
That we the sons of brave *Plantagenet*,  
Each one already blazing by our deeds,  
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 foretel'  
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue ?

*Mes.* Ah ! one that was a woful looker on  
When as the noble Duke of *York* was slain,  
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

*Edw.* Oh speak no more ! for I have heard too  
much.

*Rich.* Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.

*Mes.* Environed he was with many foes,  
And stood against them, as the hope of *Troy*  
Against the *Greeks* that would have entred *Troy*;  
But *Hercules* himself must yield to odds ;  
And many stroaks, though with a little ax,  
Hew down and fell the hardest timber'd oak.  
By many hands your father was subdu'd,  
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm  
Of unrelenting *Clifford* and the Queen ;  
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,

Laugh'd

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 she break from hence, that this my body  
 Might in the ground be closed up in rest;  
 For never henceforth shall I joy again,  
 Never, oh never shall I see more joy.

*Rich.* I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture  
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:  
 Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen:  
 For self same wind that I should speak withal  
 Is kindling coals that fire up all my breast,  
 And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.  
 To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:  
 Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!  
*Richard*, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,  
 Or die renowned by attempting it.

*Edw.* His name that valiant Duke hath left with  
 thee:  
 His Dukedom and his chair with me is left.

*Rich.* Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,  
 Shew thy descent, by gazing 'gainst the sun:  
 For chair and Dukedom, throne and kingdom say,  
 Either that's thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March.*

*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'rance  
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,  
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.  
O valiant lord, the Duke of *York* is slain.

*Edw.* O *Warwick*! *Warwick*! that *Plantagenet*  
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,  
Is by the stern lord *Clifford* done to death.

*War.* Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;  
And now, to add more measure to your woes,  
I come to tell you things sith then befall.

After the bloody fray at *Wakefield* fought,  
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,  
Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,  
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.  
I then in *London*, keeper of the King,  
Must'rd 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 advertis'd  
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 battels 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

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, *Duchess* 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 faint *Henry's* head,  
And wring the awful scepter from his fist,  
Were he as famous and as bold in war,  
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace and prayer.

*Rich.* I know it well, lord *Warwick*, blame me not,  
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.  
But in this troublous time what's to be done ?  
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,  
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,  
Numb'ring 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.*

*War.* Why therefore *Warwick* came to seek you out,  
 And therefore comes my brother *Montague*.  
 Attend me lords: the proud insulting Queen,  
 With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,  
 And of their feather many more proud birds,  
 Have wrought the easie-melting King, like wax.  
 He swore consent to your succession,  
 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 forbend.

*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*



*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 sorts, brave warriors let's away!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E III.

Y O R K.

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

*Queen.* W E L C O M E, my lord, to this brave town of *York*.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy  
That fought to be encompast with your crown,  
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

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

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 usurp their den.  
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?  
Not his that spoils her young before her face.  
Who scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?  
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.  
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on,  
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.  
Ambitious *York* did level at thy crown,

Thou smiling, while he 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 let his manly face, which promiseth  
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

*King* Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the orator,  
 Inferring arguments of mighty force :  
*Ear, Clifford*, tell me didst thou never hear,  
 That things ill got had ever bad success.  
 And happy always was it for that son,  
 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell.  
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind ;  
 And would my father had left me no more :  
 For all the rest is held at such a rate,  
 As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,  
 Than in possession any jot of pleasure.  
 Ah cousin *Torb.* 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 promis'd Knighthood to our forward son,

Unsheath

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.

Queen. Ay good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Henry. Why that's my fortune too, therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,  
And hearten those that fight in your defence:  
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry St. George.

S C E N E 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 Sovereign and thy lawful King?

Edw. I am his King, and he should bow his knee;  
I was adopted heir by his consent;

K 3

Since

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 ?

*Rich.* Are you there, butcher ? O, I cannot speak.

*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.* Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

*K. Henry.* I pr'vthee give no limits to my tongue,  
 I am a King, and privileg'd to speak.

*Clif.* My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here  
 Cannot be cur'd by words, therefore be still.

*Rich.*

*Rich.* Then, execution, re-unsheath thy sword :  
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd  
That *Clifford's* manhood lyes upon his tongue.

*Edw.* Say *Henry*, shall I have my right or no ?  
A thousand men have broke their 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 fire nor dam,  
But like a foul mishapen stigmatick,  
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,  
As venomous toads, or lizards dreadful stings.

*Rich.* Iron of *Naples* hid with *English* gilt,  
Whose father bears the title of a King,  
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea)  
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,  
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 grac'd thy poor Sire with his bridal day,  
Even then that sun-shine brew'd a show'r for him,  
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of *France*,  
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home :  
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride ?  
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,  
And we in pity of the gentle King  
Had slipt our claim until another age.

*Clz.* 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 defie thee,  
 Not willing any longer conference,  
 Since thou deny'dst the gentle King to speak.  
 Sound trumpets, let our bloody colours wave,  
 And either victory or else a grave.

*Queen.* Stay Edward.—

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

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Alarm. 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.*

*Clz.* Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair,  
 Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.  
 What counsel give you ? whither shall we fly ?

*Edw.*

*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 setter 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 *War-*  
*wick*

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms :

I that did never weep, now melt with woe ;  
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

*War.* Away, away : once more, sweet lords, fare-  
wel.

*Cl.* Yet let us all together to our troops ;  
And give them leave to fly that will not stay ;  
And call them pillars that will stand to us ;  
And if we thrive, promise them such rewards,  
As victors wear at the *Olympian* games.  
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,  
For yet is hope of life and victory ;  
Fore-slow 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 Rutland, both bound to revenge,  
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

*Clif.* Now Richard I am with thee here alone,  
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,  
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland,  
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,  
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother  
To execute the like upon thy self,  
And so have at thee.

*They fight.* Warwick enters, Clifford flies.

*Rich.* Nay Warwick single out some other chase,  
For I my self will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE VI.

*Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.*

*K. Henry.* This battel fares like to the morning's war,  
When dying clouds contend with growing light,  
What time the shepherd blowing of his nails,  
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

Now sways it this way, like the self-same sea  
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind :  
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea  
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.

Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind ;  
Now one the better, then another best,  
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered ;  
So is the equal poize of this fell war.

Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down :

To whom God will, there be the victory :

For *Margaret* my Queen and *Clifford* too

Have chid me from the battel, swearing both

They prosper best of all when I am thence.

Would I were dead, if God's good will were so :

For what is in this world but grief and woe ?

' O God ! methinks it were a happy life

' To be no better than a homely swain,

' To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

' To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,

' Thereby to see the minutes how they run :

' How many 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,

' So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean,  
 ' So many months ere I shall sheer the fleece :  
 ' So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years.  
 ' Past over, to the end they were created;  
 ' Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
 Ah! what a life were this! how sweet, how lovely!  
 Gives not the haw-thorn bush a sweeter shade  
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
 To Kings that fear their subjects treachery?  
 O yes it doth, a thousand-fold it doth.  
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,  
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
 Is far beyond a Prince's delicates,  
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
 His body couched in a curious bed,  
 When care, mistrust and treasons wait on him.

## S C E N E VII.

*Alarum.* Enter a Son 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 slew 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 !  
 Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,  
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.  
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear ;  
 And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,  
 Be blind with tears, and break o'er-charg'd with grief.

*Enter a Father, bearing his Son.*

*Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,  
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold :  
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.  
 But let me see : is this our foe-man's face ?  
 Ah no, no, no, it is my only son !  
 Ah boy, if any life be left in thee,  
 Throw up thine eye ; see, see what showers arise,  
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart  
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.  
 O pity, God, this miserable age !  
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,  
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !  
 O boy ! thy father gave thee life too soon,  
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

*K. Henry.* Woe above woe ; grief more than com-  
 mon grief ;  
 O that my death would stay these rueful deeds :  
 O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity.  
 The red rose and the white are on his face,  
 The fatal colours of our striving houses.  
 The one his purple blood right well resembles,  
 The other his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth :  
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish ;  
 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

*Son.* How will my mother, for a father's death,  
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd?

*Fath.* How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,  
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd?

*K. Henry.* How will the country, for these woful  
chances,  
Mis-think the King, and not be satisfy'd?

*Son.* Was ever son so rew'd a father's death?

*Fath.* 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.

*Fath.* 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 so obsequious will thy father be,  
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,  
As *Priam* was for all his valiant sons.

I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,  
For I have 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.

## S C E N E 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 us in pursuit.

*Queen.* Mount you my lord, towards *Berwick* post  
again.

*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 grafot in their ireful hands,  
Are at our backs, and therefore hence again.

*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.*]

S C E N E IX.

*A loud Alarm. 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 *Phœbus* ! hadst thou never giv'n consent  
That *Phaeton* should check thy fiery steeds,  
Thy burning car had never scorch'd the earth :  
And *Henry*, hadst thou 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*

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.*]

*Alarum and Retreat.* Enter *Edward*, *Warwick*, *Richard*, *Montague*, *Clarence*, and *Soldiers.*

*Edw.* Now breathe we lords, good fortune bids us  
 pause,

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.  
 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded Queen,  
 That led calm *Henry*, though he were a King,  
 As doth a sail fill'd with a fretting gust  
 Command an *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 wheresoe'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 battel's ended,  
 If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

*Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis  
*Clifford*,

Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch,  
 In hewing *Rutland* when his leaves put forth ;  
 But set his murth'ring knife unto the root  
 From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,  
 I mean our princely father, Duke of *York*.

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

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,  
 That

That nothing sung but death to us and ours :  
 Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,  
 And his ill-boading tongue no more shall speak.

*War.* I think his understanding is bereft :  
 Speak *Clifford*, dost thou know who speaks to thee ?  
 Dark cloudy death o'er-shades his beams of life,  
 And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

*Rich.* O would he did ; and so perhaps he doth.  
 'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,  
 Because he would avoid such bitter taunts  
 As in the time of death he gave our father.

*Cla.* If so thou think'st, vex him with eager  
 words :

*Rich.* *Clifford*, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

*Edw.* *Clifford*, repent in bootless penitence.

*War.* *Clifford*, devise excuses for thy faults.

*Cla.* While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

*Rich.* Thou didst love *York*, and I am son to *York*.

*Edw.* Thou pitied'st *Rutland*, I will pity thee.

*Cla.* Where's captain *Margaret* to fence you now ?

*War.* They mock thee, *Clifford*, swear as thou wast  
 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 despite might rail at him ;  
 This hand should chop it off ; and with the issuing  
 blood

Stifle the villain, whose unslaked 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 sinew 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 buz 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.

*Ed-w.* Ev'n as thou wilt, sweet *Warwick*, let  
 it be ;

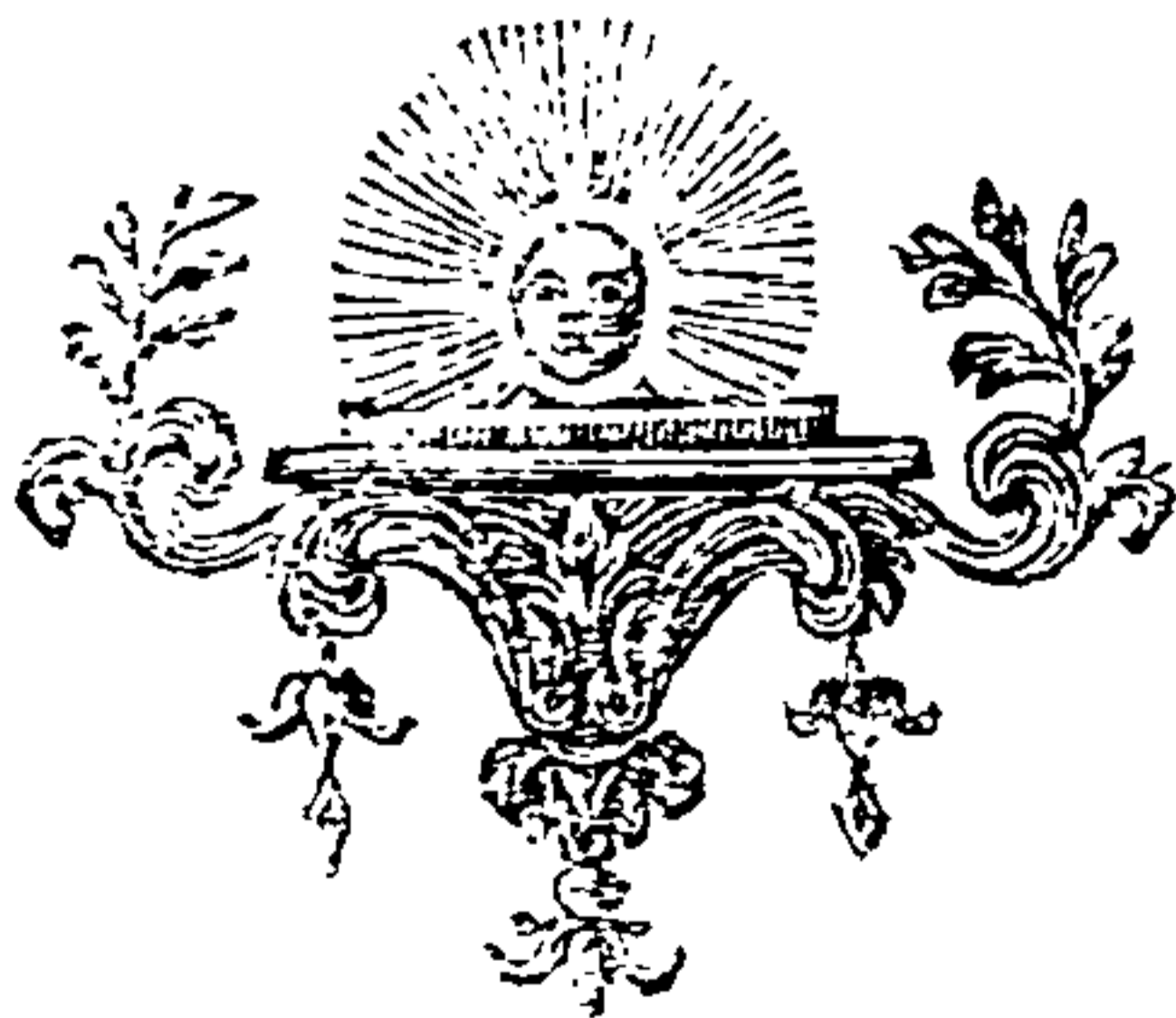
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat :  
 And never will I undertake the thing  
 Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.  
*Richard*, I will create thee Duke of *Glo'ster*,  
 And *George* of *Clarence* ; *Warwick* as our self  
 Shall do and undo, as him pleaseth best.

*Rich.* Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of  
*Glo'ster*,

For *Glo'ster's* Dukedom is too ominous.

*War.* Tut, that's a foolish observation :  
*Richard*, be Duke of *Glo'ster* : now to *London*,  
 To see these honours in possession.

[*Exeunt.*]





## ACT III. SCENE I.

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

SINKLO.

**U**NDER this thick-grown brake we'll  
 shroud our selves,  
 For through this laund anon the Deer  
 will come;  
 And in this covert will we make our  
 stand,

Culling the principal of all the Deer.

*Hum.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

*Sink.* That cannot be : the noise of thy cross-bow  
 Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost :  
 Here stand we both, and aim we at the best.  
 And, for the time shall not seem tedious,  
 I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,

In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

*Hum.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

*Enter King Henry, with a prayer-book.*

*K. Henry.* From Scotland am I stol'n ev'n of pure  
 love,

To greet mine own land with my wishful sight :  
 No Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine,  
 Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,  
 Thy balm washt off wherewith thou 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 ?

*Sink.*

*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<sup>a</sup> these four adversities,  
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

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

*Sink.* Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.

*K. Henry.* My Queen and son are gone to *France*  
for aid :

And as I hear, the great commanding *Warwick*  
Is thither gone to crave the *French* King's 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 title, smooths the wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,

And in conclusion wins the King from her,

With promise of his sister, and what else,

To strengthen and support King *Edward's* place.

O *Marg'ret*, 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 ?

*Hum.*

<sup>a</sup> the four adversaries.

*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 gust;  
Such is the lightness of you common men.  
But do not break your oath, for of that sin  
My mild-intreaty shall not make you guilty.  
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,  
And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.

*Sink.* We are true subjects to the King, King  
*Edward*.

*K. Henry.* So would you be again to *Henry*,  
If he were seated as King *Edward* is.

*Sink.*

*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,

## S C E N E II.

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

*K. Edw.* **B**ROTHER of *Glo'ster*, at *St. Alban's* field  
This lady's husband, <sup>a</sup> *Sir John Gray*,  
was slain,

His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror:

Her suit is now to repossess those lands,

Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of *Tork*

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,

And

<sup>a</sup> *Vid. Hall. 3 year of Edw. 4. fol. 5. It was likewise*  
*falsely printed Richard.*

And if what pleases him shall pleasure 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.

*K. Edw.* How many children hast thou widow?  
tell me.

*Clar.* I think he means to beg a child of her.

*Glo.* Nay whip me then : he'll rather give her two.

*Gray.* Three, my most gracious lord.

*Glo.* You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

*K. Edw.* 'Twere pity they should lose their father's  
lands.

*Gray.* Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

*K. Edw.* Lords give us leave, I'll try this widow's wit:

*Glo.* Ay, good leave have you, for you will have  
leave,

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 my self.

*K. Edw.* And would you not do much to do them  
good?

*Gray.* To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

*K. Edw.* Then get your husband's lands, to do them  
good.

*Gray.* Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

*K. Edw.* I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

*Gray.* So shall you bind me to your Highness's  
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 com-  
mands.

*Glo.* He plies her hard, and much rain wears the  
marble.

*Clar.* As red as fire! nay then her wax must melt.

*Gray.*

*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 curtsie.

*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 dismiss me, or with ay or no.

*K. Edw.* Ay ; if thou wilt say Ay to my request :  
No ; if thou dost say No to my demand.

*Gray.* Then no, my lord ; my suit is at an end.

*Glo.* The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

*Clar.* He is the bluntest wooer in christendom.

*K. Edw.* Her looks do argue her replete with modesty,

Her

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 soveraign.

*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 batchelor  
 Have other some: why 'tis a happy thing,  
 To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.

*Glo.* The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

*Clar.* When he was made a shriver, it was for a shif.

*K. Edw.* Brothers, you muse what chat we two have  
 had.

*Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

*K. Edw.* You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

*Clar.* To whom, my lord?

*K. Edw.* Why *Clarence*, to my self.

*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 extreams.

*K. Edw.* Well, jest on brothers, I can tell you both,  
 Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

*Enter*

*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.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Alonzo Gloucester.*

*Glo.* Ay, *Edward* will use women honourably.  
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,  
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,  
To cross me from the golden time I look for.

And yet between my soul's desire and me,  
(The lustful *Edward's* title buried)

Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his son young *Edward*,  
And all th' unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,  
To take their rooms ere I can place my self.

A cold premeditation for my purpose !

Why then I do but dream on Sov'reignty,  
Like one that stands upon a promontory

And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,

And chides the sea that sunders 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,  
Unless 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



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 sits deformity to mock my body;  
 To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
 To disproportion me in every part:  
 Like to a Chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp  
 That carries no impression like the dam.  
 And am I then a man to be belov'd?  
 Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought?  
 Then since this earth affords no joy to me,  
 But to command, to check, to o'er-bear such  
 As are of better person than my self;  
 I'll make my heav'n to dream upon the crown,  
 And while I live t'account this world but hell,  
 Until the mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head  
 Be round-impaled with a glorious crown.  
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
 For many lives stand between me and home:  
 And I, (like one lost in a thorny wood,  
 That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,  
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way,  
 Not knowing how to find the open air,  
 But toiling desp'rately 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 murder 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 *Nestor*,

Deceive more slyly 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.

## S C E N E 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 befits thy state,  
 And birth, that thou should'st 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 yolk, 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 sorrows leave to speak.

Now therefore be it known to noble *Lewis*,

That *Henry*, sole possessor of my love,

Is of a King become a banish'd man,

And forc'd to live in *Scotland* a forlorn ;

While proud ambitious *Edward* Duke of *York*

Usurps the regal title, and the seat

Of *England's* true anointed lawful King.

This is the cause that I poor *Margaret*,

With this my son Prince *Edward*, *Henry's* heir,

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid :

And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.

*Scotland* hath will to help, but cannot help :

Our people and our Peers are both mis-led,

Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,

And as thou seest, our selves in heavy plight.

*K. Lew.* Renowned Queen, with patience calm the storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

*Queen.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

*K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

*Queen.* O but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:

And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

S C E N E 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* ?

[*He descends. She ariseth.*]

*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'rain, and thy vowed friend,

I come (in kindness and unfeigned love)

First to do greetings to thy royal person,

And then to crave a league of amity ;  
 And last'y, 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'raign's heart ;  
 Where fame 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 tho' usurpers sway the rule a while,  
 Yet heav'ns 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* disanuls great *John* of *Gaunt*,  
 Which did subdue the greatest part of *Spain* ;  
 And after *John* of *Gaunt*, *Henry* the fourth,  
 Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest ;  
 And after that 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 discourie,  
 You told not how *Henry* the sixth hath lost  
 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 threescore 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 bewray 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 downfal of his mellow'd years,  
 When nature brought him to the door of death ?  
 No, *Warwick*, no ; while life upholds this arm,  
 This arm upholds the house of *Lancaster*.

*War.* And I the house of *York*.

*K. Lew.* Queen *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*  
 Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,  
 While I use farther conference with *Warwick*.

[*They stand aloof.*]

*Queen.* Heav'ns 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 beseem 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 sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

*Bona.* Your grant or your denial shall be mine.  
Yet I confess, that often ere this day, [*Speaks to War.*  
When I have heard your King's desert recounted,  
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

*K. Lew.* Then *Warwick*, this: our sister shall be  
*Edward's*.

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn  
Touching the jointure that your King must make,  
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.  
Draw near *Queen Margaret*, and be a witness  
That *Bona* shall be wife to th'*English* King.

*Prince.* To *Edward*, but not to the *English* King,

*Queen.* Deceitful *Warwick*, it was thy device  
By this alliance to make void my suit;  
Before thy coming *Lewis* was *Henry's* friend.

*K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and *Margaret*;  
But if your title to the crown be weak,  
As may appear by *Edward's* good success,  
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd  
From giving aid, which late I 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 setter-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 sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love,

[*Post* blowing a horn within.

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

*K. Lew.* *Warwick*, this is some post to us or thee.

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 sooth 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 blifs,  
That I am clear from this misdeed of *Edward's*:  
No more my King; for he dishonours me,  
But most himself, if he could see his shame.  
Did I forget that by the house of *York*  
My father came untimely to his death?  
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?  
Did I impale him with the regal crown?  
Did I put *Henry* from his native right?  
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?  
Shame on himself, for my desert is honour.  
And to repair my honour lost for him,  
I here renounce him, and return to *Henry*.

My noble Queen, let former grudges pass,  
 And henceforth I am thy true servitor:  
 I will revenge his wrong to lady *Bona*,  
 And replant *Henry* in his former state.

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

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,  
 And joy that thou becom'st King *Henry*'s friend.

*War.* So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,  
 That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish us  
 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 foul despair?

*Bona.* My quarrel and this *English* Queen's are one.

*War.* And mine fair lady *Bona*, joins with yours.

*K. Lew.* And mine with hers, and thine, and *Margaret*'s.

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

*Queen.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

*K. Lew.* Then *England*'s messenger return in post,  
 And tell false *Edward*, thy 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 Post.

*K. Lew.* But *Warwick*,  
Thou and *Oxford* with five thousand men  
Shall cross the seas, and bid false *Edward* battel:  
And as occasion serves, this noble Queen  
And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.  
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:  
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

*War.* This shall assure my constant loyalty,  
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 ambassador,  
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:  
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,  
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.  
Had he none else to make a stale but me?  
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.  
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,  
And I'll be chief to bring him down again;  
Not that I pity *Henry's* misery,  
But seek revenge on *Edward's* mockery.

[Exit.]



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

*Changes to England.*

*Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset and Montague.*

G L O U C E S T E R.



O W 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?

*Somm.* My lords, forbear this talk: here comes the King.

*Flourish.* Enter King Edward, Lady Gray as Queen, Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings: Four stand on one side, and four on the other.

*Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.

*Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

*K. Edw.* Now brother *Clarence*, how like you our choice,

That you stand pensive as half malecontent?

*Clar.* As well as *Lewis* of *France*, or th' Earl of *Warwick*,

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment, That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

*K. Edw.* Suppose they take offence without a cause: They are but *Lewis* and *Warwick*, I am *Edward*, Your King and *Warwick's*, and must have my will.

*Glo.* And you shall have your will, because our King. Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

*K. Edw.*

*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 yolk so well.

*K. Edw.* Setting your scorns and your dislike 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 trusting *France*.  
 Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,  
 Which he hath given for fence impregnable,  
 And with their helps alone defend our selves:  
 In them, and in our selves, our safety 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 bestow'd the heir  
 Of the lord *Bonvill* on your new wife's son,  
 And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

*K. Edw.*

*K. Edw.* Alas, poor *Clarence* ! is it for a wife  
That thou art malecontent ? I will provide thee.

*Clar.* In chusing for your self, you shew'd your judgment ;  
Which 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 my self have had like fortune.  
But as this title honours me and mine,  
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,  
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

*K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns ;  
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,  
So long as *Edward* is thy constant friend,  
And their true Sov'raign, 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.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter a Post.*

*K. Edw.* Now messenger, what letters or what news  
from *France* ?

*Post.* My Sovereign Liege, no letters and few words,  
But such as I (without your special pardon)  
Dare not relate.

*K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee :  
So tell their words, as near as thou canst guess them.  
What answer makes King *Lewis* to our letters ?

*Post.*

*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 (quoth she) my mourning weeds are  
done,  
And I am ready to put armour on.

*K. Edw.* Belike she minds to play the *Amazon*.  
But what said *Warwick* to these injuries ?

*Post.* He, more incens'd against your Majesty  
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words ;  
Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

*K. Edw.* Ha ! 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 sit 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.]

*Glo.* Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter:

I stay not for love of *Edward*, but the crown.

*K. Edw.* Clarence and *Somerſet* both gone to *Warwick*? [*Aside.*]

Yet am I arm'd againſt the worſt can happen;  
And haſte is needful in this deſp'rate 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 ſuſpect.

*Mon.* So God help *Montague*, as he proves true.

*Hast.* And *Hastings*, as he favours *Edward's* cauſe.

*K. Edw.* Now, brother *Richard*, will you ſtand by us?

*Glo.* Ay, in 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. [*Exit*]

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

*Enter Warwick and Oxford in England, with French Soldiers.*

*War.* **T**RUST 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 *Diomedes*  
With slight and manhood stole to *Rhesus' Tents*,  
And brought from thence the *Thracian* fatal steeds ;  
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,  
At unawares may beat down *Edward's* guard,  
And seize himself : I say not, slaughter him,  
For I intend but only to surprize him.  
You that will follow me to this attempt,  
Applaud the name of *Henry* with your leader:

[*They all cry Henry.*]

Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,  
For *Warwick* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

## S C E N E 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't.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow then belike shall be the day,  
If *Warwick* be so near as men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that  
That with the King here resteth in his tent ?

1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord *Hastings*, the King's chiefest friend.

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

2 *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 ; Glo'ter and Hastings flying over the Stage.*

*Som.* What are they that fly there ?

*War.* Richard and Hastings ; let them go, here is The Duke.

*K. Edw.* The Duke ! why *Warwick*, when we parted

Thou call'dst me King ?

*War.* Ay, but the case is alter'd.

When you disgrac'd me in my 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 despite of all mischance,  
Of thee thy self, and all thy complices,  
*Edward* will always bear himself as King :  
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

*War.* Then for his mind be *Edward* England's  
King. [Takes off his Crown.

But *Henry* now shall wear the *English* crown,  
And be true King indeed ; thou but a shadow.

My

My lord of *Somerset*, at my request,  
 See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd  
 Unto my brother, Archbishop of *York* :  
 When I have fought with *Pembroke* and his fellows,  
 I'll follow you, and tell you what reply  
*Lewis* and lady *Bona* sent to him :  
 Now for a while farewell, good Duke of *York*.

[*They lead him out forcibly.*]

*K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must needs  
 abide ;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide. [Exit.]

*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. [Exit.]

## S C E N E 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 pitcht battel against *War-*  
*wick* ?

*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 falshood of his guard,  
 Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares :

And as I further have to understand,  
 Is now committed to the Bishop of *York*,  
 Fell *Warwick's* brother, 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.*

*La. Gray.* Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.

And I the rather wean me from despair,  
For love of *Edward's* Off-spring in my womb :  
This is't that makes me bridle in my passion,  
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross :  
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,  
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,  
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown  
King *Edward's* fruit, true heir to th' *English* crown.

*Riv.* But madam, where is *Warwick* then become ?

*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.]

## S C E N E VI.

In YORKSHIRE.

*Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.*

*Glo.* **N**OW my lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,  
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus stands the case ; you know our King, my brother,  
Is pris'ner to the bishop, at whose hands,  
He hath good usage and great liberty,  
And often but attended with weak guard

Comes.

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 hunt-  
 men stand.

Now brother *Glo'ster*, *Hastings* and the rest,  
 Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

*Glo.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste,  
 Your horse stands 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 mean-  
 ing.

*K. Edw.* *Stanley*, I will requite thy forwardness.

*Glo.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

*K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go  
 along?

*Hunt.* Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

*Glo.* Come then away, let's ha' no more ado.

*K. Edw.* Bishop farewel, shield thee from *Warwick's*  
 frown,

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

## SCENE VII.

L O N D O N.

*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?

*Lien.* 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.

*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'ns in thy nativity  
 Adjudg'd an olive branch and lawrel crown,  
 As likely to be blest in peace and war ;  
 And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

*War.* And I chuse *Clarence* only for Protector.

*K. Henry.* *Warwick* and *Clarence*, give me both your  
 hands,  
 Now join your hands, and with your hands, your  
 hearts,

That no dissention hinder government.  
 I make you both Protectors of this land,  
 While I 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'raign'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 yoak together, like a double shadow  
 To *Henry's* body, and supply his place ;  
 I mean, in bearing weight of government,  
 While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.  
 And *Clarence*, now then it is more than needful  
 Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a traitor,  
 And all his lands and goods confiscated.

*Clar.* What else ? and that succession be determin'd.

*War.* Ay, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.

*K. Henry.* But with the first of all our chief affairs,  
 Let me intreat, for I command no more,  
 That *Margaret* your Queen and my son *Edward*  
 Be sent for, to return from *France* with speed.  
 For till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
 My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

*Clar.* It shall be done, my Sov'raign, with all speed.

*K. Henry.* My lord of *Somerſet*, what youth is that  
Of whom you ſeem to have ſo tender care?

*Som.* My liege, it is young *Henry*, Earl of *Richmond*.

*K. Henry.* Come hither *England's* hope: if ſecret  
powers [Lays his hand on his head.

Suſpect but truth to my divining thoughts,  
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliſs.  
His looks are full of peaceful Maſteſty,  
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,  
His hand to wield a ſcepter, and himſelf  
Likely in time to bleſs a regal throne.  
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he  
Muſt help you more, than you are hurt by me.

*Enter a Poſt.*

*War.* What news, my friend?

*Poſt.* That *Edward* is eſcaped from your brother,  
And fled, as he hears ſince, to *Burgundy*.

*War.* Unſavory news; but how made he eſcape?

*Poſt.* He was convey'd by *Richard* Duke of *Gloſter*,  
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 betide. [Exeunt.

*Manet Somerſet, Richmond, and Oxford.*

*Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of *Edward's*:  
For doubtleſs *Burgundy* will yield him help,  
And we ſhall have more wars before't be long.  
As *Henry's* late preſaging prophecy  
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*;  
So doth my heart miſ-give me, in theſe conflicts  
What may befall him, to his harm and ours.

There-

Therefore, lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worst,  
Forthwith we'll send him hence to *Britany*,  
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

*Oxf.* Ay, for if *Edward* re-possess the crown,  
'Tis like that *Richmond* with the rest shall down.

*Som.* It shall be so ; he shall to *Britany*.  
Come therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to YORK.*

*Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* **N**OW brother *Richard*, *Hastings*, and  
the rest,

Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,  
And says, that once more I shall interchange  
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 *Ravenspurg*, 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, aboardments 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 fore-warned of your coming,

And shut the gates for safety of our selves ;

For now we owe allegiance unto *Henry*.

*K. Edw.* But master Mayor, if *Henry* be your King,  
Yet *Edward* at the least is Duke of *York*.

*Mayor.* True, my good lord, I know you for no less.

*K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my 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.]*

*Hast.* Why master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt ?

Open the gates, we are King *Henry's* friends.

*Mayor.* Ay, say you so ? the gates shall then be open'd. *[He descends.]*

*Glo.* A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon.

*Hast.* 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,

*[Takes his Keys.]*

For *Edward* will defend the town and thee,

And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*March. Enter Montgomery, with Drum and Soldiers.*

*Glo.* Brother, this is Sir *John Montgomery*,  
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

*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.

*Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must rule.

*Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.  
Brother we will proclaim you out of hand,  
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

*K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,  
And *Henry* but usurps the diadem.

*Mont.* Ay, now my Sov'raign speaketh like him-  
self,

And now will I be *Edward's* champion.

*Hast.* 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 whoso'er gain-says King *Edward's* right,  
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*]

*All.* Long live *Edward* the fourth !

*K. Edw.* Thanks, brave *Montgomery* ; and thanks to all.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.  
Now for this night let's harbour here at *York* ;  
And when the morning sun shall raise his car  
Above the border of this horizon,  
We'll forward towards *Warwick* and his mates ;  
For well I wot that *Henry* is no soldier.  
Ah froward *Clarence*, evil it beseems thee  
To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy brother !  
Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwick*.  
Come on brave soldiers, doubt not of the day :  
And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

*Changes again to LONDON.*

*Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.*

*War.* **W**HAT counsel, lords ? *Edward* from  
*Belgia,*  
With hasty *Germans*, and blunt *Hollanders*,  
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,  
And with his troops doth march amain to *London*,  
And many giddy people flock to him.

*K. Henry.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

*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 Sov'raign, with the loving citizens,  
(Like to his *Island* girt with th' *Ocean*,  
Or modest *Dian* circled with her nymphs,)  
Shall rest in *London*, till we come to him:  
Fair lords take leave, and stand not to reply.  
Farewel my Sovereign,

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

*Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness' hand.

*K. Henry.* Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.

*Mont.* Comfort, my lord, and so I take my leave.

*Oxf.* And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

*K. Henry.* Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Montague*,  
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

*K. Henry.* Here at the palace will I rest a while.  
*Cousin of Exeter*, what thinks your lordship?  
Methinks the pow'r that *Edward* hath in field  
Should not be able to encounter mine.

*Exe.* The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

*K. Henry.* That's not my fear, my meed hath got me  
fame:

‘ I have not stopt mine ears to their demands,  
‘ Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;  
‘ My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,  
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,  
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.

‘ I have not been desirous of their wealth,  
‘ Nor much oppress’d 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.

[*Shouts 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 again towards *Coventry*.

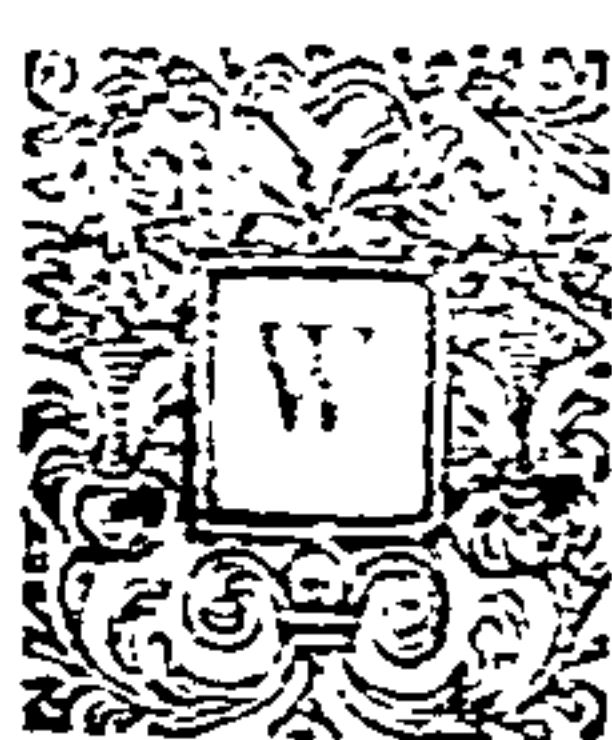
[*Exeunt.*



## 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 *Mes.* By this at *Dunsmore*, marching hither-ward.

*War.* How far off is our brother *Montague*?

Where is the post that came from *Montague*?

2 *Mes.* By this at *Daintry*, with a puissant troop.

*Enter Somervile.*

*War.* Say *Somervile*, 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.*

*March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a  
parle.

*Glo.* See how the surly *Warwick* mans the wall.

*War.* Oh unbid spight ! is sportful *Edward* come ?  
Where slept 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 silyly 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's* still.

*Glo.* Come *Warwick*, take the time, kneel down,  
kneel down :

Nay when ? strike now, or else the iron cools.

*War.* I'd rather chop this hand off at a blow,  
And with the other fling it at thy face,  
Then bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

*K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy  
friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,  
Shall, while thy head is warm and new cut off,  
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,  
*Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Oxford, with Drum and Colours.*

*War.* O chearful colours, see where *Oxford* comes !

*Oxf.* *Oxford ! Oxford ! for Lancaster !*

*Glo.* The gates are open, let us enter too.

*K. Edw.* So other foes may set upon our backs.  
Stand we in good array ; for they no doubt  
Will issue out again and bid us battel :  
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.*

*Som.* *Somerset ! Somerset ! for Lancaster.*

*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*



*Enter Clarence, with Drum and Colours.*

*War.* And lo where *George of Clarence* sweeps along,  
Of force enough to bid his brother battel :  
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 impiety,  
Than *Jephthah's*, when he sacrific'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, wherefoe'er I meet thee,  
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)  
To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.  
And so proud-hearted *Warwick* I 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  
belov'd,  
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

*Glo.* Welcome, good *Clarence*, this is brother-like.

*War.* O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust !

*K. Edw.* What *Warwick*, wilt thou leave the town  
and fight ?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears ?

*War.* Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence :  
I will away towards *Barnet* presently,  
And bid thee battel, *Edward*, if thou dar'st.

*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.

### S C E N E III.

#### B A R N E T.

*Alarm and Excursions.* Enter *Edward* bringing forth  
*Warwick* wounded.

*K. Edw.* S O, lye thou there ; die thou, and die our  
fear,

For *Warwick* was a bug that scar'd us all.

Now *Montague* sit fast, I seek for thee,

That *Warwick's* bones may keep thine company. [Exit.

*War.* Ah, who is nigh ? come to me, friend, or foe,  
And tell me who is victor, *York*, or *Warwick* ?

Why ask I that ? my mangled body shews,

My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews,

That I must yield my body to the earth,

And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the Cedar to the ax's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,

Whose top-branch over-peer'd *Jove's* spreading tree,

And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'ful 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'ned 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 forsake 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 loss 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 didst,  
 Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,  
 That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.  
 Come quickly *Montague*, or I am dead.

*Som.* Ah *Warwick*, *Montague* hath breath'd his last,  
 And to the latest gasp cry'd out for *Warwick* :  
 And said, 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.

*Oxf.* Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power.  
 [They bear away his Body, and Exeunt.

S C E N E

## S C E N E IV.

*Flourish.* Enter King Edward in triumph with Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

*K. Edw.* **T**HUS 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 *Somerfet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her.  
If she hath time to breathe, be well assur'd  
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

*K. Edw.* We are advertis'd by our loving friends,  
That they do hold their course tow'rd *Tewksbury*.  
We having now the best at *Barnet* field,  
Will thither straight, for willingness rids 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.*]

S C E N E

## S C E N E V.

## T E W K S B U R Y.

*March. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.*

*Queen.* GREAT lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail  
 their loss,  
 But chearly seek how to redress their harms.  
 What though the mast 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-sand 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  
 Bestride the rock, the tide will wash you off,  
 Or else you famish, that's a three-fold death.  
 This speak I, lords, to let you understand,  
 In case some one of you would fly from us,  
 That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,  
 More than with ruthless waves with sands and rocks.  
 Why courage then ! what cannot be avoided,  
 'Twere childish 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 ;  
 Lest in our need he might infect another,  
 And make him of like spirit to himself.  
 If any such be here, as God forbid,  
 Let him depart before we need his help.

*Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage !  
 And warriors faint ! why 'twere perpetual shame.  
 Oh brave young Prince ! thy famous grandfather  
 Doth live again in thee ; long may'st thou live,  
 To bear his image, and renew his glories.

*Som.* And he that will not fight for such a hope,  
 Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,  
 If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

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

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

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Prepare you, lords, for *Edward* is at hand,  
 Ready to fight ; therefore be resolute.

*Oxf.*

*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.

## S C E N E 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 cancell'd, and his treasure spent :  
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.  
You fight in justice : then in God's name, lords,  
Be valiant, and give signal to the battel.

*Alarm. Retreat. Excursions.*

*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 *Hamnes* castle straight :

For

For *Somerſet*, off with his guilty head.

Go bear them hence, I will not hear them ſpeak.

*Oxf.* For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

*Som.* Nor I, but ſtoop with patience to my fortune.

*Queen.* So part we ſadly in this troublous world,  
To meet with joy in ſweet *Jeruſalem*. [*Exeunt.*

*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,  
Whiſt 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 ſtoln the breech from *Lancaſter*.

*Prince.* Let *Æſop* fable in a winter's night,  
His curriſh riddles ſort 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.

*Cl.* Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

*Prince.*



*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'st 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?

*K. Edw.* What? doth she swoon? use means for her  
recov'ry.

*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'st thou not speak? O traitors, murderers!

They that stabb'd *Cæsar* 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 murtherer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speak——

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and villains, bloody 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

But if you ever chance to have a child,  
 Look in his youth to have him so cut off,  
 As deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young Prince.

*K. Edw.* Away with her, go bear her hence by  
 force.

*Queen.* Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me  
 here :

Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death :  
 What? wilt thou not? then *Clarence* do it thou.

*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 not  
 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'st back.

*K. Edw.* Away, I say, I charge ye bear her hence.

*Queen.* So come to you and yours, as to this Prince!

[*Exit Queen.*]

*K. Edw.* Where's *Richard* gone?

*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 sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to *London* :

And see our gentle *Queen* how well she fares,

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

## SCENE VII.

*The Tower of London.**Enter King Henry, and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant on the Tower Walls.*

*Glo.* **G**OOD day, my lord ; what, at your book so hard ?

*K. Henry.* Ay, my good lord ; my lord, I should say rather,

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better :  
Good *Glo'ster*, and good devil, were alike,  
And both prepost'rous ; therefore not good lord.

*Glo.* a Sir, leave us to our selves, we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

*K. Henry.* So flies the wreakless shepherd from the wolf,

So first the harmless flock doth yield his fleece,  
And next his throat, unto the butcher's knife.  
What scene of death hath *Roscius* now to act ?

*Glo.* Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,  
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*K. Henry.* The bird that hath been limed in a bush,  
With trembling wings mis-doubteth ev'ry bush ;  
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,  
Have now the fatal object in my eye,  
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and  
kill'd.

*Glo.* Why what a peevish fool was that of *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.

Whose

a *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 ? Is't for my life ?

*Glo.* Think'st thou I am an executioner ?

*K. Henry.* A persecutor I am sure thou art ;

If murth'ring innocents be executing,

Why then thou art an executioner.

*Glo.* Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

*K. Henry.* Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst  
presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand

Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,

• And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,

• And many an orphan's water-standing eye,

• Men for their sons, wives for their husbands fate,

• And orphans for their parents timeles 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 less than a mother's hope,

To wit, an indigested deform'd lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,

To signifie thou cam'st to bite the world :

And if the rest be true which I have heard,

Thou cam'st——

*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.*

*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 downfal of our house.  
If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither,

[Stabs him again.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.  
Indeed 'tis true that *Henry* told me of :  
For I have often heard my mother say  
I came into the world with my legs forward.  
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,  
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?  
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd  
O Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!  
And so I was, which plainly signify'd  
That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dog :  
Then since the heav'ns have shap'd m. 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 buz 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.* **O**NCE more we sit on *England's* royal throne,

Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies :

What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,  
Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride ?

Three Dukes of *Somerset*, three-fold renown'd  
For hardy and undoubted champions :

Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the son ;

And two *Northumberlands* ; two braver men

Ne'er spurr'd their courfers 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 roar'd.

Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,

And made our footstool of security.

Come hither, *Bess*, and let me kiss my boy :

Young *Ned*, for thee, thine uncles and my self

Have in our armours watch'd the winter night,

Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,

That thou might'st re-possess 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.

*Glo.* And that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,  
Witness the loving kifs I give the fruit.

To say the truth, so *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 besit the pleasure of the court?  
Sound drums and trumpets, farewell sow'r annoy,  
For here I hope begins our lasting joy. [Exeunt omnes.





*P. Ferdinandus scil.*

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THE  
*LIFE* and *DEATH*  
OF  
*RICHARD III.*

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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.*

*Cardinal, Archbishop of York.*

*Duke of Buckingham.*

*Duke of Norfolk.*

*Earl of Surrey.*

*Marquiss 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,*

*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.**

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

*The C O U R T.*

*Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.*



NOW is the Winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this Sun of  
*York :*  
And all the clouds that lowr'd upon our  
house,  
In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;  
Our stern alarms chang'd to merry meetings ;  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.

Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;  
 And now instead of mounting barbed steeds  
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
 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 dissembling nature,  
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing world; scarce half made up,  
 And that so lamely and unfashionably,  
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them:  
 Why I, (in this weak piping time of peace)  
 Have no delight to pass away the time;  
 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 determin'd to prove a villain,  
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
 By drunken prophecies, 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 prophecies and dreams,  
And from the cross-row plucks the letter *G* ;  
And says a wizard told him, that by *G*  
His issue disinherited should be.

And for my name of *George* begins with *G*,  
It follows in his thought that I am he.  
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,  
Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

*Glo.* Why this it is, when men are rul'd by women.  
'Tis not the King that sends you to the *Tower* ;  
My lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence*, 'tis she,  
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.  
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 mistress *Shore*.

Heard you not what an humble suppliant  
Lord *Hastings* was to her for his delivery ?

*Glo.* Humbly complaining to her deity,  
Got my lord Chamberlain his liberty.

I'll tell you what, I think it is our way  
If we will keep in favour with the King,  
To be her men, and wear her livery :  
The jealous o'erworn widow, and her self,  
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,  
Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

*Brak.* I beg your graces both to pardon me :  
His Majesty hath straitly giv'n in charge,  
That no man shall have private conference,  
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

*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 wise and virtuous, and his noble Queen  
Well strook in years, fair, and not jealous——  
We say, that *Shore's* wife hath a pretty foot,  
A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue :  
That the Queen's kindred are made gentle-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 conference with the Duke.

*Clar.* We know thy charge, *Brakenbury*, and will  
obey.

*Glo.* We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey.  
Brother farewell, I will unto the King,  
And whatsoever you will employ me in,  
(Were it to call King *Edward's* widow sister)  
I will perform it to infranchise you.  
Mean time, this deep disgrace of brotherhood  
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

*Clar.* I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

*Glo.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,  
I will deliver you, or else lye for you :  
Mean time have patience.

*Clar.* I must perforce ; farewell. [Exe. *Brak.* *Clar.*

*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 lyes well steel'd with weighty arguments ;  
And if I fail not in my deep intent,  
*Clarence* hath not another day to live :

Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,  
 And leave the world for me to bustle in.  
 For then, I'll marry *Warwick's* youngest daughter :  
 What though I kill'd her husband, and her father ?  
 The readiest way to make the wench amends,  
 Is to become her husband and her father :  
 The which will I, not all so much for love,  
 As for another secret close intent,  
 By marrying her, which I must reach unto.  
 But yet I run before my horse to market :  
*Clarence* still breathes, *Edward* still lives and reigns ;  
 When they are gone, then must I count my gains.  
[Exit.

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## S C E N E II.

*Enter the Coarse of Henry the Sixth, with halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.*

*Anne.* S E T down, set down your honourable load,  
 If honour may be shrowded 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 *Chertsey* with your holy load,  
 Taken from *Paul's* to be interred there.  
 And still as you are weary of this weight,  
 Rest you, while I lament King *Henry's* coarſe.

*Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.*

*Glo.* Stay you that bear the coarſe, and ſet it down.

*Anne.* What black magician conjures up this fiend,  
 To ſtop devoted charitable deeds?

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

*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 had'ſt but pow'r over his mortal body,  
 His ſoul thou can'ſt not have; therefore be gone.

*Glo.* Sweet faint, for charity, be not ſo curſt.

*Anne.* Foul dev'l! for God's ſake hence, trouble us  
 not,

For thou haſt made the happy earth thy hell:  
 Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deep exclamings.  
 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 aſreſh.

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 murth'rer dead ;  
 Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,  
 As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,  
 Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered.

*Glo.* Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
 Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

*Anne.* Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor  
 man ;

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

*Glo.* But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

*Anne.* O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

*Glo.* More wonderful, when angels are so angry :  
 Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
 Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave,  
 By circumstance, but to acquit my self.

*Anne.* Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,  
 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 excus'd,  
 For doing worthy vengeance on thy self ;  
 That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

*Glo.* Say, that I slew them not.

*Anne.* Then say, they were not slain :  
 But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

*Glo.* I did not kill your husband.

*Anne.* Why then he is alive.

*Glo.* Nay, he is dead, and slain by *Edward's* hands.

*Anne.*

*Anne.* In thy foul throat thou ly'st. *Queen Marg'ret*  
saw

Thy murd'rous faulchion smoaking in his blood :  
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

*Glo.* I was provoked by her fland'rous tongue,  
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

*Anne.* Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
That never dreamt on ought but butcheries :  
Didst thou not kill this King ?

*Glo.* I grant ye.

*Anne.* Dost grant me, hedge-hog ? then God grant  
me too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed :  
O he was gentle, mild and virtuous.

*Glo.* The <sup>b</sup> 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 thi-  
ther ;

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 lye'st.

*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 slower method.  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,  
As blameful as the executioner ?

*Anne.* Thou wast the cause, and most accurst effect.

*Glo.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect :  
Your beauty that did haunt me in my sleep,  
To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

*Anne.*

<sup>b</sup> better.

*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 sculer 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 sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[*She looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made  
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.  
 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
 Lo here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,  
 Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast,  
 And let the soul forth that 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 *Ed-*  
*ward,*

But 'twas thy heav'nly face that set me on.

[*She falls the sword.*]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

*Anne.* Arise, dissembler ; though I wish thy death,  
 I will not be thy executioner.

*Glo.* Then bid me kill my self, and I will do it.

*Anne.* I have already.

*Glo.* That was in thy rage :

Speak it again, and even with thy word,  
 This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,  
 Shall for thy love, kill a far truer love ;  
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

*Anne.* I would I knew thy heart.

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*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 interr'd  
 At *Chertsey* monast'ry this noble King,  
 And wet his grave with my repentant tears,  
 I will with all expedient duty see you.  
 For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
 Grant me this boon.

*Anne.* With all my heart, and much it joys me too,  
 To see you are become so penitent.

*Trassel* and *Barkley*, go along with me.

*Glo.* Bid me farewell.

*Anne.* 'Tis more than you deserve:  
 But since you teach me how to flatter you,  
 Imagine I have said farewell already. [*Exe. two with Anne.*]

*Gent.* Towards *Chertsey*, noble lord?

*Glo.* No to *White-Friars*, there attend my coming.

[*Exit Coarse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her——but I will not keep her long.

What! I that kill'd her husband and his father!

To take her in her heart's extreamest hate,

With

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 debase her eyes on me,  
That cropt the golden prime of this sweet Prince,  
And made her widow to a woful bed ?

On me, whose all not equals *Edward's* moiety ?

On me, that halt, and am 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 marv'lous proper man.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,

And entertain a score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn my body :

Since I am crept in favour with my self,

I will maintain it with some little cost.

But first I'll turn yon fellow 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

## S C E N E III.

*Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray.*

*Riv.* **H**A V E patience, madam, there's no doubt,  
his Majesty  
Will soon recover his accustom'd 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 Glo'ster*,  
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 slanders of her false accusers :  
Or if she be accus'd on true report,

Bear



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 *Glo'ster* and your brothers,  
And between them and my lord Chamberlain ;  
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

*Queen.* Would all were well——but that will never  
be——

I fear our happiness is at the height.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glo.* They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.  
Who 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 dissentious rumors.  
Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,  
Duck with *French* nods, and apish courtesie,  
I must be held a rancorous enemy.  
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,  
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd  
By silken, sly, insinuating jacks ?

*Gray.* To whom in all this presence speaks your  
grace ?

*Glo.* To thee, that hast not honesty nor grace :  
When have I injur'd thee ? when done thee wrong ?  
Or thee ? or thee ? or any of your faction ?  
A plague upon you all. His royal person,  
Whom God preserve better than you would wish,  
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But

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, bro-  
ther *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 enoble 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 <sup>c</sup> cause  
Of my lord *Hastings*' late imprisonment.

*Riv.* She may, my lord, for——

*Glo.* She may, lord *Rivers*, why who knows not so ?  
She may do more, Sir, than denying that :  
She may help you to many fair preferments,  
And then deny her aiding hand therein,

And

‡ This line is restor'd from the first edition.

<sup>c</sup> mean,

And lay those honours on your high desert.

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 batchelor, a handsom stripling too:  
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

*Queen.* My lord of *Glo'ster*, I have too long borne  
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:  
By heav'n I will acquaint his Majesty,  
Of those gros 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.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Queen Margaret.*

*Q. Mar.* And lessen'd be that small, God I beseech  
thee:

Thy honour, state, and feat 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 weeder out of his proud adversaries,  
A liberal rewarder of his friends;  
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, and much better blood than his or  
thine.

*Glo.* In all which time you and your husband *Gray*  
Were factious for the house of *Lancaster*;  
And *Rivers*, so were you; was not your husband,  
In *Marg'ret's* battel, at *St. Alban's* slain?  
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What

What you have been ere now, and what you are ;  
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

*Q. Mar.* A murth'rous villain, and so still thou art.

*Glo.* Poor *Clarence* did forsake his father *Warwick*,  
Ay, and forswore himself, (which *Jesu* pardon)——

*Q. Mar.* Which God revenge.

*Glo.* To fight on *Edward's* party for the crown,  
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:  
I would to God my heart were flint, like *Edward's*,  
Or *Edward's* soft and pitiful, like mine ;  
I am too childish, foolish for this world.

*Q. Mar.* Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this  
world,

Thou *Cacodæmon*, there thy kingdom is.

*Riv.* My lord of *Glo'ster*, in those busie days,  
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,  
We follow'd then our lord, our Sov'reign King ;  
So should we you, if you should be our King.

*Glo.* If I should be !——I had rather be a pedlar ;  
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

*Queen.* As little joy, my lord, as you suppose  
You should enjoy, were you this country's King,  
As little joy you may suppose in me,  
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

*Q. Mar.* A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof ;  
For I am she, and altogether joyless.  
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 subjects ;  
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like rebels.  
Ah gentle villain do not turn away ?

*Glo.* Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my  
sight ?

*Q. Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,  
That will I make, before I let thee go.

A husband and a son thou ow'st to me, [To *Glo.*  
And thou a kingdom ; all of you allegiance ;

[To the *Queen.*  
The

The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,  
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

*Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,  
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,  
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,  
And then to dry them gav'st the Duke a clout,  
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty *Rutland*;  
His curses, then from bitterness of soul  
Denounc'd against thee, are now fall'n upon thee;  
And God, not we, has plagu'd thy bloody deed.

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

*Hast.* O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,  
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

*Riv.* Tyrants themselves wept, when it was re-  
ported.

*Dors.* No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

*Buck.* *Northumberland*, then present, wept to see it.

*Q. Mar.* What! were you snarling all before I came,  
Ready to catch each other by the throat,  
And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did *York's* dread curse prevail so much with heav'n,  
That *Henry's* death, my lovely *Edward's* death,  
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,  
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heav'n?  
Why then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses.  
If not by war, by surfeit die your King,  
As ours by murder to make him a King.

*Edward* thy son, that now is Prince of *Wales*,  
For *Edward* our son, that was Prince of *Wales*,  
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence.

Thy self a Queen, for me that was a Queen,  
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self:  
Long may'st thou live to wail thy children's loss,  
And see another, as I see thee now,  
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine.  
Long die thy happy days before thy death  
And after many length'ned hours of grief,  
Die, neither mother, wife, nor *England's* Queen.

*Rivers* and *Dorset*, you were standers-by,

And

And so wast thou, lord *Hastings*, when my son  
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers ; God, I pray him,  
That none of you may live your natural age,  
But by some unlook'd accident cut off.

*Glo.* Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

*Q. Mar.* And leave out thee ? stay dog, for thou shalt  
hear me.

If heav'ns 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,  
Unless 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.*

*Q. Mar. Richard.*

*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, fool, thou whet'st a knife to kill thy self :  
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me,  
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

*Hast.* False boading woman, end thy frantick  
curse,

Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

*Q. Mar.* Foul shame upon you, you have all mov'd  
mine.

*Riv.* Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your  
duty.

*Q. Mar.* To serve me well, you all should do me  
duty,

Teach me to be your Queen, and you my subjects :  
O serve me well, and teach your selves that duty.

*Dorf.* Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

*Q. Mar.* Peace, master Marquiss, 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, Mar-  
quiss.

*Dorf.* It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

*Glo.* Ay, and much more ; but I was born so high,  
Our Airy buildeth in the cedar's top,  
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

*Q. Mar.* And turns the sun to shade ; alas ! alas !  
Witness my son now in the shade of death,  
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath  
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your Airy buildeth in our Airies nest ;

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it.

As it was won with blood, so be it lost.

*Buck.* Peace, peace for shame, if not for charity.

*Q. Mar.* Urge neither charity nor shame to me ;  
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,  
And shamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.

My

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 sooth 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.

*Dors.* I never did her any, to my knowledge.

*Glo.* Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong :  
I was too hot to do some body good,  
That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd ;



He is † frank'd up to fattening for his pains,  
God pardon them that are the cause thereof.

*Riv.* A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,  
To pray for them that have done ‡ scathe to us.

*Glo.* So do I ever, being well advis'd ;  
For had I curst now, I had curst my self. [Aside.]

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cates.* Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,  
And for your grace, and you, my noble lord.

*Queen.* Catesby, we come ; lords, will you go with us ?

*Riv.* Madam, we will attend your grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.]

*Glo.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

The secret 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 withal whet me

To be reveng'd on *Rivers, Dorset, Gray.*

But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,

Tell them that God bids us do good for evil :

And thus I cloathe my naked villany

With old odd ends, stoln forth of holy writ,

And seem a Saint, when most I play the Devil.

VOL. V.

O

*Enter*

† Frank'd up to fattening.] A Frank is an old English word for a Hogsty. 'Tis possible he uses this metaphor to Clarence, in allusion to the Crest of the family of York, which was a Boar. Whereto 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.

‡ mischief.

[Act 4.]

*Enter two Villains.*

But soft, here come my executioners.  
How now my handy, stout, resolved mates,  
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

*I 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.

*Vil.* Fear not my lord, we will not stand to prate,  
Talkers are no good doers ; be assur'd,  
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

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

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

## S C E N E V.

*The Tower.**Enter Clarence and* <sup>d</sup> *Brakenbury.*

*Brak.* **W**H Y 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 wou'd not spend another such a night  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days :  
So full of dismal terror was the time.

*Brak.* What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you  
tell me.

*Clar.* Methought that I had broken from the *Tower*,  
And

<sup>c</sup> *Keeper.*

And was embark'd to cross to *Burgundy*,  
 And in my company my brother *Glo'ster*,  
 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'ster* 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 woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by:

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death,  
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

*Clar.* Methought I had, and often did I strive

To yield the 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 sore agony?

*Clar.* No, no, my dream was lengthned after life.

O then began the tempest to my soul:

I pass, methought, the melancholy flood,

With that grim ferry-man which poets write of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger-soul,

Was my great father-in-law, renowned *Warwick*,

Who cry'd aloud—What scourge for perjury

Can this dark monarchy afford false *Clarence*?  
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by  
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
 Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud——  
*Clarence* is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd *Clarence*,  
 That stabb'd me in the field by *Tezksbury*;  
 Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments——  
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
 Invirion'd me, and howled in mine ears  
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise  
 I, trembling, wak'd; and for a season after  
 Could not believe but that I was in hell.  
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;  
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

*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 fame.

S C E N E

† 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, pronouncing these words: which seem to me a reflection naturally resulting from the foregoing conversation, and therefore continu'd to be spoken by the same person; as it is accordingly in the first edition.

SCENE VI.

*Enter two Villains.*

1 *Vil.* Ho, who's here?

*Brak.* In God's name, what art thou? how cam'st thou hither?

2 *Vil.* I would speak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my legs.

*Brak.* What, so brief?

1 *Vil.* 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious. Let him see our commission, and talk no more.

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

I will not reason what is meant hereby,

Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.

There lyes the Duke asleep, and there the keys.

I'll to the King, and signify to him,

That thus I have resign'd to you my charge. [*Exit.*

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

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

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

2 *Vil.* Why he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Vil.* Why then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

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

1 *Vil.* What? art thou afraid?

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

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

2 *Vil.* Nay, pr'ythee stay a little: I hope this<sup>e</sup> holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

O 3

1 *Vil.*

<sup>e</sup> *passionate.*

1 *Vil.* How dost thou feel thy self 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 ?

2 *Vil.* O, in the Duke of *Glouster's* purse.

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 accuseth him ; a man cannot swear, but it checks him ; a man cannot lye with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom : it fills one full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turn'd out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing ; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *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 sigh.

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 costard, with the hilt of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmie-but in the next room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent device, and make a sop of him.

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes. Shall I strike ?

2 *Vil.* No, we'll reason with him.

*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 murder me ?

*Both.* Ay, ay.

*Clar.* You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so !  
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.  
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you ?

*1 Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

*Clar.* 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 murder ; 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 murder too :

Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight  
In quarrel of the house of *Lancaster*.

1 *Vil.* And like a traitor to the name of God,  
Didst break that vow, and with thy treach'rous blade,  
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy Sovereign's son.

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Vil.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,  
When thou hast broke it in such high degree?

*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 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,  
When gailant-springing brave *Plantagenet*,  
That Princely novice was struck dead by thee?

*Clar.* My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Vil.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,  
Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.

*Clar.* If you do love my brother, hate not me:  
I am his brother, and I love him well.  
If you are hir'd for need, go back again,  
And I will send you to my brother *Glo'ster*:  
Who will reward you better for my life,  
Than *Edward* will for tidings of my death.

2 *Vil.* You are deceiv'd, your brother *Glo'ster*  
hates you.

*Clar.* Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:  
Go you to him from me.

1 *Vil.* Ay, so we will.

*Clar.* Tell him, when that our Princely father *York*,  
Elate his three sons with his victorious arm,

† And

\*——for the deed,

O know you yet, he doth it publickly,

Take not, &c. This line interpolated since the first edition.



† And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,  
He little thought of this divided friendship :  
Bid *Glo'ster* think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Vil.* Ay, mill-stones ; as he lesson'd us to weep.

*Clar.* O do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Vil.* As snow in harvest :—you deceive your self,  
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

*Clar.* It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,  
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs,  
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Vil.* Why so he doth, when he delivers you  
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heav'n.

2 *Vil.* Make peace with God, for you must die,  
my lord.

*Clar.* Have you that holy feeling in your soul,  
To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,  
That you will war with God, by murd'ring me ?  
O Sirs, consider, they that set you on  
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Vil.* What shall we do ?

*Clar.* 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 murderers 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 desp'rately dispatch'd:

How fain, like *Pilate*, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous murther.

*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.



A C T



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The COURT.*

*Flourish.* Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, and Woodvile.

K. EDWARD.



HY 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 <sup>a</sup> recall me hence.  
And <sup>b</sup> now in peace my soul shall part  
to heav'n,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth ;  
*Hastings* and *Rivers*, take each other's hand,  
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

*Riv.* By heav'n, my soul is purg'd from grudging  
hate,

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love:

*Hast.* So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

*K. Edw.* Take heed you dally not before your King,  
Lest he that is the supream King of Kings  
Confound your hidden falshood, and award  
Either of you to be the other's end.

*Hast.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.

*Riv.* And I, as I love *Hastings* with my heart.

*K. Edw.* Madam, your self is not exempt from this ;  
Nor your son *Dorset*, *Buckingham* nor you ;  
You have been factious one against the other.  
Wife, love lord *Hastings*, let him kiss your hand,  
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

*Queen.*

<sup>a</sup> *redeem.*

<sup>b</sup> *more.*

*Queen.* There *Hastings*, I will never more remember  
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine.

*K. Edw.* *Dorset*, embrace him : *Hastings*, love lord  
Marquiss.

*Dor.* This interchange of love, I here protest,  
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

*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 duteous love,

[To the *Queen*.

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me  
With hate in those where I expect most love.  
When I have most need to imploy 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'ster* here,  
To make the blessed period of this peace.

*Buck.* And in good time, here comes the noble Duke.

*Enter* *Ratcliff* and *Gloucester*.

*Gl.* 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.

*Gl.* 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 desire  
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace :  
 'Tis death to me to be at enmity ;  
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.  
 First, madam, I intreat true peace of you,  
 Which I will purchase with my duteous service.  
 Of you my noble cousin *Buckingham*,  
 If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us.  
 Of you and you, lord *Rivers* and of *Dorset*,  
 That all without desert have frown'd on me :  
 Of you lord *Woodvil*, and lord *Scales* of you,  
 Dukes, Earls, lords, gentlemen, indeed of all.  
 I do not know that *Englishman* alive,  
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,  
 More than the infant that is born to-night ;  
 I thank my God for my humility.

*Queen.* A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter ;  
 I would to God all strifes were well compounded.  
 My Sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness  
 To take our brother *Clarence* to your grace.

*Glo.* Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,  
 To be so flouted in this royal presence ?  
 Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead ?

[*They all 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 pre-  
 ſence

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

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'raign, 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'st.

*Derby.* The forfeit, Sov'raign, of my servant's life,  
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,  
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolk*.

*K. Edw.* Have I a tongue to doom my brother's  
death ?

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?  
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,  
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who 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 forsake  
The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me ?

Who told me in the field at *Tewksbury*,  
When *Oxford* had me down, he rescued me ?

And said, dear brother live and be a King ?  
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,

Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me  
Ev'n in his garments, and did give himself

All thin and naked to the numb cold night ?  
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you  
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

But when your carters, or your waiting vassals  
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd

The precious image of our dear redeemer,

You sit on your knees for pardon, pardon,  
And I unjustly too, must grant it you.

But for my brother, not a man would speak,

*Nor*

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.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter the Dutchess of York, with the two children of  
 Clarence.*

*Son.* G O O D grandam tell us, is our father dead ?

*Dutch.* No, boy.

*Daugh.* Why do you weep so oft ? and beat your  
 breast ?

And cry, O *Clarence* ! my unhappy son !

*Son.* Why do you look on us, and shake your head,  
 And call us orphans, wretches, cast-aways,  
 If that our noble father be alive ?

*Dutch.* My pretty cousins, you mistake me both.  
 I do lament the sickness of the King,  
 As loth to lose him ; not your father's death ;  
 It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

*Son.* Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead :  
 The King mine uncle is to blame for this.  
 God will revenge it, whom I will importune  
 With daily earnest prayers.

*Daugh.* And so will I.

*Dutch.*

328 *King* RICHARD III.

*Dutch.* Peace, children, peace; the King doth love you well.

Incapable and shallow innocents!

You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

*Son.* Grandam, we can; for my good uncle *Glo'ster* Told me the King, provok'd to't by the Queen, Devis'd impeachments to imprison him; And when my uncle told me so, he wept, And pitied me; and kindly kist my cheek; Bad me rely on him, as on my father, And he would love me dearly as his child.

*Dutch.* Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape, And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice. He is my son, ay, and therein my shame, Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

*Son.* Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam

*Dutch.* Ay, boy.

*Son.* I cannot think it. Hark what noise is this?

*Enter the Queen with her hair about her ears, Rivers and Dorset after her.*

*Queen.* Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep? To chide my fortune, and torment my self? I'll join with black despair against my soul; And to my self become an enemy——

*Dutch.* What means this scene of rude impatience?

*Queen.* To make an act of tragick violence.

*Edward,* my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.

Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?

Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?

If you will live, lament. if die, be brief;

That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's,

Or like obedient subjects follow him,

To his new kingdom of <sup>c</sup> perpetual rest.

*Dutch.* Ay, so much int'rest have I in thy sorrow, As I had title to thy noble husband;

<sup>c</sup> *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 glass,  
 That grieves me when I see my shame in him.  
 Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,  
 And hast the comfort of thy children left :  
 But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,  
 And pluckt two crutches from my feeble hands,  
*Clarence* and *Edward*. O, what cause have I,  
 (Thine being but a moiety of my <sup>d</sup> grief)  
 To over-go thy <sup>e</sup> complaints, 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.

*Chil*.

\*——forth complaints :

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
 That I being govern'd by the watty moon,  
 May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.  
 Ah, for my husband.——

<sup>d</sup> *moan*.

<sup>e</sup> *woes*.

*Chil.* Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

*Dutch.* Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas ! I am the mother of these griefs,  
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.  
She for an *Edward* weeps, and so do I ;  
I for a *Clarence* weep, so doth not she ;  
These babes for *Clarence* weep, and so do I.  
Alas ! you three, on me threefold distressed  
Pour all your tears ; I am your sorrow's nurse,  
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

*Der.* 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.

## S C E N E 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.

*Dutch.* 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 chear each other in each other's love ;  
Though we have spent our harvest of this King,  
We are to reap the harvest of his son.  
The broken rancor of your high-swoln hearts,  
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,  
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd and kept :  
Me seemeth good, that with some litle train,  
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be fetcht  
Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our King.

*Riv.* Why with some litle train, my lord of *Buckingham* ?

*Buck.* Marry, my lord, lest 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.

*Hast.* And so say I.

*Glo.* Then be it so, and go we to determine  
Who they shall be that strait shall post to <sup>f</sup> *Ludlow*.  
Madam,

<sup>f</sup> *London*.

Madam, and you my sister, will you go,  
To give your censures in this weighty business ?

[*Exeunt.*

[*Marrant Buckingham and Gloucester.*

*Buck.* My lord, whoever journies to the Prince,  
For God's sake let not us two stay at home ;  
For by the way, I'll fort occasion,  
As index to the story we late talk'd of,  
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

*Gl.* My other self, my counsel's consistory,  
My oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin !  
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.  
Tow'rd *Ludlow* then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.*

1 *Cit.* **G** O O D morrow neighbour, whither away  
so fast ?

2 *Cit.* I promise you I hardly know my self :  
Hear you the news abroad ?

1 *Cit.* Yes, the King is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news by'r lady, seldom comes a better :  
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

*Enter another Citizen.*

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed.

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King *Edward's*  
death ?

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true, God help the while.

3 *Cit.* Then masters look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.*

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 famously enrich'd  
With politick grave counsel ; then the King  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why so hath this, both by his father and mo-  
ther.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father ;  
Or by his father there were none at all :  
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,  
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
O full of danger is the Duke of *Glo'ster*,  
And the Queen's sons and brothers haughty, proud :  
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst ; all will be  
well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their  
cloaks ;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth :  
All may be well ; but if God sort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly the hearts of men are full of fear :  
You cannot reason almost with a man  
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so ;  
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger ; as by proof we see

The 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.*]

• S C E N E 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*,  
I At *Stony-Strasford* 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'st thing when he was young,  
So long a growing, and so leisurely,  
That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

*York.* And so no doubt he is, my gracious madam.

*Dutch.* I hope he is, but yet let mothers doubt.

*York.* Now by my troth, if I had been remember'd,  
I could have giv'n my uncle's grace a flout  
To touch his growth, nearer then he touch'd mine.

*Dutch.*

*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,  
*Glo'ster* and *Buckingham*.

*Arch.* For what offence?

*Mes.* The sum of all I can I have disclos'd:  
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,  
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

*Queen.* Ah me! I see the ruin of my house;  
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.  
Insulking 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 tost,  
 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 Sanc-  
 tuary.

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





## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Continues in London.*

*The Trumpets sound. Enter Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Archbishop, with others.*

B U C K I N G H A M.



W E L C O M E sweet Prince to *London*, to your † chamber.

*Glo.* Welcome dear cousin, my thoughts  
Sovereign,  
The weary way hath made you melan-  
choly.

*Prince.* No, uncle, but our crosses on the way  
Have made it tedious, wearisom 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 suger'd words,  
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :  
God keep you from them, and from such false friends.

V O L. V.

P

*Prince.*

† 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 slug is *Hastings* ? that he comes not  
To tell us, whether they will come or no.

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

*Buck.* And in good time here comes the sweating lord.

*Prince.* Welcome, my lord ; what, will our mother come ?

*Hast.* On what occasion God he knows, not  
The Queen your mother, and your brother *York*,  
Have taken Sanctuary ; the tender Prince  
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,  
But by his mother was perforce with-held.

*Buck.* Fie, what an indirect and peevish course  
Is this of hers ? Lord Cardinal, will your grace  
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of *York*  
Unto his Princely brother presently ?  
If she deny, lord *Hastings*, you go with him,  
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

*Arch.* My lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak oratory  
Can from his mother win the Duke of *York*,  
Anon expect him here ; but if she be  
Obdurate to entreaties, God forbid  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of sanctuary ; not for all this land  
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

*Buck.*

*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 deserv'd the place,  
And those who have the wit to claim the place :  
This Prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it,  
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.  
Then taking him from thence that is not there,  
You break no privilege nor charter there :  
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,  
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

*Arch.* My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for  
once.

Come on, lord *Hastings*, will you go with me ?

*Hast.* I go, my lord.

[*Exeunt Archbishop and Hastings.*]

*Prince.* Good lords, make all the speedy haste you  
may.

Say, uncle *Glo'ster*, 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 Caesar* 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.

340 *King* RICHARD III.

*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.*

*Buck.* Now in good time here comes the Duke of  
*York*.

*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 Sovereign,  
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*.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings and Dorset.*]

SCENE II.

*Manent Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.*

*Buck.* Think you, my lord, this little prating *York*  
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,  
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt: oh 'tis a per'lous boy,  
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;  
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

*Buck.* Well, let them rest: come *Catesby*, thou art  
sworn

As deeply to effect what we intend,  
As closely to conceal what we impart:  
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way,  
What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter  
To make lord *William Hastings* of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble Duke  
In the seat royal of this famous Isle?

*Catesb.* He for his father's sake so loves the Prince,  
That he will not be wen to ought against him.

*Buck.* What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? will not  
he?

*Catesb.* He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.

*Buck.* Well then, no more than this: go, gentle  
*Catesby*,

And as it were far off sound thou lord *Hastings*,  
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;  
And summon him to-morrow to the *Tower*,  
To 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.

*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.

*Catesb.* My good lords both, with all the heed I  
can.

*Glo.* Shall we hear from you, *Catesby*, ere we  
sleep ?

*Catesb.* You shall, my lord.

*Glo.* At *Crosby* place there you shall find us both.

[*Ex. Catesb.*]

*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 possesst.

*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.*]

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### 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 rue at th' other.  
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,  
If you will presently take horse with him,  
And with all speed post with him tow'rd's 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 slumbers.  
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,  
Were to incense the boar to follow us,  
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.  
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,  
And we will both together to the *Tower*,  
Where he shall see the boar will use us kindly.

*Mes.* I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.  
*[Exit.*

*Enter Catesby.*

*Catesby.* Many good morrows to my noble lord.

*Hast.*

*[Sings.]*



*Hast.* 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.

*Hast.* How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the  
crown?

*Cates.* Ay, my good lord.

*Hast.* 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 for-  
ward  
Upon his party, for the gain thereof;  
And thereupon he sends you this good news,  
That this same very day your enemies,  
The kindred of the Queen, must die at *Pomfret*.

*Hast.* 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.

*Hast.* 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.

*Hast.* 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.*]

*Hast.* I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?  
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

*Stan.* My lord, good morrow, and good morrow  
*Catesby*;

You may jest on, but by the holy rood,  
I do not like these several councils, I.

*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'rd 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.]*

Sirrah, 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,  
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet;  
Then was I going prisoner to the *Tower*,  
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies,

But

But now I tell thee, keep it to thy self,  
This day those enemies are put to death,  
And I in better state than e'er I was.

*Purs.* God hold it to your honour's good content.

*Hast.* Gramercy fellow; there drink that for me.

[*Throws him his purse.*]

*Purs.* 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 shriving 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.*]

S C E N E

## S C E N E 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 *Marg'ret'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 she *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.*

S C E N E

## S C E N E V.

*The Tower.*

Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, *Bishop of Ely*, Norfolk,  
Ratcliff, Lovel, *with others, at a table.*

*Hast.* **N**OW 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.*

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*Buck.* Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,  
*William* lord *Hastings* had pronounc'd your part,  
I mean your voice for crowning of the King.

*Glo.* Than my lord *Hastings* no man might be  
bolder,

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.  
My lord of *Ely*, when I was last in *Holbourn*,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there,  
I do beseech you send for some of them.

*Ely.* Marry and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit Ely.*]

*Glo.* Cousin of *Buckingham*, a word with you.  
*Catesby* hath founded *Hastings* in our business,  
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,  
That he will lose his head ere give consent  
His master's son, as worshipfully he terms it,  
Shall lose the royalty of *England's* throne.

*Buck.* Withdraw your self a while, I'll go with you.

[*Exe. Glo. and Buck.*]

*Derby.* We have not yet set down this day of tri-  
umph:

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 chearfully and smooth this  
morning,

There's some conceit or other likes him well,  
When that he bids good-morrow with such spirit.  
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom  
Can lesse 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 <sup>b</sup> likelihood he shew'd to-day?

*Hast.*

<sup>b</sup> livelihood.

*Hast.* 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.

*Hast.* 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 witness of their evil,  
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm  
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up:  
And this is *Edward's* wife, that monstrous witch  
Conforted with that harlot, strumpet *Shore*,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Hast.* If they have done this deed, my noble lord——

*Glo.* If ? thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Talk'st thou to me of *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.]

*Manent Lovel and Ratcliff, with the lord Hastings.*

*Hast.* Woe, woe for *England*, not a whit for me,  
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:  
*Stanley* did dream the boar did raise our helms,  
But I did scorn it, and disdain to fly;  
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,  
And started when he look'd upon the *Tower*,  
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.  
O now I need the priest that spake to me:  
I now repent I told the pursuivant,  
As too triumphing, how mine enemies  
To-day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,  
And I my self secure in grace and favour.

Oh *Marg'ret*, *Marg'ret*, now thy heavy curse  
Is lighted on poor *Hastings'* wretched head.

*Rat.* Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at  
dinner.

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

*Hast.* 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.

*Lov.* Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to ex-  
claim.

*Hast.* Oh bloody *Richard*, miserable *England*,  
I prophesie the fearful't 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.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rusty armour,  
marvellous ill-favour'd.*

*Glo.* COME cousin, canst thou quake and change  
thy colour,  
Murder 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 Hastings's head.*

*Glo.* Be patient, they are friends ; *Ratcliff* and *Lovel*.

*Lov.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
The dangerous and unsuspected *Hastings*.

*Glo.* So dear I lov'd the man that I must weep :  
I took him for the plainest, harmless creature  
That breath'd upon the earth a christian :  
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded  
The history of all her secret thoughts ;  
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,  
That (his apparent open guilt omitted,  
I mean his conversation with *Shore's* wife)  
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

*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 murder me and my good lord of *Glo'ster*.

*Mayor.* What? had he so?

*Glo.* What! think you we are *Turks* or infidels?  
Or that we would, against the form of law,  
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death ;  
But that the extream peril of the case,  
The peace of *England*, and our person's safety  
Enforc'd us to this execution?

*Mayor.*

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*Mayor.* Now fair befall you, he deserv'd his death,  
And your good graces both have well proceeded,  
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.  
I never look'd for better at his hands,  
After he once fell in with mistress *Shore*.

*Buck.* Yet had we not determin'd he should die  
Until your lordship came to see his end,  
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,  
Something against our meaning, hath prevented ;  
Because, my lord, I would have had you heard  
The traitor speak, and tim'rously confess  
The manner and the purpose of his treasons :  
That you might well have signify'd the same  
Unto the citizens, who haply may  
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

*Mayor.* But, my good lord, your grace's word shall  
serve,  
As well as I had seen and heard him speak :  
And do not doubt, right noble Princes both,  
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens,  
With all your just proceedings in this case.

*Glo.* And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,  
T'avoid the censures of the carping world.

*Buck.* But since you come too late of our intent,  
Yet witness what you hear we did intend :  
And so, my good lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Mayor.*]

*Glo.* Go after, after, cousin *Buckingham*.  
The Mayor towards *Guild-Hall* hies him in all post :  
There at your <sup>c</sup> meetest vantage of the time,  
Infer the bastardy of *Edward's* children,  
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a citizen,  
Only for saying he would make his son  
Heir to the Crown, meaning indeed his house,  
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.  
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,  
And bestial appetite in change of lust,  
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,  
Ev'n where his <sup>d</sup> ranging eye, or savage heart,

Without

<sup>c</sup> meetest.

<sup>d</sup> raging.

Without control, lusted to make a prey.  
 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :  
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
 Of that insatiate *Edward*, noble *York*  
 My Princely father then had wars in *France* ;  
 And by just computation of the time,  
 Found that the issue was not his begot :  
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
 Being nothing like the noble Duke, my father :  
 Yet touch this sparingly as 'twere far off,  
 Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

*Buck.* Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator  
 As if the golden fee, for which I plead,  
 Were for my self ; and so, my lord, adieu.

*Glo.* If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard's*  
 castle,

Where you shall find me well accompanied  
 With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

*Buck.* I go, and towards three or four a-clock  
 Look for the news that the *Guild-Hall* affords.

[*Exe. Buck. 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 yesternight by *Catesby* was it sent me :  
 The precedent was full as long a doing.  
 And yet within these five hours *Hastings* liv'd  
 Untainted, unexamin'd, 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.]

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham at several doors.*

*Glo.* **H**O W now, how now, what say the citizens?  
*Buck.* Now by the holy mother of our lord,  
 The citizens are mum, say not a word.

*Glo.* Touch'd you the bastardy of *Edward's* children?

*Buck.* I did, with his contract with lady *Lucy*,  
 And his contract by deputy in *France*;  
 Th'unfatiat greediness of his desires,  
 And his enforcement of the city wives;  
 His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,  
 As being got, your father then in *France*,  
 And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.  
 Withal, I did infer your lineaments,  
 Being the right idea of your father,  
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind:  
 Laid open all your victories in *Scotland*,  
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility:  
 Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose  
 Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse.  
 And when my oratory grew tow'rd end,  
 I bid them that did love their country's good,  
 Cry, God save *Richard*, *England's* royal King.

*Glo.* And did they so?

*Buck.* No, so God help me, they spake not a word,  
 But like dumb statues or unbreathing stones,  
 Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:  
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them,  
 And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilful silence?  
 His answer was, the people were not used

To

To be spoke to, except by the Recorder.  
 Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again :  
 Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,  
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.  
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,  
 At lower end o'th' hall, hurl'd up their caps,  
 And some ten voices cry'd, God save King *Richard*.  
 And thus I took the vantage of those few.  
 Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I,  
 This general applause and chearful 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 ; <sup>e</sup> pretend some  
 fear,

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit ;  
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,  
 And stand between two churchmen, good my lord,  
 For on that ground I'll build a holy descant :  
 And be not easily won to our requests :  
 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

*Glo.* I go : and if you plead as well for them,  
 As I can say nay to thee, for my self ;  
 No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue. [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 ?

*Cates.* He doth intreat your grace, my noble lord,  
 To visit him to-morrow, or next day ;

He

<sup>e</sup> *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 importing than our gen'ral good,  
Are come to have some conf'rence with his Grace.

*Cates.* I'll signifie so much unto him strait. [Exit.

*Buck.* Ah ha, my lord, this Prince is not an *Ed-ward*,

He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,  
But on his knees at meditation :  
Not dallying with a brace of curtezans,  
But meditating with two deep divines :  
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,  
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.  
Happy were *England*, would this virtuous Prince  
Take on his Grace the sov'raignty 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.

SCENE

## S C E N E 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 disgracious in the city's eye,  
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

*Buck.* You have, my lord : would it might please your  
Grace,  
On our entreaties to amend your fault.

*Glo.* Else wherefore breathe I in a christian land ?

*Buck.* Know then, it is your fault that you resign  
The supream seat, the throne majestical,  
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,  
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,  
The lineal glory of your royal house,  
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock.  
While in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,  
Which here we waken to our country's good,  
The noble Isle doth want her proper limbs :  
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,

Her

Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,  
 And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph  
 Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion.  
 Which to re-cure, we heartily sollicit  
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
 And kingly government of this your land.  
 Not as Protector, steward, substitute,  
 Or lowly factor for another's gain ;  
 But as successively, from blood to blood,  
 Your right of birth, your Empiry, your own.  
 For this, conformed 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 yolk of Sov'raignty,  
 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 obstacles were cut away,  
 And that my path were even to the crown,  
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;  
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
 So mighty and so many my defects,  
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness,  
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea ;  
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.  
 But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,



And much I need to help you, were there need:  
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
 Which mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
 Will well become the seat of majesty,  
 And make us doubtless happy by his reign.  
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,  
 The right and fortune of his happy stars,  
 Which God defend that I should wring from him.

*Buck.* My lord, this argues conscience in your  
 Grace,

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
 All circumstances well considered.  
 You say, that *Edward* is your brother's son,  
 So say we too, but not by *Edward's* wife:  
 For first was he 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.

*Mayer.* Do, good my lord, your citizens intreat  
 you.

*Buck.* Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

*Cates.* O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

*Glo.* Alas, why would you heap these cares on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty.

I do beseech you take it not amiss,

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

*Buck.* If you refuse it, as in love and zeal,

Loth to depose the child your brother's son,

(As well we know your tendernefs 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.*

*Cates.* 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 foul-fac'd reproach

Attend the sequel of your imposition,

Your meer enforcement shall acquittance me

From all the impure blots and stains thereof.

For

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 Dutchess of Gloucester, the Dutchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset.*

DUTCHESS.



HO meets us here? my neice *Plantagenet*,  
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of  
*Glo'ster*?  
Now, for my life, she's wandring to  
the *Tower*,

On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Prince,  
Daughter, well met.

*Anne.* God give your Graces both  
A happy and a joyful time of day.

*Queen.* Sister, well met; whither away so fast?

*Anne.* No farther than the *Tower*, and as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as your selves,  
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

*Queen.* Kind sister thanks, we'll enter all together.

*Enter the Lieutenant.*

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.  
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,  
How doth the Prince, and my young son of York?

*Lieut.* Right well, dear madam; by your patience,  
I may not suffer you to visit them;  
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

*Queen.*

*Queen.* The King? who's that?

*Lien.* 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 fights, I'll bear thy blame,  
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

*Lien.* No, madam, no, I may not leave it so:  
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[Exit Lien.]

Enter Stanley.

*Stan.* Let me but meet you ladies one hour hence,  
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother  
And rev'rend looker on of two fair Queens.  
Come madam, you must strait to *Westminster*,  
There to be crowned *Richard's* royal Queen.

*Queen.* Ah, cut my lace asunder,  
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,  
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

*Anne.* Despightful tidings, O unpleasing news!

*Dor.* Be of good cheer: mother how fares your  
grace!

*Queen.* O *Dorset*, speak not to me, get thee  
hence,

Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels,  
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.  
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,  
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of hell.  
Go hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter-house,  
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,  
And make me die the thrall of *Marg'ret's* curse,  
Nor mother, wife, nor *England's* counted Queen.

*Stan.* Full of 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 unavoyded eye is murtherous.

*Stan.* Come, madam, come, I in all haste was  
sent.

*Anne.* And I with all unwillingness will go.  
O would to God, that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal that must round brow,  
Were red-hot steel, to fear me to the brain.  
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,  
And die, e'er men can say, God save the Queen:

*Queen.* Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory ;  
To feed my humour with thy self no harm.

*Anne.* No ! why ? when he that is my husband  
now,  
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henry's* coarse ;  
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his  
hands,  
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,  
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd :  
O when, I say, I look'd on *Richard's* face,  
This was my wish ; ' be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,  
' For making me, so young, so old a widow :  
' And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;  
' And be thy wife, if any be so mad,  
' More miserable by the life of thee,  
' Than thou hast made me, by my dear lord's death.  
Loe, e'er I can repeat this curse again,  
Within so small a time, my woman's heart  
Grossly 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.

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*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'st 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.

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S C E N E 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 ?

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*Buck.* Still live they, and for ever let them last.

*K. Rich.* Ah *Buckingham*, now do I play the touch,  
To try if thou be currant gold indeed :  
Young *Edward* lives——think now what I would  
speak.

*Buck.* Say on, my loving lord.

*K. Rich.* Why, *Buckingham*, I say I would be King.

*Buck.* Why so you are, my thrice renowned Liege.

*K. Rich.* Ha ! am I a King ? 'tis so——but *Edward*  
lives——

*Buck.* True, noble Prince.

*K. Rich.* O bitter consequence !

That *Edward* still should live true noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead,

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now ? speak suddenly, be brief.

*Buck.* Your Grace may do your pleasure.

*K. Rich.* Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness  
freezes :

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die ?

*Buck.* Give me some breath, some little pause, dear  
lord,

Before I positively speak in this :

I will resolve your Grace immediately. [Exit *Buck.*

*Cates.* The King is angry, see he gnaws his lip.

*K. Rich.* I will converse with iron-witted fools,  
And unrespective boys ; none are for me,  
That look into me with confid'rate eyes.

High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect.

Boy.

*Page.* My lord.

*K. Rich.* Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting  
gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death ?

*Page.* I know a discontented gentleman,  
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit :  
Gold were as good as twenty orators,  
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

*K. Rich.*



*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 Marquis *Dorset*, as I hear, is fled  
To *Richmond*, in the parts where he abides.

*K. Rich.* Come, hither *Catesby*; rumour it abroad,  
That *Anne* my wife is sick, and like to die.  
I will take order for her keeping close.  
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,  
Whom I will marry strait to *Clarence*' daughter——  
(The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.)  
Look how thou dream'st——I say again, give out,  
That *Anne* my Queen is sick, and like to die.  
About it; for it stands me much upon  
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.  
I must be married to my brother's daughter,  
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:  
Murder her brothers, and then marry her?  
Uncertain way of gain! but I am in  
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.  
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

*Enter Tirrel.*

Is thy name *Tirrel*?

*Tir.* *James Tirrel*, and your most obedient subject.

*K. Rich.* Art thou indeed? [He takes him aside.]

*Tir.* Prove me, my gracious lord.

*K. Rich.* Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

*Tir.* Please you, I'd rather kill two enemies.

Q. 5.

*K. Rich.*

*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 sound 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 *ends*.——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.

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 *Brecnock*, while my fearful head is on. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E 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 *Forrest*, whom I did suborn  
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,  
Albeit they were flesh villains, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tendernefs and mild compassion,

*Weps*

' Wept <sup>a</sup> 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 kiss'd each other.  
 ' A book of prayers on their pillow lay,  
 ' Which once, quoth *Forrest*, almost chang'd my mind:  
 ' But oh the devil——there the villain stopt:  
 ' When *Dighton* thus told on——we smothered  
 ' The most replenished sweet work of nature,  
 ' That from the prime creation e'er she framed.  
 ' Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;  
 ' They could not speak, and so I left them both,  
 ' To bear these tidings to the bloody King.

*Enter King Richard.*

And here he comes. All health, my sovereign Lord.

*K. Rich.* Kind *Tirrel*——am I happy in thy news?

*Tir.* If to have done the thing you gave in charge  
 Beget your happiness, be happy then,  
 For it is done.

*K. Rich.* But didst thou see them dead?

*Tir.* I did, my lord.

*K. Rich.* And buried, gentle *Tirrel*?

*Tir.* The chaplain of the *Tower* hath buried them,  
 But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

*K. Rich.* Come to me *Tirrel* soon, soon after supper,  
 When thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
 Mean time——but think how I may do thee good,  
 And be inheritor of thy desire.  
 Farewel till then.

*Tir.* I humbly take my leave. [Exit:

*K. Rich.* The son of *Clarence* have I pent up close:  
 His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage:  
 The sons of *Edward* sleep in *Abraham's* bosom:  
 And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.  
 Now, for I know the *Briton Richmond* aims

At

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.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Queen Margaret.*

*Q. Mar.* SO now prosperity begins to mellow,  
And drop into the rotten mouth of death :

Here in these confines silyly have I lurk'd

To watch the waining of mine enemies.

A dire induction am I witness to ;

And will to *France*, hoping the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black and tragical.

Withdraw thee wretched *Marg'ret*, who comes here ?

*Enter*

† *Bishop of Ely.*

*Enter Dutchess and Queen.*

*Queen.* Ah my poor Princes! ah my tender babes!  
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!  
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,  
And be not fixt in doom perpetual,  
Hover about me with your airy wings,  
And hear your mother's lamentation.

*Q. Mar.* Hover about her, say, that right for right  
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

*Dutch.* So many miseries have craz'd my voice,  
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

*Edward Plantagenet,* why art thou dead?

*Q. Mar.* *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,  
*Edward* for *Edward* pays a dying debt.

*Queen.* Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,  
And throw them in the intrails of the wolf?

Why did'st thou sleep when such a deed was done?

*Q. Mar.* When holy *Henry* dy'd, and my sweet son. \*

*Queen.* Ah that thou would'st as soon afford a grave  
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 would'st, &c.

Thou had'st an *Edward* till a *Richard* kill'd him :  
Thou had'st a *Richard* till a *Richard* kill'd him.

*Dutch.* I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'st kill  
him :

I had a *Rutland* too, thou holp'st to kill him.

*Q. Mar.* Thou had'st a *Clarence* too, and *Richard*  
kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept  
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death :  
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,  
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,  
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,  
Thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves.  
O upright, just, and true disposing God,  
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur  
Preys on the issue of his mother's body ?

*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 loss.

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  
Insues his piteous and unpitied end.

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray, <sup>a</sup> for  
vengeance.

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
That I may live to say, the dog is dead.

*QUEEN.*

<sup>a</sup> — *saints pray,*  
*To have him suddenly convey'd away.*

*Queen.* Oh thou did'st prophesie the time would  
 come,  
 That I should wish for thee to help me curse  
 That bottell'd spider, that foul hunch-back'd toad.

*Q. Mar.* I call'd thee then vain flourish of my for-  
 tune,  
 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 yolk ;  
 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 :  
Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad causer worse,  
Revolving this, will teach thee how to curse.

*Queen.* My words are dull, O quicken them with  
thine.

*Q. Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce  
like mine. [Exit Margaret.

*Dutch.* Why should calamity be full of words ?

*Queen.* Windy attorneys to your client's woes,  
Airy succeders of intestine joys,  
Poor breathing orators of miseries,  
Let them have scope, tho what they do impart  
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

*Dutch.* If so, then be not tongue-ty'd ; go with me,  
And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother  
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.  
I hear his drum, be copious in exclaims.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter King Richard and his Train.*

*K. Rich.* Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

*Dutch.* O she that might have intercepted thee  
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,  
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

*Queen.* Hidest thou that forehead with a golden  
crown,  
Where should be branded, if that right were right,  
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that crown,  
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers.  
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children ?

*Dutch.*

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*Dutch.* Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother  
Clarence?

And little *Ned Plantagenet* his son?

*Queen.* Where is kind *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*,  
*Gray*?

*K. Rich.* A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!  
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say.

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

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 staid for thee,  
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

*K. Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you?

*Dutch.* No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,  
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.  
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me,  
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;  
Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild and furious;  
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous:  
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly 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, &c.

*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 extream age shall perish,  
And never look upon thy face again.  
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;  
Which, in the day of battel, tire thee more,  
Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'st!  
My prayers on the adverse party fight,  
And there the little souls of *Edward's* children  
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,  
And promise them success and victory.  
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:  
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[Exit.]

*Queen.* Tho far more cause, yet much less spirit to  
curse

Abides in me, I say Amen to her.

*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 unavoyded is the doom of destiny.

*Queen.* True ; when avoyded 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 soever lanc'd their tender hearts,  
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.

No doubt the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revel in the intrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;

And I in such a desp'rate bay of death,

Like a poor bark of sails and tackling rest,

Rust 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 ?

*K. Rich.* Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

*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 drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,  
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

*Queen.* Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness

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 hasty to confound my meaning ;  
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,  
And do intend to make her Queen of *England*.

*Queen.* Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her King ?

*K. Rich.* Ev'n he that makes her Queen, who else should be ?

*Queen.* What, thou !

*K. Rich.* Even so ; how think you of it ?

*Queen.* How canst thou woo her ?

*K. Rich.* I would learn of you,  
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

*Queen.* And wilt thou learn of me ?

*K. Rich.* With all my heart.

*Queen.* Send to her by the man that slew her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave  
*Edward* and *Yerk* ; then haply will she weep :  
Therefore present to her, as sometime *Marg'ret*  
Did to thy father steep in *Rutland's* blood,  
A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain  
The purple tide from her sweet brothers bodies,  
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.  
If this inducement move her not to love,  
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds ;

Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle *Clarence*,  
Her uncle *Rivers*; ay, and for her sake,  
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt *Anne*.

*K. Rich.* You mock me, madam this is not the  
way

To win your daughter.

*Queen.* There's no other way,  
Unless 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 bashful years with your experience,  
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale.  
 Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame  
 Of golden Sov'reignty ; acquaint the Princess  
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys.  
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised  
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,  
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,  
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;  
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,  
 And she shall be sole victress, *Cesar's Cesar*.

*Queen*. What were I best to say, her father's brother

Would be her lord ? or shall I say, her uncle ?  
 Or he that slew her brothers, and her uncles ?  
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,  
 That God, the law, my honour, and her love,  
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

*K. Rich*. Infer fair *England's* peace by this alliance.

*Queen*. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

*K. Rich*. Tell her, the King, that may command,  
 intreats——

*Queen*. That at her hands, which the King's King forbids.

*K. Rich*.

*K. Rich.* Say, she shall be a high and mighty Queen——

*Queen.* To <sup>b</sup> wail the title, as her mother doth.

*K. Rich.* Say, I will love her everlastingly.

*Queen.* But how long shall that title ever last ?

*K. Rich.* Sweetly in force, unto her fair life's end.

*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'raign, am her subject  
<sup>c</sup> now.

*Queen.* But she, your subject, loaths such Sov'reignty.

*K. Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

*Queen.* An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

*K. Rich.* Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

*Queen.* Plain and not honest, is too harsh a stile.

*K. Rich.* Your reasons are too <sup>d</sup> shallow, and too quick. \*

Now by my George, my garter, and my crown——

*Queen.* Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

*K. Rich.* I swear.

*Queen.* By nothing, for this is no oath:

The George profan'd, hath lost his holy honour,

The garter blemish'd, pawn'd his <sup>d</sup> knightly virtue,

The crown usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.

If

\*——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.

<sup>b</sup> wail.

<sup>c</sup> low.

<sup>d</sup> 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 my self.

*Queen.* Thy self thy self misus'd.

*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 <sup>e</sup> 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 <sup>f</sup> heav'n,

Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;

And both the Princes had been breathing here.

Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,

Thy broken faith hath made a prey to worms.

*K. Rich.* By time to come.

*Queen.* That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-  
past:

For I my self have many tears to wash

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

\*——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.

Of hostile arms ; my self, my self confound ;  
 Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours ;  
 Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy rest ;  
 Be opposite all planets of good luck  
 To my proceeding ; if with pure heart's love,  
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,  
 I tender not thy beauteous Princely daughter.  
 In her consists my happiness and thine ;  
 Without her, follows to my self and thee,  
 Her self, the land, and many a christian soul,  
 Death, 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  $\epsilon$  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 kiss, and so  
 farewell —

Relenting fool, and shallow-changing woman !

S C E N E

$\epsilon$  desires.

SCENE VI.

Enter Ratcliff.

*Rat.* Most mighty Sovereign, on the western coast  
Rides a puissant navy : to our shores  
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,  
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.  
'Tis thought that *Richmond* is their admiral :  
And there they hull, expecting but the aid  
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.

*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.

*K. Rich.* *Catesby*, fly to the Duke.

*Cates.* I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

*K. Rich.* *Ratcliff*, come hither, post to *Salisbury*,  
When thou com'st thither——dull unmindful villain,

[To *Cates.*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke ?

*Cates.* First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness'  
pleasure,

What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

*K. Rich.* O true, good *Catesby*,——bid him levy  
strait

The greatest strength and power he can make,  
And meet me suddenly at *Salisbury*.

*Cates.* I go. [Exit.

*Rat.* What, may it please you, shall I do at *Salis-*  
*bury* ?

*K. Rich.* Why, what would'st thou do there before  
I go ?

*Rat.* Your Highness told me I should post before.

*K. Rich.* My mind is chang'd——

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

*Stanley*, what news with you ?

*Stan.* None, good my Liege, to please you with the hearing,

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

*K. Rich.* Heyday, a riddle, neither good nor bad :  
Why dost thou run so many miles about,  
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way ?  
Once more, what news ?

*Stan.* *Richmond* is on the seas.

*K. Rich.* There let him sink, and be the seas on him !

White-liver'd run-a-gate, what doth he there ?

*Stan.* I know not, mighty Sov'raign, but by guess.

*K. Rich.* Well, as you guess.

*Stan.* Stir'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 unsway'd ?  
Is the King dead ? the empire unpossess'd ?  
What heir of *York* is there alive, but we ?  
And who is *England's* King, but great *York's* heir ?  
Then tell me, what makes he upon the sea ?

*Stan.* Unless for that, my Liege, I cannot guess.

*K. Rich.* Unless 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.* Cold friends to me : what do they in the north,  
When they should serve their Sov'raign in the west ?

*Stan.*

*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 be-  
hind  
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.* My lord, the army of the Duke of *Buckingham*—  
*K. Rich.* Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of  
death? [He strikes him.  
There take thou that, till thou bring better news.

*Mes.* The news I have to tell your Majesty,  
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
*Buckingham's* army is dispers'd and scatter'd,

390 *King* RICHARD III.

And he himself wander'd away alone,  
No man knows whither.

*K. Rich.* Oh ! I cry thee mercy ;  
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.  
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd  
Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?

*Mes.* Such proclamation hath been made, my Liege.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* Sir *Thomas Lovel*, and lord *Marquis Dorset*,  
'Tis said, my Liege, in *Yorkshire* are in arms ;  
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,  
The *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 mistrusting them,  
Hois'd 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 bastel might be won and lost :  
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought  
To *Salisbury* ; the rest march on with me. *[Exeunt.*

S C E N E

S C E N E 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 † frankt up in hold :  
 If I revolt, off goes young *George's* head,  
 The fear of that holds off my present aid.  
 So get thee gone ; commend me to thy lord.  
 Say too, the Queen hath heartily consented  
 He should espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter.

But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now ?

*Chri.* At *Pembroke*, or at *Hertford*, west in *Wales*.

*Stan.* What men of name resort 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 kiss 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.



A C T



## ACT V. SCENE I.

## SALISBURY

*Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham with halberds led to Execution.*

BUCKINGHAM.



WILL not King *Richard* let me speak with him?

*Sher.* No, good my lord, therefore be patient.

*Buck.* *Hastings*, and *Edward's* children, *Gray* and *Rivers*,

Holy King *Henry*! and thy fair son *Edward*,  
*Vaughan*, and all that have miscarried  
 By under-hand, corrupted, foul injustice!  
 If that your moody, discontented souls,  
 Do through the clouds behold this present hour,  
 Ev'n for revenge mock my destruction.  
 This is *All-Steak's* day, fellows, is it not?

*Sher.* It is, my lord.

*Buck.* This is the day, which in King *Edward's* time

I wist might fall on me, when I was found  
 False to his children, or his wife's allies.

This is the day wherein I wist to fall  
 By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:  
 This the determin'd respite of my wrongs.  
 That high All-seer, which I dallied with,  
 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,  
 And giv'n in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.

Thus



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.*]

S C E N E II.

*The Camp.*

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others,  
 with Drum and Colours.*

*Richm.* **F**ellows in arms, and my most loving friends  
 Bruis'd underneath the y oak 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  
 trough  
 In your embowell'd bosoms ; this foul swine  
 Lyes now ev'n in the centre of this Isle,  
 Near to the town of *Leicester*, as we learn :  
 From *Tamworth* thither is but one day's march.  
 In God's name cheerly on, couragious 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.*]

## S-C-E-N-E III:

*Bosworth Field.*

*Enter King Richard in arms, with Norfolk, Ratcliff, and Catesby.*

*K. Rich.* Here pitch our tents, even here in *Bosworth* field.

Why how now *Catesby*, why look'st thou so sad?

*Cates.* My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

*K. Rich.* My lord of *Norfolk*.

*Nor.* Here, most gracious Liege.

*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 descry'd the number of the traitors?

*Nor.* Six or sev'n thousand is their utmost power.

*K. Rich.* Why, our battailion 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 mista'en his colours much,  
(Which well I am assur'd I have not done)  
His regiment lyes half a mile a least  
South from the mighty power of the King.

*Richm.* If without peril it be possible,  
Sweet *Blunt*, make some good means to speak with him ;  
And give him from me this most needful note.

*Blunt.* Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it.

† *Richm.* Give me some ink and paper ; in my tent  
I'll draw the form and model of our battel,  
Limit each leader to his several charge,  
And part in just proportion our small strength.  
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business ;  
In to our tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

*Enter*

† 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 centinels.

*Nor.* I go, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle *Norfolk*.

*Nor.* I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*K. Rich.* *Catesby.*

*Cates.* My lord.

*K. Rich.* Send out a pursuivant at arms  
To *Stanley's* regiment ; bid him bring his power  
Before sun-rising, lest his son *George* fall  
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

Fill me a bowl of wine——give me a watch——

[*To Ratcliff*]

Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to morrow :  
Look that my staves be found, and not too heavy.

*Ratcliff*——

*Rat.* My lord ?

*K. Rich.* Saw'st thou the melancholy lord *Northumberland* ?

*Rat.* *Thomas* the Earl of *Surrey*, and himself,  
Much about cock-shut 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. [*Ex. Ratcliff.*]

S C E N E

## 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 so the season bids us be,  
 Prepare thy battel early in the morning,  
 And put thy fortune to th' arbitrement  
 Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war.

I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)  
 With best advantage will deceive the time,  
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.  
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
 Lest (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-sundred 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 <sup>a</sup> thoughts, to take a nap,  
 Lest leaden slumber poize me down to-morrow,  
 When I should mount with wings of victory:  
 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.* *Manet* Richmond.]

<sup>a</sup> noise.

O thou! whose captain I account my self,  
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye:  
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,  
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall  
 Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries.  
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,  
 That we may praise thee in thy victory.  
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:  
 Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still. [Sleeps.]

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## S C E N E V.

*Between the Tents of Richard and Richmond: They sleeping.*

*Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward Son to Henry the Sixth.*

*Ghost.* **L**ET me sit heavy on thy soul to morrow!  
 [To K. Rich.]  
 Think how thou stab'st 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 prophesy'd thou should'st 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 !

[To K. Rich.]

I that was wash'd to death in fulsom wine,  
 Poor *Clarence*, by thy guile betray'd to death :  
 To-morrow in the battel think on me,  
 And fall thy edgless sword ; despair, and die.

Thou off-spring of the house of *Lancaster*, [To Richm.]  
 The wronged heirs of *York* do pray for thee,  
 Good angels guard thy battel, live and flourish.

*Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.*

*Riv.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

[To K. Rich.]

*Rivers*, that dy'd at *Pomfret* : despair, and die.

*Gray.* Think upon *Gray*, and let thy soul despair :

[To K. Rich.]

*Vaugh.* Think upon *Vaughan*, and with guilty fear  
 Let fall thy lance ! *Richard*, despair and die.

[To K. Rich.]

*All.* Awake, and think our wrongs in *Richard's* bosom  
 Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day. [To Richm.]

*Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.*

*Ghost.* Bloody and guilty ; guiltily awake ; [To K. Rich.]  
 And in a bloody battel end thy days :

Think on lord *Hastings* ; and despair and die.

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake. [To Richm.]  
 Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair *England's* sake.

*Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.*

*Ghosts.* Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the *Tower* :  
 Let us be 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.

400 *King RICHARD III.*

Sleep *Richmond*, sleep in peace, and wake in joy.

[*To Richm.*

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy ;

Live, and beget a happy race of Kings.

*Edward's* unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of Anne his wife.*

*Ghost.* *Richard*, thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife,  
That never slept a quiet hour with thee, [*To K. Rich.*

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :

To-morrow in the battel think on me,

And fall thy edgless 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 battel think on *Buckingham*,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness.

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death,

Fainting despair ; despairing yield thy breath.

I dy'd for nope, ere I could lend thee aid ; [*To Richm.*

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :

God and good angels fight on *Richmond's* side,

And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*

[*K. Richard starts out of his dream.*

*K. Rich.* Give me another horse—bind up my wounds.

Have mercy, *Jesu*—soft, I did but dream.

O coward conscience ! how dost thou afflict me ?

The 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 sev'ral tongues,  
 And ev'ry tongue brings in a sev'ral tale,  
 And ev'ry tale condemns me for a villain.  
 Perjury, perjury in high'st degree,  
 Murther, stern murther in the dir'st 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 murther'd  
 Came to my tent, and every one did threat  
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

*Enter Ratcliff.*

*Rat.* My lord.

*K. Rich.* Who's there?

*Rat.* *Ratcliff*, my lord. The early village cock  
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn;  
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

*K. Rich.* *Ratcliff*, I fear, I fear——

*Rat.* Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

*K. Rich's*

\* —— No; yes, I am:

Then fly—what, from my self? great reason; why?

Left I revenge. What? my self on my self?

I love my self. Wherefore? for any good

That I my self have done unto my self?

O no. Alas, I rather hate my self,

For hateful deeds committed by my self.

I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thy self speak well——Fool do not flatter.

My conscience hath, &c.

\* —— 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.

*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.*]

### S C E N E IV.

*Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.*

*Lords.* GOOD morrow, *Richmond*.

*Richm.* I cry you mercy, lords and watch-  
ful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

*Lords.* How have you slept, my lord ?

*Richm.* The sweetest sleep and fairest boading dreams,  
That ever enter'd in a drowsie head,

Have I since your departure had, my lords:

Methought their souls whose bodies *Richard* murther'd,  
Came to my tent, and cried out Victory,

I promise you my heart is very jocund,

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords ?

*Lords.* Upon the stroak of four.

*Richm.* Why then 'tis time to arm and give di-  
rection.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell on ; yet remember this,

God and our good cause fight upon our side,

The pray'rs of holy saints, and wronged souls,

Like high-rear'd bulwarks stand before our faces.

*Richard* except, those whom we fight against

Had rather have us win, than him they follow.

For

For what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,  
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide:  
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;  
One that made means to come by what he hath,  
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help  
him.

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil  
Of *England's* chair, where he is falsely set:  
One that hath ever been God's enemy;  
Then if you fight against God's enemy,  
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers.  
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain:  
If you do fight against your country's foes,  
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire:  
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,  
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors.  
If you do free your children from the sword,  
Your children's children quit it in your age.  
Then in the name of God and all these rights,  
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords,  
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
Shall be this cold corps on the earth's cold face:  
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt  
The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
Sound drums and trumpets boldly, cheerfully,  
God, and Saint *George*! *Richmond*, and victory!



## S C E N E VII.

*Enter King Richard, Ratcliff and Catesby.*

*K. Rich.* **W**HAT said *Northumberland*, as touching *Richmond*?

*Rat.* That he was never trained up in arms.

*K. Rich.* He said the truth; and what said *Surrey* then?

*Rat.* He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

*K. Rich.* He was i'th' right, and so indeed it is.

Tell the clock there——give me a Kalendar.

*[Clock strikes.*

Who saw the sun to-day?

*Rat.* Not I, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Then he disdains to shine; for by the book,  
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago——  
A black day it will be to some body, *Ratcliff*.

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* The sun will not be seen to-day;  
The sky doth frown and lowre upon our army——  
I would these dewy tears were from the ground——  
Not shine to-day? why what is that to me  
More than to *Richmond*? for the self-same heav'n  
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

*Enter Norfolk.*

*Nor.* Arm, arm, my lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

*K. Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle——caparison my horse.

Call up lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,  
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,  
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*

*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 Sovereign.

This paper found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a scrowl.

*Jocky 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, distain the other.

And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in *Bretagne* at his mother's cost ?

A milk-sop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold, as over shooes 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 bastard-*Britons*, whom our fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd and thump'd,  
 And on record left them the heirs of shame.  
 Shall these enjoy our lands? 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 staves!

*Enter a Messenger.*

What says lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?

*Mes.* My lord, he doth deny to come.

*K. Rich.* Off with his son *George's* head.

*Nor.* My lord, the enemy is past the marsh;  
 After the 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.]

## S C E N E VIII.

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Catesby.*

*Catesby.* **R**escue, 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.

*Catesby.* Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

*K. Rich.* Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,

And

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.* Inter 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 succeeders of each royal house,  
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !  
 And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)  
 Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,  
 With smiling plenty, and fair prosp'rous days,  
 Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord !  
 That would reduce these bloody days again,  
 And make poor *England* weep in streams of blood.  
 Let them not live to taste this land's encrease,  
 That would with treason wound this fair land's peace.  
 Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives agen :  
 That she may long live here, God say, Amen. [*Exeunt.*]

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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.*

