THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the FIFTH,

CONTAINING,

The Second Part of KING HENRY the SIXTH.
The Third Part of KING HENRY the SIXTH.
The LIFE and DEATH of RICHARD the THIRD.
The LIFE of KING HENRY the EIGHTH.

LONDON:
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M, DCC, LXV.
THE SECOND PART OF HENRY VI.
Dramatis Personae.

King Henry the Sixth.
Humphry Duke of Gloucester, Uncle to the King.
Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, great Uncle to the King.
Duke of York pretending to the Crown.
Duke of Buckingham,
Duke of Somerlet, } 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.
A Herald. Hume and Southwel, two Priests.
Bolingbrook, an Astrologer.
A Spirit, attending on Jordan the Witch.
Thomas Horner, an Armourer. Peter, his Man.
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans.
Simpcox, an Impostor.
Jack Cade, Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick the Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and several others, Rebels.
Margaret, Queen to King Henry VI. secretly in Love with the Duke of Suffolk.
Dame Eleanor, Wife to the Duke of Gloucester.
Mother Jordan, a Witch employed by the Dukes of Gloucester.
Wife to Simpcox.
Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff and Officers, Citizens, with Falconers, Guards, Messengers, and other Attendants.
The SCENE is laid very dispersedly in several Parts of England.
The Second Part of
King HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

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

SUFFOLK.

As by your high imperial Majesty **1
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator for your Excellence,

\* The Second part, &c.] This and the third part were first written under the title of the Contention of York and Lancaster, printed in 1600, but since vainly improved by the Author. Pope.

The second Part of K.HenryVI.] This and the Third part of King Henry VI. contain that troublesome Period of this Prince's Reign, which took in the whole Contention betwixt the two Houses of York and Lancaster: And under that Title were these two Plays first acted and published. The present Scene opens with K.Henry's Marriage, which was in the 23d Year of his Reign; and closes with the first Battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York Faction, in the 33d Year of his Reign. So that it comprises the History and Transactions of 10 Years. Theobald.

\* As by your high, &c.] Vide Hall's Chronicle, Fol. 66. Year 23. Init. Pope.

It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions, of which it presupposes the first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the second and third parts were not written without dependence on the first, though they were printed as containing a complete period of history.
To marry Prince's Margaret for your Grace;
So in the famous ancient city, Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaher, Breaigne, 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 Marques 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 kis'. O Lord, that lend'st me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast giv'n me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul;
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my gracious Lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,

By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you, mine alter-lieapest Sovereign,

Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,

--- The mutual conference — I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarised you to my imagination.

--- mine alter-lieapest Sovereign; --- Alter-lieas? is an old English word given to him to whom the speaker is supreme-ly attached: Lieas? being the superlative of the comparative, lievar, rather, from lief. So Hall in his Chronicle, Henry VI. Folio 12. Right bygke and mighty Prince, and my ryght noble, and, after one, lieves Lord.
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

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

All kneel. Long live Queen Marg’reit, England’s happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [Flourish.

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

Glo. reads.] Imprimis, It is agreed between the French King, Charles, and William de la Pole Marquefs 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 thirtieth of May next ensuing.

Item, That the Dutchy of Anjou, and the County of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the King her father. [Let’s fall the Paper.

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious Lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,
And dimm’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 Maine shall be released and delivered to the King her father, and she sent over of the King of England’s own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.

K. Henry. They please us well. Lord Marquefs, kneel you down;
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your Grace from being Regent

B 3

I’th’
THE SECOND PART OF

I'th' parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, and Somerset,
Salisbury and Warwick;
We thank you for all this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely Queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.

SCENE II.

Mantua 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 yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beauford, and myself,
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 despight of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die!
Shall Henry's Conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory;

Razing
KING HENRY VI.

Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
This peroration with such circumstances?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can;
But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolk, the new-made Duke that rules the roast,
Hath giv'n the dutchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large ftile
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.
—But wherefore weeps Warwick my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both,
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer.
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

York. For Suffolk's Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!

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

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For cost and charges in transporting her.

---

5 This peroration with such circumstances? This speech crowded with so many instances of aggravation.

* The indignation of War-
She should have staid in France, and starv'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 Wincheste, I know your mind. 'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike, But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you. Rancour will out. Proud prelate, in thy face I see thy fury; if I longer stay, We shall begin our ancient bickerings. Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone, I prophesiy'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, 6 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'fter, Clapping their hands and crying with loud voice, Jefu maintain your royal excellence! With, God preserve the good Duke Humphry! I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering glofs, 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,

6 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,] Certainly Shakespeare wrote east. Warburton. There are wealthy kingdoms in the West as well as in the East, and the Western kingdoms were more likely to be in the thought of the speaker.
And all together with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoist Duke Humphry from his seat.

Car. This weighty bus'ns is 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'fer be displac'd, he'll be protector,

Buck. Or Somerset, or I, will be protector.

Despight Duke Humphry, or the Cardinal.

[Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.

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

Warwick my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy houle-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 supprest
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.
THE SECOND PART OF

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land;
And common profit of his country!
York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

[Aside.

Sal. Then let's make haste, and look unto the main.
War. Unto the main? Oh father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[Exe. Warwick and Salisbury.

SCENE III.

Manet York.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like Lords, till all be gone,
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 borne away,
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burnt,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.

Anjou
KING HENRY VI.

Anjou and Maine, both giv'n unto the French!
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Ev'n as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come, when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevills' parts,
And make a shew of love to proud Duke Humphry,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the Crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humour fits not for a Crown.
Then, York, be still a while, till time do serve;
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the State;
Till Henry, forfeiting 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.

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Duke of Gloucester's House.

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 feelest thou there? King Henry's Diadem,
Inchased with all the honours of the world?
It 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 requite 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 flick of Gloster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his Presumption.
But lift to me, my Humphrey, my sweet Duke;
Methought, I sat in seat of Majesty,
In the Cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that Chair where Kings and Queens were crown'd,
Where Henry and Marg'ret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.
Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the Realm,
And the Protector's wife, belov'd of him?
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 thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

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

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

Enter Messenger.

Meft. 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?

Elean. Yes, my good Lord, I'll follow presently.

[Exit Gloucester.

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks;
And smooth my way upon their headless necks.
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. Jefus preserve your Royal Majesty!
Hume. But by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,

Your
Your Grace's title shall be multiply'd.

_Elan._ What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With _Margery Jordam_, the cunning witch;
And _Roger Bolingbrook_ the conjurer,
And will they undertake to do me good?

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

_Elan._ 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, flies from another coast,
I dare not lay 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 Dame _Eleanor_’s aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the Dutchess;
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I _Suffolk_’s, and the Cardinal’s, broker.
—_Hume_, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
—We'll, so it stands; and thus I fear at last,
_Hume_’s knavery will be the Dutchess’ wreck,
And her Attainture will be Humphry’s Fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

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

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

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

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

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

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

Suf. How now, fellow, wouldst any thing with me?

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

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

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


7 Sort how it will.] Let the mar’s reading, the rest have in issue be what it will.

8 In quill.] This is Sir T. Han-

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

Suf. [reads.] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the Crown.

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

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

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

[Exit Peter guarded.

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

[Tears the supplications.

Away, base cullions.—Suffolk, let them go.

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

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 till,

Under the fury Gloster's governance?

Am I a Queen in title and in style,

And must be made a Subject to a Duke?

I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours

Thou ran'st a-tilt in honour of my love,

And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;

I thought, King Henry had resembled thee

In courage, courtship, and proportion:

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number Ave Mariæ on his beads;

His champions are the Prophets and Apostles;

His weapons holy 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!

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

Q. Mar. Beseide the proud Protector, have we Beauford
Th’ imperious Churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England, than the King.

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

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

Suf. Madam, myself have lim’d a bush for her,
And plac’d a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to their lays?
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest; and, Madam, lift to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this;
Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the Lords,

Vol. V. C

Till
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 yourself shall steer the happy Realm.

SCENE VI.

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

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

Or Somerset, or York. All's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be deny'd the Regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be Regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that; York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy Betters speak.
War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this Prefence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, Son; and shew some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the King, forsooth, will have it so.
Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himself

To give his Censure. 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.

* That is, the complaint of Peter the armourer's man against his master, for saying that York was the rightful king.

† His censure.] Through all these plays censure is used in an indifferent sense, simply for judgment or opinion.
KING HENRY VI.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou were King, as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath daily run to wreck.
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
And all the Peers, and Nobles of the Realm,
Have been as bond-men to thy soy'reignty.

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

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

Buck. Thy crueltie in execution
Upon Offenders hath exceeded law;
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

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

Exit Glofter. The Queen drops her fan.
Give me my fan; what, minion? can ye not?

[Gives the Dutchess a box on the ear.
I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?

Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd fer 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 molt Mafter wears no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreven'd.

[Exit Eleanor.

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

[Exit Buckingham.

C 2 SCENE
THE SECOND PART OF

SCENE 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 spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie 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, headstrong Warwick.

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

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

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

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Henry.
KING HENRY VI.

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

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

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

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

Peter. By these ten bones, my Lord, [holding up his hands] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scow’ring my Lord of York’s armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical, I’ll have thy head for this thy traitor’s speech.
I do beseech your royal Majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the Law.

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

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

Glo. This doom, my Lord, if I may judge.

Let Somerset be Regent o’er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion,
And let these have a day appointed them
For single Combat in convenient place;
For he hath witness of his servant’s malice.
This is the law, and this Duke Humphry’s doom.

K. Henry. Then be it so. My Lord of Somerset,

We

9 K. Henry. Then be it so, &c.] These two Lines I have inserted from the old Quarto; and, as I think, very necessarily. For, without them, the King has not declared his Assent to Gloucester’s Opinion:
THE SECOND PART OF

We make your Grace Lord Regent over the French. Som. I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

Arm. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight. For God's sake, pity my case; the spight of Man prevaleth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!—

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

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

[Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

The Witch's Cave.

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbrook.

Hume. COME, 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 busy below; and so I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [Exit Hume.] Mother Jordan, be prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwel, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor, above.

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

Opinion: and the Duke of Somerset is made to thank him for the Regency, before the King has deputed him to it. Theobald.

Boling.
Boling. Patience, good lady. Wizards know their times.

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

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

Spirit. Adsum.

M. Jord. Aminuth, by the eternal God, whose name
And power thou trembleft 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 befal the Duke of Somerset?

Spirit. Let him shun Caflles.
Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,

* Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night. The silent of the night is a classical expression: and means an interlunar night.—Amica silentia Lu- ne. So Pliny, Inter omnes vere convenit, ut illam in coitu ejus sterni, quam diem alii interlunii, al i silentis Lunae appellant. Lib. xvi. cap. 39. In imitation of this language, Milton says,

The Sun to me is dark
And silent as the Moon,
When she deferits the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar Cave. WARBURTON.
THE SECOND PART OF

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.
York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch’d her well.
A pretty Plot, well chose to build upon.
Now, pray, my Lords, let’s see the devil’s Writ.
What have we here?
   [Reads,
The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall deroce;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.
Why, this is just, Aio te, Eacida, Romanos vincere posse.
Well, to the rest.

* Lord Buckingham, methinks, &c.] This repetition of the prophesies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators had heard in the Scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first edition of this Play. Pope.

Tell
KING HENRY VI.

Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall be die, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him build Castles,
Safer shall be on 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 in progress tow'rs St. Albans,
With him, the husband of this lovely lady,
Thither go these news, as safe 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.

3 These Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.] Not only the Lameness of the Verification, but the Imperfection of the Sense too, made me suspect this passage to be corrupt. York, seizing the Parties and their Papers, says, he'll see the Devil's Writ; and finding the Wizard's Answers intricate and ambiguous, he makes this general Comment upon such sort of Intelligence, as I have restor'd the Text:

These Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.

i.e. A great Risque and Hazard is run to obtain them; and yet, after these hardy Steps taken, the informations are so perplex'd that they are hardly to be understood.

THEOBALD.

ACT
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 Falcon 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.

Sus. No marvel, an it like your Majesty,
My lord Protector's hawks do tow'r so well;
They know, their Master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his Falcon'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,

4 For flying at the brook.] The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl.
5 The wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.] I am told by a gentleman better acquainted with falconry than myself, that the meaning, however expressed, is, that, the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather.
KING HENRY VI.

Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,
That smooth’t it so with King and Common-weal!

Glo. What, Cardinal! Is your priesthood grown so peremptory?

Tantane animis Cælestibus irae?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice.

6 With such Holiness can you do it?

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

Glo. As who, my Lord?

Sus. 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 the matter,
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. Ay, where thou dar’st not peep; and,
if thou dar’st,
This Ev’n’ning on the east-side of the grove.

6 With such Holiness can you do it? Do what? the verse wants a foot, we should read,

With such Holiness can you not do it?

Spoken ironically. By holiness he means hypocrisy; and says, have you not hypocrisy enough to hide your malice?

WARBURTON.

The verse is lame enough after the emendation, nor does the negative particle improve the sense. When words are omitted it is not often easy to say what they were if there is a perfect sense without them. I read, but somewhat at random,

A Churchman, with such holiness can you do it?

The transcriber saw churchman just above, and therefore omitted it in the second line.

K. Henry,
THE SECOND PART OF

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

[Aside to Gloster.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the Grove.

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you.

[Aside.

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

Glo. Talking of hawkimg; nothing else, my Lord——

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

Or all my Fence shall fail.

[Aside.

Car. [Aside.] Medice, teipsum.

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

K. Henry. The winds grow high, so do your sto-

machs, Lords.

How irksome is this musick to my heart!
When such string's jar, what hopes of harmony?
I pray, my Lords, let me compound this strife.

SCENE 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,

—Come with thy two-hand
Sword.

Glo. True, Uncle, are ye advis'd? the East-side of the
Grove.

Cardinal, I am with you.

Thus is the whole Speech plac'd
to Gloster, in all the Editions:
but finely, with great unab-
tence. It is the Cardinal, who
first appoints the East-side of the
Grove; and how finely does it
express Rarceur and Impetuosi-
ity for fear Glosgter should mis-
take, to repeat the Appointment,
and ask his Antagonist if he takes
him right!

Theobald.

Within
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, bear-
ing Simpcox between two in a chair, Simpcox's wife following.

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

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

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

K. Henry. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we, for thee, may glorify the Lord.

What hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your Grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Had'ft thou been his mother, thou couldn't have better told.

K. Henry. Where wert thou born?

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

K. Henry. Poor Soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee.

Let never day or night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, can't thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

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

By
By good St. Alban; who said, "Simpcox, come; 8 "Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

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

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'ft thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

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

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

Glo. Masts, thou lov'dst 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 see'st not well.

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

Glo. Say'ft 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'ft what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

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

8 The former Copies:
— who said, Simon, come; 
Come offer at my shrine, and 
I will help thee. ] Why, 
Simon? The Chronicles, that take Notice of Glo'ser's detect-
ing this pretended Miracle, tell us, that the Imposter, who af-
fected himself to be cur'd of Blindness, was called Saun-der
Simpcox — Simon was therefore a Corruption. Theobald.

Wife.
**KING HENRY VI.**

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

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

**Simp.** Alas, master, I know not.

**Glo.** What's his name?

**Simp.** I know not.

**Glo.** Nor his?

**Simp.** No, indeed, master.

**Glo.** What's thine own name?

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

**Glo.** Saunter, fit there, the lying'ft knave in Christendom.

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

My Lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle,
Would ye not think that Cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs?

**Simp.** O master, that you could!

**Glo.** My masters of Saint 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 Messenger]

**Glo.** Now fetch me a stool hither. Now, Sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

**Simp.** Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone, you go about to torture me in vain.

*Enter a Beadle with Whips.*

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

**Bead.**
THE SECOND PART OF

Bead. I will, my Lord. Come on, Sirrah. Off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

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

K. Henry. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long!

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

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

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

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

[Exit beadle with the woman.

Car. Duke Humphry has done a miracle to day.

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

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

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

9 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 Gloster.

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
one,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
Queen. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

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

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

[Flourish. Exeunt.

9 Your Lady is forth-coming.] sense will, I think, be mended
That is, your Lady is in custody.

14 And poise the Cause in justice equal scales,
Whole beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.]
The

SCENE
THE SECOND PART OF

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

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

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

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy Claim be good,
The 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 Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmond Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster,
William of Windfor 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 Pemfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless King Richard trait'rouly was murder'd.

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

* In craving your opinion of my Title, Which is infallible, to England's crown.] I know not well whether he means the opinion of the title is infallible.
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 Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March:
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid Claim unto the Crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been King;
Who kept him in captivity, till he dy'd.
But, to the rest——
York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the Crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge,
Who was the son to Edmund Langley,
Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the Kingdom; she was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund 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 issue 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.

Booth:
THE SECOND PART OF

Both. Long live our Sov'reign Richard, England's King!

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

Sal. My Lord, herebreak 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, Nevill, this I do assure myself,
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the King. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Changes to a House near Smithfield.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry and Nobles; the
Duchess, Mother Jordan, Southwel, Hume, and
Bolinbrook, under guard.

K. Henry. STAND forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham,
Gloster's wife,
In sight of God and us your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law for sins,
Such as by God's Book are adjudge'd to death.
—You four from hence to prison, back again;
[To the other prisoners.
From thence unto the place of execution.
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes.
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
—You,
You, Madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall after three days open Penance done,
Live in your country here, in Banishment,
With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

Elean. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

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

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

K. Henry. Stay Humphry, Duke of Gloster; ere
thou go,
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be, and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphry, no less below'd,
Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

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

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

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 Gloster.

* Sorrow would solace, and my age would Ease.] That is, sorrow would have, sorrow requires solace, and age requires ease.
* God and King Henry govern England's realm: ] The word realm at the end of two lines together is displeasing; and when it is considered that much of this scene is written in rhyme, it will not appear improbably that the author wrote, govern England's helm.
THE SECOND PART OF

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry King, and Marg'ret Queen.
And Humphry, Duke of Glo'fier, scarce himself,
That bears so shrew'd 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 sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her younger days.

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

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

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

York. I never saw a fellow worse bestead, 3
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant,
The servant of the armourer, my Lords.

SCENE VI.

Enter at one door the armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff 4 with a sand-

--- worse bestead, J In a worse plight.
--- with a Sand-bag fastened to it. J As, according to the old laws of drees, Knights were to fight with the lance and sword; so those of inferior rank fought with an Ebon staff or batoon, to the farther end of which was fix'd a bag cram'd hard with sand. To this custom Hudibras has alluded in these humourous lines,

Eveg'd with money bags, as bold
As men with Sand-bags did of old, Warburton.
KING HENRY VI.

And at the other door his man,
With a drum and sand-bag, and prentices drinking to him.

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

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco. 5

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

Arm. Let it come, 't 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, blest me I pray God; for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learn'd so much fence already.

5 a cup of charneco.] On which the Oxford Editor thus criticizes in his Index. This seems to have been a cant word for some strong liquor, which was apt to bring drunken fellows to the stocks, since in Spanish Charnigos is a term used for the stocks. It was no cant word, but a common name for a sort of sweet wine, as appears from a passage in a pamphlet, intituled, The discovery of a London Monster, called the black dog of Newgate, printed 1612. Some drinking the neat

wine of Orleance, fome the Gal-

cony, fome the Bourdeaux. There

wanted neither sherry, sack nor

charneco, maligo nor amber-co-

lour'd candy, nor liquorish ipo-

cras, brown beloved bastard, fat

aligant, or any quick-spirited li-

quor. — And as charneca is, in

Spanish, the name of a kind of

turpentine tree, I imagine the
growth of it was in some district
abounding with that tree; or that

it had its name from a certain

flavour resembling it.

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

Pet. r. Peter, forlooth.
Sal. Peter? what more?

Pet. 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-
sely 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. As Bevis of South-
ampton fell upon Ascapart. 6

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 trea-
son.

[Dies.

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

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

O Peter, thou hast prevail’d in right.

K. Henry. Go, take hence that traitor from our fight,
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.

6 as Bevis of Southampton fell. Aescapart was the giant of the
year Aescapart.] I have added story.
this from the old quarto. W. A. R. B.

SCENE
THE STREET.

Enter Duke Humphry and his Men, in Mourning Cloaks.

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

Serv. Ten, my Lord.

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

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

Glo. No, 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,

7 Unneath] i.e. scarcely. Pope.

And
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban our enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.
Elean. Ah! Gloster, teach me to forget myself;
For whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,
And thou a prince, Protector of this land;
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans,
The ruthless fiend doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah! Humphry, can I bear this shameful yoak?
Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?
No, dark shall be my light, and night my day.
To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphry's wife,
And he a Prince, and ruler of the land,
Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,
That he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn dutchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle, rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing, till the ax of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
For Suffolk, he that can do all in all
With her, that hatest thee and hates us all,
And York, and impious Beauford, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;
And fly thou, how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be fin'd,

Mail'd up in shame, ——— grace; alluding to the sheet of
Wrapped up; bundled up in dis-
penance.
Nor never 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 fcathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimelesse.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why, yet thy scandal were not wip’d away;
But I in danger for the breach of law.

* Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell,
I pray thee, fort thy heart to patience,
These few days’ wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

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

Glo. And my consent ne’er ask’d herein before?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

[Exit Herald.

My Nell, I take my leave. And, master Sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the King’s commissione.

Sher. An’t please your Grace, here my commissione
stays;
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

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

Stan. So am I giv’n in charge, may’t please your Grace.

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

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

* Thy greatest help is quiet,—]

The poet has not endeavoured
to raise much compassion for the
duchesses, who indeed suffers but
what she had deserved.

9 — the world may laugh—]

That is, the world may look
again favourably upon me.

Glo.
THE SECOND PART OF

Glo. Witnes my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

Elean. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!

For none abides with me; my joy is death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish’d this world’s eternity.
Stanley, I pr’ythee, go and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I beg no favour;
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the Ise 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 Duchess, and Duke Humphry’s lady,
According to that state you shall be us’d.

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

Sher. It is my office. Madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay. Farewel. 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.

* — I long to see my prison.
This impatience of a high spirit
is very natural. It is not so
dreadful to be imprisoned, as it

is desirable in a state of disgrace
to be sheltered from the scorn of
gazers.

ACT
ACT. III. SCENE I.

At BURY.

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

K. HENRY.

I 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 you not observe The strangeness of his alter'd countenance, With what a majesty he bears himself, How insolent of late he is become, How peremptory and unlike himself? We know the time, since he was mild and affable; And, if we did but glance a far-off look, Immediately he was upon his knee; That all the court admir'd him for submission. But meet him now, and be it in the morn, When ev'ry one will give the time of day, He knits his brow and shews an angry eye, And 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 decent, And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.

'Me seemeth then, it is no policy,

'Me seemeth—'] That is, has, I know not how, intruded it seemeth to me, a word more grammatical than methinks, which

Respecting
Respecting what a ranc’rous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your Highness’ council.
By flattery hath he won the common hearts:
And when he’ll please to make commotion,
’Tis to be feared, they all will follow him.
Now ’tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they’ll o’er-grow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care, I bear unto my Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman’s fear,
Which fear if better reasons can supplant
I will subscribe, and say, I wrong’d the Duke.
My Lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highness seen into this Duke.
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your Grace’s tale.

The Dutchess, 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 Dutchess
By wicked means to frame our sov’reign’s fall.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
And, in his simple shew he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sov’reign; Gloster is a man
Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

--- your Grace’s tale.] Suffolk uses Highness and Grace promiscuously to the queen. Ma-

jeft; was not the settled title till the time of king James the first.

Car.
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 Hum-
phry.

K. Henry. My Lords, at once. The care you have
of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the fucking lamb or harmless dove.
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah! what’s more dang’rous than this fond
affiance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow’d;
For he’s dispos’d as the hateful Raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is, surely, lent him;
For he’s inclin’d as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my Lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious Sovereign!

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

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

will be done!

York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England,

Thus
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [Aside.

SCENE II.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. All happiness unto my Lord the King!
Pardon, my Liege, that I have stayd so long.
Suf. Nay, Glo'ier, 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 unsotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my Sovereign.
Who can accuse me? Wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my Lord, that you took bribes
of France,
And, being protector, stayd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his Highness hath loft France.
Glo. Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God! as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England.
That doth that e'er I wrested from the King,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day!
No; many a pound of my own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
And never asked for restitution.

---this gear] Gear was a general word for thing or matters.

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

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

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

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that, while I was pro-
tector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me,
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault;
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Stf. My Lord, these faults are easy, quickly an-
swer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his Highness' name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Henry. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspicion;
My conscience tells me, you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious Lord, these days are dangerous,
Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by Rancour's hand,
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your Highness' Land.
I know, their complot is to have my life,
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness.
But mine is made the prologue to their play;

--- these faults are easy, --- 
Easy is flight, inconsiderable, as
in other passages of this author.

Vol. V.  E  For
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaumaris's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his surnamed hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whole over-weening arm I have pluck'd back.
By false accule cloth level at my life.
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up,
My lieu Liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together;
(Myself had notice of your conventicles)
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witnesses to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt:
The ancient proverb will be well effected,
A thief is quickly found to beat a dog.

Cer. 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;
Beheld the winners, for they play'd me false;
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

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

5 Liesel is dearest.
KING HENRY VI.

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 guarded.

SCENE III.

K. Henry. My Lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do or undo as if ourself were here.
Q. Mar. What, will your Highness leave the Parliament?
K. Henry. Ay, Margaret, my heart is drown’d with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within my eyes,
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, 6

Bearing

6 And as the Butcher takes away the Calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays.] But how

struggles to get loose. And so

he elsewhere employs this Word.

THIRLBY.

This emendation is admitted
by the succeeding editors, and I
had once put it in the text.
I am, however, inclined to
believe
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne 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 myself bewail good Gloster’s case
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimmed 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? Gloster he is none.
[Exit.
Q. Mar. ’Tis Free Lords, cold snow melts with the
fun’s hot beams;
Henry my Lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity. Gloster’s shew
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow shares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll’d in a flowry bank,
With shining checkers’d fork, doth flinging a child:
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, Lords, were none more wise than I,
And yet herein I judge my own wit good,
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
’Tis rid 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,

believe that in this passage,
as in many, there is a con-
fusion of ideas; and that the po-
et had at once before him a
butcher carrying a calf bound,
and a butcher driving a calf to
the slaughter, and beating him
when he did not keep the path.
Part of the line was suggested
by one image and part by ano-

ther, so that strive is the best
word, but fray is the right.

7 Free Lords, &c.—] By this
she means, (as may be seen by
the sequel) you, who are not
bound up to such precise regards
of religion as is the King; but
are men of the world, and know
how to live. Warburton.
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.
York. So that by this you would not have him die.
Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.
York. *Tis York, that hath more reason for his death.
But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls;
Wert not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphry for the King's protector?
Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of
death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and wert not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt shoul be but idly post'd over,
Because his purpose is not executed.

* No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By Nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphry prov'd by reasons to my Liege;
And do not stand on quillet's how to slay him,
Be it by ginnis, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,

* York that hath more reason for his death. ] Why
York had more reason than the rest for desiring Humphry's death,
is not very clear; he had only decided the deliberation about the
regency of France in favour of
Somerset.

8 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.] The meaning
of the speaker is not hard to be
discovered, but his expression is
very much perplexed. He means
that the fox may be lawfully kil-
led, as being known to be by na-
ture an enemy to sheep, even be-
fore he has actually killed them;
so Humphry may be properly de-
stroyed, as being proved by ar-
guments to be the king's enemy,
before he has committed any ac-
tual crime.

Some may be tempted to read
treasurs for reasons, but the drift
of the argument is to shew that
there may be reasons to kill him
before any treason has broken
out.
THE SECOND PART OF

So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.


Suff. 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 for the safety of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

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

SCENE IV.

Enter a Post.

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

Car. A breach, thatcraves 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.—

9 I will be his priest.] I will be the attendant on his last scene,
be the last man whom he will see.

* And censure well the deed.] That is, approve the deed;
judge the deed good.
† It skills not.] It is of no importance.
KING HENRY VI.

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 burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin,
Men's 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 happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee that wisthkest 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 Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely from each country 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;
THE SECOND PART OF

For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Mane: 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 shou'rs comes thought on thought,
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy 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 breast, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly; yet be well affur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whist! 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,

*Mad-brain'd flaw.] Flow is a sudden violent gust of wind.
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 flag hair’d crafty Kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy;
And undiscover’d come to me again,
And giv’n me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, 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 sayer, 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 Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put a-part, the next for me.        [Exit.

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter two or three, running over the Stage, from the murder of Duke Humphrey.

First. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know,
We have dispatch’d the Duke, as he commanded.

Second. Oh, that it were to do! what have we done?

* A wild Morisco.] A Moor in a military dance, now called a Morris, that is, a Moonish dance.

Didst
THE SECOND PART OF

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

First. Here comes my Lord.
Suf. Now, Sir, have you dispatch'd this thing?
First. 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?
First. Yes, my good Lord.
Suf. Away, be gone. [Exeunt Murderers.

Enter King Henry, the Queen, Cardinal, 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. 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.²

² In former Editions:

I thank thee, Nell, these words content me much.] This is K. Henry's Reply to his Wife Margaret. There can be no Reafon why he should forget his own Wife's Name, and call her Nell instead of Margaret. As the Change of a single Letter lets all right, I am willing to suppose it came from his Pen thus;

I thank thee: Well, these words content me much.

Theobald.

Enter
Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'st thou so pale? why tremblest thou?

Where is our Uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord; Gloster is dead.
Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!
Car. God's secret judgment. I did dream to night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[King swoons.

Q. Mar. How fares my Lord? help, Lords, the King is dead.
Sow. Rear up his body, wring him by the nose.
Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help. Oh, Henry, ope thine eyes.
Suf. He doth revive again. Madam, be patient.
K. Henry. O heav'nly God!
Q. Mar. How fares my gracious Lord?
Suf. Comfort, my Sovereign; gracious Henry, com-
fort.
K. Henry. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk com-
fort 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 fling.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding!—
Yet do not go away—come, basilisk,

3 Right now. ] Just now; even now.
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.
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life;
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble Duke alive.
What know I, how the world may deem of me?
For, it is known, we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd, I made the Duke away;
So shall my name with flander's tongue be wounded,
And Princes' Courts be fill'd with my 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 leathfome leper; look on me.
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?
Be pois'nous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Glo\'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 adverse winds from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this? but well-fore-warning winds
Did seem to say, seek not a scorpion's nest,

* Be woe for me.] That is, let not woe be to thee for Glo\'ster, but for me.

Nor
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore.
What did I then? but curl the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves,
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.
Yet Aëolus would not be a murderer;
But left that hateful office unto thee.
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing, that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
With tears as fast as sea, through thy unkindness.
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 shore 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 thy Land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,
And threw it tow'rd's thy Land; the sea receiv'd it,
And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart.
And ev'n with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,

Our poet mentions them together, as in Othello,

But finding no commodious allusion for the sands, he let that idea pass without any correspondent, and proceeds to the rocks.

The splitting rocks cow'r'd in,

Because thy flinty heart —

For
THE SECOND PART OF
For losing ken of Albion's wished Coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,
The agent of thy foul inconstancy,
6 To fit and witch me, as Aescanius did,
When he to maddling Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me, I can no more: die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

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

War. It is reported, mighty Sovereign,
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 whom they stinging in their revenge.
Myself 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.

6 To fit and watch me, as Aescanius did,
When he to maddling Dido would unfold
His Father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy;] The Poet
here is unquestionably alluding to
Virgil, (Ænest. I.) but he strangely blends Fact with Fiction.
In the first Place, it was
Cupid, in the Simmance of Aescanius, who sat in Dido's Lap,
and was fondled by her. But
then it was not Cupid, who related to her the Proces of Troy's
destruction, but it was Æneas himself who related this Hi-
tory. Again, how did the sup-
posed Aescanius fit and watch her? Cupid was ordered, while
Dido mistakenly carresed him,
to bewitch and infect her
with Love. To this Circum-
stance the Poet certainly alludes;
and, unless he had wrote, as I
have restored to the Text;
Why should the Queen immedi-
ately draw this Inference.
Am I not witch'd like her?

Theobald.

* Not Henry.] The poet com-
monly ues Henry as a word of
three syllables.

War.
KING HENRY VI.

War. That I shall do, my Liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[Warwick goes in.

K. Henry. O thou, that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphry's life.
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God!
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Pain would I go to chase 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 obequies.

[Bed with Glo'ter's body put fortē.

And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it, but to make my sorrow greater?

War. Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view this body.

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is made,
For, with his soul fled all my worldly solace;

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 cain, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwrick for his vow?

7 For seeing him, I see my life
in death.] Though, by a violent operation, some sense may be extracted from this reading, yet I think it will be better to change it thus;

For seeing him, I see my death
in life.

That is, seeing him I live to see my own destruction. Thus it will aptly correspond with the first line.

Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view this body.

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is made.

War.
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-ghastly, 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 murder'd here;
The leafst of all these signs were probable.

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

War. But both of you have vowed Duke Humphry's death,
And you, forthwith, had the good Duke to keep.

Or have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless.] All that is true of the body of a dead man is here said by Warwick of the soul. I would read,
Or have I seen a timely-parted coafe,
But of two common words how or why was one changed for the other? I believe the transcriber thought that the epithet timely-parted could not be used of the body, but that, as in Hamlet there is mention of peace-parted souls, so here timely-parted must have the same substantive. He removed one imaginary difficulty and made many real. If the soul is parted from the body, the body is like-wife parted from the soul.

I cannot but stop a moment to observe that this horrible description is scarcely the work of any pen but Shakepeare's.

'Tis
'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 seem with unbloodied beak? Ev'n so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beauford term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suff. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men; But here's a vengeful sword, runted with ease, That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart. That flanders me with murder's crimson badge. Say, if thou dar'ft, proud Lord of Warwickshire, I hate I am faulty in Duke Humphry's death.

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

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit, Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still. With reverence may I say; For ev'ry word, you speak in his behalf, Is slander to your royal Dignity.

Suff. 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 buckler's 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,

Vol. V. F I would,
THE SECOND PART OF

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 thyself 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.

SCENE VII.

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

[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.

Noise of a crowd within. Enter Salisbury.

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

—Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk strait be done 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 died;
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 strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen with forked tongue,
That slyly glided towards your Majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Left, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whether you will or no
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,
With whose invenomed and fatal stings
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.

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

[Exit K. Henry, Warwick, &c.

SCENE VIII.

Maiden Suffolk, and Queen.

Q. Mar. Mischance and Sorrow go along with you!
Heart's Discontent and four 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. Fy, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch,
Haft thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them! Wherefore should I curse them?

Would
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,
My hair be fixt on end like one distract:
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban.
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypres's trees!
Their chiefest prospect mur'dring basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!
Their musick frightful as the serpent's hiss!
And hoarding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the soul terrors in dark seate'd hell—
Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'ft thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an over-charged gun, recoil
And turn the force of them upon thyself.
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,
THE SECOND PART OF

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. A. ar. Oh, let me entreat thee cease. Give me
thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,

[Kissing his 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;
'I is but surmis'd, whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a Want.
—I will repeal thee, or, be well affur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself;
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 wilderne's is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heav'nly company.
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With ev'ry fev'ral pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, Desolation.
I can no more—— Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in aught but that thou liv'lt.

* That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through which a thousand sighs,
&c.] That by the impression of my kiss for ever remaining on
thy hand thou might'st think on
those lips through which a thousands sighs will be breathed for
thee.
KING HENRY VI.

SCENE IX.

Enter Vaux.

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

Vaux. To signify unto his Majesty,
That Cardinal Beauford is at 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.

[Exit Vaux.

Ay me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?
Theirs for the earth's increase; mine for my forrows.
—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 d'ug between its lips.
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,

* —at an hour's poor loss, she means, I believe, at a loss which any hour spent in contrivance and deliberation will enable her to supply. Or perhaps she may call the sickness of the cardinal the loss of an hour, as it may put some stop to her schemes.

F 4

And
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, befal what may befal.

Q. Mar. Away. Though Parting be a fretful cor-
rosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk. Let me hear from thee,
For where so'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'ft casket
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a split barked, so funder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.  

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE X.
The Cardinal's Bedchamber.

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

K. Henry. FOW fares my Lord? speak, Beauford,
to thy Sovereign.

Car. If thou beest Death, I'll give thee England's
treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
War. Beauford, it is thy Sovereign speaks to thee.

*I'll have an Iris*] Iris was the messenger of June.
Car.
Car. Bring me unto my Trial when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
—Oh, torture me no more, I will confes.
—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'n's,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;
Oh, beat away the busy, medling, fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!
Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
—Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
—He dies, and makes no sign!—O God, forgive him.

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation.

[Exeunt.]

3 Forbear to judge, &c.—
Pecuniae calare cave, nam labiatur omne,
Aut sumus, aut sunti, vel postumus esse quod hic est.

* This is one of the scenes which have been applauded by the critics, and which will continue to be admired when prejudice shall cease, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. These are beauties that rise out of nature and of truth; the superficial reader cannot miss them, the profound can image nothing beyond them.

ACT
THE SECOND PART OF
ACT IV. SCENE I.
The Coast of Kent.

Alarm. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain Whitmore, and other Pirates, with Suffolk, and other Prisoners.

CAPTAIN.

THE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day ⁴
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades, ⁵
That drag the tragick melancholy night,
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves; and from their milty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize,
For whil't 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.

[Pointing to Suffolk.

₁ Gent. What is my ransom, master, let me know.
Maj. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head,
Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
Whit. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

⁴ The gaudy, blabbing,—day
The epithet blabbing applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, confides darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidante of those actions which cannot be trused to the tell-tale day.

⁵ the jades

That drag the tragick melancholy night,
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves;—
The wings of the jades that drag night appears an unnatural image, till it is remembered that the chariot of the night is supposed, by Shakespeare, to be drawn by dragons.

And
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
—Cut both the villains' throats,—for die you shall,
Nor can those lives, which we have lost in fight,
Be counter-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 Gaultier, being rightly founded.

Whit. Gaultier or Walter, which it is I care not;
Ne'er yet did base Dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword, we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when merchant-like I fell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world!

Suf. Stay, Whitmore, for thy prisoner is a Prince;
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags?
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the Duke:

6 Look on my George.] In the first Edition it is my ring. Warb.
7 Jove sometimes went disguist'd, &c.] 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 in the captain's mouth.

Pope.
Cap.
Cap. But love was never flain, 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.
Haft thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed, plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often haft 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 creft-fal'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby haft thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, Captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt; and so art thou.
Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.
Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? Lord?
Ay, kennel—puddle—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,

— abortive pride.] Pride that has had birth too soon, pride
issuing before its time.
* Poole? Sir Poole? Lord?]* The diffusion of this broken line makes it almost certain that
we should read with a kind of
ludicrous climax,
Poole? Sir Poole? Lord Poole?

He then plays upon the name
Poole, kennel, puddle.

For
For daring to affe a mighty Lord
Unto the daughter of a worthles King,
Having nor Subiect, Wealth, nor diadem!
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg’d
With goblets of thy mother’s bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were fold to France;
The sffe revoltng Normans, thorough thee,
Disdain to call us Lord; and Picardie
Hath slain their Governors, surpriz’d our Forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevills all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms.
And now the House of York, thrust from the Crown
By shamefull murder of a guiltles 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 pultry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud. This villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian Pirate. 9
Drones suck not eagles’ blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die

9 Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian Pirate.] Mr. Theobald says, This might I have not been able to trace; or discover from what Legend our author derived his acquaintance with him. And yet he is to be met with in Tully’s Offices; and the Legend is the famous Theopompus’s history. Bargulus Illyarius Intro, de quo est apud Theopompon, magnum opes habuit. lib. 2. cap. 11. Warburton.

By
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
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 ———
Wbit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.
Suf. Gelidus timor occupat artus: it's thee I fear.
Wbit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
Gent. My gracious Lord, intreat him; speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it, we should honour such as these
With humble suit; no, rather let my head
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 sword and Banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Caesar; savage Islanders
Pompey the Great: And Suffolk dies by Pirates.

[Exit Walter Whitmore with Suffolk.

Cap. And as for these, whose ransom we have let,
It is our pleasure one of them depart;
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[Exit Captain and the rest.

* The poet seems to have confounded the story of Pompey with some other.
Mant the first Gent. Enter Whitmore with the body.

Whit. There let his head and liveless body lie,
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.

SCENE II.

Changes to 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, for 'tis thread-bare. Well, I
say, it was never merry world in England since Gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in
handy-crafts-men.

Hol. The Nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

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

Hol. True, and yet it is said, Labour in thy vocation;
which is as much as to say, let the magistrates be labou
ring 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 Be's son, the
Tanner of Wingham.

Bevis.
Bavis. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog’s leather of.

Hol. And Dick the butcher:

Bavis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity’s throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And Smith the weaver:

Bavis. 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 suppos’d father

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings. 2

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 3 fur’d pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weav. A’ must needs, for beggary is valiant.

—— a cade of herrings.] That is, a barrel of herrings. I suppose the word keg, which is now used, is cade corrupted.

* — our enemies shall fall before us.] He alludes to his name Cade, from cade, Lat. to f. il. He has too much learning for his character.

3 fur’d pack,] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward.

Cade.
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.
Weav. 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 fold 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 bees sting; but I say, ’tis bee’s wax; for I did but feel once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? who is there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weav. The clerk of Chatham, he can write and read, and cast account.
Cade. O monstrous!
Weav. We took him setting boys copies.
Cade. Here's a villain!
Weav. He's a book in his pocket with red letters in't.
Cade. Nay, then he's a conjurer.
Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.
Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour, unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee; what is thy name?
Clerk. Emanuel.
Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters. 'Twill go hard with you.
Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself 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 confessed; away with him; he's a villain and a traitor.
Cade. Away with him, I say; hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [Exit one with the clerk.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where is our General?
Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly. Sir Humphry Stafford and his brother are hard by with the King's forces.
Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He'll be encounter'd with a man as good as himself. He is but a knight, is a'?
Mich. No.
King Henry VI

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [kneels.] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him. Is there any more of them that be knights?

Micb. Ay, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher. [he kneels.] Rise up, Sir Dick Butcher. Now sound up the drum.

SCENE III.

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

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

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

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass 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 thyself a shearmen, 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 flo'ln 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.

G 2 Weav.
THE SECOND PART OF

Weav. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

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

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

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

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to, sIRRah, tell the King from me, that for his father's sake Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the Dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord Say hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it a eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer if you can. The Frenchmen are our enemies; go to then, I ask but this, can he that speaks with the tongue of the enemy, be a good counsellor or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Affail them with the army of the King.

Staf. Herald, away, and throughout every town Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those which fly before the battle ends, May even in their wives' and childrens' fight Be hang'd up for example at their doors;
And you, that be the King's friends, follow me.

[Exeunt the two Staffords, with their Train.

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.
Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
KING HENRY VI.

We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman,
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon,
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 towards us.

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

[Exeunt Cade and his party.

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

Re-enter Cade and the rest.

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

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behav'dst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house; therefore thus I will reward thee. The 6 lent shall be as long 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 gaols, and let out the prisoners.

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

[Exeunt.

6 lent shall be as long as it is,] * If we mean to thrive and do good, &c.] Methinks it might be read more humourously, Lent shall be as long again as it is,
THE SECOND PART OF

SCENE IV.

Changes to Black-Heath.

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

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard, that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your Grace to the rebels'
supplication?

K. Henry. I'll send some holy bishop to intreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword. And I myself,
Rather than bloody war should cut them short,
Will parly with Jack Cade their General.

But stay, I'll read it over once again.

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

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

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Henry. How now, Madam?

Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. My love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

* Rul'd like a wandring planet—— [* Predominated irresistibly over my passions, as the planets over the lives of those that are born under their influence.]}
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' house, And calls your Grace usurper openly, And vows to crown himself in Westminster. His army is a ragged multitude Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless; Sir Humphry Stafford and his brother's death Hath given them heart and courage to proceed; All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen, They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Henry. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth, Until a Power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the Duke of Suffolk now alive, These Kentish rebels should be soon appeas'd.

K. Henry. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee, Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Grace's person be in danger. The sight of me is odious in their eyes; And therefore in this city will I stay, And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mes. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge, The citizens fly him, and forsake their houses, The rascal people, thirsting after prey, Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my Lord; away, take horse.

K. Henry. Come, Marg'ret. God our hope will succour us,
THE SECOND PART OF
Q. Mar. [Aside.] 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 resolure. [Exeunt,

SCENE V.

Changes to London.

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enter
two or three citizens below.

Scales. HOW now? is Jack Cade slain?
 Cit. No, my Lord, nor like to be
slain, for they have won the bridge, killing all those
that withstand them; the Lord Mayor craves aid of
your honour from the Tower to defend the city from
the rebels.
Scales. Such aid, as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself.
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you into Smithfield, gather head,
And thither will I send you Matthew Goff.
Fight for your King, your country and your lives,
And so farewel, for I must hence again. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Cannon-Street.

Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on
London-Stone.

Cade. NOW is Mortimer Lord of this city, and
here sitting upon London-Stone. I charge
and command that of the city's cost the pissing conduit
run nothing but claret wine the first year of our reign.
And
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.
Wew. If this fellow be wife, 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.

SCENE changes to Smithfield.

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

Cade. O, 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. Mas, '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 eating toasted cheese.
Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.
THE SECOND PART OF

Joan. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, a prize, a prize! Here's the Lord Say which fold the town in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou Say, thou Serge, nay, thou buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my Majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by thee presents, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the bosom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused * printing to be us'd; and contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be prov'd to thy face that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a Noun and a Verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of the peace to call poor men before them, about matters they were not able to answer.

7 thou Say, thou Serge.] Say serge to buckram.
* Printing to be us'd.] Shakespere is a little too early with this degradation, from say to serge, from accusation.

More-
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 honeifter men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

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

*Say.* You men of Kent, — —

*Dick.* What say you of Kent?

*Say.* Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

*Cade.* Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latin.

*Say.* Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

*Kent,* in the Commentaries *Caesar* writ,
Is term'd the civil'ft 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 fold not *Maine*; I fold 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? 9

8 because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; That is, they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy.

9 *To let thy horse wear a cloak.* This is a reproach truly characteristical. Nothing gives so much offence to the lower ranks of mankind as the sight of superfluities merely ostentations.

9 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 clerkis,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king;] This passage I know not well how to explain.

It is pointed so as to make *Say* declare that he preferr'd clerkis
Kent to maintain, the King, the realm and you,
Large gifts have I bestowed on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the King;
And seeing, ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav'n,
Unless you be possielt with devilish 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' Gaufs Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.
Cade. Ye shall have a hempen cauldle then, and the help of a hatchet.
Dick. Why doest thou quiver, man?
Say. The palsy, 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.

As maintain Kent and the King. This is not very clear; and besides he gives in the following line another reason of his bounty, that learning raised him, and therefore he supported learning.
I am inclined to think Kent slipped into this passage by chance, and would read,

When have I ought exacted at your hand,
But to maintain the King, the realm, and you?
KING HENRY VI.

Are my cheasts fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-seddrying,
This breast from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he has a Familiar under his tongue, he speaks not o'God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, Country-men, if when you make your pray'rs,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.
The proudest peer of the Realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay me her maiden-head ere they have it; men shall hold of me in Capite, and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My Lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?
Cade. Marry, presently.
All. O brave!

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well when they were alive. Now part them again, left they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer
for the spoil of the City until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets, and at every corner have them kifs. Away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Changes to Southwark.

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

Cade. Up Fifth-street, down St. Magnus' Corner, kill and knock down; throw them into Thames. [A Parley sounded.

What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.

Know, Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King Unto the Commons, whom thou hast mis-led; And here pronounce free pardon to them all, That will forfake thee, and go home in peace.

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

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

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

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? and you, base peafants, do ye believe 'em? will you needs
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-bart in Southwark? I thought, you would never have given out these arms, till you had recover’d your ancient Freedom, but you are all recreants and daftards, and delight to live in slavery to the Nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, 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,
Unles by robbing of your friends and us.
Weren’t not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o’er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying, Villageois! unto all they meet.
Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry;
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman’s mercy:
To France, to France, and get what you have loft;
Spare England, for it is your native Coaft.

Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

Henry hath money.] Dr. Warburton reads, Henry hath mercy, but he does not seem to have attended to the speaker’s drift, which is to lure them from their present design by the hope of French plunder. He bids them spare England, and go to France, and encourages them by telling them that all is ready for their expedition; that they have strength, and the king has money.
All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the King and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying; in despit of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heavens and hono-our 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 thouand crowns for his reward. [Exeunt some of them.

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

SCENE VIII.

The Palace at Killingworth.

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and Someret on the Terras.

K. Henry. Was ever King that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a King at nine months old.
Was never subject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings to his Majesty!
K. Henry. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpriz'd?
KING HENRY VI.

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter multitudes with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my Lord, and all his pow'rs do yield,
And humbly thus with halters on their necks
Expect your Highnes' 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 yourselves, will never be unkind.
And so with thanks and Pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

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

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Please it your Grace to be advertized,
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
And with a puissant and mighty pow'\r
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kerns,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclameth, as he comes along,
His Arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Henry. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distrest;
Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
Is straitway claim'd and boarded with a pirate.

But

\[It straitway claim'd and boarded with a pirate.\] So the Editions read; and one would think it plain enough; alluding to York's claim to the crown. Cade's head-long tumult was well compared to a tempest, as York's premeditated rebellion to a piracy.
THE SECOND PART OF

But now is Cade driv'n back, his men dispers'd,
And now is York in arms to second him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet with him,
And ask him what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismissed from him.

Som. My Lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Henry. In any case be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my Lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your Good.

K. Henry. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched Reign.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

A Garden in Kent.

Enter Jac. Cade.

Cade. IE on ambitions; fy on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a leafe of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer; where-

Cade: driven back, but York appear'd in arms,

But now is Cade driv'n back,
His men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms to second him.

WARBURTON.
fore on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden to see if I can eat grass, or pick a fallet another while, which is not amis to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word fallet was born to do me good; for many a time, but for a fallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word fallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoil'd in the Court, And may enjoy such quiet walks as these? This small inheritance my father left me, Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy. I seek not to wax great by others' waining, Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy; Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state, And sends the poor well pleas'd from my gate.

Cade. Here's the Lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entring his fee-simple without leave. Ah villain, thou wilt betray me and get a thousand crowns of the King by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an offridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be, I know thee not; why then should I betray thee? Is't not enough to break into my garden, And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds, Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner, But thou wilt brave me with these savoy 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

1 but for a fallet, my brain-pan; calata, a helmet, (says Skinner) &c.] A fallet by corruption from quia galeae calatae fuerunt, Pope.
thy five men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a
door-nail, I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne’er be said while England
stands,
That Alexander Iden an Esquire of Kent,
Took oads to combat a poor famish’d man.
Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,
See, if thou canst out-face me with thy looks;
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a flick, compared with this truncheon,
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou haft;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg’d already in the earth.

* As for more words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most compleat 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 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.

* As for more words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.
Sir T. Han-
mer, and after him Dr. War-
burner, read,
As for more words, let this my sword report
(If least greatness answers words.)
What speech forbears.
It seems to be a poor praise of a
sword, that its greatness answers words, whatever be the mean-
ing of the expression. The old reading, though somewhat ob-
scure, seems to me more capa-
bile of explanation. For more
words, whose pomp and tumour
may answer words, and only
words, I shall forbear them, and
refer the rest to my sword.

Iden.
KING HENRY VI.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead.
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
T' emblaze the honour which thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory.
Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man; and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never fear'd any, am vanquish'd by famine, not by valour.

[Dies.

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge!
Die damned wretch, the Curfe 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.

5 How much thou wrong'st me.] That is, in supposing that I am proud of my victory.
6 So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.] Not to dwell upon the wickedness of this horrid wish, with which Iden debases his character, this whole speech is wild and confused. To draw a man by the heels, headlong, is somewhat difficult; nor can I discover how the dunghill would be his grave if his trunk were left for crows to feed upon. These are not the faults of negligence, but of negligence, and therefore do not attempt correction.
ACT V. SCENE I.

In the Fields near London.

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

York, at a distance from his followers.

FROM Ireland thus comes York to claim his Right,
And pluck the Crown from feeble Henry's head.
King, 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 tos 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 mean'st 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,

* — balance it.] That is, balance my hand.
† A scepter, I read, a scepter; I read, a scepter.
York observes that his hand must be employed with a sword or scepter; he then naturally observes, that he has a sword, and resolves that if he has a sword he will have a scepter.

Should
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the Court?
York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
Oh! I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms.
And now, like Ajax Telemachus,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
Aside.
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.

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 diminish my Powers.
—Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to morrow in St. George's field,
You shall have Pay and every thing you wish.
—And let my Sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son; nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll lend them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission,
We twain will go into his Highness' tent. [Exeunt.

H 4  S C E N E
Enter King Henry and Attendants. Re-enter Buckingham, and York, attended.

K. Henry. Buckingham, doth York intend no Harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all Submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your Highness.
K Henry. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebel Cade,
Whom, since, I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cade's head.

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

K. Henry. The head of Cade? Great God! how just art thou?
O, let me view his visage being dead,
That, living, wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend; art thou the man, that slew him?

Iden. I was, an’t like your Majesty.

K. Henry. How art thou call’d? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that’s my name,
A poor Esquire of Kent, that loves the King.

Buck. So please it you, my Lord, ’twere not amifs
He were created Knight for his good service.

K. Henry. Iden, kneel down. [he kneels] Rife 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!

*K. Henry.* See, *Buckingham, Somerfet* comes with the
Queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

[Exit Buck.

**Scene III.**

*Enter Queen Margaret and Somerfet.*

**Q. Mar.** For thousand *Yorks* he shall not hide his
head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.

*York.* How now? is *Somerfet* at liberty?
Then, *York*, unloose thy long imprison’d thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of *Somerfet*?
False King! why haft thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art no King,
Nor 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,
Whole 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 fame to act controlling laws.
Give place; by heav’n, 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*
York. Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;
9 Wouldst have me kneel? First, let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
I know, ere they will let me go to Ward,
They’ll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the Surety for their traitor father.

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 thee
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See, where they come; I’ll warrant, they’ll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Cliff. Health and all Happiness to my Lord the King!

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

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look,
We are thy Sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

7 Wouldst have me kneel? First let me ask of them,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.

Sirrah, call in my sons to be my
7 -{
9

Warburton.

8 Shall be their Father’s Bail,

and Bane to thes.] Considering how our Author loves to play
on Words similar in their sound, but opposite in their Signification, I make no Doubt but the Author wrote bail and bale. Bale, (from whence our common Adjective, baleful) signifies, Decrement, Knave, Infrutescence, &c. Theobald.

* Bale signifies for row. Either word may serve.
Clif. This is my King. York, I do not mistake,
But thou mistak'ft 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 thy King, and thou a false-heart traitor.
—Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shacking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs.
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

SCENE IV.

Enter the Earl of Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to
death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.
R. Plan. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld,
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapt his tail between his legs and cry'd;

9 Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come.] York calls these
Lords his bears because they
had a bear for their arms.

And
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves 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 yourselves.

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 Russian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
If it be banished 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 wantst experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame, in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My Lord, I have consider'd with myself
The Title of this most renowned Duke;
And in my conscience do repute his Grace
The rightful heir to England's royal Seat.

K. Henry. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
Sal. I have.

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

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To leave 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 had 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 Nevill's Crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the rugged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my Burgonet,
As on a mountain-top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even 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,
Delpight the bear-ward, that protects the bear.
T. Clif. And so to Arms, victorious noble father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.
R. Plan. Fy, charity for shame, speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesus Christ to-night.
T. Clif. Foul stigmatick, that's more than thou canst tell.
R. Plan. If not in heav'n, you'll surely sup in hell.

[Exeunt, severally.

Burgonet is a helme.
THE SECOND PART OF

SCENE V.

Changes to a Field of Battle at St. Albans.

Enter Warwick.

War. CLIFFORD of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dying mens' cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me;
Proud northern Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my Lord? what all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my Steed;
But match to match I have encountered him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Ev'n 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 chace,
For I myself 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 unaffail'd. [Exit War.
Cliff. 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.
Cliff. Nor should thy Prowels want praise and esteem,
But
But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,

As I in Justice and true Right express it.

Cliff. My soul and body on the action both!—


[Fight.

Cliff. La fin couonne les œuvres.

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. Cliff. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder; and disorder wounds,
Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heav'n's do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance. Let no soldier fly,
He, that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; for he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O let the vile world end,

[Seeing his dead father.

And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heav'n together:
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty founds
To cease! Waft thou ordained, O dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age;
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in Russian battle? Even at this fight
My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 'tis mine,

2 A dreadful lay.] A dreadful wager; a tremendous stake.

Premised, for sent before their time. The sense is, let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now.

3 And the premised flames—] Premised, for sent before their

4 To achieve, to obtain.

It
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 Absyrtus did.
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's House:
As did Æneas old Anubis bear,
So I bear thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[Exit bearing off his Father.

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, to fight.

R. Plan. So, lie thou there. [Somerset is killed.

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.

[Exit Richard Plantagenet.

5 So, lie thou there.
For underneath an ale-house paltry Sign,
The Castle in St. Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the Wizard famous.

The particle for in the second line seems to be used without any very apparent inference. We might read,
Fall'n underneath an ale-haus paltry Sign, &c.
Yet the alteration is not necessary, for the old reading is senfe, though obscure.

6 Famous in his death.] The death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal Prediction given by Jordan, the Witch, concerning this Duke; which we met with at the Clofe of the first Act of this Play:

Let him from Castles;
Sorcer shall he be upon the sandy Plains,
Than where Castles, mounted, flawed.

i.e. the Representation of a Castle, mounted for a Sign.

Theobald.

SCENE
SCENE VI.

FIGHT. Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and others.

Q. Mar. Away, my Lord, you are slow; for shame, away.

K. Henry. Can we out-run the heav'ns? Good Margaret, 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.

[Alarm afar off.

If you be ta'en, we then shall 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 stopt.

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.

Alarm. 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

Vol. V. I Aged
Aged contusions and all \textit{b}rush of \textit{t}ime; 
And, like a \textit{G}allant in the brow of youth, 
Repairs him with occasion. This happy day 
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot, 
If Salisbury be lost.

\textit{R. Plan.} My noble father, 
Three times to day I holp him to his horfe, 
*Three times beftrid 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 a homely house, 
So was his Will in his old feeble body. 
But noble as he is, look, where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

\textit{Sal.} Now, by my sword, well haft thou fought to 
day; 
By th’Mars, so did we all. I thank you, Richard; 
God knows, how long it is I have to live, 
And it hath pleas’d him, that three times to day 
You have defended me from imminent death. 
—Well, Lords, we have not got That which we have; 
’Tis not enough our foes are this time fled, 
Being opposites of such repairing nature. 

\textit{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? 

\textit{War.} After them! nay, before them, if we can.

\textit{b}rush of \textit{t}ime.] Read \textit{b}rush of \textit{t}ime. 
\textit{G}allant in the brow of youth.] 
The \textit{b}row of \textit{y}outh is an expre- 
sion not very easily explained. 
I read the \textit{b}low of \textit{y}outh. The
K I N G  H E N R Y  V I.

Now by my hand, Lords, 'twas a glorious day,
St. Alban's battle, 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.

Of this play, and the next, a very imperfect copy was published
I. By W. W. for Thomas Millington. Quarto. 1600.
II. For T. P. without date. I have the II.
III. Folio 1623, which is undoubtedly the genuine copy of all the three parts.
THE
THIRD PART
OF
HENRY VI.
With the DEATH of the
DUKE of YORK.
Dramatis Personae.

KING Henry VI.
Edward, Son to the King, and Prince of Wales.
Duke of Somerset,
Earl of Northumberland,
Earl of Oxford,
Earl of Exeter,
Earl of Westmorland,
Lord Clifford,
Earl of Richmond, a Youth, afterwards K. Henry VII.
Edward, eldest Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Edward IV.
George, Duke of Clarence, second Son to the D. of York.
Richard, Duke of Gloucester, third Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Richard III.
Edmund, E. of Rutland, youngest Son to the D. of York.
Duke of Norfolk,
Marquis of Montague,
Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Salisbury,
Earl of Pembroke,
Lord Hastings,
Lord Stafford,
Sir William Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby.
Lord Rivers, Brother to the Lady Gray.
Sir John Montgomery. Lieutenant of the Tower.
Mayor of Coventry.
Mayor and Aldermen of York. Somerville.
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 John Gray, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

Soldiers and other Attendants on K. Henry and K. Edward.

In Part of the Third Act, the Scene is laid in France; during all the rest of the Play, in England.
ACT I. SCENE I.

LONDON.


WARWICK.

I wonder, how the King escap'd our hands! York. While we purf'd the horsemens of the north, He fily stole away and left his men;

Wherein the York Faction carried the day; and closes with the Murder of K. Henry VI. and the Birth of Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward V. So that this History takes in the Space of full sixteen Years. Theobald.

I wonder how the King—]

This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former.
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Chear’d up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all a-breach,
Charg’d our main battles front; and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford’s father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dang’rously.
I-cleft his beaver with a downright blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

Mount. And, brother, here’s the Earl of Wiltshire’s blood;
Whom I encounter’d, as the battles join’d.

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

[Throwing down the Duke of Somerset’s Head.
York. Richard hath bel’t deserv’d of all my Sons:
Is his Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
Norf. Such Hope have all the Line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry’s head.
War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that Throne,
Which now the House of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heav’n, these eyes shall never close.
This is the Palace of that fearful King,
And this the regal Seat; possesst 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,
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 cowardlike
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. 4
I'll plant Plantagenet; root him up, who dare:
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English Crown,
[Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats him.

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmorland, Exeter, and others, at the further end of the stage.

K. Henry. My Lords, look where the sturdy Rebel fits,
Ev'n in the chair of State; belike, he means
Back'd by the Power of Warwick, that false Peer,
T' aspire unto the Crown, and reign as King.
Earl of Northumberland, he flew thy father;
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favorites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heav'n's be reveng'd on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in grief.
West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down;
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

---if Warwick shake his bells.] The allusion is to falconry. The hawks had sometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to dare the birds; that is, to fright them from rising.

K. Henry.
K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmorland, 
Cliff. Patience is for poltroons, and such is he: 
He durst not sit there, had your father liv’d. 
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament 
Let us assail the Family of York. 
North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin, be it so. 
K. Henry. Ah! know you not, the City favours them, 
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck? 
Exe. But when the Duke is slain they’ll quickly fly, 
K. Henry. Far be the thought of this from Henry’s heart, 
To make a Shambles of the Parliament-house. 
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats, 
Shall be the war that Henry means to use. 
[They advance to the Duke. 
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my Throne; 
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet. 
I am thy Sovereign. 
York. Thou’rt deceiv’d, I’m thine. 
Exe. For shame come down: he made thee Duke of York. 
York. ’Twas my inheritance, as the Kingdom is. 
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown. 
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown, 
In following this usurping Henry. 
Cliff. 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 thyself. 
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 thofe which chas’d you from the field, 
And slew your fathers, and with Colours spread.
March’d
March'd through the city to the Palace-gates.

North. No, 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; left 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 feiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, fith thou haft 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 lovest and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.

York. Sons, peace.

K. Henry. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to speak.

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

* I am the son of Henry the fifth. The military merit of Henry the fifth is the sole support of his son. The name of Cade. — K. Henry.
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 borne in France, And now in England to our heart's great sorrow, Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you, Lords? My Title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be King. K. Henry. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King. K. Henry. I know not what to say, my Title's weak; Tell me, may not a King adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Henry. And if he may, then am I lawful King: For Richard, in the view of many Lords, Resign'd the Crown to Henry the Fourth; Whole heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his Sovereign, And made him to resign his Crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my Lords, he did it unconstrained,*

*Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his Crown?

Exe. No, for he could not so resign his Crown, But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the Right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful King.

K. Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the Claim thou lay'st, Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despight of thee.

* Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his Crown? The phrase prejudicial to his Crown, if it be right, must mean, detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty; but I rather think that the transcriber's eye caught crown from the line below, and that we should read prejudicial to his son, to his next heir.
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 despicable of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence;
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him, that slew my father!

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

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy Crown:
What mutter you, or what conspire you, Lords?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill this House with armed men;
And, o'er the Chair of State, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[He stamps with his foot, and the soldiers shew themselves.

K. Henry. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word.

Let me but reign in Quiet while I live.

York. Confirm the Crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Henry. I am content. Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the Kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your son?

War. What good is this to England and himself?

West. Base, fearful and despairing Henry!

Clif. How ha'st thou injur'd both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

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

West. Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the House of York;
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!——

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd!——

[Exeunt Nor. Clif. Westm.

SCENE
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe.* They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield,
K. Henry. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my Lord?
K. Henry. Not for myself, 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 thyself.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
War. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurst be he, that seeks to make them foes!
[Sonnet. Here they come down.
York. Farewel, my gracious Lord, I'll to my Castle.
War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.
[Exeunt York, Warwick, Norfolk and Montague.
K. Henry. And I with grief and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queen and the Prince of Wales.
Exe. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her anger.
I'll steal away.
K. Henry. So, Exeter, will I. [Going,
* They seek revenge. They go away not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been con-
quered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by prin-
ciple, but passion.

Queen.}
Queen. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee—
K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.
Queen. Who can be patient in such extremities?

Ah, wretched man! would I had dy'd a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father.
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well 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 thyself, 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, invironed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have tos'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that Act.

*What is it but to make thy Sepulchre.] The Queen's reproach is founded on a position long received among politicians, that the loss of a King's power is soon followed by loss of life.
The Third Part of

But thou preferrest thy life before thine honour: And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed; Until that Act of Parliament be repealed, Whereby my son is disinherited. The northern Lords, that have forsworn thy Colours, Will follow mine, if once they see them spread; And spread they shall be, to thy soul disgrace, And utter ruin of the House of York. Thus I do leave thee; come, Son, let's away; Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak, Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

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

Queen. Ay, to be murder'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.

Warburton.

To tire is to falLEN, to fix the talons, from the French tier.

* Those three Lords ] That is, of Northumberland, Westmorland, and Clifford, who had left him in disgust.

Scene
KING HENRY VI. 129

SCENE IV.

Changes to Sandal-Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.

Rich. BROTHER, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasonis strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why how now, sön and brother, at a strife? What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a sweet contention. 6

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us; The Crown of England, father; which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not 'til 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 canst not, son; it is impossible.

6 NoQuarrel, but a slight Contention.] Thus the Players, first, in their Edition; who did not understand, I presume, the force of the Epithet in the old Quart, which I have redor'd; —sweet Contention, i. e. the Argument of their Dispute was upon a grateful Topick: the Question of their Father's immediate Right to the Crown.

VOL. V. K Rich.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate;
That hath authority o'er him that swears,
Henry had none; but did usurp the place.
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my Lord, is vain and frivolous;
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a Crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that Poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot reft,
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,
Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.

7 An oath is of no moment,—] The obligation of an oath is here eluded by very depliable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain an usurper, taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself in the foregoing play, was rational and just. from the Kentishmen being so witty? I can't be so partial, however, to my own County, as to let this Compliment pass. I make no Doubt to read,

8 In former Editions: Witty, courteous, liberal, full of Spirit.] What a bleffed harmonious Line have the Editors given us, and what a prominent Epithet, in York's behalf, Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of Spirit.

Now these five Characterists answer to Lord Say's Description of them in the preceding Play.
Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar writ,
Is term'd the civil'd Place in all this isle;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy. Theobald.
This is a conjecture of very little import.

While
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter Messenger.

But stay, what news? why com'st thou in such post?

Gab. * The Queen, with all the northern Earls and
Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by, with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify 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.

* The Queen, with all, &c.] I know not whether the author
intended any moral instruction,
but he that reads this has a striking admonition against that pre-
cipitancy by which men often use unlawful means to do that
which a little delay would put honestly in their power. Had
York staid but a few moments
he had saved his cause from the
shame of perfidy.

K 2

A.
THE THIRD PART OF
A woman’s General; what should we fear?

[A March afar off.

Edw. I hear their drums: let’s set our men in order,
And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty! Though the odds be great,
I doubt not, Uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why should I not now have the like success?

[Alarm. Exeunt.

SCENE V.

A Field of Battle betwixt Sandal-Castle and Wakefield.

Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. A H, whither shall I fly to escape their hands?
Ah, Tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life;
As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose father flew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.

Tutor. Ah! Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Left thou be hated both of God and man.

[Exit, drag’d off.

Clif. How now? is he dead already? or, is’t 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.

* So looks the pent-up lion. ] long confined without food, and is
That is, the lion that hath been kept out to devour a man condemned.

Sweet
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;
I am too mean a Subject of thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speakest, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

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

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not Revenge sufficient for me.
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not shake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the House of York
Is as a Fury to torment my soul,
And till I root out their accursed Line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—[Lifting his hand.

Rut. O let me pray before I take my death.

—to thee I pray—sweet Clifford, pity me.

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

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

Clif. Thy father hath.

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

Clif. No cause!

Thy father slew my father, therefore die.

[Clif. stabs him.

Rut. Dies faciant, laudis summa sit ipsa tua! [Dies.
Clif. Plantagenet, I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [Exit.

K 3 SCENE
SCENE VI.


York. The Army of the Queen hath got the field:
My Uncles both are slain in rescuing me,
And all my Followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My Sons, God knows, what hath bechanced them,
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to Renown, by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, Courage, father! fight it out:
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt.
In blood of those, that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, Charge! and give no foot of ground;
And cry'd, A Crown, or else a glorious tomb,
A Sceptre or an earthy Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd again; but out! alas,
9 We budg'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 alarm 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.

9 We budg'd again;—] Of place. I suppose it is only the
this word the meaning is plain, word budged, perhaps misprint-
but I never saw it in any other ed.
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 they'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his Car,
And made an evening at the * noon-tide prick.

Yorke. 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 further;
So Doves do peck the Faulcon's piercing talons;
So des're rate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

Yorke. Oh Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue that flanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint, and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows twice two for one. [Draws.

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;

* Noon-tide prick, or noon-tide point on the dial.

It is war's prize—] Read praise.

Warburton.
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[They lay hands on York, who strives.

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[York is taken Prisoner.

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield with robbers so o'er-matchst.

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 mes of sons to back you now,
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George!
And where's that valiant crook-back'd Prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his Dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look York; I stained 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 pray thee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parched thine Entrainis,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus:
Stamp, rave and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be see'd, I see, to make me sport:

2 This napkin.] A napkin is an handkerchief.
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 his life, against your holy oath?
Oh, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.
Off with the Crown; and with the Crown his head;
And whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Queen. Nay, stay, let's hear the Oraiions he makes.
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves
of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill befeeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, vizor-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 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
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
'Tis government, that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the Septentrion.
Oh, tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to wear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidst thou me rage? why, now thou haft thy wish.
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou haft thy will.
For raging wind blows up incessant show'r's,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And ev'ry drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford; and thee, false French woman.

North. Befhrew me, but his passions move me so;
That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.
York. That face of his the hungry Cannibals
Would not have touch'd, 't would not have stain'd
with blood:

\[\text{better authority have it thus.}\]
\[\text{That face of his the hungry cannibals.}\]
\[\text{Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood.}\]

And this is sense. Could any one now have believed that an editor of common understanding should reject this, and fallen upon the nonsense of a latter edition.
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
Oh ten times more, than tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless Queen, a haples father's tears,
This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;
And, if thou tell'tt 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!"

[He gives back the handkerchief.]

There—Take the crown; and, with the crown my curse.
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world,
My soul to heav'n, my blood upon your heads.

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Queen. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears:

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

[Stabbing him.]

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

[Stabs him.]

York. Open the gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

[Dies.]

Edition only because it afforded matter of conjecture: And yet Mr. Thobald will needs correct, roses just with blood, to roses juit'd with blood, that is, change one blundering Editor's nonsene for another's. But if there ever was any meaning in the line, it was thus exprefted, Would not have slain'd the roses just in bud.

And this the Oxford Editor hath espoused. Warburton.

Queen.
ACT II. SCENE I.

Near Mortimer’s Cross in Wales.


EDWARD.

I wonder, how our princely father escap’d,
Or whether he be escap’d away, or no,
From Clifford’s and Northumberland’s pursuit?
Had he been ta’en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he escap’d, methinks, we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

RICH. I cannot joy, until I be resolv’d
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch’d 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 pinch’d a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.
So far’d our father with his enemies,
So fled his enemies my warlike father;
3 Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,

I believe prize is the right word. Richard’s sense is, though
we have missed the prize for which we fought, we have yet
an honour left that may content us.
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun;
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trim’d like a yonker prancing to his love?

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes? or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever’d in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see, they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow’d some league inviolable;
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. ’Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meads,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate’er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters.—By your leave,
   I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mef. Ah! one that was a woful looker on,
When as the noble Duke of York was slain;
Your princely father, and my loving Lord.

And takes her farewell of the glorious sun.]
Aurora takes
for a time her farewell of the sun,
when she dismisses him to his diurnal course.

Blazing by our deeds.

luflurious and shining by the armorial ensigns granted us as meed of our great exploits.
It might be plausibly read,
Blazing by our deeds.

Edw.
Edw. * Oh, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say, how he dy’d; for I will hear it all.

Mef. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have entred Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many stroaks, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardeast-timber’d oak.
By many hands your father was subdu’d,
But only slaughter’d by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen;
Who crown’d the gracious Duke in high despight;
Laugh’d in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless Queen gave him, to dry his cheek,
A napkin steep’d 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 faddest spectacle that e’re 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 haft slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry,
And treacherously haft thou vanquish’d him;
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish’d thee.
Now my soul’s palace is become a prison:
Ah, would the break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, oh never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body’s moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart;
Nor can my tongue unload my heart’s great burden,

* Oh, speak no more! The generous tenderness of Edward, and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different reception of their fate, and their death.
KING HENRY VI.

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 decent, by gazing 'gainst the sun,
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say,
Either that's thine, or else thou wert not his.

SCENE II.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquis of Montague,
and their army.

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

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told;
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! That Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befaln.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muster'd my Soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
March'd towards St. Albans t'intercept the Queen,
Bearing the King in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming, with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at St. Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge; but to conclude with truth,
Their weapons, like to lightning, came and went;
Our soldiers, *like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great reward;
But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the King, unto the Queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some six miles off the Duke is with his power;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Dutchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled;

* Like the night-owl's lazy flight. This image is not very congruous to the subject, nor was it necessary to the comparison, which is happily enough compleated by the thrasher.

Oft
Oft have I heard his praisés 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 Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say, ay; and to it, Lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, Lords. The proud insulting Queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought * the easy-melting King, like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath inrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong;
Now if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Wessex canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, Via! to London will we march amain,
And once again besride our foaming steeds,

* — the easy-melting King, like As red as fire, may, then her wax
or x. ] So again in this n aft melt.

play, of the lady Gray,
Vol. V. L And
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'lt, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

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 proclaimed.
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 found 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 a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mes. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The Queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it forts; brave warriors, let's
away. [Exeunt omnes.

[ Why then it forts.] Why then things are as they should be.
KING HENRY VI.

SCENE III.

Changes to York.

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

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

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

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

To see this fight, it irks my very soul.
—With-hold revenge, dear God; 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Cliff. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do Lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast, that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal fang?
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 sire;
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield content to disinherit him;
Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And thou' 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 precedent;
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Shou'd 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.

K. Henry. Full well hath Clifford plaide the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
*Whole 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 Zark; '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 your sword, and dub him presently.

*Edward, kneel down.*

K. Henry. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight;
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as Apparent to the crown,

*Alluding to a common proverb.*
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Royal commanders, be in readiness;
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York:
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him King; and many fly to him.

* Daubain your battle, for they are at hand.

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

Queen. Ay, good my Lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Henry. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble Lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, St. George!

SCENE IV.


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

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;
Since when, his oath is broke, for, as I hear,
You that are King, though he do wear the crown,

* Daubain] That is, range your host, put your hosts in order.

L 3 Have
THE THIRD PART OF

Have caus'd him by new act of parliament
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too.

Who should succeed the father, but the son?


Clif. Ay, Crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,

Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, Lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Queen. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick, dare you speak?

When you and I met at St. Albans last,

Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.


—Break off the parl, 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. Aye, like a daftard and a treacherous coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;

But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Henry. Have done with words, my Lords, and hear me speak.

Queen. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;

I am a King, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My Lord, the wound, that bred this meeting here,...
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd *
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edu. Say, Henry, shall I have right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their faits to day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head!
For Tork in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands,
For, well I wot, thou haft thy mother's tongue.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,
But like a foul mif-shapen stigmatick,
Mark'd by the deffinies to be avoided,
As venomous toads, or lizards' dreadful things.

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 extraitought,
† To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edu. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameles Callat know herself.
—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,

* — I am resolv'd ] I: is my firm perfusion; I am no longer in doubt.
† To let thy tongue detect ] To show thy meannels of birth by the indecency of language with which thou railest at my deformity.

9 A wisp of straw ] I suppose for an instrument of correction that might disgrace but not hurt her.
And had he matcht 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?
Hath thou been meek, our Title still had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle King,
Had shift our claim until another age.

Clu. But when we saw, our sun-shine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the ax to thy fruitful root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy gorgeous with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle King to speak.
—Sound trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave,
And either Victory, or else a Grave.

Queen. Stay, Edward——

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

[Exeunt omnes.

SCENE
Scene V.  

Changes to a Field of Battle at Ferribridge in Yorkshire.

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 fun is clouded.

War. How now, my Lord, what hap? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is los's, our hope but sad despair;  
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.  
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?  

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;  
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why haft thou withdrawn thyself?

* Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
Broach'd Salisbury, Warwick's Father.

* Thy Brother's Blood the thirsty Earth hath drunk,] This Passage, from the Variation of the Copies, gave me no little Perplexity. The old 4to applies this Description to the Death of Salisbury, Warwick's Father. But this was a notorious Deviation from the Truth of History. For the Earl of Salisbury in the Battle at Wakefield, wherein Richard Duke of York lost his Life, was
The Third Part of
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance,
And in the very pangs of death he cry'd,
(Like to a dismal clanger heard from far)
Warwick, revenge; brother, revenge my death.
So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoaking blood,
The noble Gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the Earth be drunken with our blood;
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, 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 give me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chain my soul with thine.
And ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou 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 pass'age to my sinful soul.

Now, Lords, take leave until we meet again;
Where-e'er it be, in heaven or on earth.

was taken Prisoner, beheaded at
Fenfret, and his Head, together
with the Duke of J. O's, fix'd
over York-gates. Then, the only
Brother of Warwick, introduced
in this Play, is the Marques of
Hunscote; (or Maistang, as he
is call'd by our Author;) but he
does not dye, till ten years after,
in the Battle at Barnet; where
Warwick likewise was kill'd.

The truth is, the Brother here
mention'd, is no Person in the
Drama; and his Death is only
an incidental Piece of History.
Consulting the Chronicles, upon
this Action at Ferrbridge, I find
him to have been a natural Son
of Salisbury, (in that respect, a
Brother to Warwick;) and ef-
teen'd a valiant young Gentle-
man.

Theobald.
Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms,
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe;
That winter should cut off our spring time so.

War. Away, away. Once more, sweet Lords, farewel.

Cla. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly, that will not stay,
And call them pillars that will stand to us,
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As Victors wear at the Olympian Games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
For yet is hope of life and victory.
—Fore-flow no longer, make we hence amain. [Exeunt.

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.

Cla. 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 flew thy fire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so have at thee.

They fight. Warwick enters, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase,
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Alarm. Enter King Henry alone.

K. Henry. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,

What
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way like a mighty sea
Forç'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forç'd to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime the good 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 poise of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my Queen and Clifford too
Have child me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if God's good will were so,
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life.
To be no better than a homely swain,
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full compleat,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time;
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;

---methinks it were a happy life.] This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and makes a pleasing interchange, by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquility.
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeam;
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 subiects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And, to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a Prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couch'd on a curious bed,
When care, mistrust and treasons wait on him.

**SCENE VII.**

_Alarm._ Enter a Son that had kill'd his Father.

**Son.** Ill blows the wind, that profits no body.—
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be posses'd with some store of crowns;
And I that haply take them from him now,
May yet, ere night, yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
—Who's this! oh God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd:
Oh heavy times, begetting such events!
From _London_ by the King was I prest forth;
My father, being the Earl of _Warwick's_ man,
Came on the part of _York_, prest by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.

"These two horrible incidents are selected to shew the innumerable calamities of civil war."
THE THIRD PART OF

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 resifted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou haft any gold,
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see—Is this our foe-man's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is my only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eyes; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.
O pity, God, this miserable age!

*What stratagem, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,

And let our hearts and eyes,
like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break
o'er-charg'd with grief.] The meaning is here inaccurately expressed. The king intends to say that the state of their hearts and eyes shall be like that of the kingdom in a civil war, all shall be destroyed by power formed within themselves.

*If but stratagem,—] Stratagem seems to stand here only for an event of war, or may intend suares and surprizes.

O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon.] Because had he been born later he would not now have been of years to engage in this quarrel.

And hath beft thee of thy life too late] i.e. he should have done it by not bringing thee into being, to make both father and
KING HENRY VI. 159

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.
K. Henry. Woe above woe; grief, more than common grief;
O, that my death would stay these rueful deeds!
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving house.
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheek, methinks, preseenteth.
Wither one role, 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,
Mishink the King, and not be satisfy'd?
Son. Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death?
Fath. Was ever father, so bemoaned his son?
K. Henry. Was ever King, so grieve'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.
Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[Exit.
Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet,
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell,
And so obsequious will thy father be,

Sad

and so thus miserable. This is the sentence, such as it is, of the two lines, however an indifferent sentence was better than none, as it is brought to by the Oxford Editor by reading the lines thus,
O boy! thy father gave thee life too late,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too soon,
I rather think the meaning of the line, and hath bereft thee of thy life too late, to be this. Thy father expected thee to danger by giving thee life too soon, and hath bereft thee of life by living himself too long.

6 And so obsequious will thy father
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 fits a King more woful than you are.

SCENE VIII.
Alarms. 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 amain.
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel graspt in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.
Exe. Away. For vengeance comes along with them.
—Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after, I'll away before.
K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away! [Exeunt.

SCENE 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.

*is here careful of ινεοις *ι, or of funeral rites.
† As Priam was for all.] I having but one son, will grieve as much for that one, as Priam, who had many, could grieve for many.
My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee; [Falling.
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt, ?
Impairing Henry, strengthen'ing mis-proud York.
The common People swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats, but to the Sun?
And who shines now, but Henry's enemies?
O Phebus! hadst thou never giv'n consent
That Phæton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning Car had never scorched the earth;
And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as Kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the House of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies.
I, and ten thousand in this luckless Realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hadst kept thy Chair in peace.
For what doth cherish Weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold our flight. 

The foe is merciless, and will not pity,
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much Effuse of blood doth make me faint.
Come York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I flabb'd your fathers' bofoms, split my breast.

[He faints.


Edw. Now breathe we, Lords, good fortune bids us pause;
THE THIRD PART OF

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 guff,
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 heady leave?
A deadly groan, like life and death's departing. 9
See who it is.

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

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth;
But set his murd'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 nothing sung but death to us and ours;
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

War. I think, his understanding is bereft.
—Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?

9 — like life and death's departing, which Dr. Warburton has read, like life in death departing.
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 despatch might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant March,
There to be crowned England's royal King,
From whence shall Warwick cut the Sea to France,
And ask the lady Bonne for thy Queen;
So shalt thou finesh 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 sli ng to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz 't'offend thine ears.
First, will I see the Coronation,

* Eager words.] Sour words; words of asperity.
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
T'effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Edw. Ev'n as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For on thy shoulder do I build my Seat:
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel, and consent, is wanting.

Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;
And George, of Clarence; Warwick as ourself
Shall do and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence; George, of Gloster;
For Gloster's Dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation.

Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession.  [Exeunt.

ACT III.  SCENE I.

A Wood in Lancashire.

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

Sinklo.

Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves,
For through this laund anon the Deer will come,
And in this covert will we make our Stand,
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
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 Caesar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for Right,
No, not a man comes for redress to thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?
Sink. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.
This is the quendam King, let's feize upon him.
K. Henry. Let me embrace 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 Sitter
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor Queen and Son! your labour is but loft,
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 f ights 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;

1 Thy balm washt off, This is an image very frequent in the works of Shakespeare. So again in this Scene,
I was anointed King.

It is common in these Plays to find the same images, whether jocular or serious, frequently re- curring.
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 then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

Hum. Say, what art thou that talk'st of Kings and Queens?
K. Henry. More than I seem, and less than I was born to;
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of Kings, and why not I?
Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st, as if thou wert a King.
K. Henry. Why, so I am in mind, and that's enough.
Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crown?
K. Henry. My Crown is in my heart, not on my heed,
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?

* In the former act was the same line,
  *Inferring arguments of mighty force.*
Hum. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.
K. Henry. Where did you dwell when I was King of
  England?
Hum. Here, in this country, where we now remain.
K. Henry. I was anointed King at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were Kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me;
And 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 oaths, for of that sin
My mild intreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,
And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.
Sink. We are true Subjects to the King, King Ed-
  ward.
K. Henry. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were feated as King Edward is.
Sink. We charge you in God's name, and in the
  King's,
To go with us unto the officers.
K. Henry. In God's name lead, your King's name
  be obey'd;
And what God will, that let your King perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exeunt.
THE THIRD PART OF

SCENE II.

Changes to the Palace.

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

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

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

K. Edw. It were no les; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea! is it so? [Aside.
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. [Aside.] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.
—Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [Aside.] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

* Widow, we will consider.] This is a very lively and spritely dialogue; the reciprocation is quicker than is common in Shake-
Glo. [Aside.] God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.
Clar. [Aside.] I think, he means to beg a child of her.
Glo. [Aside.] Nay, whip me then: he'll rather give her two.
Gray. Three, my most gracious Lord.
Glo. [Aside.] You shall have four, if you'll be ruled 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.
[Glocester and Clarence retire to the other side.
K. Edw. Now tell me, Madam, do you love your children?
Gray. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?
Gray. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands to do them good.
Gray. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.
K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
Gray. So shall you bind me to your Highness'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 commands.
Glo. He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble.

Clar,
Clari. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.
Gray. Why stops my Lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task, 'tis but to love a King.
Gray. That's soon perform'd, because I am a Subject.
K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
Gray. I take my leave with many thousand thanks,
Glo. The match is made, she seals it with a curtsy.
K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
Gray. The fruits of love I mean, my loving Liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I 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 am right.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
Gray. To tell you plain, I'd rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
Gray. Why, then my 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;
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. [Aside.] Her looks do argue her replete
with modesty.

Her words do shew her wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Sovereignty;
One way, or other, she is for a King;
And she shall be my love, or else my Queen.
—Say, that King Edward take thee for his Queen?

Gray. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious Lord;
I am a Subject fit to jeft withal,
But far unfit to be a Sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet Widow, by my State I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

Gray. And that is more than I will yield unto.
I know, I am too mean to be your Queen;
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, Widow; I did mean, my
Queen.

Gray. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my sons should call
you father.

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

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelour,
Have other some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

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

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what Chat we two
have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks had.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry
her.
THE THIRD PART OF

Clar. To whom, my Lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.
Glo. That would be ten days Wonder at the least,
Clar. That's a day longer than a Wonder lasts.
Glo. By so much is the Wonder in extrems,
K. Edw. Well, jest on, Brothers; I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious Lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your Palace-gates.
K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower;
And go we, Brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his Apprehension.
—Widow, go you along—Lords, use her honourably.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Manet Gloucester.

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wafted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for.
And yet between my soul's desire and me,
The luftful Edward's Title buried,
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward;
And all th' unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms ere I can place myself.
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then I do but dream on Sov'reignty,
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
With his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the Sea that funders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way;
So do I wish, the Crown being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so, I say, I'll cut the causes off,
Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens 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 deck my body in gay ornaments,
And 'witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
Oh miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden Crowns.
Why, Love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where fits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a Chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
—Then since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'er-bear such
As are of better person than myself;

1 Unlick'd bear-whelp. It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of animated flesh, which the licks into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps of the bear are produced in the same state with those of other creatures.

4 —To o'er-bear such
As are of better person than myself.] Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatised with deformity has a constant source of envy in
I'll make my heav'n to dream upon the Crown;
And, while I live, t'account this world but Hell,
Until the mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crown.

And yet I know not how to get the Crown,
For many lives stand between me and home,
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood;
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desparately to find it out,
Torment myself to catch the English Crown.

And from that torment I will free myself,
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 flay more gazers, than the Basilisk;
I'll play the orator, as well as Nestor;
Deceive more slyly, than Ulysses could;
And, like a Sion, take another Troy.
I can add colours ev'n to the Camelion;
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages;
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a Crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

[Exit.

in his mind, and would counterballance by some other superior-
ity these advantages which they feel themselves to want. Bacon re-
marks that the deformed are commonly daring, and it is almost pro-
verbially observed that they are ill-
natured. The truth is, that the deformed, like all other men, are
displeased with inferiority, and
devour to gain ground by
good or bad means, as they are
virtuous or corrupt.

5 And set the murth'rous Ma-
chiavel to school.] As this
is an Anachronism, and the old
quarto reads,

And set th' aspiring Catiline to
school,
I don't know why it should not
be preferr'd. WARBURTON.
SCENE IV.

Changes to France.

Flourish. Enter King Lewis, Lady Bona, Bourbon.
Edward Prince of Wales, Queen Margaret, and the
Earl of Oxford. Lewis fits, and riseth up again.

K. Lewis. F\text{AIR} Queen of England, worthy Marg-
garet,
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis fits:
Queen. No, mighty King of France; now Margaret
Must strike her fail, and learn a while to serve,
Where Kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion’s Queen in former golden days,
But now mishance 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 myself.

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 thyself,
And sit thou by our side. Yield not thy neck
\[Seats her by him.\]

To fortune’s yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mishance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas’d, if France can yield relief.

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
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, ourselves 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.

O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.]

How does impatience, more particularly, wait on true sorrow! On the contrary, such sorrow as the Queen's, which came gradually on, through a long course of misfortunes, is generally less impatient than that of those who have fallen into sudden miseries. The true reading seems to be,

O, but impatience waiting,
Rues to to mor row:
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

i.e. When impatience waits and solicits for redress, there is nothing she so much dreads as being put off till to mor row, (a proverbial expression for procrastination.) This was a very proper reply to what the King had last, and in a sentiment worthy of the poet. A rhyme too is added as was customary with him, at the closing a scene.

Warburton.

It is strange that, when the sense is so clear, any commentator should thus laboriously obfuscate it, to introduce a new reading; and yet stranger that he should shew such confidence in his emendation as to insert it in the text.
SCENE V.

Enter Warwick.

K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to our Presence?

Queen. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.


Queen. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise; For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion, My Lord and Sov'reign, and thy vowed friend, I come in kindness and unfeigned love, First to do greetings to thy royal person, And then to crave a league of amity; And lastly, to confirm that amity With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister, To England's King in lawful marriage.

Queen. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done!

War. And, gracious Madam, in our King's behalf, [Speaking to Bona, I am commanded, with your leave and favour, Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue To tell the passion of my Sov'reign's heart. Where fame, late enter'd at his heedful ears, Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue's.

Queen. King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me speak, Before you answer Warwick. His demand Springs not from Edward's well-mean'd 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...
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thee danger and dishonour,
For tho' Usurpers sway the Rule a while,
Yet heav'n's are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not Queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art Prince, than she is Queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdued the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise Prince, Henry the fifth
Who by his Prowefs conquered all France;
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the fifteenth hath loft
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these Peers of France should smile at that.
But, for the rest; you tell a Pedigree
Of threescore and two years, a silly time
To make Prescription for a Kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy
Liege,
Whom thou obeyest thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the Right,
Now buckler falsehood with a Pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father;
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the House of Lancaster.

War. And I the House of York.
KING HENRY VI. 179

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford.

Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use farther conference with Warwick.
Queen Heav'ns grant, that Warwick's words be-
witch him nor! [They stand aloof.
K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me ev'n upon thy
conscience,
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 dissimbling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.
War. Such it seems,
As may be seem a Monarch like himself;
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal 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, [Speaking to War.

7 That this his love was an
external plant.] The old quarto reads rightly eternal: Alluding to the plants of Paradise.
WARBURTON.
8 Exempt from envy, but not from disdain.] Envy is always supposed to have some fascinating or blustering power, and to be out of the reach of envy is therefore a privilege belonging only to great excellence. I know not well why envy is mentioned here, or whose envy can be meant, but the meaning is that his love is superior to envy, and can feel no blast but from the Lady's disdain. Or, that if Bona refuse to quit or requite his pain, his love may turn to disdain, though the consciousness of his own merit will exempt him from the pangs of envy.

N 2 When
When I have heard your King's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, this. Cur sifter 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 yourself, 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 fly conveyance, and thy Lord's false love;

[Psst, blowing a horn within.

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some Psst to us, or thee.

* You have a father able—

This seems ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father is a

very frequent topic of reproach.

9 Thy fly conveyance. Conveyance is juggling, and these

is taken for artifice and fraud.
SCENE VI.

Enter a Post.

Post. My Lord Ambassador, these letters are for you;

[To Warwick.]

Sent from your brother, Marquis Montague.

—There, from our King unto your Majesty. [To K. Lew.

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

[To the Queen. They all read their Letters.

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 Grey?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?

Is this th' alliance, that he seeks with France?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen. I told your Majesty as much before;

This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heav'n,

And by the hope I have of heav'nly bliss,

That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,

No more my King; for he dishonours me,

But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget, that by the House of York,

My father came untimely to his death?

N 3

Did
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.

* Did I let pass th' abuse done to Edward attempted in the Earl of my Niece?] Whom King Warwick's house. Holingshed.
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 marksmen,
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 fake.
Queen. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside;
And I am ready to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
—There's thy reward, be gone.——— {Exit Pofi:
K. Lew. But, Warwick,
Thyself and Oxford with five thousand men
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle.
And, as occasion serves, this noble Queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join my younger daughter and my joy,

--- 2--- 2---

3 Go, fear thy King] That is, fright thy King.
1 In former copies,
I'll join my eldest Daughter and my joy.
To him forthwith.——] Surely this is a Mistake of the Copyists.
Hall, in the 9th Year of K. Edward IV. says Edward Prince of
Wales, wedded Anne Second Daughter to the Earl of War-
cwick. And the Duke of Cla-
der, the Lady Isabel; and in
reality was married to her five
Years before Prince Edward took
the Lady Anne to Wife.
And in K. Richard third, Glou-
cester, who married this Lady
Anne when a Widow, says,
For then I'll marry Warwick's
Youngest Daughter.
What tho'? I kill'd her Husband
and her Father?
I. e. Prince Edward, and K. Hen-
ry VI. her Father-in-Law. See
likewise Holinshed in his Chro-
nicle; p. 671 and 674. Theob.
To him forthwith, in holy wedlock's bands.

Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion,
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick,
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it,
And here to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[He gives his hand to Warwick.

K. Lew. Why stay we now; these soldiers shall be levy'd,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our High Admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a Dame of France.

[Exeunt. Manet Warwick.

War. I came from Edward as 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 jeft to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the Crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit:

ACT
ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Palace in England:

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset and Montague.

GLOUCESTER.

NOW tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Gray?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France:
How could he stay till Warwick made Return?

Som. My Lords, forbear this talk. Here comes the
King.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Lady Gray as Queen,
Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings: Four stand on
one side, and four on the other.

Glo. And his well chosen bride.

Cla. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother Clarence, how like you our
choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malecontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or th' Earl of
Warwick,
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose, they take offence without a cause.
They are but Lewis and Warwick, and I am Edward,
Your King and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our King.
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I; no. God forbid that I should wish
Them fevered whom God hath join'd together;

Pity
Pity to funder them, that yoke so well.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason, why the Lady Gray
Should not become my wife, and England's Queen?
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then, this is my opinion; that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our Commonwealth
Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

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 ourselves:
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the Heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and Grant,
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks, your Grace hath not done well.

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales

--- with the seas, This and favoured the interest of England,
man who in any age understood

Unto
Unto the brother of your loving bride.
She better would have fitted Me, or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you * would not have bestowed the heir
Of the Lord Bowil on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In chusing for yourself, you shewed your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me Leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be King,
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.

Queen. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
To raise my state to Title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of Descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this Title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My Love, forbeart to fawn upon their frowns;
What danger, or what sorrow, can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true Sovereign, 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. [aside] I hear, yet lay not much, but think the more.

*—you would not have bestowed the heir.] It must be remembered, that till the Restoration the heiressesses of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites. I know not when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards.
THE THIRD PART OF

SCENE II.

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, Messenger, what letters or what news from France?

Post. My Sovereign Liege, no letters, and few words; But such as I, without your special pardon, Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee. So tell their words, as near as thou canst guess them. What answer makes King Lewis to our letters?

Post. At my Depart, these were his very words; —Go tell false Edward, thy supposed King, That Lewis of France is sending over malkers 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 fake.

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little else; She had the wrong. But what said Henry's Queen? For so I heard, that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him, quoth she, my mourning weeds are done;

And I am ready to put armour on.

K. Edw. Belike, she means to play the Amazon. But what said Warwick to thele 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 breathe out so proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus fore-warn'd: They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption. But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Post.
Poet. Ay, gracious Sov'reign, they're so link'd in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

[Exit.]

Clar. Belike the younger; Clarence will have the elder.
—Now, brother King, farewel, and fit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That though I want a Kingdom, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.
—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. [Aside.]

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick?
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.

Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or will soon be landed;
Myself in person will strait follow you.

[Exec. Pembroke and Stafford.

But ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt: You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance;
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him,
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspicion.

5 Belike the Elder; Clarence will have the Younger.] I have ventured to make Elder and Younger change Places in this Line against the Authority of All the printed Copies. The Reason of it will be obvious.

Theobald.

* You, that love me and Warwick; follow me. ] That Clarence should make this speech in the king's hearing is very improbable, yet I do not see how it can be palliated. The king never goes out, nor can Clarence be talking to a company apart, for he answers immediately to that which the Poet says to the king.
THE THIRD PART OF

Mon. So God help Montague, as he proves true!
Hasp. And Haslings, as he favours Edward’s Cause!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Glo. Ay, in despit 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. [Exe.

SCENE III.
In Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, 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?
Cler. Fear not that, my Lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset. I hold it cowardly
To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart
Hath pawn’d an open hand in sign of love;
Ellie 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 overture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp’d,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about, 6
And but attended by a simple guard,

*—night’s overture] The author must, I think, have written night’s overture. For though overture, which signifies first an opening, then an offer, may likewise mean an opportunity, yet in an overture seems to be an improper phrase.

6 His Soldiers lurking in the Town about.] Dr. Thirly advised the reading Towns here; the Guard in the Scene immediately following says,

—but why commands the King,
That his chief Folk was lodge in Towns about him, &c.

THEOBALD.

We
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found th'adventure very easy;
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With flight and manhood stole to Rhesus' Tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,
* So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself, I say not slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprize him.
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[They all cry, Henry!

Why then, let's on our way in silent fort,
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter the Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

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

2 Watch. What, will he not to bed?

1 Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural Rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

2 Watch. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day;
If Warwick be so near, as men report.

3 Watch. But say, I pray, what Nobleman is that,
That with the King here 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 keepeth in the cold field?

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

* So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle. This line may confirm the reading of
concert. 3 Watch.
THE THIRD PART OF

3 Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness; I like it better than a dang'rous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.
1 Watch. Unles our halibers did shut up his passidge.
2 Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard we this royal tent, But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French Soldiers, silent all.

War. This is his tent; and see, where stands his guard.
—Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
1 Watch. Who goes there?
2 Watch. Stay, or thou diest.
[Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying, Arms! Arms! Warwick and the rest following them.

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding.

Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in a gown, sitting in a chair; Gloster and 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 cafe 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,

* And come now to create you. And come to new create you Duke of York.] Might we
read with a slight alteration? That
That know not how to use ambassadours, 
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 yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Brother of Clarence, and art thou here too?
Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despight of all mischance, 
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices, 
Edward will always bear himself as King; 
Though fortune’s malice overthrow my state, 
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England’s King,  
[Takes off his Crown.
But Henry now shall wear the English crown, 
And be true King, indeed; thou but the shadow.
—My Lord of Somerset, at my request, 
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey’d 
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows, 
I’ll follow you, and tell you what reply 
Lewis and Lady Bona sent to him.
—Now for a while farewell, good Duke of York.
K. Edw. What fates impel, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.  
[Exit King Edward led out.

Oxf. What now remains, my Lords, for us to do, 
But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that’s the first thing that we have to do; 
To free King Henry from imprisonment, 
And see him seated in the regal throne.  
[Exeunt.
THE THIRD PART OF

SCENE V.

The Palace.

Enter Rivers and the Queen.

Riv. MADAM, what makes you in this sudden change?

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

Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Queen. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Queen. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner, Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard, Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares; And, as I further have to understand, Is now committed to the bishop of York, Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief, Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may; Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Queen. Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay. And I the rather wean me from despair, For love of Edward's off-spring in my womb, This is't, that makes me bridle in my passion, And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross; Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear, And flout the rising of blood-fucking sighs, Left with my sighs or tears, I blast or drown King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

Riv. But, Madam, where is Warwick then become?

Queen. I am informed that he comes towards London, To jet 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,
KING HENRY VI. 195

For trust not him that once hath broken faith,
I'll henceforthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right.
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

A Park near Middleham-Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. NOW, my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into the chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus 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 hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make his way,
Under the colour of his usual game;
He shall here find his friends with horse and men,
To let him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my Lord, for this way lies the game.
K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see where the huntsmen stand.
Now, brother Gloster, 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 by at the park-corner.

O 2

K. Edw.
K. Edw. But whither shall we then?
Hast. To Lyn, my Lord,
And ship from thence to Flanders.
Glo. Well gues’d, believe me, for that was my meaning.
K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
Glo. But wherefore stay we? ’tis no time to talk.
K. Edw. Huntsman, what say’st thou? wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang’d.
Glo. Come then away, let’s ha’ no more ado.
K. Edw. Bishop, farewell; shield thee from War-wick’s frown;
And pray, that I may reposesthe crown. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Tower in London.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Henry. M R. Lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn’d my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?
Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns,
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majestye.
K. Henry. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I’ll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasur,
Ay, such a pleasur as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their los of liberty.
But Warwick, after God, thou settest me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee,
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punished with my thwarting stars;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace has still been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the stars;
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heav'n's in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I chuse Clarence only for protector.

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

War. What answers Clarence to his sov'reign's will?

Clar. That he contents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:

--- few men rightly temper with the stars; I suppose the meaning is, that few men conform their temper to their destiny, which King Henry did, when finding himself unfortunate he gave the management of publick affairs to more prosperous hands.
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor;
And all his lands and goods confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.
War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
K. Henry. But with the first of all our chief affairs,
Let me intreat, for I command no more,
That Margaret your Queen and my son Edward
Be sent for, to return from France with speed.
For till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sov'reign, with all speed.
K. Henry. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My Liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.
K. Henry. Come hither, England's hope: if secret powers
[Lays his hand on his head.
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a scepter, and himself
Likely in time to blest 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.

*This pretty lad.] He was afterwards Henry VII. A man
who put an end to the civil war of the two houses, but not
otherwise remarkable for virtue. Shakespeare knew his trade. Henry
VII. was Grandfather to Queen Elizabeth, and the King
from whom James inherited.
War. Unfavorable 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 sovereign, to provide
A salve for any fore that may betide. [Exeunt.

Mans. 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 prefaging prophesy
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.
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.

SCENE VIII.

Changes to York.

Enter King Edward, Glocester, Hastings, and soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My wained state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,

And
And brought desired help from Burgundy.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravensburg, before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedom?

Gl. The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this.
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush! man, aboadments must not now
affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My Liege, I'll knock once more to summon
them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York and his Brethren.

Mayor. My Lords, we were forewarned of your
coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, matter 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.

Gl. But when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find mean to make the body follow. [Aside.
Hast. Why, matter 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.

Gl. A wife flout captain, and persuaded soon!

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were
well,

3 The good old man would fain the mayor is willing we should enter
that all were well.] The so he may not be blamed.
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 deceive'd.
K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John; but why come you in
arms?
Montg. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now
forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our Dukedom, till God please to send the rest.
Montg. 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.
Montg. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our King,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo.
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.

Hos. Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns,
—Brother, we'll proclaim you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it, as you will, for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my Sov'reign speaketh like himself:
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hos. Sound, trumpeter, Edward shall be here proclaimed:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[Sounds.

Sold. Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Mont. And whatsoever gainsays King Edward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

[Throws down his Gauntlet.

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks to all.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for th's night, let's harbour here in York,
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.
Ah, forward Clarence, evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come
Come on, brave soldiers, doubt not of the day,
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Changes again to London.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence,

War. WHAT counsel, Lords? Edward from
Belgia,
With hafty 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 must in; and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin’d to hear what thou command’st.
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov’d,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My Sov’reign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt with th’ ocean,

9 Let’s levy men, and beat him back again.] This line expresses a spirit of war so unfitting to the character of Henry, that I would give the first cold speech to the King, and the brisk answer to Warwick. This line is not in the old quarto, and when Henry said nothing, the first speech might be as properly given to Warwick as to any other.

Or
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Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, 'till we come to him:
—Fair Lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
—Farewel, my Sovereign.

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

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Henry. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my Lord. And so I take my leave.

Oxf. [Kissing Henry's hand.] 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 farewel.

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 reft.

K. Henry. That's not my fear, 't 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 nor been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace,
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

—My meed hath got me fame.}

[Note: Meed signifies conduct in the administration.

WA. BURTON.
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[Shout within. A Lancaster! a Lancaster!]

Exe. Hark, hark, my Lord, what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, and his Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac’d Henry, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of England.
—You are the fount, that make small brooks to flow,
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher, by their ebb.
—Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speak.

[Ex. with King Henry.

And, Lords, to Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
The sun shines hot; and if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop’d-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join;
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[Exeunt.

* Shout within. A Lancaster!]*
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ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Town of Coventry.

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

Warwick.

Where is the Post, that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Mes. By this at Dunstable, 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 Somerville.

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

Somerv. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Somerv. It is not his, my Lord; here Southam lies.
The drum, your Honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook’d-for friends.

Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.


K. Edw. Go, trumpeter, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo.
Glo. See, how the furyl Warwick mans the wall.

War. Oh, unbid spight! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduce’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 flily finger’d from the Deck;
You left poor Henry at the Bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down,
kneel down.

Nay, when? Strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I'd rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail, how thou canst; have wind and tide
thy friend;
This hand fast wound about thy coal-black hair
Shall, while thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood;
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

SCENE II.

Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.

War. O cheerful colours, see, where Oxford comes!
Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague! Montague! for Lancaster!
Glo. Thou, and thy brother both, shall buy this treason
Ev'n with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.

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 Clarence, with drum and colours.

War. And lo! where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle,
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love.
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call—
[A Parley is founded; Richard and Clarence whisper together; and then Clarence takes his red rose out of his hat, and throws it at Warwick.]

Cla. 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 Jepthab's, when he sacrified his daughter;
I am so sorry for my trespass made;
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wherefo' 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 defy thee;
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
—Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;

A Parley is founded, &c.]
This Note of Direction I restored from the old Quarto. And, without it, it is impossible that any Reader can guess at the Meaning of this Line of Clarence;

Look, bert, I throw my Infamy at Thee THEOBALD.

* — to lime the stones That is, to cement the stones. Lime makes mortal.

† Blunt.] Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness:

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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 * paffing 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 battle, 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 follow.

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarm and Excursions. Enter Edward, bringing forth

Warwick wounded.

K. Edw. S0, lie thou there: die thou, and die our

Fear;

* For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, fit fast, I seek for thee;
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [Exit.

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows;
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my Fall, the Conquest to my foe.

* Paffing.] Eminent, egregi-

ous; traitorous beyond the com-

mon track of treason.

* For Warwick was a bug that

fear'd us all.] Bug is a Bugbear,

a terrifick being.

Thus
Thus yields the Cedar to the ax's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;
Under whose shade the ramping lion lept,
Whose top branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading tree;
And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.
These eyes, that now are dim'd with death's black veil;
Have been as piercing as the mid-day Sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to kingly sepulchres,
For who liv'd King, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo! now my glory smeared in dust and blood.
*My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Ev'n now forfake 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 lofs again;
The Queen from France hath brought a puissant Pow'r;
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 lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood.
That gles 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.

* Cades campis salibus, et de-
no, Villàquæ. Hor.
manour diminishes the pathetic
This mention of his parks and
Which

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Which founded like a clamour in a vault,
That might not be distinguisht’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 yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heav’n. [Dies.
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen’s great power.
[They bear away his Body, and Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac’d with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat’ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sun,
Ere he attain his eafeful western bed;
I mean, my Lords, those Powers, that the Queen
Hath rais’d in Gallia, have arriv’d our Coaft;
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.

5 Which founded like a cannon in a vault.] The old quarto reads CLAMOUR, which is undoubtedly right, i.e. a clamour of tongues, which, as he says, could not be distinguisht’d.

This was a pertinent similitude: The other absurd, and neither agrees with what is predicated of it, nor with what it is intended to illustrate. Warburton.
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her.
If she hath time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course tow'rd Tewksbury.
We having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight; for willingnes riders way;
And as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.
Strike up the Drum, cry,—Courage, and away. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Changes to Tewksbury.

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

Queen. GREAT Lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail
their los's,
But clear'dly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the maft be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor loft,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our Pilot still; is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tear-full eyes add water to the sea;
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
While in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which induftry 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-maft; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends, the tackle; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly maft?
The friends of France our shrouds and tackling still?
And though unskilful, why not Ned and I

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For
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For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to fit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say, No,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair;
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quick-sand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor Bark.
Say, you can swim, alas, 'tis but a while;
Tread on the sand. why, there you quickly sink;
Betrive 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, sole a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here,
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Left, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as, God forbid!
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
Oh, brave young Prince! thy famous Grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long may'thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.
Queen. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, thanks.

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, Lords, for Edward is at hand, Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less; it is his policy, To haffe thus fast to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.

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

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

SCENE VI.

March. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Soldiers, on the other side of the stage.

*K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heav'n's assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night,
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out.
Give signal to the fight, and to it, Lords.

Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gain-say, for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eye:
Therefore no more but this: Henry, your Sov'reign,
Is pris'ner to the foe, his State usurp'd,
His Realm a slaughter-house, his Subjects slain,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent,
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice; then, in God's name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the battle.

* K. Edw. Brave followers, &c.] This scene is ill-contrived, in which the king and queen appear at once on the stage at the head of opposite armies.
It had been easy to make one retire before the other entered.

P 4

Alarm.

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

K. Edw. Now here's a period of tumultuous broils. Away with Oxford to Hammes-castle straight; For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
—Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak. 
Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words. 
Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[Exeunt,

Queen. So part we sadly in this troublous world, 
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is Proclamation made, that who finds Edward,
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glo. It is, and lo where youthful Edward comes.

Enter the Prince of Wales.

K. Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let us hear him speak.
—What? can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make, 
For bearing arms, for stirring up my Subjects,
And all the trouble thou haft turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a Subject, proud ambitious York; 
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth; 
Resign thy Chair; and, where I stand, kneel thou, 
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, Traitor, thou woul'dst 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 6 Æsop fable in a winter's night,

6 Let Æsop, &c.] The prince calls Richard, for his crookedness, Æsop; and the poet, following nature, makes Richard highly incensed at the reproach.
His currish riddles or not with this place.

Glo. By heavy, Brat. I'll plague ye for that word.

Queen. Ay, thou waft 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, willful boy, or I will charm your
tongue.

Cla. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you're undutiful:

Lascivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,

And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all,

I am your Better, Traitors as ye are,

And thou usurp'd my Father's Right and mine.

Glo. Take that, * thou likenest of this raider here.

K. Edw. And take thou that, to end thy agony.

Cla. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

Queen. Oh, kill me too !

Glo. Marry, and shall. — [Offers to kill her.

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done

too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?


Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother:

I'll hence to London on a serious matter.

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Cla. What? what?

Glo. The Tower, man, the Tower! — I'll root 'em out.

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

Boy.
Canst thou not speak? O traitors, murderers!

They, that stabb'd Caesar, shed no blood at all;

* — thou likenest of this raider here, ] Thou that resembled thy railing mother.

Did
THE THIRD PART OF

Did not offend, and were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it,
He was a man; this (in respect) a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speak—
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals,
How sweet a plant have you untimely croust!
You have no children, Butchers; if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse;
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off;
As, Deathsmen! * you have rid this sweet young Prince.

K. Edw. Away with her, go bear her hence by force.

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here,
Here sheath thy sword. I'll pardon thee my death.

What? wilt thou not? Then, Clarence, do it thou.

Cla. By heav'n, I will not do thee so much ease.

Queen. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Cla. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou usedst to forswear thyself.

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; Murder is thy Alms-deed,
Petitioner for blood thou 'e'er put'st back.

* — you have rid this sweet young Prince. * The condition of this warlike queen would move compassion could it be forgotten that she gave York, to wipe his eyes in his captivity, a handkerchief stained with his young child's blood.

† 'Twas sin.] She alludes to the defection of Clarence.

† — Where is that Devil's Butcher.

Richard? * Thus all the Editions.

But Devil's Butcher, in other Terms, I think, is Kill-devil: rare News for the Free-Thinkers, if there were any Grounds for depending on it. But the Poet certainly wrote devil-Butcher; and the first Part of the Compound is to be taken adjectively, meaning, execrable, infamous, diabolical. THEOBALD.

Devil's butcher is a butcher set on by the devil. Either reading may serve without so long a note.

K. Edw,
KING HENRY VI: 219

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?  
Cla. To London all in post; and, as I guess,  
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.  
K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his  
head.  
Now march we hence, discharge the common fort  
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,  
And see our gentle Queen, how well she fares,  
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Tower of London.

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

Glo. GOOD day, my Lord; what! at your book 
so hard?  
K. Henry. Ay, my good Lord; my Lord, I should 
say rather;  
'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better;  
Good Glo'ster, and good devil, were alike.  
And both prepost'rous, therefore not, good Lord.  
Glo. Sir, leave us to ourselves, we must confer.  
[Exit Lieutenant.

K. Henry. So flies the reckless shepherd from the  
wolf.  
So first the harmless flock doth yield his fleece,  
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.  
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?  

*What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?*  

Roscius and of Rome; but did  
not know that he was an Actor  
in Comedy, not in Tragedy.  

Warburton,  

Glo.
THE THIRD PART OF

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-doubteath ev'ry bush; and I, the haplese male to one sweet bird, have now the fatal object in my eye, where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete, that taught his son the office of a fowl? And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Henry. I, Daedalus; my poor boy, Icarus; thy father, Minos that deny'd our course; the Sun, that fear'd the wings of my sweet boy, thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea, whose envious gulph did swallow up his life. Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words; my breast can better brook thy dagger's point, than can my ears that tragick history.

—But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou, I am an executioner?

K. Henry. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art; if murder'ing 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 prophesy, that many a thousand, which now mistrust no parcel of my fear, and many an old man's fish, and many a widow's, and many an orphan's water-floundering eye, men for their sons, wives for their husband's fate, and orphans for their parents' timeless death.

[9 Peevish fool.] As peevish, is the quality of children, peevish seems to signify childish, and by consequence silly. Peevish is explained by childish; in a former note of Dr. Warburton. 1 Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear.] Who suspect no part of what my fears pre-
Shall rue the hour that ever thou waft born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign,
The night-crow cry'd, a boding luckless Tune,
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees,
2 The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top.
And chattering pyes in dismal discord fung:
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 waft born,
To signify, thou can't to bite the world:
3 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou canst into the World with thy Legs forward.

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:

2 The raven rook'd her.] What is rook'd her? Read, croak'd hoarse. Warburt.
The true reading seems to be at no great distance.
—The tempest shook down trees,
The raven rock'd her on the chimney's top;
on the top of the chimney shaken by the tempest.
3 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st. Had our Editors had but a Grain of Sagacity, or due Diligence, there could have been no Room for this absurd Break, since they might have ventured to fill it up with Certainty too. The old Quarto would have led them part of the way.

Thou cam'st into the world—

And that the Verse is to be completed in the manner I have given it, is incontestible; for unless we suppose King Henry actually reproaches him with this his preposterous Birth, how can Richard in his very next Soliloquy say?

Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of,
For I have often heard my Mother say,
I came into the World with my Legs forward.

I can easily see, that this Blank was caus'd by the Nicety of the Players, to suppress an indecent Idea. But, with Submission, this was making but half a Cure, unless they had expung'd the Repetition of it out of Richard's Speech too. Theobald.

Glo.
THE THIRD PART OF

Gr. What! will th' aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought, it would have mounted,
See, how my sword weeps for the poor King's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed,
From those who wish the Downfall of our House.
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say, I sent thee thither;
[Stabs him again,

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of:
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!
And so I was; which plainly signify'd
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heav'n's have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I had no father, I am like no father.
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 myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buzz abroad such Prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his son, are gone;
Clarence, thy Turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room;
And triumph, Henry! in the day of doom. [Exit.

SCENE
KING HENRY VI.

SCENE VIII.

The Palace in London.

Enter King Edward, Queen, Clarence, Gloucester, Haintings, Nurse with the young Prince and Attendants.

K. Edw. ONCE more we sit on England's royal Throne,

Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies:
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, three-fold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands: two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their Couriers at the trumpet's sound.
With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly Lion,
And made the forest tremble when they 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.

[Taking the child.

Young Ned, for thee, thine Uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter-night;
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat;
That thou mightst re-posess the Crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

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

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back;
Work thou the way, and that shall execute.*

* Work thou the way, and that shall execute.] I believe we should read,
— and this shall execute.
Richard laying his hand on his forehead says,

Work thou the way, then bringing down his hand and beholding it,

and this shall execute.
Though that may stand, the arm being included in the shoulder.

K. Edw.
K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely Queen;
And kiss your princely Nephew, Brothers both.

Clar. The Duty, that I owe your Majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet Babe.

Queen. *Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And that I love the tree, from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.
To say the truth, for Judas kiss'd his master; And cry'd, all hail! when as he meant all
A side, 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 Mar's garet?

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 befit the pleasure of the Court?
Sound, drums and trumpets. Farewel, four Annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting Joy.

[Exeunt omnes.

*Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy Brother, thanks.] This Line has been given to King Edward; but I have, with the old Quarts, rectified it to the Queen.

Theobald.

The three parts of Henry VI. are suspected, by Mr. Theobald, of being suppressitious, and are declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be certain, not Shakespeare's. Mr. Theobald's suspicion arises from some obsolete words; but the phraseology is like the rest of our author's style, and single words, of which however I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. Warburton gives no reason, but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehensive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect.
feet and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

Dissimilitude of style and heterogeneity of sentiment, may sufficiently shew that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakespeare's. These plays, considered, without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived and more accurately finished than those of King John, Richard II. or the tragic scenes of Henry IV. and V. If we take these plays from Shakespeare, to whom shall they be given? What author of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers?

Having considered the evidence given by the plays themselves, and found it in their favour, let us now enquire what corroborative can be gained from other testimony. They are ascribed to Shakespeare by the first editors, whose attestation may be received in questions of fact, however unskillfully they superintended their edition. They seem to be declared genuine by the voice of Shakespeare himself, who refers to the second play in his epilogue to Henry V. and apparently connects the first act of Richard III. with the last of the third part of Henry VI. If it be objected that the plays were popular, and therefore he alluded to them as well known; it may be answered, with equal probability, that the natural portions of a poet would have disposed him to separate his own works from those of an inferior hand. And indeed if an author's own testimony is to be overthrown by speculative criticism, no man can be any longer secure of literary reputation.

Of these three plays I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry, and his queen, King Edward, the duke of Gloucester, and the earl of Warwick, are very strongly and diffidently painted.

The old copies of the two latter parts of Henry VI. and of Henry V. are so apparently imperfect and mutilated, that there is no reason for supposing them the first draughts of Shakespeare. I am inclined to believe them copies taken by some auditor who wrote down, during the representation, what the time would permit, then perhaps filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and when he had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer.
THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

RICHARD III.
Dramatis Personae.

KING Edward IV.
Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward V. 
Richard, Duke of York, 
George, Duke of Clarence, Brother to Edward IV.
Richard, Duke of Gloucester, Brother to Edward IV, afterwards King Richard III.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Norfolk. Earl of Surrey.
Marquis of Dorset, Son to Queen Elizabeth.
Earl Rivers, Brother to the Queen.
Lord Gray, Son to Queen Elizabeth.
Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.
Bishop of Ely.
Lord Hastings.
Sir Thomas Vaughan.
Sir Richard Ratcliff.
Lord Lovel.
Catesby.
Sir James Tyrrel.
Thomas, Lord Stalney.
Earl of Oxford.
Blount.
Herbert.
Sir Will. Brandon.
Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Two Children of the Duke of Clarence.
Sir Christopher Urfwick, a Priest.
Lord Mayor.

Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV.
Queen Margaret, Widow of Henry VI.
Anne, Widow of Edward Prince of Wales, Son to Henry VI. afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester.
Duchess of York, Mother to Edward IV. Clarence, and Richard III.

Sheriff, Pursuivant, Citizens, Ghosts of those murder'd by Richard III. with Soldiers, and other Attendants.
The Life and Death of King Richard III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester solus.

Now is the Winter of our Discontent
Made glorious Summer by this Sun of York,
And all the clouds, that low’d upon our
House,
In the deep bosom of the Ocean bury’d.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern Alarums chang’d to merry meetings,
Our dreadful Marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag’d War hath smooth’d his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adveraries,

[The Life and Death of King Richard III.] This Tragedy,
though it is called the Life and
Death of this Prince, comprizes;
at most, but the last eight Years
of his Time: For it opens with
George Duke of Clarence being
clap’d up in the Tower, which
happen’d in the beginning of the
Year 1477; and closes with the
Death of Richard at Bosworth-
field, which Battle was fought on
the 22d of August in the Year
1485. Theobald.
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass,—
I, that am rudely stampt, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up;
And that so lamely and un fashionedly,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them:
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace
Have no delight to pafs away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the Sun,
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover, *
To entertain these faire well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And * hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, † inductions dangerous,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
By drunken prophesies, libels, and dreams,

* He capers——] War capers. This is poetical, though a little harsh; if it be York that capers, the antecedent is at such a distance that it is almost forgotten.
* Cheated of feature by dissembling nature.] By dissembling is not meant hypocritical nature, that pretends one thing and does another: But nature that puts together things of a diffimular kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body.

230 KING RICHARD III.

* And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover.] Shakespeare very diligently inculcates, that the wickedness of Richard proceeded from his deformity, from the envy that rofe at the comparison of his own person with others, and which incited him to disturb the pleasures that he could not partake.

* And hate the idle pleasures.] Perhaps we might read,

And hate the idle pleasures.

† Inductions dangerous.] Preparations for mischief. The induction is preparatory to the action of the play.

And,
And, if King Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
About a Prophecy, which says, that G
Of Edward's Heirs the Murtherer shall be.
—Dive, thoughts, down to my foul! 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 christened 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 Iffue 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 harf extremity.

5 Edward be as true and Edward keeps his word.

just,] i.e. as open hearted * Toys.] Fancies, freaks of
and free from deceit. WARB. imagination.
The meaning is only this; if

Q 4  Was
Was it not the, 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.

Cler. 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. 6 Humbly complaining to her Deity, Got my lord Chamberlain his liberty, I’ll tell you what;—I think, it is our way, If we will keep in favour with the King, To be her men, and wear her livery: * The jealous o’erworn widow, and herself, Since that our Brother dubb’d them gentlewomen, Are mighty gosips in this Monarchy.

Brak. I beg your Graces both to pardon me: His Majesty has straitly giv’n in charge, That no man shall have private conference, Of what degree ever, 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-folk. How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do. Glo. What, fellow? nought to do with mistress Shore?

I tell you, Sir, he that doth naught with her,

6 Humbly complaining, &c.] I think these two lines might be better given to Clarence.

Excepting
Excepting one, were best to do it secretly.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave—wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,

And to forbear your conf'rence with the Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey:

Glo. We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey.

Brother, farewel; I will unto the King,

And whatsoever you will employ me in,

Were it to call King Edward's widow sister, 8

I will perform it to infranchise you.

Mean time, this deep disgrace of brotherhood

Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,

I will deliver you, or else lye for you:

Mean time have patience.


Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return:

Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,

That I will shortly send thy foul 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:

—— the Queen's abjects,—] That is, not the Queen's subjects, whom she might protect, but her abjects, whom she drives away. 8 Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,] This is a very covert and subtle manner of infinuating treason. The natural expression would have been, were it to call King Edward's wife sister. I will solicit for you, though it should be at the expense of so much degradation and contraint, as to own the lowborn wife of King Edward for a sister. But by slipping as it were casually widow into the place of wife, he tempts Clarence with an oblique proposal to kill the king.
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

_Hast_. With patience, noble lord, as pris'ners must;
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

_Glo_. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall _Clarence_ too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

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

_Glo_. What news abroad?

_Hast_. No news so bad abroad, as this at home;
The King is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his Physicians fear him mightily.

_Glo_. Now, by _St. Paul_, that news is bad, indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?

_Hast_. He is.

_Glo_. Go you before, and I will follow you.

_[Exit Hastings._

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
'Till _George_ be pack'd with post-horse up to heav'n.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to _Clarence_,
With Lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
_Clarence_ hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King _Edward_ to his mercy;
And leave the world for me to 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_
KING RICHARD III. 235

Clarence still brethes, Edward still lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my Gains.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Changes to a Street.

Enter the Coarse of Henry the Sixth, with Halberds
to guard it, Lady Anne being the mourner.

Anne. SET down, set down your honourable load,
If honour may be shrouded in a herse;
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
Th' untimely Fall of virtuous Lancaster.
—Poor key-cold figure of a holy King!
Pale ashes of the House of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be't lawful, that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son;
Stabb'd by the self-same hand, that made these wounds.
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
Curs'd be the hand, that made these fatal holes!
Curs'd be the heart, that had the heart to do it!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whole ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view,
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'rs Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken
Taken from Paul’s to be interred there.
And still, as you are weary of this weight,
Reft 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. 9

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

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

Anne. Foul Devil! for God’s sake hence, trouble us not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill’d it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries. 1

Oh, gentlemen, see! see dead Henry’s wounds
Open their congeal’d mouths and bleed afresh. 2

Blush,

9 I’ll make a coarse of him that disobeys.] So in Hamlet,
I’ll make a ghost of him that holds me.

1 — pattern of thy butcheries.] Pattern is instance, or example.

2 — see, dead Henry’s wounds Open their congeal’d mouths and bleed afresh.] It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer.

This
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'ft, revenge his death,
O earth! which this blood drink'ft, revenge his death,
Or Heav'n with lightning strike the murth'rer dead,
Or Earth gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!
Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. 3 Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst not
make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.
Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself;

This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby that he has endeavoured to explain the reason.

3 Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man.] I believe dis-

fused in this place signifies irre-
gular, unorth; such is its mean-
ing in other passages of Shake-
peare.
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

_Glo._ Say, that I slew them not.

_Anne._ Then say, they were not slain:
But dead they are; and, devilish slave, by thee.

_Glo._ I did not kill your husband.

_Anne._ Why, then he is alive.

_Glo._ Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward’s hands.

_Anne._ In thy foul throat thou ly’st. Queen Margaret saw

Thy murd’rous Faulchion smoking 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 flam’dorous tongue,

*That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.*

_Anne._ Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this King?

_Glo._ I grant ye.

_Anne._ Doft grant me, hedge-hog? then God grant me too,
Thou may’st be damned for that wicked deed!

_O, he was gentle, mild and virtuous._

_Glo._ The fitter for the King of heav’n, that hath him.

_Anne._ He is in heav’n, where thou shalt never come.

_Glo._ Let him thank me, that help’d to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

_Anne._ And thou unfit for any place but hell.

_Glo._ Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

_Anne._ Some dungeon.

_Glo._ Your bed-chamber.

_Anne._ I’ll Rest betide the chamber where thou lyest!

_Glo._ So will it, Madam, till I lie with you.

---

*That laid their guilt—*] lady Anne’s husband upon Edward.
The crime of my brothers. He has just charged the murder of

_Anne._
Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a flower method:
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As shameful as the executioner?

Anne. 5 Thou wast the cause, and most accruest effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure sweet beauty's wreck.
You should not blemish it, if I stood by;
As all the world is cheered by the Sun,
So I by That; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature: thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves thee better than he could,

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [She spits at him.] Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

—Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet Lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once:

For now they kill me with a living death. 6

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears;

Sham’d their aspects with store of childish drops,

7 These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,

Not when my father York, and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made;

When black-fac’d Clifford shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father’s death,

And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees dashed with rain; in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;

And what these sorrows could not thense 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 killing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart can not forgive,
I o! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open, she offers at it with his sword.
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry;
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch: 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;
But 'twas thy heav'nly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the sword.

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissemble; though I with thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, 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 accersary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

* But 'twas thy beauty ——]. ever be offended with the men-
culation, that no woman can

Shakespeare countenances the ob-
ervation, that no woman can
Then never man was true.
Well, well, put up your sword.
Say then, my peace is made.
That shalt thou know hereafter.
But shall I live in hope?
All men, I hope, live so.
Vouchsafe to wear this ring. [She puts on the ring.
Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Thy breast incloseth my poor heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doft confirm his happiness for ever.
What is it?
That it may please you leave these sad desings
To him, that hath more cause to be a Mourner;
And presently repair to Crosby-place:
Where, after I have solemnly inter’d
At Chertsey-monastery this noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
With all my heart, and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Traffel and Barkley, go along with me.
Bid me farewell.
’Tis more than you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine, I have said farewell already.
[Exeunt two with Anne.
Sirs, take up the coarfe.
Towards Chertsey, noble Lord?
No, to White-Fryars, there attend my coming.
[Exeunt with the coarfe.

---

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 extreme hate,
With curfes in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by:
With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissimbling 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, wife, and valiant, and, no doubt, right royal, ¹
The spacious world cannot again afford:—
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropt the golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose All not equals Edward's Moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
My Dukedom to a beggarly Denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:

¹ Fram'd in the prodigality of nature, i.e. when nature was in a prodigal or lavish mood. ² — and, no doubt, right royal. Of the degree of royalty belonging to Henry the sixth there could be no doubt, nor could Richard have mentioned it with any such hesitation; he could not indeed very properly allow him royalty. I believe we should read, that is, true to her bed. He enumerates the reasons for which she should love him. He was young, wife, and valiant; these were apparent and indisputable excellencies. He then mentions another not less likely to endear him to his wife, but—which he had less opportunity of knowing with certainty, and, no doubt, right loyal.
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man,
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn you fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

Exit.

Scene III.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray.

Riv. I have patience, Madam, there's no doubt:
His Majesty
Will soon recover his accustomed health.

Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse;
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

Queen. If he were dead what would betide of me?
Gray. No other harm, but loss of such a Lord.
Queen. The loss of such a Lord includes all harms.
Gray. The heavens have bles'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Queen. Ah! he is young, and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:

It is determin'd, not concluded yet; determin'd signifies the final conclusion of the will: concluded, what cannot be altered by reason of some act consequent on the final judgment.

But
KING RICHARD III. 245

But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Stanley.

Gray. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley. *

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal Grace!

Stanley. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been!

Queen. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley,

To your good pray'r will scarcely say, Amen;
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stanley. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious flanders of her false accusers:
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weaknes; which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen. Saw you the King to day, my Lord of Stanley?

Stanley. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, Lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Queen. God grant him health! did you confer with him?

* Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Derby.] 'This is a Blunder of Inadvertence, which has run thro' the whole Chain of Impressions. It could not well be original in Shakespeare, who was most minutely intimate with his History and the Intermarriages of the Nobility. The Person here called Derby, was Thomas Lord Stanley, Lord Steward of King Edward the IVth's Household. But this Thomas Lord Stanley was not created Earl of Derby till after the Accession of Henry VII; and, accordingly, afterwards in the Fourth and Fifth Acts of this Play, before the Battle of Bosworth-field, he is every where called Lord Stanley. This sufficiently justifies the Change I have made in his Title.
KING RICHARD III.

Buck. Madam, we did; he seeks to make atonement Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers, And between them and my Lord chamberlain; And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Queen. 'Would all were well—but that will never be—
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it, Who are they, that complain unto the King, That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not? By holy Paul they love his Grace but lightly, That fill his ears with such dissembling rumours. Because I cannot flatter, and look fair, Smir'e in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog, Duck with French nods, and apish courtesy, I must be held a rancorous enemy. Cannot a plain man live and think no harm, But thus his simple truth must be abuse' By silken, fly, insinuating Jacks?

Gray. To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Glo. To thee, that haft nor honesty, nor grace: When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong? Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction? A plague upon you all! His royal person, Whom God preserve better than you would wish, Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while, But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter: The King of his own royal disposition, And not provok'd by any suitor else, Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred, That in your outward action shews itself Against my children, brothers, and myself; Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground

Of
Of your ill will, and thereby to remove it.

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

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, broth-er Glo'ster.

You envy my advancement and my friends:
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Mean time, God grants that we have need of you!

Our Brother is imprison'd by your means;
Myself 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,
Fall't to draw me in these wild suspecs.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the caufe
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my Lord, for——

Glo. She may, Lord Rivers——why, who knows not so?

She may do more, Sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deferts.

What may she not? she may——ay, marry, may she——

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo.
KING RICHARD III.

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

Queen. My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
By heav'n, I will acquaint his Majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endure,d.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great Queen with this condition;
To be thus taunted, scorn'd and baited at.
Small joy have I in being England's Queen.

SCENE IV.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. And lef'en'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!

Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
'Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said,
I will avouch in presence of the King:
'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, Devil! I remember thee too well:
Thus 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-hor'd in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud Adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To regalize 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;—9 was not your husband,
In Marg'ret's battle, at St. Albin's slain?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are:
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A mur'drous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forfake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself, which, Jesu, pardon!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!—

Glo. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou Cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Glo'ster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our lawful King.
So should we you, if you should be our King.

Glo. If I should be!—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

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.

9—Was not your husband, said in Henry VI. that he died in
In Marg'ret's batt'e ] It is quarrel of the house of York.

Hear
Hear me, ye wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me;
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not that I being Queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?

Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee go.
A husband and a son thou ow'rt to me;
And thou, a kingdom; all of you allegiance;
The sorrow, that I have, by Right is yours;
And all the pleasures, you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curfe my noble father liad on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorn's drew'r 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 plagur'd thy bloody deed.

Queen. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hauf. O, 'twas the fouleft deed to flay that babe,
And the most merciles, that e'er was heard of.
KING RICHARD III.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept, when it was reported.

Dorf. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heav'n,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their Kingdom's los'd, 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, 4 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!

Thyself a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self;
Long may't thou live to wail thy children's los'd,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art still'd in mine:
Long die thy happy days before thy death,
And after many length'ned hours of grief,
Die, neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen!

Rivers and Dorset, you were standers-by,
And so waft thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off! [hag.

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd
Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heav'n's have any grievous plague in store,

4 By surfeit die your King.] Alluding to his luxurious life.

Ex-
KING RICHARD III.
Exceeding those that I can with upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy fins be ripe;
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, thou troublest 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-market abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wait feal’d in thy nativity
6 The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou flander of thy mother’s womb!
Thou loathed inuè of thy father’s loins!
7 Thou rag of honour, thou detested——

5 but as the speaker rive in her
remonstrance, she expresses his
contemptuous thought much
more openly, and commits him
to a still worse state of slavery,

Sin. Death and Hell beset in
their marks upon him.

Only, in the first line, her men-
tion of his moral condition in-
vites her reflections on his de-
formity: and, in the last, her men-
tion of his deformity invi-
vates her reflections on his mo-
oral condition: And thus he has
taught her to scold in all the
dignity of figure.

Warb. 7 The rag of honour, &c. We
should certainly read,

Thee rack of honour
i. e. the ruin and destruction of
honour; which I suppose was
first writ rack, and then further
corrupted to rag

Warb. Reg is, in my opinion, right,
and intimates that much of his
honour is torn away.

Gle.
Glo. Margaret.
Glo. Ha?
Q. Mar. I call thee not.
Glo. I cry thee mercy then! for, I did think, That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
Oh, let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.
Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.
Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that 8 bottled spider, Whose deadly web ensareth thee about?
Fool, fool, thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself: The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me To help thee curie this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.
Hea. False-boding woman, end thy frantick curse; Left to thy harm thou move our patience.
Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.
Rev. 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 yourselves that duty.
Dorf. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.
Q. Mar. Peace, master Marquis, you are malapert; Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current. O, that your young nobility could judge What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

8 Bottled spider.] A spider is called bottled, because, like other insects, he has a middle flender and a belly protuberant. Richard's form and venom make her liken him to a spider.
They, that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry, learn it, learn it, Marquis.

Dorf. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high,
Our Airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your Airy buildeth in our Airy's nest;
O God, that feést it, do not suffer it:
As it was won with blood, so be it lost!

Buck. Peace, peace for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame still live my forrows rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O Princely Buckingham, I'll kisst 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 curfes 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.
KING RICHARD III. 255

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 counsels?
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 Margret was a Prophetess.
Live each of you the subject to his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to God's!

Exit.

Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
Riv. And so doth mine: I wonder, she's at liberty.
Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy Mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.
Dorf. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, for Clarence, he is well repay'd;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains,
God pardon them, that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them, that have done 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.

9 He is frank'd up to fatting / for his pains.] A Frank is / an old English word for a hog-fly. / Tis possible he ues this meta- / phor to Clarence, in allusion to / the crest of the family of York, / which was a Bear. Whereeto / relate those famous old verses on / Richard III. / The cat, the rat, and Lovel the / dog / Rule all England under a hog. / He ues the same metaphor in / the last scene of act 4. / Pope.

Queen.
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 Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them, 'tis the Queen and her allies
That stir the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Gray.
But then I figh, and with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, fto'l'n forth of holy Writ,
And seem a Saint, when most I play the Dev'l.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my handy, stout, resolved mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

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 Croy'd-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 affir'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo.
KING RICHARD III. 257

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears.
I like you, lads—about your business—go. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Tower.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your Grace so heavily to day?
Clar. O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my Lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower;
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glo'sser,
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 besal'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Methought, that Glo'sser 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 wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.

1 Faithful man.] Not an infidel.

VOL. V. S Some
Some lay in dead mens' skulls; and in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of Eyes, reflecting Gems;
That wo'd the slimy bottom of the Deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the Secrets of the Deep?

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

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

Clar. No, no, my dream was length'ned after life;
O then began the tempest to my soul.
I past, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferry-man, which Poets write of,
Unto the Kingdom of perpetual Night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cry'd aloud,—What scourge for perjury
Can this dark Monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud—
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence;
That flabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!—
With that, methought, a legion of soul fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I, trembling, wak'd; and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in Hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, Lord, that it affrighted you;

*That wo'd the slimy bottom.]*  
*Fleeting is the same as chang-ing faces.*
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 fake; and, see, how he requites me!

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds;
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! [Clarence sleeps.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposeful hours,
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.

SCENE VI.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 Vil. Ho, who's there?

Brak. In God's name, what art thou? how can't
thou hither?

4 O God! if my deep prayers,
5 sorrow breaks seasons; &c.] The four following lines,
6 Princes have but their titles; &c.] The first line
have been added since the first
edition. Pope.

The four following lines have been added since the first
dition. Pope.

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 re-
sulting from the foregoing con-
versation, and therefore con-
tinued to be spoken by the same
person, as it is accordingly in
the first edition. Pope.

Princes have but their titles
for their glories,

An outward honour, for an in-
ward toil.] The first line
may be understood in this sense.
The glories of princes are nothing
more than empty titles: but it
would more impress the purpose
of the speaker, and correspond
better with the following lines, if
it were read,

Princes have but their titles for
their troubles.

For unfelt imaginations;
They often feel a world of restless cares.] They often suf-
fer real miseries for imaginary and
unreal gratifications.

S 2

2 Vil.
KING RICHARD III.

2 Vil. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

1 Vil. 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious.—Let him see our Commission, and talk no more.

Brak. [Reads.] I am in this commanded, to deliver the noble Duke of Clarence to your hands. I will not reason what is meant hereby, because I will be guiltless of the meaning. There lies the Duke asleep, and there the keys. I'll to the King, and signify to him, that thus I have resign'd to you my Charge. [Exit.

1 Vil. You may, Sir, 'tis a point of wisdom. Fare you well. [Exit Brakenbury.

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

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

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

1 Vil. Why, then he'll say, we 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 for it: But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no Warrant can defend me.

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

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

1 Vil. How dost thou feel thyself now?

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

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

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

1 Vil. Where's thy conscience now?
1 Vil. When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.
2 Vil. 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.
1 Vil. What if it come to thee again?
2 Vil. I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that mutinies in a Man's bosom: it fills one full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found. It beggars any man, that keeps it. It is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to 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 over the costard, with the hilt of thy sword; and then throw him into the malmsie-butt, in the next room.
2 Vil. O excellent device, and make a sop of him.
1 Vil. Soft, he wakes. Shall I strike?

* Take the Devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, &c. [One villain says, /Confidence/ is at his elbows persuading him not to kill the Duke. The other says, take the devil into thy nearer acquaintance, into thy mind, who will be a match for thy conscience, and believe is not, &c. It is plain then, that he in both places in the text should be it, namely, confidence. WARB.

* Spoke like a tall fellow.] The meaning of tall, in old English, is stout, daring, fearless and strong.
2 Vil. No, 'tis well reason with him.
Clar. Where art thou, Keeper? give me a cup of wine.
2 Vil. You shall have wine enough my Lord, anon,
Clar. In God's name, what art thou?
1 Vil. A man, as you are.
Clar. But not, as I am, royal.
1 Vil. Nor you, as we are, loyal.
Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1 Vil. My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.
Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak?
—Your eyes do menace me. Why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? wherefore do you come?
Both. To, to, to—
Clar. To murder me?
Both. Ay, ay.
Clar. Ye 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 call'd forth from out a world of men,
To slay the innocent? what's my offence?
Where is the evidence, that doth accuse me?
What lawful 'Quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounce'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:

9 We'll reason.] We'll talk. it may be better read,
1 Are you call'd forth from out a world of men.] I think it
2 Quest is inquest or jury.
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 vasslals! 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 didn’t receive the Sacrament, to fight
In Quarrel of the House of Lancaster.

1 Vil. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip’dst the bowels of thy Sovereign’s son.

2 Vil. Whom thou went 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,
O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect, nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 Vil. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant, springing, brave Plantagenet,
That 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.

3 Springing Plantagenet. ] * Novice. ] Youth; one yet
Blooming Plantagenet; a prince new to the world.
in the spring of life.
If you are hir'd for Meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Glo'fier,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 Vil. You are deceiv'd, your brother Glo'fier hates you.

Clar. Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear,
Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our Princely father York
Blest his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship.
Bid Glo'fier think on this, and he will weep.

1 Vil. Ay, millitones; as he lefton'd us to weep.

Clar. O do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 Vil. As snow in harvest:—you deceive yourself;
'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 oaths,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 Vil. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thrallom 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.

Which of you, if you were a Prince's son,

--- and save your souls; &c."

The six following lines are not in the old edition. Pope.
They are not necessary, but so forced in, that something seems omitted to which these lines are the answer.
KING RICHARD III. 265

Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers, as yourselves, came to you,
Would not intreat for life? ah! you would beg,
Were you in my distrees.———

1 Vil. Relent? 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer;
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me.
A begging Prince what Beggar pities not? *

2 Vil. Look behind you, my Lord.

1 Vil. Take that, and that; if all this will not do,

[Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the maltwine-butt within.  [Exit.

2 Vil. A bloody deed, and desparately dispatch'd.
—How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Villain.

1 Vil. How now? what mean'st thou, that thou
help'st me not?
By heav'n, the Duke shall know how slack you've
been.

2 Vil. I would he knew, that I had say'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.

* What beggar pities not.] I
cannot but suspect that the lines,
which Mr. Pope observed not to
be in the old Edition, are now
misplaced, and should be infer-
ted here, somewhat after this
manner.

Clar. A begging Prince what

Beggar pities not?

Vil. A begging Prince!

Clar. Which of you if you were
a Prince's son, &c.

Upon this provocation the Vil-
lain naturally strikes him.

ACT
ACT II. SCENE I.

The COURT.

Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, and Woodville.

K. Edward.

WHY, so!—Now have I done a good day's work, You Peers, continue this united league. I every day expect an embassage From my Redeemer to redeem me hence. And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven, Since I have made my friends at peace on earth. Hastings and Rivers, take each other's hand; Diffuse not your hatred; swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate; And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your King; Left he, that is the supremed King of kings, Confound your hidden fallhood, 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, yourself 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 unseignedly.

Queen. There, Hastings.—I will never more remember Our former hatred; so thrive I and mine;

KING RICHARD III. 267

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 embraces to my wife’s allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buck. When ever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, and not with duteous love
[To the Queen.
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With Hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he to me! This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[Embracing Rivers, &c.
K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, Princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart,
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.
Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble Duke.

Enter Gloucester, with Ratcliff.

Glo. Good morrow to my Sovereign.—King and Queen;
And, Princely Peers, a happy time of day.
K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day,
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed Peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most Sovereign Liege.
Among this Princely heap, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong furnisle,
Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly
KING RICHARD III.

Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace.
'Tis death to me to be at enmity,
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
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 Woodville, and Lord Scales; of you,
Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Queen. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter;
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded!
—My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our Brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle Duke is dead?

[They all start.

You do him injury to scorn his coarse.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows, he is?

Queen. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this!
Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?
Dor. Ay, my good Lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead?—the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that, a winged Mercury did bear.
Some tardy cripple had the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant, that some less noble, and less loyal,
Neater in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deerve no worse than wretched Clarence did;
And yet go current from suspicion!

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

*Stanl.* A boon, my Sov'reign, for my service done.
*K. Edw.* I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.
*Stanl.* I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.
*K. Edw.* Then say at once, what is it thou requestest.

*Stanl.* The forfeit, Sov'reign, of my servant's life; Who flew to day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
*K. Edw.* Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man; his fault was thought;
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who siond 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 rescu'd 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

5 The forfeit.] He means the remission of the forfeit.
6 Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?] This lamentation is very tender and pathetic. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others.
KING RICHARD III.

Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting valets
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer;
You strait are on your knees for pardon, pardon,—
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you;
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, spake unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
—O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this:
—Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah!
Poor Clarence! [Exeunt some with the King and Queen.
Glo. These are the fruits of rashness. Mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it still unto the King,
God will revenge it. Come, Lords, will you go
To comfort Edward with our company? [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter the Duchess of York, with the two children of Clarence.

Son. Good Grandam, tell us, is our father dead?
Duch. 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?
Duch. My pretty Consins, you mistake me both.
I do
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 imporune
With daily earnest prayers.

Daugb. And so will I.

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 Glostyer
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,
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame;
Yet from my drags 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 myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Queen. To make an act of tragick violence.

Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?  
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;  
That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's;  
Or, like obedient Subjects, follow him  
To his new Kingdom of perpetual rest.  

Dutch. Ah! so much interest have I in thy sorrow,  
As I had title to thy noble husband.  
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
And liv'd by looking on his images.  
But now two mirrors of his Princely semblance  
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;  
And I for comfort have but one false glass,  
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.  
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,  
And hast the comfort of thy children left:  
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms;  
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble hands,  
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,  
Thine being but a moiety of my grief  
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries.  

Son. Ah, Aunt! [To the Queen] you wept not for  
our father's death;  
How can we aid you with our kindred Tears?  

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd.  
Your widow dolours likewise be unwept!  

Queen. Give me no help in Lamentation,  
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:  
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
That I, * being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,  
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.  
Ah, for my husband, for my dear Lord Edward!  

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear Lord Clarence!  

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and  
Clarence!  

---

7 His images.] The children  
by whom he was represented.  
8 Being govern'd by the wat'ry  
moon.] That I may live here-  
after under the influence of the  
moon, which governs the tide,  
and, by the help of that influ-  
ence, drown the world. The  
introduction of the moon is not  
very natural.
KING RICHARD III: 

Queen. What stay had I, but Edward? and he’s gone.

Chi. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he’s gone.

Dutch. What stay had I, but they? and they are gone.

Queen. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chi. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Dutch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs, Their woes are parcel’d, mine are general. She for an Edward weeps, and so do I; I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she; These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I. Alas! you three, on me threefold-distrest Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow’s nurse, And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas’d.

That with unthankfulness you take his doing,

In common worldly things ’tis call’d ungrateful

With dull unwillingness to pay a debt,

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent,

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven;

For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young Prince your son; send strait for him,

Let him be crown’d; in him your comfort lives.

Drown desp’rate sorrow in dead Edward’s grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward’s Throne.

SCENE III.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, and Ratcliff.

Glo. Sister, have comfort. All of us have cause To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see you.—Humbly on my knee
I crave your Blessing.

_Duch._ God blest thee, and put meekness in thy
breast,

_Love._ Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

_Glo._ Amen, and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt end of a mother's Blessing;
I marvel, that her Grace did leave it out.

_Buck._ You cloudy Princes, and heart-forrowning
Peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love;
Though we have spent our harvest of this King,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preferv'd, cherish'd and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

_Riv._ Why with some little train, my Lord of
Buckingham?

_Buck._ Marry, my Lord, left by a multitude
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the Estate is yet ungovern'd.
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,

---Footnote from Ludlow the young Prince be fetch'd, Edward the young Prince, in his Father's Life-time and at his De-
mise, kept his Household at Lud-
low as Prince of Wales; under the Governance of Henry Lord-
cide Earl of Rivers, his Uncle by the Mother's side. The in-
tention of his being sent thither was to see Justice done in the Marches; and, by the Authority of his Presence, to restrain the Wessamen, who were wilde, dis-
ordinate, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed Murders and Outrages. Vid. Hall, Holing-
head, &c. Thedobald.

And
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.

Haft. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine,
Who they shall be that shall post to Ludlow.
—Madam, and you my sister, will you go,
To give your censures in this weighty business?

[Exeunt.

[Manent Buckingham and Gloucester.

Buck. My Lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,
For God's sake, let not us Two stay at home;
For by the way, I'll fort-occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Tow'rd Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Street near the Court.

Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.

1 Cit. Good morrow, neighbour, whither away
so fast?

2 Cit. I promise you, I hardly know myself:
T 2  
Hear
Hear you the news abroad?

1 Cit. Yes, the King's 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. 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 nonage, council 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 politic grave counsel; then the King
Had virtuous Uncles to protect his Grace.
1 Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.
3 Cit. Better it were, they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all:
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster;
And the Queen's sons and brothers haughty, proud;
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,

* Which in his nonage. ] The word which has no antecedent,
nor can the sense or connection
be easily restored by any change. I believe a line to be lost in which
some mention was made of the
Land or the People.

This
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 for 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
Enfuing danger; as by proof we see,
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 Cit. And so was I, I'll bear you company. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Court.

Enter Archbishops of York, the young Duke of York,
the Queen, and the Duchess of York.

Arch. I heard, they lay the last night at Northamp-
ton,
At Stony Stratford they do rest to night;
To morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince;
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Queen. But I hear, not; they say, my son of York
Has almost over-taken him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Dutch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother. Ay, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
And since, methinks, I would not grow too fast,
Because sweet flow'rs are flow', and weeds make hate.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him, that did object the same to thee.
He was a wretched thing, when he was young;
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his Rule were true, he should be gracious.

York. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious Madam.

Dutch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd
I could have giv'n my Uncle's Grace a flout
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

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 wert born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Queen. A par'rous boy—go to, you are too shrewd.

Dutch. Good Madam, be not angry with a child.

Queen. Pitchers have ears.

---the wretched'ft thing.] Wretched is here used in a sense yet retained in familiar language, for pitiful, being below expectation.

---been remember'd.] To be remembered is in Shakespeare to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one.
King Richard III.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a Messenger: what news?

Mes. Such news, my Lord, as grieves me to report.

Queen. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well, Madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Mes. Lord Rivers and Lord Gray are sent to Pomfret, With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty Dukes, Gloster and Buckingham.

Queen. * For what offence?

Mes. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:

Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,

Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Queen. Ah me! I see the ruin of my house;

The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.

Insulting tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and aweless throne;

Welcome, destruction, blood and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accurled and unquiet wrangling days!

How many of you have mine eyes beheld?

My husband left 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 death no more.

---

* For what offence? * This question is given to the Arch- 

bishops in former copies, but the 

messenger plainly speaks to the 

Queen or Dutchess.

4 Awles. ] Not producing

5 Or let me die, to look on Earth

no more. ] This is the Reading 

ing of all the Copies, from the 

first Edition, put out by the Players, 

down.
QUEEN. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuary.
—Madam, farewell.
Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.
QUEEN. You have no caufe.
ARCHBISHOP. My gracious lady, go,
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The Seal I keep; and so betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
—Go, I'll conduct you to the Sanctuary. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

In LONDON.

The Trumpets sound. Enter Prince of Wales, the
Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Archbishops,
with others.

BUCKINGHAM.

WELCOME, sweet Prince, to London, to your chamber.
GLO. Welcome, dear Cousin, my thought's Sovereign,
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
PRINCE. No, Uncle, but our crosbies on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome and heavy.
I want more Uncles here to welcome me.
GLO. Sweet Prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
downwards. But I have restored the reading of the old Quarto in
1597, which is copied by all the other authentick Quarto's, by
which the Thought is finely and properly improved. Or let me die, to look on Death
no more.
THEOBALD.

6—To your Chamber.] London was antiently called Camera
regia.

POPE.

Hath
KING RICHARD III. 281

Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit,
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward shew, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those Uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts.
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!
Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.
Glo. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor.

Mayor. God bless your Grace with health and happy days!
Prince. I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all:
I thought, my Mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Fie, what a slug is Hastings? that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating lord.
Prince. Welcome, my lord; what, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion God he knows, not I,
The Queen your mother and your brother York,
Have taken Sanctuary; the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.
Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his Princely Brother presently?

If
If she deny, lord Hastings, you go with him,  
And from her jealous arms pluck him perchance.

Arch. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory  
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,  
Anon expect him here; but if she be  
Obdurate to entreaties, God forbid,  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of Sanctuary; not for all this land  
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my Lord;  
Too ceremonious, and traditional.

7 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,  

7 Too ceremonious, and traditional.  
Ceremonious for superstitious; traditional for adherent  
to old customs. Warburton.

8 Weigh it but with the Grossness of this age.  
But the more gross, that is, the more  
superstitious the age was, the  
stronger would be the imputation of violated Sanctuary.  
The question, we see by what follows,  
is whether Sanctuary could  
be claimed by an infant. The  
speaker resolves it in the negative,  
because it could be claimed  
by those only whose actions  
necessitated them to fly thither; or  
by those who had an underStanding  
to demand it; neither of  
which could be an infant’s case:  
It is plain then, the first line,  
which introduces this reasoning,” should be read thus,  
Weigh it but with the Grossness of his age.

i.e. the young Duke of York’s,  
whom his mother had fled with  
to Sanctuary. The corrupted  
reading of the old quarto is  
something nearer the true.  
— the greatnes of his age.  
Warburton.

This emendation is received by H.omer, and is very plausible; yet the common reading  
may stand. Weigh it but with  
the grossnes of this age, you break  
not Sanctuary. That is, compare  
the act of seizing him with the  
gr’s and licencious practices of  
these times, it will not be consi-  
dered as a violation of Sanctuary,  
for you may give such reasons as  
men are now used to admit.
KING RICHARD III. 283

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.

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

*Exeunt Archibishop and Hastings.*

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 all-ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

[Aside.

Prince. What say you, Uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters Fame lives long.

9 As 'twere retail'd to all Posterity; And so it is: And, by that means, like most other retail'd things, became adulterated. We should read,

—intail'd to all Posterity; which is finely and sensibly ex-

pressed, as if truth was the natural inheritance of our children; which it is impiety to deprive them of. W. WARRUTON.

Retailed may signify diffused, dispersed.

Thus,
Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity, I moralize: Two meanings in one word. 

Prince.

Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity, I moralize two Meanings in one Word.] By Vice, the Author means not a Quality but a Person. There was hardly an old Play, till the Period of the Reformation, which had not in it a Devil, and a droll Character, a Jester; (who was to play upon the Devil;) and this Buffoon went by the Name of a Vice. This Buffoon was at first accounted with a long Jerkin, a Cap with a Pair of Ale's Ears, and a wooden Dagger, with which (like another Ariequin) he was to make Sport in belabouring the Devil. This was the constant Entertainment in the Times of Popery, with the Spirits, and Witchcraft, and Exorcising held their own. When the Reformation took place, the Stage shook off some Groceries, and entered in refinements. The Master-Devil then was soon dismissed from the Scene; and this Buffoon was changed into a subordinate Fiend, whose Buffoons was to range on Earth, and seduce poor Mortals into that perfidious vicious Quality, which he occasionally supported; as, Iniquity, in general, Hypocrisy, Usury, Vanity, Prodigality, Gluttony; &c. Now as the Fiend, (or Vice,) who perfonated iniquity (or Hypocrisy, for Instance,) could never hope to play his Game to the Purpofe but by hiding his cloven Foot, and assuming a Semblance quite different from his real Character; he must certainly put on a formal Demeanour, moralize and prevaricate in his Words, and pretend a Meaning directly opposite to his genuine and primitive Intention. If this does not explain the Passage in Question, 'tis all that I can at present suggest upon it. Theobald.

Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity, I moralize two meanings in one word.] That the buffoon, or jester of the old English farces, was called the Vice, is certain: and that, in their moral representations, it was common to bring in the deadly sins, is true. Of these we have yet several remains. But that the Vice used to assume the personage of these sins, is a fancy of Mr. Theobald's, who knew nothing of the matter. The truth is, the Vice was always a fool or jester: And, (as the Woman, in the Merchant of Venice, calls the Clown, alluding to this Character,) a merry Devil. Whereas thefse mortal sins were so many fat, feroius ones. But what misled our editor was the name Iniquity, given to this Vice: But it was only on account of his unhappy tricks and ruggueries. That it was given to him, and for the reason I mention, appears from the following passage of Johnson's Staple of News, second intermeane.

M. How like you the Vice in the play?

T. Here is never a fiend to car-
KING RICHARD III. 285

Prince. That Julius Caesar was a famous man; With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His

Ky him away. Besides he has ne-

er a sweden dagger.

M. That was the old way, Goffe, when Iniquity came in like

Hecus Perus, in a jugler's Jerkin, with false skirts like the Knaves of

Clubs.

And, in The Devil's an Aye, we see this old Vice, Iniquity, de-

scribed more at large.

From all this, it may be ga-

ther'd, that the text, where

Richard compares himself to the

formal Vice Iniquity, must be cor-

rect: And the interpolation of

some foolish player. The Vice

or Iniquity being not a formal,

but a merry, buffoon character.

Besides, Shakspere could never make an exact speaker refer to

this character, because the sub-

ject he is upon is Tractation and

Antiquity, which have no relation to it; and because it appears

from the turn of the passage,

that he is apologizing for his e-

quivocation by a reputable prac-

tice. To keep the reader no

longer in suspense my conjecture is, that Shakspere wrote and

pointed the lines in this manner,

Thus like the formal-wise Antiquity

I moralize: Two meanings in

one word.

Alluding to the Mythologic learn-

ing of the antients, of whom

they are all here speaking. So

that Richard's ironical apology

is to this effect: You men of

moral who so much extol your

allwise antiquity, in what am I

inferior to it? which was but an

equivocator as I am. And it is

remarkable, that the Greeks them-

selves called their remote anti-

quity, Δισμός or the equivoca-

tor. So far as to the general

sense; as to that which arises

particularly out of the corrected

expression, I shall only observe,

that formal-wise is a compound

epithet, an extreme fine one,

and admirably fitted to the cha-

racter of the speaker, who

thought all wisdom but formality.

It must therefore be read for the

future with a hyphen. My o-

ther observation is with regard to

the pointing; the common read-

ing,

I moralize two meanings—

is nonsense: but reformed in this

manner, very feasible,

Thus like the formal-wise Anti-

quity

I moralize: Two meanings in

one word.

i.e. I moralize as the antients

did. And how was that? the

having two meanings to one

word. A ridicule on the mora-

lity of the antients, which he in-

sinuates was no better than equi-

vocating. WARBURTON.

This alteration Mr. Upton ve-

ry justly censures. Dr. Warbur-

ton has, in my opinion, done no-
things but correct the punctua-
tion, if indeed any alteration be

really necessary. See the differ-
tation on the old Vice at the end

of this play.

To this long collection of

notes may be added a question,
to what equivocation Richard re-
KING RICHARD III.

His wit set down to make his valour live.
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
—I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient Right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a King.

Glo. Short summer lightly has a forward spring.

[Aside.

Enter York, Haftings, and Archbishop.


Prince. Richard of York, how fares our noble brother?

York. Well, my dread Lord, so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours;
Too 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.

refers? The position immediately preceding, that fame lives long without character, that is, without the help of letters, seems to have no ambiguity. He must allude to the former line,

So young, so wise, they say, did never live long,
in which he conceals, under a proverb, his design of hastening the Prince's death.

2 Lightly, commonly, in ordinary course.

3 Dread Lord.] The original of this epithet applied to Kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statues the King is called Rex metuendi simus.

4 Too late he died——] i.e. too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory. But the Oxford Editor makes him say,

Too soon he died—— WARD.

York.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh, my fair Cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then is he more beholden to you than I.
Glo. He may command me as my Sovereign,
But you have pow'r in me, as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, Uncle, give me this your dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind Uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no gift 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. 6 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,

5 And being but a toy which is no gift to give.] This is the reading of the quartos; the first folio reads,
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
This reading, made a little more metrical, has been followed, I think erroneously, by all the editors.

6 I weigh it lightly, &c.] i.e. I should still esteem it but a trifling gift were it heavier. But the Oxford Editor reads,
I'd weigh it lightly,
i.e. I could manage it tho' it were heavier. Warburton.

9 Because that I am little like an ape.] The reproach seems to conflit in this: at country shews it was common to set the monkey on the back of some other animal, as a Bear. The Duke, therefore, in calling himself Ape, calls his uncle Bear.

He
He thinks, that you should bear me on your shoulders,
Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his Uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself;
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.
Glo. My Lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my Lord?
Prince. My Lord Protector, needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My Grandam told me, he was murther'd there.
Prince. I fear no Uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
—But come, my Lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[Exeunt Prince, York, Hasting and Dorset.

SCENE II.

Mantu Gloucestcr, Buckingham and Catesby.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtile mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt. Oh, 'tis a perilous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest. Come, Catesby, thou art sworn
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 easy matter
To make Lord William Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble Duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cates. He for his father's sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?

Cates. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more than this. Go, gentle

Catesby,
And, as it were far off, 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 thyself 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.

Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cates. You shall, my Lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there you shall find us both.

[Exit Catesby.

Buck. My Lord, what shall we do, if we perceive,
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do.
And look, when I am King, claim thou of me
The Earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof, the King, my brother, flood possess.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindreds.
Come, let us sup betimes; that, afterwards,
We may digest our complots in some form. [Exeunt,

SCENE III.

Before Lord Haftings's House.

Enter a Messenger to the door of Haftings.

Mes. MY Lord, my Lord,—
Hast. [within.] Who knocks?
Mes. One from Lord Stanley.
Hast. What is't o'clock?
Mes. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Lord Haftings.

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 towards the north;
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the separated Councils:
His honour, and myself, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, 9 wanting instance;
And for his dreams, I wonder, he’s so fond
To trust the mock’ry of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mef. I’ll go, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

[Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Catef. Many good morrows to my noble Lord!
Haf. Good morrow, Catesby. You are early stirring,
What news, what news, in this our tottering State?
Catef. It is a reeling world, indeed, my Lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Haf. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the crown?
Catef. Ay, my good Lord.
Haf. 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?
Catef. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward

9 Wanting instance.] That is, is nearer to the true meaning, wanting some example or act of wanton any immediate ground malvolence, by which they may or reason be justified; or which, perhaps,
Upon his party, for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pomfret.

Haft. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries;
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cates. God keep your Lordship in that gracious
mind!

Haft. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Haft. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Gray; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cates. The princes both make high account of
you—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [Aside.

Haft. I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Staun. My Lord, good morrow; and, good mor-
row, Catesby;
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several Councils, I.

Haft. My Lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours.
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now;
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The Lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure;
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancor I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needle's coward!
What, shall we tow'rd the Tower? the day is spent.

Haft. Come, come, I 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.

Haft. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[Exeunt Lord Stanley and Catesby.
Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?

Purf. The better, that your Lordship please to ask.

Haft. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'tst me last where now we meet;
Then I was going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies,
But now I tell thee (keep it to thyself,) This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state, than e'er I was.

Purf. God hold it to your Honour's good content!

1 Have with you.] A familiar phrase in parting, as much as, take something along with you, or I have something to say to you.
2 They, for their truth.] That is, with respect to their honesty.
3 Hold it, that is, continue it.

Haft.
KING RICHARD III.

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 a 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.

* Exercise.] Performance of shriving work is confessible service.

SCENE
SCENE IV.

Changes to Pomfret-Castle.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying Lord Rivers, Lord Richard Gray, and Sir Thomas Vaughan to Death.

Rat. COME, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this;

To day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Gray. God keep the Prince from all the pack of you,
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison, Fatal and ominous to noble Peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second, here, was hack’d to death:
And, for more flander to thy dismal fear,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Gray. Now, Margret’s curse is fall’n upon our heads,
When she exclaim’d on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stab’d her son.

Riv. Then curs’d 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.
KING RICHARD III.

Riv. Come, Grey; come, Vaughan; let us all embrace.
[They embrace. Farewel, until we meet again in heav'n. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The Tower.

Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Catesby, Lovel, with others, at a table.

Haf. Now, noble Peers, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation.
In God's name speak, when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?
Stan. They are, and want but nomination.
Ely. To morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my Lord, than you of mine.
—Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Haf. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well;
But for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not founded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein;
But you, my noble Lord, may name the time,
And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.
Glo.
KING RICHARD III. 297

Glo. My noble Lords and Cousins all, good morrow;
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. * Had you not come upon your cue, my Lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part;
I mean, your voice for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder.
His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
—My Lord of Ely, when I was 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 too 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 yourself a while, I'll go with you.
[Exe. Glo. and Buck.

Stanl. We have not yet set down this day of Triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself 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.

* Had you not come upon your cue. [This expression is borrowed from the theatre. The cue, queue, or tail of a speech, consists of the last words, which are the token for an entrance or answer. To come on the cue, therefore, is to come at the proper time.

Hast.
KING RICHARD III.

Hast. His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;
There's some conceit, or other, likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he,
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stanl. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likeness he shew'd to day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned Witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish Charms.

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this Princely presence,
To doom th'offenders. Whoso'ever they be,
I say, my Lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witnesses of their evil.
Look, how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted Sapling, wither'd up;
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble Lord—

Glo. If?—thou Protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of 1s?—thou art a traitor.
—Off with his head. Now, by St. Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same;

Lovel and Catesby, look, that it be done:
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me. [Exeunt.

Manent

5 Likelihood.] Semblance; appearance.
6 In former copies:
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be
Manent Lovel and Catesby, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast.- Woe, woe, for England, not a whit for me! For I, too fond, might have prevented this. Stanley did dream, the boar did raise our helms; But I did scorn it, and disdain to fly. Three times to day my foot-cloth horse did stumble, And started when he look'd upon the Tower; As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
—O, now I need the priest that spake to me. —I now repent; I told the Pursuivant, As too triumphing, how mine enemies To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd, And myself secure in grace and favour. Oh, Marg'ret, Marg'ret, now thy heavy Curfe Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cates. Come, come, dispatch. The Duke would be at dinner,
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men, Which we more hunt for than the Grace of God! 7 Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks, Lives like a drunken sailor on a main, Ready with every Nod to tumble down Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

be done.] The Scene is here in the Tower; and Lord Hastings was cut off on that very day, when Rivers, Gray and Vaughan suffered at Pomfret. How then could Ratcliff be both in Yorkshire and the Tower? In the Scene preceding this, we find him conducting those Gentlemen to the Block. In the old Quar.
to, we find it Event: Manet Catesby with Hastings. And in the next Scene, before the Tower-Walls, we find Lovel and Catesby come back from the Execution, bringing the Head of Hastings.

7 So Horace,
Nec ius aurea fallaxii.
Haft. Oh, bloody Richard! miserable England! I prophesy the fearfulst time to thee, That ever wretched Age hath look’d upon. Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head; They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Tower-walls.

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.

Glo. Here comes the Mayor.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.

Lord Mayor,—

Enter Lord Mayor, attended.

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, a drum!

Glo. Cately, o’erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!
Enter Lovel and Catesby with Hastings's head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Catesby and Lovel.

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't 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 to the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the cape,
The peace of England, and our person's safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

Mayor. Now, fair befal 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 mistref's Shore.

Buck. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Until your Lordship came to see his end,
Which now the loving hafte of these our friends,
Something against our meaning, hath prevented;
Because, my Lord, we 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 meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children.
Tell them, how Edward put to death a Citizen,
Only for saying, he would make his son
Heir to the Crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust,
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Ev'n where his ranging eye or savage heart
Without controul, lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person;
Tell them, when that my Mother went with child
Of that intaritate 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 myself; and so, my Lord, adieu.

_Glo._ If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
Castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

_Buck._ I go, and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guild-Hall affords.

[Exit Buck.

_Glo._ Go, _Lovel_, with all speed to Doctor _Shaw_
Go thou to Friar _Peuker_; bid them both
Meet me within this _Hour_ at Baynard's Castle.

[Exeunt Lov. and Cates. severally.

Now will I go to take some privy order
To draw the brats of _Clarence_ out of sight;
And to give order, that no sort of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the Princes. [Exit.

_Enter a Scrivener._

_Scriv._ Here is th' _Indictment_ of the good Lord
_Hastings._

Which in a jet hand fairly is ingross'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, unexamined, free at liberty.
Here's a good world the while.—Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says, he sees it not?

_Bad_
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealings must be seen in thought. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Changes to Baynard’s Castle.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.

Glo. How now, how now, what say the citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch’d you the bastardy of Edward’s children?

Buck. I did, with his Contract with lady Lucy,
And his Contract by Deputy in France;
Th’ unfatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city-wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
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;

8 Seen in thought.] That is, seen in silence, without notice or detection.

But
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 May'r, what meant this wilful silence?
His Answer was, the People were not us'd
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 infer'd,
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o'th' Hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cry'd, God save king Richard!
And thus I took the vantage of some few.
Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I,
This general applause and cheerful shout
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard.
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they, would they
not speak?

Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand; I intend 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 decant;
And be not easily won to our requests,
Play the maid's part, still answer, nay, and take it.

Glo. I go: and if you plead as well for them,
*As I can say, nay to thee, for myself;
No doubt, we'll bring it to a happy issue. [Exit Glo.

Buck. Go, go up to the leads, the Lord Mayor
knocks.

---If you plead as well for them
As I must say nay to them for myself.

* Intend some fear.] Perhaps pretend; though intend will stand
in the sense of giving attention.
* As I can say, nay to thee.] I think it must be read,
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 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, myself, 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 conference with his Grace. Cates. I'll signify so much unto him strait. [Exit. Buck. Ah, ah! my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward; He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed, But on his knees at meditation; Not dallying with a brace of Curtezans, But meditating with two deep Divines; Not sleeping, ' to engross his idle body, But praying, to enrich his watchful soul. Happy were England, would this virtuous Prince Take on his Grace the Sov'reignty thereof; But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it. Mayor. Marry, God shield, his Grace should say us, nay!

Buck. I fear, he will; here Catesby comes again.

*T to engross.*) To fatten; to pamper.
Enter Catesby.

Catesby, what says his Grace?

Catesby. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of Citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before.
He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him;
By heav'n, we come to him in perfect love,
And so once more return, and tell his Grace.

[Exit Catesby.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Gloucester above, between two Bishops.
Catesby returns.

Mayor. See, where his Grace stands 'tween two Clergymen.

Buck. Two props of Virtue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vanity;
And see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.

—Famous Plantagenet! most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right-christian zeal.

Glo. 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 pleafeth 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;

X 2

And
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

*Butck.* 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?

*Butck.* 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 mind'sness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Country's Good,
The noble Isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of Infamy,
Her royal Stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost should'er'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, comforted 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,

\*And almost should'er'd in the swallowing gulph\*

Of dark forgetfulness.] What it is to be should'er'd in a gulph,
Hammer is the only Editor who seems not to have known: for the rest let it pass without obser-
vation. He reads,

Almost should'er'd into th'swallowing gulph.
I believe we should read,
And almost smoulder'd in th'swallowing gulph.
That is, almost another'd, cover-
ed and lost.
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
Belt fitteth my degree, or your condition.  
For not to anfwer, you might, haply, think,  
Tongue-ty’d Ambition, not replying, yielded  
To bear the golden yoke of Sov’reignty,  
Which fondly you would here impose on me.  
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
So feafon’d with your faithful love to me,  
Then, on the other fide, I check’d my friends.  
Therefore to speak, and to avoid the ftrift,  
And then, in speaking, not incur the laift,  
Definitely thus I anfwer you.  
Your love deserves my thanks; but my defert,  
Unmeritable, fhuns your high request.  
First, if all obftacles were cut away,  
And that my path were even to the Crown,  
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;  
Yet fo 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 fhmother’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 fleeting hours of time,  
Will well become the seat of Majefly;  
And make us, doubtlefs, 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 confience in your Grace.  
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
All circumftances well considered.

1 And much I need to help you.] requisite to give you help, if help were needed.  
And I wmt much of the ability You
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 Substitue betroth'd
To Bona, fitter to the King of France.
These both put off, a poor Petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother of a many children,
A beauty-waning, and distress'd Widow,
Ev'n in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchaser of his wanton eye;
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence of some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my Lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of Dignity,
If not to bless Us and the Land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble Ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal, true-derived course.

Mayor. Do, good my Lord, your Citizens intreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.
Cat. O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.
Glo. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
I am unfit for State and Majesty.
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, as, in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the Child, your brother's son,
(As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
KING RICHARD III: 311

And equally, indeed, to all estates)
Yet know, whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's sons shall never reign our King;
But we will plant some other in the Throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your House;
And in this resolution here we leave you.
—Come, Citizens, we will intreat no more. [Exeunt.

Cates. Call them again, sweet Prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce 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.

Exit Catesby. Re-enter Buckingham, and the rest.

—Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load.
But if black Scandal, or soul-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your meer enforcement shall acquaintance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof.
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Mayor. God bless your Grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal Title,
Long live King Richard, England's worthy King!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Ev'n when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

X 4

Glo.
KING RICHARD III.

Glo. [To the Clergymen.] Come let us to our holy Work again.

—Farewell, my Cousin; farewell, gentle friends. *

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter the Queen, Duchess of York, and Marquis of Dorset, at one Door; Anne, Duchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young Daughter, at the other.

DUCHESS.

WHO meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet, Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Glo'fer? 5 Now, for my life she's wandering to the Tower, On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Princes, Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both A happy and a joyful time of day.

Queen. Sister, well met; whither away so fast?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,

4 To this act should, perhaps, he added the next scene, so will the coronation pass between the acts; and there will not only be a proper interval of action, but the Conclusion will be more forcible.

5 Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet, Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Glo'fer! ] Here is a manifest insinuation, that the Duchess of Glo'fer leads it somebody in her hand; but there is no direction mark'd in any of the Copies, from which we can learn who it is. I have ventured to guess, it must be Clarence's young Daughter. The old Dutchess of York calls her niece, i.e., Grand daughter; as Grand children are frequently called Ne-

Theobald.
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Queen. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant,

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
—Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young son of York?
Lieu. Right well.—Dear Madam; by your patience
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.
Queen. The King? who's that?
Lieu. I mean, the Lord Protector.
Queen. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?
Dutch. I am their father's mother. I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother,
Then bring me to their sights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.
Lieu. No, madam, no, * I may not leave it so.
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
[Exit Lieu.

Enter Stanley.

Stanl. 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,
[To the Dutchess of Gloucester,
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!

* I must not leave it so.] That which you offer to take on you
is, I may not so resign my office, at your peril.

Dor.
314  K I N G  R I C H A R D  III.

Dor. Be of good cheer. Mother how fares your Grace!

Queen. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence, Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels,
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas;
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter-house,
Left thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse;
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted Queen.

Stanl. 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 unaverted eye is murderous.

Stanl. Come, Madam, come, I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the Queen!

Queen. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, with thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's coarse,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd,
O when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish; "Be thou, quoth I, accruss'd,
" For
"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!"

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grovel grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse,
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest.
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his tim'rous dreams was still awak'd.
Beside, he hates me for my father Warwick,
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor heart, adieu, I pity thy complaining.
Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewel, thou wosful welcomer of Glory!
Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!
Dutch. Go thou to Richmon'd, 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 lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.
Queen. Stay; yet look back, with me, unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

But with his tim'rous dreams turb'd by terrible dreams: this
'Tis recorded by Polydore Virgil, is therefore no fiction.
that Richard was frequently dif-Rude
KING RICHARD III.

*Rude ragged nurse! old fallen play fellow,
For tender Princes; use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [Exeunt.†

SCENE II.

Changes to the Court.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter Gloucester as King,
Buckingham, Catesby.

K. Rich. Stand all apart— Cousin of Buckingham,—
Buck. My gracious Sovereign!
K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated.
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!
K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current 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 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 with the bastards dead;

* To call the Tower page
and play down is very harsh; perhaps part of this speech is ad-
dressed to the Tower, and part to the Lieutenant.
† Hither the third act should be extended, and here it very pro-
perly ends with a pause of action.
‡ Ah! Buckingham, now do
I play the touch.] The technical term is requisite here.

The poet wrote,

—now do I ply the touch.
i.e. apply the touchstone; for
that is meant by what he calls

touch. So, again, in Timon of
Athens, speaking of Gold, he

says;

—O, thou touch of hearts!
i.e. thou trial, touchstone.

WARBURTON.

And
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 cond'rate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy.
Page. My Lord.
K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a * close exploit of death?
Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit;
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
K. Rich. What is his name?
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?

Stanl. My Lord,
The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

* Close exploit, is secret act.

K. Rich.
K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby; rumour is 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's 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.
[Exit Catesby.

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.

Enter Tirrel.

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.
Is thy name Tirrel?
Tir. James Tirrel, and your most obedient subject.
Tir. Prove me, my gracious Lord. [He kneels.
K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. Please you, I'd rather kill two enemies.
K. Rich. Why, then thou 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
And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

_Tir._ I will dispatch it strait.

_[Exit._

Re-enter Buckingham.

_Buck._ My Lord, I have consider’d in my mind
That late demand, that you did found me in.

_K. Rich._ Well, let that rest. _Dorset is fled to Rich-
mond._

_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 pro-
mise,
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 prophesy, that _Richmond_ should be King,
When _Richmond_ was a little peevish boy.

_A King, perhaps——_

_Buck._ My Lord,

_K. Rich._ How chance, the Prophet could not at
that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

_Buck._ My Lord, your promise for the Earldom—

_K. Rich._ _Richmond_? when I was left at _Exeter_,
The Mayor in curtesy shewed me the castle,
And call’d it _Rouge-mont_, at which name I started;
Because a bard of _Ireland_ told me once,

_A King, perhaps——_ From

hence to the words, _Tbeu trou-
bleth 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. _Pope._

The allusions to the plays of
_Henry VI._ are no weak proofs of
the authenticity of these disputed
pieces.
KING RICHARD III.

I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

**Buck.** My Lord,

**K. Rich.** Ay, what's o'clock?

**Buck.** I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind

Of what you promis'd me.

**K. Rich.** But what's 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 whether 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 Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Tirrel.

**Tir.** The tyrannous and bloody act is done;

The most arch deed of piteous massacre,

That ever yet this land was guilty of!

**Digbton and Forrest,** whom I did suborn

To do this piece of ruthless butchery,

Albeit they were flest villains, bloody dogs,

Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,

Wept like two children, in their deaths' sad story.

O thus, (quoth **Digbton**) 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.

* This passage, though I do not believe it corrupted, I do not understand.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,  
Which once, (quoth Forrest,) almost chang'd my mind,  
But, oh! the Devil—there the villain flopt,  
When Dighton thus told on—we smothered  
The most replenish'd sweet work of nature,  
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.—  
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 Briten Richmond aims  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,  
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,  
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Vol. V.  

Enter
KING RICHARD III.

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 Welsmen, is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
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, mutter men; my Council is my shield,
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So now Prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Marg'ret! who comes here?

Enter the Dukes of York, and Queen.

Queen. Ah, my poor Princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!

9—fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor.] Iimo-
rous thought and cautious dis-
quision are the dull attendants on delay.

1 Dire induction.] Induction is
preface, introduction, first part,
It is so used by Sackville in our authour's time.
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-wearyed tongue is still and mute.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet, 
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,

And throw them in the intrails of the wolf?
Why didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Henry dy'd, and my sweet son.

Dutch. Dead life, blind fight, poor mortal living ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due, by life usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Reft thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

Queen. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,

* — *say, that right for right]* It's plain Shake-sha-wrote wrong for wrong; 
but the players thought that a little rhyme was better than all reason. Warburton.

It is so unlikely that words so plain, and so proper, as wrong for wrong would have been either ignorantly or officiously changed, that I believe right for right is the true though not the best reading. This is one of those conceits which our author may be suspected of loving better than propriety. Right for right is justice answering to the claims of justice. So in this play,

**That forehead
Where should be branded, if that right were right.**
Give mine the benefit of Signiory;
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand,
If sorrow can admit society,
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou had'st an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou had'st a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou did'st kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou had'st a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death;
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work
Thy womb let loose, to chace us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body;
And makes her Pue-fellow with others' moan!

Dutch. Oh, Harry's wife, triumph not in my 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,
Thy 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 stabb'd my Edward;

2 Signiory for Seniority.
4 Pue-fellow seems to be companion. We have now a new phrase, nearly equivalent, by which we say of persons in the same difficulties, that they are in the same box.
5 Young York he is but boot.] Boot is that which is thrown in to mend a purchase.
And the beholders of this tragic play,
6 Th’ adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,
Untimely smother’d in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell’s black intelligenccer,
Only relev’d their factor to buy souls,
And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,
Infuses his piteous and unpitied end;
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray, for
vengeance
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, the dog is dead!
Queen. Oh! thou didst prophesy, the time would
come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottl’d spider, that foul bunch-back’d toad.
Q. Mar. I call’d thee then vain flourish of my
fortune,
I call’d thee then poor shadow, painted Queen,
The presentation of but what I was;
7 The flatt’ring index of a direful page;
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 waft; a garish flag,
To be the aim of ev’ry dang’rous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A Queen in jeft, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sits and kneels, and says, God save the Queen?
Where be the bending Peers, that flatt’rer’d thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow’d thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art;

6 Th’ adulterate Hastings,— I believe Shakespear wrote,
7 The flatt’ring index of a direful pageant. Without doubt Shakespear wrote—direful page.

WARBURTON.

For
For happy wife, a most distrest widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being fu'd to, one that humbly sies;
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 didnst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which, even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewel, York's wife, and Queen of sad mischance,
These English woes shall make me smile in France.
Queen. O thou well skill'd in curzes! stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day,
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think, that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is;
Bett'ring thy los's 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 attorne's to their client-woes,
* Airy succeeders of intestate joys.

* In former editions this line was read thus:
Windy attorneys to your client's woes.

The emendation is Sir Thomas Hanmer's.
* Airy succeeders of intestate joys, I cannot understand this.
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope, tho' what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet they do eafe the heart.

*Dutch.* If so, then be not tongue-tied; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

*Drum, within.*

I hear his drum, be copious in exclains.

**SCENE 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.** Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

*Dutch.* Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother

**Clarence?**

And little **Ned Plantagenet**, his son?

**Queen.** Where is kind **Hastings**, **Rivers**, **Vaughan**, **Gray**?

**K. Rich.** A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

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**Note:** This Reading. I have adopted another from the Quarto in 1597, succeed Joys that are dead; and unbequeath'd to them, to whom they should properly descend.

---

i.e. Words, tun'd to Complaints,
KING RICHARD III.

Rain 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 con-
dition,

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 canst on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, deëp’rate, wild and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous;
Thy age confirm’d, proud, subtle, fly and bloody.
What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac’d me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none but Humphry Houre, that
call’d your Grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your Grace.

—Strike up the Drum.

Dutch. I pray thee, hear me speak.

9 A touch of your condition.] grace seems here to mean the
A slight or particle of your temper
or disfavour.

1 That ever grac’d me.] To
So gracious is kind, and graces
are favours.

K. Rich.
KING RICHARD III.

Dutch. Hear me a word,
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K. Rich. So?
Dutch. Either thou'lt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy Curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'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!

2 Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[Exit.

Queen. Tho' far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me. I say Amen to her. [Going.
K. Rich. 3 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, itain her beauty,
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy;

2 Shame serves thy life.] To dialogue 'tis not necessary to
force is to accompany, servants
being near the persons of their
matters.
3 Stay, Madam.] On this
So she may-live unsca'd from bleeding slaughter,
I will confes she was not Edward's daughter.
K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal
blood.
Queen. To save her life, I'll say, she is not so.
K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.
Queen. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers,
K. Rich. No, at their births good stars were op-
posite.
Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary,
K. Rich. All unavoidable is the doom of destiny.
Queen. True; when avoided grace makes destiny,
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.
K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my
cousins?
Queen. Cousins, indeed; and by their Uncle cozen'd
Of Comfort, Kingdom, Kindred, Freedom, Life.
Whose hands forever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
No doubt, the mur'drous 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 des' rate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Ruth all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous suc'cess 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, gen-
tle lady,
Queen. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.
K. Rich.
KING RICHARD III.

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune, 
4 The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Queen. Flatter my forrows with report of it.
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demife to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Ev'n all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine?

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad Remembrance of those wrongs;
Which, thou suppos'st, I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief; left that the process of thy kindness
Laft 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.

4 The high imperial type]
Type is exhibition, shew, display.

5 Canst thou demife—] The sense of the word demife is evident, but I do not remember it any where so used: perhaps it should be devises, which the lawyers use, for to transfer, or make over.

Queen.
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 York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margret
Did to thy father, steept in Rutland's blood,
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple tide from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. You mock me, Madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Queen. There's no other way,
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 chose but hate thee;
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent of.
If I did take the Kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase I will beget.

6 As sometime Margret.] Here is another reference to the plays of Henry VI.
7 Bloody spoil.] Spoil is waste, havock.
Mine issue of your blood, upon your daughter,
A grandam's name is little les 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, saxe 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 los you have, is but a son being King;
And by that los your daughter is made Queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions, and great dignity.
The King, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother.
Again shall you be mother to a King;
And all the ruins of distresful 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 lone with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;

8 Bid is the past tense from bide.
9 Advantaging their Love with Interest,
Oftentimes double Gain of happiness.] My easy Emendation will convince every Reader.
Love and Lone are made out of one another, only by a Letter turned upside down. Oftentimes is a stupid Concretion of three Words. My Emendation gives this apt and easy Sense. The Tears, that you have lent to your Afflictions, shall be turn'd into Gems; and requite you by way of Interest, with Happiness twenty times as great as your Sorrows have been. Theobald.

Make
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 chastified
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a Conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my Conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Queen. What were I best to say, her father's brother
Would be her Lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or he that flew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.
Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting
war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the King, that may command,
intreats —
Queen. That at her hands, which the king's King
forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty
Queen —

Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Queen. But how long shall that title, ever, last?
Queen. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet life last?
K. Rich. As long as heav'n and nature lengthen it.
Queen. As long as hell and Richard like of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her Sov'reign, am her Subject now.
Queen. But she, your Subject, doth such Sov'reignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Queen. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich.
KING RICHARD III. 335

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Queen. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a file.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow, and too quick.

Queen. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Two deep and dead poor infants in their grave;
Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, Madam; that is past.

Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crown——

Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.


Queen. By nothing, for this is no oath.
The George, profan'd, hath loft his holy honour;
The Garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The Crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.

If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd.

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world——

Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death——

Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then by myself.

Queen. Thyself thyself misuseth.

K. Rich. Why then, by heav'n——

Queen. Heav'n's wrong is most of all.

If thou didst fear to break an oath with heav'n,
The unity the King my husband made
Thou had'st not broken, nor my brothers dy'd.
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath with heav'n,
Th' imperial metal circling now thy head
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the Princes had been breathing here;
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey to worms.

What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. By time to come.

Queen.
Queen. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past,
For I myself 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.
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 to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself, myself 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 myself and thee,
Herself, the Land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay,
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,) Be the attorney of my love to her;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been,
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus?
K. Rich. Ay, if the Devil tempt thee to do good.
Queen. Shall I forget myself to be myself?
K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong your self.
Queen. But thou didn't kill my children.
K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them; Where
Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go, write to me shortly.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so fare-
wel. [Kissing her. Exit Queen.

—Relenting fool, and shallow, changing, woman!

SCENE VI.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant Navy; to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back;
'Tis thought that Richmond is their Admiral,
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them a-shore.

K. Rich. 'Some light-foot friend post to the Duke
of Norfolk,

Ratcliff, thyself; or Catesby; where is he?

Cates. Here, my good Lord.


Cates. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither, post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither—dull unmindful villain,

[To Cates.

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cates. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness' pleasure,

What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O true, good Catesby. Bid him levy strait

1 Some light-foot friend post to
the Duke.] Richard's pre-
-cipitation and confusion in this
scene very happily represented
by inconstant orders, and sud-
den variations of opinion.
The greatest strength and power he can make,  
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

_Cates._ I go.                                                     [Exit.  
_Rat._ What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?  
_K. Rich._ Why, what wouldst 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?  
_Stanl._ 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?  
_Stanl._ _Richmond_ is on the seas.  
_K. Rich._ There let him sink, and be the seas on him!  
_White-liver'd_ Runnagate, what doth he there?  
_Stanl._ I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by guess.  
_K. Rich._ Well, as you guess.  
_Stanl._ 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 unwavy'd?  
Is the King dead? the Empire unpossess'd?  
What Heir of _York_ is there alive, but _W.e_?  
And who is _England's_ King, but great _York's_ heir?  
Then tell me, what makes he upon the sea?  
_Stanl._ Unles for that, my Liege, I cannot guess.  
_K. Rich._ Unles for that he comes to be your Liege,  
You cannot guess wherefore the _Welsh-man_ comes.  
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.  
_Stanl._ No, mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.  

_K. Rich._
KING RICHARD III.

K. Rich. Where is thy Power then to beat him back?
Where are thy Tenants, and thy Followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their ships?

Stanl. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me. What do they in the North,
When they should serve their Sov'reign in the West?

Stanl. They have not been commanded, mighty King;
Please it your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou wouldst fain be gone, to join with Richmond,
But I'll not trust thee.

Stanl. Mighty Sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.
I never was, nor never will be, false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster men; but leave behind
Your son George Stanley; look, your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stanl. So deal with him, as I prove true to you!

[Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. My gracious Sov'reign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertized,
Sir Edmund Courtney, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Z 2

Enter
Enter another Messenger.

Mes. In Kent, my Liege, the Guilfords are in arms, And every hour more competitors Flock to the Rebels, and their Power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham——


There, take thou that, 'till thou bring better news.

Mes. The news I have to tell your Majesty, Is, that, by sudden floods and fall of waters, Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd; And he himself wander'd away alone, No man knows whither.

K. Rich. Oh! I cry thee mercy. There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine. Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Mes. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir Thomas Look, and Lord Marquis Dorset, 'Tis said, my Liege, in Yorkshire are in arms; But this good comfort bring I to your Highness, The Bretagne Navy is dispersed, 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 answered him, they came from Buckingham Upon his Party; he, mistrusting them, Hois'd fail, and made his course for Bretagny.

* More competitors. ] That is, more opponents.

K. Rich.
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'rd's Salisbury; while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost.
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [Exeunt.

Scene VII.

Changes to the Lord Stanley's House.

Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher Urswick.

Stanl. 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.

3 Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me;] The Person, who is call'd Sir Christopher here, and who has been skill'd so in the Dramatis Personae of all the Impressions, I find by the Chronicles to have been Christopher Urswick, a Bachelor in Divinity; and Chaplain to the Countess of Richmond, who had intermarried with the Lord Stanley. This Priest, the History tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on Missages between the Countess of Richmond, and her Husband, and the young Earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his Defect on England.

Theobald.
KING RICHARD III.

So, get thee gone; commend me to thy Lord.  
Say too, the Queen hath heartily contented  
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.  
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?  
    Chri. At Pembroke, or at Harford-west in Wales.  
    Stanl. 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 others of great name and worth;  
And towards London do they bend their Power,  
If by the way they be not fought withal.  
    Stanl. Well, hie thee to thy Lord, I kiss his hand,  
My Letter will resolve him of my mind.  
Farewel.  
[Exeunt.

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,  
Vaugban, and all that have miscarried  
By under-hand, corrupted, foul injustice;  
If that your moody, discontented, souls  
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Ev'n for revenge mock my destruction.
This is All-Souls day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my Lord.
Buck. Why; then All-Souls day is my body's
Doomsday.
This is the day, which in King Edward's time
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
Falsely to his children, or his wife's allies.
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:
This, this All-Souls day to my fearful Soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And giv'n in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bofoms.
Thus Marg'ret's Curfe 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, Sheriff and Officers.

---

4 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.] This is not
seemly, we should read respect of my wrongs, i.e. requital.
Warburton.

Hammer had rightly explained it, the time to which the punishment of his wrongs was respite.
Wrong in this line means wrongs done, or injurious practices.

5 Blame the due of blame?] This scene should, in my opinion, be added to the foregoing act, so the fourth act will have a
more full and striking conclusion, and the fifth act will comprise the business of the important day, which put an end to the competition of York and Lancaster. Some of the quarto editions are not divided into acts, and it is probable that this and many other plays were left by the author in one unbroken continuity, and afterwards distributed by chance, or what seems to have been a guide very little better, by the judgment or capitve of the first editors.

Z 4 SCENE
SCENE II.

Tamworth, on the Borders of Leicester-Shire.
A Camp.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with Drum and Colours.

Richm. Fellow in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the Land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping Boar,
That spoil'd your summer-fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your 6 embowell'd bosoms; this foul swine
Lies now ev'n in the centre of this Isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn;
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody trial 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 dearest Need will fly from him.

6 Embowell'd bosoms] Exenterated; ripp'd up; alluding, perhaps, to the Prometheus vul
ture; or, more probably, to the sentence pronounced in the Eng-

Richm.
KING RICHARD III. 345

Richm. All for our vantage—then, in God's name, march.
True hope is swift, and flies with Swallow's wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Changes to Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard in arms, with Norfolk, Surrey, Ratcliff, Catesby, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our Tents, even here in Bosworth field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Surr. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,--
Nor. Here, most gracious Liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks: ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious Lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent, here will I lie to night; But where to morrow?—well, all's one for that.
—Who hath defcry'd the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six, or sev'n thousand is their utmost Power.
K. Rich. Why, our Battalion trebles that account; Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent. Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction;
Let's want no discipline, make no delay,
For, Lords, to morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt.

7 Sound direction.] True judgment; tried military skill.

SCENE
SCENE changes to another Part of Bosworth field.

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. Unles I have miss't en his quarters much,
Which well I am affir'd, I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the King.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful Note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, I'll undertake it.

Richm. * Give me some ink and paper; in my tent
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength.
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business.
—In to our tent, the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent.

* Give me some ink and paper.]
I have placed their lines here as they stand in the first editions; the rest place them 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 them more naturally introduced here, when he is retiring to his tent; and considering what he has to do that night. Pope.
SCENE changes back to King Richard's Tent.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock? Cates. It's supper time, my Lord;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to night.
Give me some Ink and Paper.
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 readinesse.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge,
Use careful watch, chuse trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my Lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my Lord. [Exit.

K. Rich. Catesby——
Cates. My Lord.

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his Tower
Before Sun-rising, left his son George fall
Into the blind Cave of eternal Night.
Fill me a bowl of wine—— give me a watch——
[To Ratcliff.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.

* Give me a watch.] A watch has many significations, but I should believe that it means in this place not a sentinell which would be regularly placed at the King's tent; nor an instrument to measure time, which was not used in that age; but a watch-light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards burnt in; yet, a few lines after, he says, 'Fid my guard watch,' which leaves it doubtful whether watch is not here a sentinell.

Look,
Look, that my slaves be found, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff—

Rat. My Lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Nor.

thumberland?

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 am satisfy'd; give me a bowl of wine.

I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

—There, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my Lord.

K. Rich. Bid my Guard watch, and leave me.

About the mid of night come to my tent,

And help to arm me.—Leave me now, I say.

[Exit Ratcliff.

SCENE IV.

Changes back to Richmond's Tent.

Enter Stanley to Richmond, Lords, &c.

Stanl. F ortune and Victory sit 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?

Stanl. I, by attorney, blest 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 to the season bids us be,

1 Look that my slaves be found.] 2 By attorney.] By deputa-

Stones are the wood of the lan-

ces.
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to th' Arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal glaring war.
I, as I may, that which I would, I cannot,
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Left, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's Sight.
Farewel. 4 The leisure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so-long-fundred friends should dwell upon.
God give us leisure for these Rites of love!
Once more, adieu. Be valiant and speed well.

Richm. Good Lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Left leaden slumber poise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory.
—Once more, good night, kind Lords, and gentle-
men. [Exeunt. Manet Richmond.
—O Thou! whole Captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye,
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy Ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory.

3 I, as I may——
With best advantage will de-
cieve the time.] I will take
the best opportunity to elude the
dangers of this conjecture.

4 — The leisure, and the fearful time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vows
of love.] We have still a
phrase equivalent to this, howe-
ver harsh it may seem, I would
do this if leisure would permit,
where leisure, as in this passage,
stands for event of leisure. So
again,

— More than I have said
The leisure and enforcement of
the time
Forbid to dwell upon.
KING RICHARD III.
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still! [Sleep.

SCENE V.

Between the Tents of Richard and Richmond:
They sleeping.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Son to Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[To K. Rich.
Think, how thou stab't me in the prime of youth
At Tewksbury; therefore despair and die.
—Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf;
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[To K. Rich.
By thee was punched full of deadly holes;
Think on the Tower, and me; despair, and die.
Henry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die.
—Virtuous and holy, be thou Conqueror. [To Richm.
Harry, * that prophesy'd thou shouldst be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleep; live thou and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[To K. Rich.
I, that was wash'd to death in foulom wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death.
To-morrow in the battle think on me,

* This prophecy, to which in one of the parts of Henry the sixth.
this allusion is made, was uttered And
AND fall thy edgeless sword; despair and die.
—Thou offspring of the House of Lancaster,
[To Richm.
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[Riv. 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
bofom
Will conquer him,—Awake, and win the day.
[To Richm.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
[To K. Rich.
And in a bloody battle end thy days.
Think on Lord Hastings; and despair and die.
—Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake! [To Richm.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghost. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the
Tower.
Let us be lead within thy bofom, Richard,
[To K. Rich.
And

5 Let us be laid within thy Bo-
poor feeble Reading, I have re-
som, Richard.] This is a
from the elder Quarto,
KING RICHARD III:
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death,
Thy Nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.
—Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace; and wake in joy.

[To Richm.

Good angels guard thee from the boar’s annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings——
Edward’s unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his wife.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations.
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair and die.
—Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep,

[To Richm.

Dream of success and happy victory,
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. The first was I, that help’d thee to the Crown,

[To K. Rich.

The last was I, that felt thy tyranny.
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath.
—6 I dy’d for hope, ere I could lend thee aid;

[To Richm.

But

published in 1597, which Mr. Pope does not pretend to have seen;

6 I dy’d for Hope] i.e. I died for
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, soft, I did but dream:
O coward Conscience, how dost thou afflicth me?
The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What? do I fear myself? there's none else by;
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murd'rer here? no—yes, I am.
Then fly—what, from myself? Great reason; why?

for willing well to you. But Mr. Theobald, with great sagacity, conjectured help or aid; which gave the line this fine sense, I died for giving thee aid before I could give thee aid.

Warburton.

Hammer reads, I died forloke, and supports his conjecture thus.

This, as appears from history, was the case of the Duke of Buckingham: that being stopt with his army upon the banks of Severn by great deluges of rain he was defeated by his soldiers, who being in great distress, half famished for want of victuals, and destitute of pay, disbanded themselves and fled. Hamner.

*Give me another horse!* There is in this, as in many of our author's speeches of passion, something very trifling, and something very striking. Richard's debate, whether he should quarrel with himself, is too long continued, but the subsequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical.

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8 O coward Conscience! This is extremely fine. The speaker had entirely got the better of his Conscience, and banished it from all his waking thoughts. But it takes advantage of his sleep, and frights him in his dreams: With greater elegance therefore he is made to call it coward Conscience, which dares not encounter him while he is himself awake, and his faculties entire; but takes advantage of reason being off its guard, and the powers of the soul dissolved in sleep. But the Players, amongst their other innumerable absurdities in the representation of this Tragedy, make Richard say, instead of O coward Conscience, O tyrant Conscience! whereby not only a great beauty is lost, but a great blunder committed. For Richard had entirely got the better of his Conscience; which could, on no account, therefore, be said to play the tyrant with him.
Left I revenge. What? myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no. Alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by my Self.
I am a villain; yet I ly, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well—Fool, do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand fev’ral tongues,
And ev’ry tongue brings in a fev’ral Tale,
And ev’ry Tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury in high’st degree,
Murder, stern murder 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 shall pity me.
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.

* Methought, the souls of all that I had murder’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 buckles on their armour.
K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear—
Rat. Nay, good my Lord; be not afraid of shado-

K. Rich. By the Apostle Paul, shadows to night
Have strick more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers

* Methought, the souls, &c.] These lines stand with so little propriety at the end of this
speech, that I cannot but full-
peet them to be misplaced. Where then shall they be insert-
ed? Perhaps after these words, Fool do not flatter.

Armed
KING RICHARD III.

Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day; come, go with me;
Under our tents, I'll play the eaves-dropper;
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exeunt K. Richard and Ratcliff.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his Tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.
Richm. 'Cry mercy, Lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my Lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my Lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cry'd—On! Victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund;
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning, is it, Lords?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four.
Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direc-

More than I have said, loving Countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on; yet remember this,
God and our good Cause fight upon our side,
The Pray'rs of holy Saints, and wronged souls,
Like high rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he, they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide,
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 a 2

A
A base foul stone, made precious 9 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, 1 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 leaf 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. What said Northumberland, as touching
Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth; and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

---By the foil
Of England's chair.] It is plain that foil cannot here mean
that of which the obscurity recommends the brightness of the
diamond. It must mean the leaf (feuille) or thin plate of
metal in which the stone is set. 1 The ransom of my bold at
tempt.] The fine paid by
me in atonement for my rashness
shall be my dead corps.

K. Rich.
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.

—Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his Power;
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My Forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consorting equally of horse and foot;
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst;
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourselves will follow
In the main battle, which on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

2 This, and St. George to boot!—What think’st thou,

Norfolk?

* This, and St. George to boot.] That is, this is the order of our battle, which promises success, and over and above this, is the protection of our patron Saint.

Nor.
Nor. A good direction, warlike Sovereign.
—This paper found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a scowl.

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 distrain the one, detain the other.
4 And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at his mother’s cost?

*A sort, that is, a company,
a collection.

3 They would restrain the one, detain the other.] The
one means the lands; the other
their wives. It is plain then we
should read.
They would restrain,
**i.e. seize upon. Warb.

4 And who doth lead them but
a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Britaine at our Mother’s Cost?] This is spoken
by Richard, of Henry Earl of
Richmond: but they were far
from having any common Mother,
but England: and the Earl of
Richmond was not subsisted abroad
at the Nation’s publick Charge.
During the greatest part of his
Residence abroad, he was watch’d
and restrain’d almost like a Captive;
and subsisted by Supplies
convey’d from the Counties of
Richmond, his Mother. It seems
probable therefore, that we must
read;

Long kept in Bretagne at his
Mother’s Cost.

Theobald.

A
KING RICHARD III. 359

A milk-fop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold, as over shoes in snow.
Let's whelp these stragglers o'er the seas again,
Lath 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, bob'd and thump'd;
And on record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie 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 hath past the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons.
Upon them! Victory fits on our helms. [Exeunt.

5 That is, fright the skies with the sinners of your lances.

A a 4  SCENE
Scene VIII.

Alarm. Excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cates. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk! rescue! rescue!
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger!
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
—Rescue, fair Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarm. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my Kingdom for a horse!
Cates. Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you to a horse,
K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a Cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye.
—I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
—A horse! a horse! my Kingdom for a horse!

[Exit.

Alarms. 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.
Stanl. 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
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?

Stanl. He is, my Lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if you so please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of Name are slain on either side?

Stanl. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter the Lord Ferris,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Interm their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us.
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white Rose and the red;
Smile heav'n upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frowned upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not, Amen?

England hath long been mad, and scar'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The sons, compell'd, been butchers to their fire:

* All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division.
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true Succeeders of each royal House,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!

6 — and make use of it. [Some old books read, make much of it: and therefore Mr. Theobald reads so too: but very foolishly. Without doubt Shakespeare himself thus corrected it, to make use of it. Which signifies don't abuse it like the Tyrant you have destroyed; whereas the other reading make much of it, signifies be found of it; a very ridiculous moral for the conclusion of the Play. WARB.

* All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division.

—I think the passage will be some what improved by a slight alteration.

All that divided York and Lancaster,

Divided in their dire division,
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true Succeeders of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together.

Let them unite all that York and Lancaster divided.
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.]

7 This is one of the most cele-
berated of our author's per-
formances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him
as to others, to be praised most
when praise is not most deserved.
That this play has scenes noble
in themselves, and very well con-
trived to strike in the exhibition,
cannot be denied. But some parts
are tristing, others shocking,
and some improbable.

I shall here subjoin two Dissertations, one by Dr. Warburton, and
one by Mr. Upton, upon the Vice.

ACT III. SCENE I. Page 284.

Thus like the formal Vice,
Iniquity, &c.] As this
corrupt reading in the common
books hath occasioned our saying
someting of the barbarities of
theatrical representations amongst
us before the time of Shakespeare,
it may not be improper, for a
better apprehension of this whole
matter, to give the reader some
general account of the rise and
progress of the modern Stage.
The first form, in which the
Drama appeared in the Weft of
Europe, after the destruction of
learned Greece and Rome, and
that a calm of Dullness had fin-
nished upon letters what the rage
of barbarism had begun, was that
of the Mysteries. These
were the fashionable and favour-
able diversions of all ranks of
people both in France, Spain,
and England. In which last
place, as we learn by Strew, they
were in use about the time of
Richard the Second and Henry
the Fourth. As to Italy, by what
I can find, the first rudiments of
their stage, with regard to the
matter, were prophane subjects,
and, with regard to the form, a
corruption of the ancient Mimes
and Attellanes: By which means
they got sooner into the right
road than their neighbours; hav-
ing had regular plays among
them wrote as early as the fif-
teenth Century.

As to these, Mysteries, they
were, as their name speaks them,
a representation of some scrip-
ture-story, so the life: as may be
seen from the following passage
in an old French history, intituled,
La Cronique de Meiz, composed
par le curé de St. Euchain; which
will give the reader no bad idea
of the surprising absurdity of
these strange representations.

"L'an
L'an 1437 le 3 Juillet (savs the benefit Chronicer) fut le jeu de la Passion de N. S. en la plaine de Veuxinie. Et fut Die u n fire appelle Seigneur Nicolé Dom Neuchofle, le quel eout Curé de St. Victour de Metz, lequel fut preque mort en la Croix, s'il ne fut ete secouru; & convient qu'un autre Prétre fut mis en la Croix pour parfai le Personnage du Cruciment pour ce jour; & le lendemain le dit Curé de St. Victour partit la Resurrection, et fit tres hautement son personnage; & dura le dit jeu. — Et autre Prétre qui s'appelloit Mre. Jean de Nicy, qui estoit Chaplin de Metrange, fut Judas; lequel fut preque mort en pendant, car le cuer li faillit, & fut bien hauivement dependu & porté en Voye. Et estoit la bosche d'Enfer tres-bien faite; carcelle ouvroit & clooit, quand les Diables y vouloient entrer et iser; & avoit deux gros Culs d'Acer, &c. Alluding to this kind of reprezentations Archibhop Harfeest, in his Declaration of Popish Impostures, p. 71. says, "The little Chil- dren were never so afraid of Hell-mouth in the old Plays, painted with great gang teeth, glaring eyes, and foul bottle nose." Carew in his Survey of Cornwall, gives a fuller de- scription of them in these words, "The Guay Miracle, in Eng- lish a Miracle-Play, is a kind of interlude compiled in Corn- nish out of some Scripture-history. For representing it, they raise an earthen Amphitheatre in some open Field, having the diameter of an inclosed Playne, some 40 or 50 foot. The country peo- ple flock from all sides many miles off, to hear and see it. For they have therein Devils and Devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The Players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the Ordina- ry, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand, &c., &c." There was always a Droll or Buffoon in these Mysteries, to make the People mirth with his sufferings or absurdities: and they could think of no better a personage to sust- ain this part than the Devil himself. Even in the Mystery of the Passion mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridicu- lous. Which circumstance is hinted at by Shakespeare (who has frequent allusions to these things) in the Taming of the Shrew, where one of the Players asks for a little Vinegar (as a Property) to make their Devil roar. For after the frouse with the Gall and Vinegar had been employed in the representation, they used to clap it to the nose of the Devil; which making him roar, as if it had been holy-water, afforded infinite diversion to the People. So that Vinegar in the old Farces, was always afterwards in use to torment their Devil. We have divers old English Proverbs, in which the Devil is represented as acting or suffering ridiculously and absurdly, which all arose from the part he bore in these Mysteries, as in that, for in- stance, of—Great cry and lit- tle wood, as the Devil said when he
be secret his legs. For the
deep hearing of Nab l being
represented in the Mystery of Da-
mit and Abigail, and the Devil
always attending Natal, was
made to imitate it by fauer-og a
Heg. This kind of absurdity,
as it is the propered to create
laughter, was the subject of the
ridiculis, in the ancient Mimos,
as we learn from these words of
St. Auglin : Ne faciavas at Mimi
jokes, et operarea Liberio aequum,
& Long's Prolum."

These Mysteries, we see, were
given in France at first, as well as
in England, fob airs, and only in
the Province. Afterward: we
find them got into Paris, and a
Company establisht in the Hô-
tel de Bourgo ne to represent them.
But good Letters and Religion
beginning to make their way in
the latter end of the reign of
Fr-nst the First, the stupidity
and prophaneis of the Mysté-
ries made the Courtiers and Cler-
gy join their interest for their
suppression. Accordingly, in the
year 1541, the Preconr-Gener-
al, in the Name of the King,
presented a Repose against the
Company to the Parliament.
The three principal branches of
his charge against them were,
that the representation of the
Cris-ement-Stories inclined
the people to Judaism; That the
New-Lenten-Stories encour-
graced Libertinism and Indiana;
and that both of them lessened
the Charities to the Poor: It
seems that this prosecution suc-
ceded: for, in 1548, the Par-
liament of Paris confirmed the
company in the possession of the
Hôtel de Bourgo ne, but interdi-
ted the representation of the
Mysteries. But in Spain, we find
by Cervantes, that they conti-
nued much longer; and held
their own, even after good Co-
medy came in amongst them:
As appears from the excellent
Critique of the Canon, in the
fourth book, where he shows
how the old extravagant Roman-
ces might be made the founda-
tion of a regular Epic (which,
he says, también puede seriori-
en profa como en verso;) as the
Mystery-Plays might be improved
into artful Comedy. His words are,
Pues que si venimos a las Co-
medias divinas, que de milagros
faltos serin en ellas, que de esos
apariciones, y mal entendidas,
atribuyendo a un Santo los milagros
de otros; which made them lo
fond of Miracles that they intro-
duced them into las Comedias hu-
manas, as he calls them. To
return;

Upon this prohibition, the
Francisco poets turned themselves
from Religious to Moral Farcies.
And in this we soon followed
them: I he public taste not suf-
ferring any greater alteration at
first, tho' the Italics at this time
afforded many just compositions
for better Models. These Far-
cies they called Moraliies. Pir-
re Gringre, one of their old
Poets, printed one of these Me-
ralities, intituled La Mo-alié de
l'Homme Obfîné. The Perons
of the Dra-are l'Homme Ob-
finé—Pugnition Divine—
vimnic—Hypocrife—and
Demerites-Communes. The Hom-
me O-finé is the Atheist, and

comes in blaspheming, and determined to perfiit in his impie-
ties. Then Pugition Divine appears, sitting on a throne in the
Air, and menacing the A-
theit with Punishment. After
this Scene, Simonie, Hypocrifi
and Demerites-Commanes appear
and play their parts. In conclu-
sion, Pugition Divine returns,
preaches to them, upbraids them
with their Crimes, and, in short,
draws them all to repentance, all
but the Homme Offrini, who
persists in his impiety, and is
destroyed for an example. To
this sad serious subject they ad-
 ded, tho' in a separate repre-
 sntation, a merry kind of Farce
called Sotier, in which there was
an Payfan [the Clown] under
the name of Sot Commun [or Fool.]
But we, who borrowed all these
delicacies from the French, blend-
ed the Moralitie and Sotie toge-
ther: So that the Payfan or Sot-
commun, the Clown or Fool, got
a place in our serious Moralities:
Whole business we may under-
stand in the frequent allusions
our Shakespear makes to them:
As in that fine speech in the be-
 ginn ing of the third Act of Mea-
 sure for Measure, where we have
this obscure passage,

—merly thou art Death’s
Fool,
For him thou labour’st by thy
flight to shun,
And yet run’st toward him still.

For, in these Moralities, the
Fool of the piece, in order to
shew the inevitable approaches
of Death, (another of the Dra-
matics Personæ) is made to em-
ploy all his Stratagems to avoid
him; which, as the matter is or-
dered, bring the Fool, at every
turn, into the very Jaws of his en-
emy: So that a representation
of these Scenes would afford a
great deal of good mirth and
moral mixed together. The
very same thing is again alluded
to in these lines of Love’s Labour
left,

So Portent-like I would o’er-rule
his State,
That he should be my Fool, and
his Fate.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

But the French, as we say, keep-
ing these two sorts of Farces dis-
tinct, they became, in time, the
Parents of Tragedy and Comedy;
while we, by jumbling them to-
gether, begot in an evil hour,
that mongrel Species, unknown
to Nature and Antiquity, called
Tragi-Comedy.

WARBURTON.

TO this, when Mr. Upton’s
Dissertation is subjoined,
there will, perhaps, be no need
of any other account of the Vice.

LIKE the old Vice.] The al-
lusion here is to the Vice,
a droll character in our old plays,
accoutred with a long coat, a
cap with a pair of asf’s ears, and
a dagger of lath. Shakespeare
alludes to his buffoon appear-
ance in Twelfh-Night, Act IV.

In a trice, like to the old Vice;
Who with dagger of lath, in
his rage, and his wrath
Cries, ab, bat! to the Devil.
In the second part of K. Henry IV. Act III. Falstaff compares Shallow to Vice’s dagger of lath. In Hamlet, Act III. Hamlet calls his uncle, A Vice of Kings: i.e. a ridiculous representation of majesty. These passages the editors have very rightly expounded. I will now mention some others, which seem to have escaped their notice, the allusions being not quite so obvious.

The Iniquity was often the Vice in our old Moralties; and is introduced in B. Johnson’s play call’d the Devil’s an ass; and likewise mentioned in his Epigr. CXV.

Being no vicious person, but the Vice.
About the town.
As old Iniquity, and in the fit
Of mixing, get’s th’opinion of a wit.

But a passage cited from his play will make the following observations more plain. Act I. Pug asks the Devil “to lend him a Vice.

“Satan. What Vice?
What kind would thou have it of?

“Pug. Why, any Fraud,

“Or Covetousness, or Lady Vanity,

“Or old Iniquity: I’ll call him hither.”

Thus the passage should be ordered.

“Pug. Why any: Fraud,

“Or Covetousness, or Lady Vanity

“Or old Iniquity.

“Satan. I’ll call him hither.

“Enter Iniquity, the Vice.

“Int. What is he calls upon me, and would seem to like a Vice?

“Ere his words be half spok.
en, I am with him in a trice.”


“Which is he? Mirth. Three or four, old Covetousness, the fordid Penibsy, the Money-bawd, who is a flesh-bawd too they say. Tattle. But here is never a Friend to carry him away. Besides, he has never a wooden-dagger! I’d not give a ruff for a Vice that has not a wooden-dagger to snap at everybody he meets. Mirth. That was the old way, Gossip, when Iniquity came in like hokos pokos, in a juglers jerkin, &c.” He alludes to the Vice in the Alchemyl, Act I. Sc. III.

“Sub. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a Vice.”

Some places of Shakespeare will from hence appear more easy: as in the 1st part of Henry IV. Act II. where Hal, humourously characterizing Falstaff, calls him, That reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that father Ruffian, that Vanity in years, in allusion to this buffoon character. In K. Richard III. Act III.
Devil had put on; and in Act III. he is somewhat of this opinion himself,

The Spirit that I have seen
May be the Devil.

This manner of speech therefore to the Devil was what all the audience were well acquainted with; and it takes off in some measure from the horror of the scene. Perhaps too the poet was willing to incalculable, that good humour is the best weapon to deal with the Devil. True pen-
ny either by way of irony, or literally from the Greek, τρυπανος, waterator. Which word the Scholiast on Aristophanes' Clouds ver. 447. explains, τρυπανος ο περιτομιμος ει τοις αναγιμναις ή τινας ΤΡΥΠΑΝΟΝ παλαιμα. Se-
veral have tried to find a derivation of the Vice; if I should not hit on the right, I should only err with others. The Vice is either a quality personalized as ΒΙΝ and ΚΑΡΤΟΣ in Hesiod and Aeschylus. Sin and Death in Milton; and indeed Vice itself is a person. B. XI. 517.

And took his image whom they serv'd, a brutishe Vice.

his image, i. e. a brutish Vice's image: the Vice Gluttony; not without some allusion to the Vice of the old plays: but rather, I think, 'tis an abbreviation of Vice-Devil, as Vice-roy, Vice-doges, &c. and therefore properly called The Vice. He makes very free with his matter, like most other Vice-roys, or prime-ministers. So that he is the Devil's Vice, and prime mi-
nister; and 'tis this, that makes him so fawley.

UPTON.
Mr. Upton's learning only supplies him with absurdities. His derivation of *vice* is too ridiculous to be answered.

I have nothing to add to the observations of these learned critics, but that some traces of this antiquated exhibition are still retained in the rustic puppet-plays, in which I have seen the *Devil* very lustily belaboured by *Punch*, whom I hold to be the legitimate successor of the old *Vice*. 
THE

LIFE

OF

HENRY VIII.
Dramatis Personæ.

King Henry the Eighth.
Cardinal Wolsey.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Cardinal Campeius, the Pope's Legate.
Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.
Sir Thomas Audley, Lord Keeper.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
Lord Abergavenny.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Sir William Sands.
Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.
Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Catharine.
Three Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.
Garter, King at Arms,
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon.
Serjeant at Arms.
Door Keeper of the Council-Chamber.
Porter, and his Man.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Queen Catharine.
Anne Bullen.
An old Lady. Friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, Woman to Queen Catharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows. Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies mostly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

There is no enumeration of the persons in the old Edition: Of this play there is no edition before that of 1623, in such as the late editions have exhibited was added by Rowe.
PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe;
Such noble scenes, as draw the eye to flow,
We shall present. Those, that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
Only a shew or two, and so agree,
The Play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bovvy play;
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle bearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a shew
As fool and fight is, besides forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring

1 ———— or to see a Fellow
   In a long motley Coat.] Alluding to the Fools and Beasts, introduced for the generality in the plays a little before our Author's Time: and of whom he has left us a finall Tale in his own.

2 ———— such a shew
   As fool and fight is, ] This is not the only passage in which Shakespeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords give a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend. Magnis ingenis et multa
   nihilemissi habituris simplex convenit erroris confessio. Yet I know not whether the coronation shewn in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle.

3 ———— the opinion that we bring
   To make that only true we now intend, ] These lines I do not understand, and suspect them of corruption. I believe we may better read thus:

——— the opinion which we bring
   Or make; that only truth we now intend.
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, as you are known
The first and happiest bearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye. *Think ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living, think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the gener' val throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; Then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

*Think ye see
The very Persons of our noble Story,
Why the Rhyme should have been interrupted
here, when it was so easily to be
supplied, I cannot conceive. It
can only be accounted for from
the Negligence of the Press, or
the Transcribers; and therefore
I have made no Scruple to re-
place it thus; Think before ye.

Theobald.

This is specious, but the laxi-
ty of the verification in this pro-
logue, and in the following epi-
logue, makes it not necessary.
The LIFE of
King HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, at one door; at the other
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aber-
gavenny.

BUCKINGHAM.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have
you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your Grace,
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there;

Buck. An untimely ague
Staid me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw 'em salute on horse-back,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;

* —— a fresh admirer.] An feeling the impression as if it were
admirer untied; an admirer still hourly renewed.

What
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time,
I was my chamber's priseroner.

Nor. Then you loft
The view of earthly glory; men might say,
'Till this time Pomp was single, but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, 'till the latt
Made former wonders, it's. To day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India, every man that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt; the Madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them; that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this mask
Was cry'd, incomparable; and th'enfuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,

Till this time Pomp was single, but now marry'd
To one above itself.—] The thought is odd and whimsical;
and obscure enough to need an explanation—'Till this time (says
the speaker) Pomp led a single life, as not finding a husband
able to support her according to her dignity; but she has now got
one in Henry VIII., who could
support her even above her condition of finery.

Warburton.

Dr. Warburton has here discov-
ered more beauty than the au-
thor intended, who meant on-
ly to say in a noisy paraphrase,
that pomp was encreased on this occasion to more than twice as
much as it had ever been before.
Pomp is no more married to the
English than to the French king,
for to neither is any preference
given by the speaker. Pomp is
only married to pomp, but the
new pomp is greater than the
old.

Each following day
Became the next day's master,
&c.] Dies diem ducet. E-
very day learned something from
the preceding, till the concluding
day collected all the splen-
dour of all the former shews.

All clinquant, all glittering,
all shining. Clarendon uses this
word in his description of the
Spanishe Juego de Toros.
As presence did present them; 4 him in eye,  
Still him in praise; and being present both,  
' Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerner  
Durft wag his tongue in cenfure. When these suns,  
For so they phraze 'em, by their heralds challeng'd  
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond thought's compass; that old fabulous story,  
Being now seen possible enough, got credit;  
That 6 Bevis was believ'd.  

Buck. Oh, you go far.  

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect  
In honour, honesty, 7 the tract of every thing  
Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
Which Action's self was tongue to. 8 All was royal,  
To the disposing of it; nought rebell'd,  
Order gave each thing view; 9 The office did  
Distingu'lish his full function.  

Buck. Who did guide,  
I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

4 ——— Him in eye,  
Still him in praise;] So Dry-  
den,  
———Two chief.  
So match'd as each seem'd pour-  
thief robust alone.  
5 Durft wag his tongue in cen-  
sure ———] Confer for de-  
termination, of which had the  
noblest appearance.  

WARBURTON.  
6 The old romantic legend of  
Bevis of Southampton.]  
This Bevis (or Beavois) a Sax-  
on, was for his prows crested  
by William the Conqueror Earl  
of Southampton: Of whom, Cam-  
den in his Britannia.  

THEOBALD.  
7 ———the tract of every thing,  
&c.] The course of these tri-
umphs and pleasures, however  
well related. must lose in the de-  
scription part of that spirit and  
energy which were expressed in  
the real action.  
8 ——— All was royal, &c.]  
This speech was given in all the  
editions to Buckingham; but im-  
properly. For he wanted infor-  
mation, having kept his cham-  
ber during the solemnity. I  
have therefore given it to Nor-  
folk.  

WARBURTON.  
9 ———The office did  
Distingu'lish his full function.]  
The commission for regulating  
this festivity was well executed,  
and gave exactly to every partic- 
ular person and action the pro-  
per place.
Nor. One, certes, that promises no element in such a business.

Buck. Pray you, who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was order’d by the good discretion of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man’s pye is freed from his ambitious finger. What had he to do in these fierce vanities? I wonder, that such a keech can with his very bulk take up the rays o’th’ beneficial sun, and keep it from the earth.

Nor. Yet, surely, Sir, there’s in him stuff that puts him to these ends. For being not propt by ancestry, whose grace Chalks successors their way; nor call’d upon for high feats done to th’ Crown; neither ally’d to eminent affiants; but spider-like out of his self drawing web;—this gives us note, the force of his own merit makes his way; a gift that heaven gives for him, which buys

1 Element.] No initiation, no previous practices. Elements are first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a catachresis, to a person.

2 Fierce vanities.] Fierce is here, I think, used like the French fier for prou; unless we suppose an allusion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt.

3 That such a keech—] Ketch, from the Italian Caccia, signifying a tub, barrel, or hoghead. Skinner. Pope.

The word in the folio is keech, which not being underfoot, is changed into ketch.

A keech is a solid lump or maf. A cake of wax or talio formed in a mould is called yet in some places a keech.

4 Out of his self drawing web.] Thus it stands in the first edition. The later Editors, by injudicious correction, have printed, Out of his self-drawn web.

5 A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys A place next to the King. It is evident a word or two in the sentence is misplaced, and that we should read, A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him A place next to the King—Ward Burton.

It is full as likely that Shakespeare wrote, gives to him, which will save any greater alteration.
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heav'n hath giv'n him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him; whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has giv'n all before; and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French Going out, took he upon him,
Without the privy o'th' King, t'appoint
Who should attend him? he makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such,
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon; And his own letter,
The honourable board of *council out,
Must fetch in him he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so ficken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manours on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly, I think,
The peace between the French and us, not values
The cost, that did conclude it.

---the file, that is, the list.
---council out, ] Council
not then sitting.
7 Must fetch in him he papers.] He papers, a verb; his own let-
ter, by his own single authority,
and without the concurrence of
the council, must fetch in him
whom he papers down.—I don't
understand it, unless this be the
meaning.
Pope.

8 What did this vanity
But——] What effect has this
pompous shew, but the produc-
tion of a wretched conclusion.
Buck. 9 Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy, that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budding out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
'Th' ambassador is silenc'd?
Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. * A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this busines
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you,
And take it from a heart, that wishes tow'rd's you
Honour and plenteous safety, that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his pow'r. You know his nature,

9 —— Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, &c.] His author,
Hall says, Monday, 18th day
of June, there blew such storms
of wind and weather that mar-
read was to bear; for which
hideous tempest some said it was a
every prognostication of trouble and
haired to come between princes.
In Henry VIII. p. 80.

WARBURTON.

* Th'. ambassador is silenc'd?] Silenc'd for recall'd. This be-
ing proper to be said of an Ora-
tor; and an ambassador or pub-
lick minister being called an O-
rator, he applies silenc'd to amb-
bassador. WARBURTON.

I understand it rather of the
French ambassadour residing in
England, who, by being refus'd
an audience, may, without any
remote meaning, be said to be
silenc'd.

* A proper title of a peace.] A
fine name of a peace. Ironical-
ly.

That
That he's revengeful; and, I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge, its long, and, 't. may be said,
It reaches far, and where 't.will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bolom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where *comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

**SCENE II.**

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain of the guard, and two secretaries with papers; the Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?
Secr. Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
Secr. Ay, an't please your Grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more;
And Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Cardinal and his train.

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the pow'r to muzzle him; therefore beft
Not wake him in his slumber. 3 A beggar's book.
Out-worths a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temp'rance; that's th' appliance only,
Which your diseaf'e requires.

Buck. I read in's look
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object; at this instant

*—comes that rock.] To make
the rock come is not very jult.
3——A beggar's book.
Out-worths a noble's blood.] That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatnes.
This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the autent, unlettered, martial nobility.

He
He bores me with some trick. He's gone to th' King; I'll follow and out-flare him.

Nor. Stay, my Lord; And let your reason with your choler question What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills, Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way, Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England Can advise me, like you; be to yourself, As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King, And from a mouth of honour quite cry down This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim, There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd; Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot, That it do singe yourself. We may out-run By violent swiftness that which we run at, And lose by over-running; know you not, The fire that mounts the liquor 'till't run o'er, Seeming t'augment it, wastes it? be advis'd; I say again, there is no English Soul More stronger to direct you than yourself, If with the fap of reason you would quench, Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir, I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along. By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow, (Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but From sincere motions) by intelligence

4 He bores me with some trick.] He flabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction.
5 —From a mouth of honour.] I will crush this baseborn fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinction of persons is at an end.
6 —Sincere motions.] Honest indignation; warmth of integrity. Perhaps name not, should be blame not.

Whom from the flow of gall I blame not.

And
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treafonous.

Nor. Say not, treafonous.

Buck. To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch as
strong
As shore of rock.—Attend. This holy fox;
Or wolf, or both, for he is equal rav'nous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't, his mind and place
Inflicting one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to shew his pomp,' as well in France
As here at home, fuggets the King our master
To this last softly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break th' rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir.—This cunning
Cardinal
The articles o' th' combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd.
As he cry'd, let it be — to as much end,
As give a crutch to th' dead. But our Court-Cardinal
Has done this, and tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treason; Charles the Emperor,
Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey) here makes a visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might through their amity

ding an infection to it.

Warburton.

Breed
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms, that menace'd him. He privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and, as I trow,
Which I do well for I am sure, the Emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold; the Emp'ror thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the King's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know,
As soon he shall by me, that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor, I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, you were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

SCENE III

Enter Brandon, a Serjeant at arms before him, and two
or three of the guard.

Bran. Your office, Serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hertford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most Sov'reign King.

Buck. Lo you, my Lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry

9 I am sorry
To see you taken from liberty, to
look on
The business present.] I am sorry that I am obliged to be pre-
sent and an eye-witnes of your
lofs of liberty.

To
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business prefent. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure
You shall to th' Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'ft part black. The will of heav'n
Be done in this and all things. I obey.
O my Lord Abergan'ty, fare ye well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The
King

[To Abergan'ty. Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of heav'n be done, and the King's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord Montague; and the bodies
Of the Duke's Confessor, John de la Court,
'And Gilbert Peck his chancellor.

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' th' plot. No more, I hope?

Bran. A monk o' th' Chartreux.

Buck. * Nicholas Hopkins.

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'er great Cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold; * my life is spann'd already.

* One Gilbert Peck, his Counsellor.] So the old Copies have it, but, I, from the Authorities
of Hall and Haringue, chang'd it to Chancellor. And our Poet himself, in the Beginning of the
second Act, vouches for this Correction.

At which; appear'd against him
his Surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Peck his Chancel-
lor.

Theobald.

* Michael Hopkins? ] So all the old Copies had it; and so
Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope from
them. But here again by the help of the Chronicles, I have
given the true Reading. Theob. 

*—my life is spann'd already.] To span is to gripe
or inchose in the hand; to span is also to measure by the palm and
the fingers. The meaning, therefore, may either be, that hold is
taken of my life, my life is in the
gripe of my enemies; or, that my
time is measured, the length of my
life is now determined.
KING HENRY VIII.

3 I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure ev’n this instant cloud puts on,
By dark’ning my clear fun.—My Lord, farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Council-Chamber.

Carnet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal’s shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell; the Cardinal places himself under the King’s feet, on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care. I stood i’th level
Of a full-charg’d confed’racy, and give thanks
To you that choak’d it. Let be call’d before us

3 I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure ev’n this instant cloud puts on,
By dark’ning my clear fun.
These lines have passed all the Editors. Does the reader understand them? By me they are inexplicable, and must be left, I fear, to some happier sagacity. If the usage of our authour’s time could allow figure to be taken, as now, for dignity or importance, we might read,

Whose figure ev’n this instant cloud puts out.
But I cannot please myself with any conjecture.

4 —and the best heart of it.] The expression is monstrous. The heart is supposed the seat of life: But, as if he had many lives, and to each of them, a heart, he says, his by heart. A way of speaking that would have become a cat rather than a King. Warburton.

This expression is not more monstrous than many others. Heart is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our authour, in Hamlet, mentions the heart of heart. Exhaueded and effete ground is said by the farmer to be out of heart. The hard and inner part of the oak is called heart of oak.

5 ______Stood i’ th’ level
Of a full-charg’d confed’racy.] To stand in the level of a gun is to stand in a line with its mouth, so as to be hit by the shot.

That
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter
the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of Norfolk and
Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his state,
takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.
King. Arise, and take your place by us; half your
suit
Never name to us, you have half our power;
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Queen. Thank your Majesty.
—that you would love your self, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.
Queen. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein although, [To Wolsey.
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions; yet the King our master,
Whole honour heav'n shield from foil; ev'n he: escapes
not
Language unmannerly; yea such, which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain

C'c'z

The
The many to them longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers; who,
Unfit for other life, compeil'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desparte manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation?
Wherein? and what taxation? My Lord Cardinal,
You, that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single part in aught
Pertains to th' state, and from but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord.
You know no more than others, but you frame

I have inserted this note rather because it seems to have been the writer's favourite, that because it is of much value. It explains what no reader has found difficult, and, I think, explains it wrong.

And Danger serves among them. Could one easily believe, that a writer, who had but immediately before, sunk so low in his expression, should here rise again to a height so truly sublime? Where, by the noblest stretch of fancy, Danger is personified as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government.

Warburton.

I am but primus inter pares. I am but first in the row of counsellors.
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my Sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to th' load. They say,
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still, exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind let's know
Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too vent'rous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold
mouths;
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; all their curses now
Live where their pray'rs did; and its come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

In the old edition:
There is no primer baseness.
The Queen is here complaining
of the suffering of the Commons; which, the suspeets, a-
trose from the abuse of power in
some great men. But she is ve-
ry referred in speaking her
thoughts concerning the quality
of it. We may be assured then,
that she did not, in conclusion,
call it the highest baseness; but
rather made use of a word that
could not offend the Cardinal,
and yet would incline the King
to give it a speedy hearing. I
read therefore,
There is no primer business.
i.e. no matter of state that more
earnestly presses a dispatch.

Warburton.
And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person; yet will be
The chronicles of my doing; let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
* To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
* By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; * what worst, as oft
Hitting a groffer quality, is cry'd up
For our best act. If we stand still, in fear
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
We should take root here where we fit, or fit
State-statutes only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commiss? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
A trembling contribution!—why, we take

* To cope; to engage with; to encounter. The word is still used in some counties.
* By sick, &c.] The old edition reads,
* By sick interpreters (once weak ones) is
Not ours,—
I do not know that the old reading ought to be restored, but it may be noted.
* —What worst, as oft
Hitting a groffer quality.] The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions.
KING HENRY VIII. 391

From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o'th' timber;
And though we leave it with a root, thus hackt,
The air will drink the sap. To ev'ry county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commissio'n. Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [To the Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to ev'ry shire,
Of the King's grace and pardon. The griev'd
commons
Hardly conceive of me, let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes ; I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

SCENE V.

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I'm sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.
Yet see, when noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so compleat,

Who

5 From every tree, lop, bark,
and part o'th' timber:] Lop is a sublative, and signifies the
branches. Warburton.
6 —out of himself:] Beyond the treasures of his own
mind.
7 Noble benefits—not well dis-
pofed.] Great gifts of nature and
education, not joined with good
dispositions.
8 —This man so compleat,
Who was enrol'd 'mongst won-
ders, and when we,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with lift'ning ravish'd, could not find
His hour of speech, a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his; and is become as black,
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us, you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in truth) of him
Things to strike honour sad: Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate, what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First; it was usual with him, ev'ry day
It would infect his speech, that if the King
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the scepter his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in law,
Lord Aberg'ny, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your Highness, note

Almost with lift'ning ravish'd,
could not find
His hour of speech, a minute;
he, my lady, &c.] This
sentence is broken and con-
fused, though, with the allow-
ances always to be made to
our author, it may be under-
flood. Yet it may be proper to
examine the old edition, which
gives it thus:

—and when we,
Almost with ravish'd lift'ning—
I know not whether we may not
read,
this man
Who was enroll'd with wonder,
and whom we

Almost were ravish'd listening,
could not find
His hour of speech a minute.

To listen a man, for, to hearken
to him, is commonly used by our
author. So by Milton,

I listen'd them a while.

I do not rate my conjecture at
much; but as the common read-
ing is without authority, some-
thing may be tried. Perhaps
the passage is best as it was or-
iginally published.

This dangerous conception in
this point.] Note this parti-
cular part of this dangerous de-
sign.
Not friended by his wish to your high person,
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on.

How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? To this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this,

By a vain prophesy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux Friar,
His confessör, who fed him every minute
With words of Sov'reignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rose, within the parish
St. Lawrence Poulney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I reply'd,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the King's danger. Presently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monk; that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my Chaplain, a choice hour

1 In former editions:

By a vain Prophecy of Nicholas Henton.] We heard be-
fore, from Brandon, of one Nicholas Hopkins; and now his
Name is changed into Henton; so that Brandon and the Surveyor
Seem to be in two Stories. There is, however, but one and the
Same Person meant, Hopkins; as I have restored it in the Text, for
Perplicity's Sake: yet will it

not be any Difficulty to account
for the other Name, when we
come to consider, that he was a
Monk of the Convent, call'd
Henton, near Bristol. So both
Hall and Holingshead acquit us.
And he might, according to the
Custom of those Times, be cal-
led Nicholas of Henton, from the
Place; as Hopkins, from his Fa-
mily.

Theobald.
To hear from him a matter of some moment;  
Whom after i under the Confession’s seal  
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,  
My Chaplain to no creature living, but  
To me should utter; with demure confidence,  
Thus pausingly ensu’d;—Neither the King, nor’s heirs  
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper; bid him strive  
To gain the love o’ th’ commonalty; the Duke  
Shall govern England. ——  
— Queen. If I know you well,  
You were the Duke’s Surveyor, and lost your office  
On the complaint o’ th’ tenants. Take good heed,  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed;  
Yes, heartily I beseech you.  
— King. Let him on.  
—Go forward.  
— Surv. On my soul, I’ll speak but truth.  
I told my Lord the Duke, by th’ devil’s illusions  
The Monk might be deceiv’d; and that ’twas dang’rous  
For him to ruminate on this, until  
It forg’d him some design, which, being believ’d,  
It was much like to do: he answer’d, ’I will,  
I: can do me no damage. Adding further,  
That had the King in his last sickness fail’d,  
The Cardinal’s and Sir Thomas Lovell’s heads  
Should have gone off.

2 —under the Commission’s Seal  
He solemnly had sworn.] So all the Editions down from the very Beginning. But, what Commission’s Seal? That is a Question, I dare say, none of our diligent Editors ever ask’d themselves. The Text must be restored, as I have corrected it; and honest Heliodorus, from whom our Author took the Substance of this Passage, may be call’d in as a Testimony.—  
"The Duke in Talk told the Monk, that he had done very well to bind his Chaplain,  
"John de la Court, under the Seal of Confession, to keep secret such Matter." Vid. Life of Henry VIII. p. 863.  
Theobald.

King.
King. Ha! what so rank? ah, ha——

There's mischief in this man. Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my Liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,

After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke

About Sir William Blomer———

King. I remember

Of such a time. He being my sworn serv'ant,

The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,

As to the Tower, I thought; I would have play'd

The part my father meant to act upon

Th' usurper Richard, who, being at Salisbury,

Made suit to come in's presence; which, if granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would

Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom,

And this man out of prison?

Queen. God mend all!

King. There's something more would out of thee; what say'lt?

Surv. After the Duke his father with the knife,—

He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,

Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,

He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour

Was, were he evil-us'd, he would out-go

His father, by as much as a performance

Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,

To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;

Call him to present trial; if he may

1 ——so rank.] Rank weeds, says the King, was he advanced to this pitch?

are weeds that are grown up to great height and strength. What,

Find
KING HENRY VIII.

Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us. By day and night,
He's traitor to the height.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. 'Tis possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?
Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

* It's possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries? These mysteries were
the fantastic court-fashions. He says they were occasioned by the
spells of France. Now it was
the opinion of the common people, that conjurers, jugglers,
&c. with spells and charms could
force men to commit idle fantastic actions; and change even
their shapes to something ridiculous and grotesque. To this
superstition the poet alludes, who,
therefore, we must think, wrote the second line thus.

Men into such strange mockeries:
A word well expressive of the whimsical fashions here
complained of. Sir Thomas More,
speaking of this very matter at
the same time, says.
Ut more similis laboris fingere
Et umbilici Gallicas ineptias.
But the Oxford Editor, with-
out regard to the metaphor, but
in order to improve on the emenda-
tion, reads mimickries; not
considering neither that whatsoever any thing is changed or juggled
into by spells, must have a
passive signification, as mockery,
[i.e. visible figures] not an ac-
tive, as mimickries.

WARBURTON.

I do not deny this note to be
plausible, but am in doubt whether it be right. I believe the
explanation of the word mysteries
will spare us the trouble of trying
experiments of emendation.
Mysteries were allegorical fictions,
which the mummius of those
those times exhibited in odd and
fantastic habits. Mysteries are
used, by an easy figure, for those
that exhibited mysteries; and the
sense is only, that the traveled
Englishmen were metamorphosed,
by foreign fashions, into such an
uncouth appearance, that they
looked like mummies in a mystery.

Cham.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the last voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'th' face, but they are shrewd ones,
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noxes had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones; one
would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
And spring-halt reign'd among 'em.
Cham. Death! my Lord.
Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out chrestendom. How now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. Faith, my Lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clap'd upon the court gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I'm glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our
Monseurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works,
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, clean renouncing
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short bolster'd breeches, and those types of travel;
And understand again like honest men,

* A fit or two o'th' face,—] A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a grimace, an artificial cast of the countenance.
KING HENRY VIII.

Or pack to their old play-fellows; there, I take it,
They may, cum privilegio, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities?
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords; the fly whosefons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down Ladies.
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad, they're going,
For, sure, there's no converting 'em. Now, Sirs,
An honest country Lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r Lady,
Held current musick too.
Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet?
Sands. No, my Lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither are you going?
Lov. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The beauty of this Kingdom, I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,
His dew falls ev'ry where.
Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my Lord, h'as wherewithal; in him,
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They're set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge flays;
Your Lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your Lordship's. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Changes to York-House.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal;
a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen,
and divers other ladies and gentlewomen, as guests, at
one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.

Guil. Adies, a gen'r al welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you; none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bev y, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As first, good company, then good wine, good wel-
come,
Can make good people.

5 noble bev y. J Milton
has copied this word;
A bev y of fair dames.
6 As, first, good Company, good
wine, &c. As this Passage
has been all along pointed, Sir
Henry Guilford is made to include
all these under the first Article;
and then gives us the Drop as to
what should follow. The Poet,
I am persuaded, wrote;

As first-good Company, good
Wine, good Welcome, &c.
i.e. he would have you as merry
as these three Things can make
you, the best Company in the
Land, of the best Rank, good
Wine, &c. Theobald.
Sir T. Hanmer has mended it
more commodiously:

As first, good company, then,
good wine, &c.

Enter.
Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Lovell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thoughts of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. You're young, Sir Harry Guilford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet, ere they rested,
I think, would better please 'em. By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your Lordship were but now confess'd
To one or two of these.
Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy, as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this.
His Grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze,
Two women, placed together, make cold weather.
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your Lordship. By your leave, sweet la-
dies—— [Sits.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me,
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He'd kiss you twenty with a breath. [Kisses her.

Cham. Well said, my Lord.

So, now y'are fairly feated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pafs away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair guests. That noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [Drinks.

Sands. Your Grace is noble.
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour.
—Ladies, you are not merry.—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my Lord, then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You’re a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here’s to your Ladyship, and pledge it, Madam,
For ’tis to such a thing——

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your Grace, that they would talk anon.

[Drum and trumpets, chambers discharged.

Wol. What’s that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y’are privileg’d.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now? What is’t?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem; they have left their barge and landed,
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign Princes.

Wel. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[All arise, and tables removed.
—You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and, once more,
I show'r a welcome on ye. Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited
like Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain.
They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefulliy
salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no les,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wel. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace, for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em, take their pleasures.

[Chuses ladies, King and Anne Bullen.

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee. [Musick. Dance.

Wel. My Lord,—

Wel.
Wol. [To Cham. aside.], Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place than myself, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrend' er it.

Cham. I will, my Lord.

[Chamb. goes to the company and returns.]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your Grace
find out, and he will 7 take it.

Wol. Let me see then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You've found him, Cardinal.
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, Lord.
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now 8 unhappily.

Wol. I'm glad,
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bulen's
daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her Highness' women.

King. By heaven, she's a dainty one. Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [To Anne Bulen.
And not to kifs you. A health, gentlemen——
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I'th' privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my Lord.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

7 Take it, that is, take the chief place.
8 Unhappily, that is, unluckily; miskiswilly.
King. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my Lord,
In the next chamber.
King. Lead in your ladies every one. Sweet partner,
I must not yet forfake you. Let's be merry;
Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.
[Exeunt with Trumpets.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A STREET.

Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

I GENTLEMAN.

Whither away so fast?
2 Gen. O Sir, God save ye:
Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
1 Gen. I'll save you
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the Ceremony
Of bringing back the pris'ner.
2 Gen. Were you there?
1 Gen. Yes, indeed, was I.
2 Gen. Pray, speak, what has happen'd?
1 Gen. You may guess quickly, what.
2 Gen. Is he found guilty?
1 Gen. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.
2 Gen. I'm sorry for't.
1 Gen. So are a number more.
2 Gen. But, pray, how pafs'd it?

1 Gen.
1 Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar, where, to his Acculations,
He pleaded still not guilty; and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The King's Attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To have brought *vivâ voce* to his Face;
At which appear'd against him, his Surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor, and John Court
Confessor to him, with that devil-Monk
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2 Gen. That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies.
1 Gen. The same.
All these accus'd him strongly, which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his Peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself?
1 Gen. When he was brought again to th' bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his Judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely;
And something spoke in cholera, ill and hafty;
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience,
2 Gen. I do not think, he fears death.
1 Gen. Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.
2 Gen. Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.
1 Gen. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures. First, *Kildare's* attainer,
Then Deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Left he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state
Was a deep, envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it; this is noted,
And, genrally, who-ever the King favours,
The Cardinal instantly will find employment for,
And far enough from court too.

2 Gen. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
With him ten fathom deep; this Duke as much
They love and doat on, call him bounteous Buckingham,
The Mirror of all courtey.

SCENE II.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, (Tiphares
before him, the Axe with the edge toward him. Hel-
bers on each side) accompanied with Sir Thomas
Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands,
and common People, &c.

1 Gen. Stay there, Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd Man you speak of.

2 Gen. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good People,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me:
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet, heav'n bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
'Thas done, upon the premises, but Justice:
But those that fought it, I could wish more Christians;
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;

Yet
Yet let 'em look, they glory not in mischief;
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then, my guiltless blood must cry 'gainst 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. 9 Ye few, that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good Angels, to my end:
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heav'n.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lor. I do beseech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven; I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: 1 no black envy
Shall

9 Ye few, that loved me, &c.] These lines are remarkably tender and pathetic:

Shall make my grave. —

The sense of this is, that envy should not procure or advance his death. But this is not what he would say; he believed the Cardinal's envy did procure his death. He is speaking not of another's envy, but his own. And his thought is, that he would not be remembered for an implacable unforgiving temper. We should read therefore:

Shall make my grave. —

alluding to the old custom of marking good or ill, by a white or black stone. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton has with good judgment observed the error, but has not, I think, very happily corrected it. I do not see how the envy of those that are buried can mark the grave. In reading the lines I cannot but suspect that two words, as it may naturally happen, have changed places.

There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: 1 no black envy
Shall make my grave. —

I would read thus:

There cannot be those numberless offences

"Gainst
KING HENRY VIII.

Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his Grace; And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him, You met him half in heav'n; my vows and pray'rs Yet are the King's; and, 'till my soul forfake me, Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live Longer than I have time to tell his years! Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be! And when old time shall lead him to his end, Goodness, and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To th' water-side I must conduct your Grace, Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux, Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there, The Duke is coming. See, the barge be ready, And fit it with such furniture as suits The greatness of his Person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas, Let it alone; my state now but will mock me. When I came hither, I was Lord high Constable, And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bobun; Yet I am richer than my base accurers, That never knew what truth meant; * I now seal it; And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham, Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard, Flying for succour to his servant Baniester, Being distressed, was by that wretch betray'd, And without trial fell; God's peace be with him! Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying My father's loss, like a most royal Prince

*Gainst me, I can't make peace with, no black envy Shall take my grave.

To take in this place is to bl. f., to strike with malignant influence. So in Lear, Strike her young limbs, Ye taking airs with ianemus.

So in Hamlet, ———No spirit dares walk abroad, No planet takes.———

* I now seal it, &c. I now feal my truth, my loyalty, with blood. which blood shall one day make them groan.

Re-
Restor'd to me my honours; and, from ruins,
Made my name, once more, noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one, which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father;
Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most.
A moit unnatural and faithless service!
Heav'n has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain;
Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose; those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must leave ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewel; and when you would say something sad,
Speak, how I fell—I've done; and God forgive me!
[Exeunt Buckingham and Train.

1 Gen. O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 Gen. If the Duke be guiltles,
'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 Gen. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 Gen. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
* A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gen. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 Gen. I am confident;

* Strong faith is great fidelity.
You shall, Sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the King and Cathrine?

1 Gen. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor strait
To stop the rumour; and allay those tongues,
That durst disperse it.

2 Gen. But that flander, Sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain,
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good Queen, possest'd him with a scruple
That will undo her; to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the Cardinal;
And meekly to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not befitting on him, at his asking,
The Arch-bishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think, you've hit the mark; but isn't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The Cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this:
Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter Lord Chamberlain reading a letter.

My Lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all
the care I had, I face well chos'n, ridden, and
furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the
left breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by com-
mission and main power took 'em from me, with this reason; his master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the King, which stopp'd our mouths, Sir.

I fear, he will, indeed. Well, let him have them; He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suf. How is the King employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cause?
Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No, his conscience Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the Cardinal's doing; the King, Cardinal! That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune, Turns what he lifts. The King will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business, And with what zeal? for now he has crackt the league 'tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great nephew, He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters Doubts, dangers, winging of the conscience, Fears, and despair, and all these for his marriage; And out of all these, to restore the King, He counsels a divorce; a loss of Her, That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King. And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heav'n keep me from such counsel! 'tis
most true,
These news are ev'ry where; ev'ry tongue speaks'em,
And ev'ry true heart weeps for't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The French King's sister. Heav'n will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold, bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for de-
liv'rance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
* From princes into pages; all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
* Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my Creed;
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in.
And with some other business put the King

* From princes into pages. J
This may allude to the reunion
of the Cardinal, who had seve-
rnal of the nobility among his
menial servants.

* Into what pitch he please. J
Here is a strange difference in
the metaphor, which is taken
from unbaked dough. I read,
Into what pitch he please.

i. e. into what shape he please.

Warburton.
I do not think this emenda-
tion necessary, let the allusion
be to what it will. The ma's
must be fashioned into pitch or
height as well as into particular
form. The meaning is, that
the Cardinal can, as he pleases,
make high or low.

From
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him;
—My Lord, you'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me,
The King hath sent me other-where; besides
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
Health to your Lordships. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.
Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

SCENE IV.

The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.
King. Who's there? ha?
Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.
King. Who's there, I say? how dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?
Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant. Our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.
King. Ye are too bold;
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business.
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Pope's Legate, with a Commission.

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience!
Thou art a cure fit for a King. —You're welcome,
[To Campeius.
Most learned rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom;
Ufe
Use us, and it. My good Lord, * have great care
I be not found a talker. [To Wolsey.

Wolf. Sir, you cannot.

I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private Conference.

King. We are busy; go. [To Norf. and Suff.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suff. Not to speak of:
I would not be * to sick though, for his place.
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.

Suff. I another. [Exeunt Norf and Suff.

Wolf. Your Grace has giv'n a precedent of wisdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if he have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy Conclave for their loves;
They've sent me such a man I would have with'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your Highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,

* — have great care
I be not found a talker.
I take the meaning to be, let care be
That my profession of welcome be
not found empty talk.
— So sick though. That is,
take that my promise be performed, so sick as he is proud.
The court of Rome commanding, you, my Lord Cardinal of York, are join’d with me, their servant, in the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The Queen shall be acquainted forthwith for what you come. Where’s Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your Majesty has always lov’d her so dear in heart, not to deny her what a woman of less place might ask by law; scholars, allow’d freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour to him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal, pr’ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary, I find him a fit fellow.

Cardinal goes out, and re-enters with Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you;

You are the King’s now.

Gard. But to be commanded for ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais’d me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [Walks and whispers.

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace in this man’s place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes surely.

Cam. Believe me, there’s an ill opinion spread then ev’n of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy’d him; and fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous, kept him a foreign man still, which so griev’d him, that he ran mad and dy’d.

5 Kept him a foreign man still.] fence, employed in foreign em-

Kept him out of the King’s pre-

basilics.

Wol.
KING HENRY VIII.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough. For living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
King. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen.

[Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receit of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? but, conscience! conscience!
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

An Antechamber of the Queen's Apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither—here's the pang that pinches,
His Highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her, (by my life,
She never knew harm-doing) oh, now after
So many courtes of the fun, enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,
The which to leave's a thousand-fold more bitter
Than sweet at first t'acquire; after this proces,
6 To give her the avant! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

6 To give her the avant!] To to pronounce against her a sen-
fend her away contemptuously; tence of ejection.
Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
Anne. In God's will, better
She ne'er had known pomp; though 'tis be temporal,
Yet if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a suff'rance panging
As soul and body's sev'ring.
Old L. Ah! poor lady,
She's * stranger now again.
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her; verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble liver in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glift'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is * our best Having.
Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spic'e of your hypocrisy;
You, that have fo fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty,
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts,

Yet if that quarrel, Fortune,—] He calls Fortune a quarrel or arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly. Quarrel was a large arrow so called. Thus Fairfax—Twang'd the f'ring, but flew the quarrel long.

WARBURTON.
Such is Dr. Warburton's interpretation. Sir Thomas Hammer reads,

That quarrel's Fortune.
I think the poet may be easily supposed to use quarrel for quarrel, as murder for murderer, the as for the agent.

*—stranger now again.] Again an alien; not only no longer Queen but no longer an Englishwoman.

8—our best Having.] That is, our best possession. So in Macbeth,

——Promises
Of noble having and of royal hope.
In Span'f, hacienda.

Saving
Saving your mincing, the capacity
Of your soft * cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth——
Old L. Yes, troth and troth, you would not be a Queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav’n.
Old L. ’Tis strange; a three-pence bow’d would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it. But I pray you,
What think you of a Dutchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made; + pluck off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to. If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, ’tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How do you talk!
I swear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
9 You’d venture an embalming: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, though there belong’d
No more to th’ Crown but that. Lo, who come’s here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies; what were’t worth to know
The secret of your conf’rence?
Anne. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistres’s sorrows we were pitying.

* Cheveril, is kid’s skin, soft leather.
9 You’d venture an embalming.] You would venture to be distinguished by the ball, the ensign of royalty.

† Pluck off a little.] What must the pluck off? I think we may better read,
           ——pluck up a little.
Pluck up! is an idiomatical expression for take courage.

Cham.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavily blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, an high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues; the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no lesss flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender.
'More than my all, is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wish's
More worth than vanities; yet pray's and wish's
Are all I can return. 'Beseecch your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t'approve the fair conceit,
The King hath of you.—I've perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour are in her so mingled,
[Aside.
That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a Gem,

More than my all, is nothing;]
No figure can free this expression
from nonsense. In spite of the
exactness of measure, we should
read,
More than my all, which is
nothing,
I. e. which all is nothing.

Warburton.

It is not nonsense, but only
an hyperbole. Not only my all
is nothing, but if my all were
more than it is, it were still nothing.
I shall not fail, &c. I shall
not omit to strengthen, by my
commendation, the opinion which
the King has formed.

a Gem
To lighten all this issue?

Perhaps alluding to the carbuncle,
a gem supposed to have intrinsic
light, and to shine in the dark;
any other gem may reflect light,
but cannot give it.

To
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the King,
And lay, I spoke with you. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.
Anne. My honour'd Lord.

Old L. Why, this it is: see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat between too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds; and you, oh fate!
A very fresh fish here; fy, fy upon
This compell'd fortune, have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once (tis an old story)
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt. Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er-mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!
No other Obligation? By my life,
That promises more thousands; honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a Dutchess. Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.
The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence; pray, do not deliver
What here y'ave heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?— [Exeunt.

Scene
SCENE VI.

Changes to Black-Fryars.

Trumpets, * Senet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver Wands; next them, two Scribes in the habits of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and the Cardinal’s hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver Croft; then a gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a serjeant at arms, bearing a mace; then two gentlemen, bearing too great silver + pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court, in manner of a Constitory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilft our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides th’ authority allow’d;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be’t so; proceed.

* Senet.] I know not the meaning of this word, which is in all the editions, except that Harr-mer, not understanding it, has left it out. It should probably be Sanskrits.

+ Pillars were some of the en-

signs of dignity carried before cardinals. Sir Thomas More, when he was speaker to the Commons, advised them to admit Welsby into the house with his maces and his pillars.

More’s Life of Sir T. More.

Scribe.
KING HENRY VIII.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the Court.


King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Catharine Queen of England,

Come into the Court.

Crier. Catharine, Queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.]

Queen. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me; for I am a most poor Woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here No judge indiffer'ent, and no more assurance Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir, In what have I offended you? what cause Hath my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure, That thus you should proceed to put me off; And take your good grace from me? Heaven witnes', I've been to you a true and humble wife, At all times to your will conformable, Ever in fear to kindle your dislike; Yea, subject to your count'nance, glad or sorry, As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour, I ever contradicted your desire? Or made it not mine too? which of your friends Have I not strove to love, although I knew He were mine enemy? what friend of mine, That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice He was from thence dìcharg'd. Sir, call to mind, That I have been your wife, in this obedience,

In former editions:

—nay, gave notice] Which, though the author's common liberties of speech might justify, yet I cannot but think that not was dropped before notice, having the same letters, and have therefore followed Sir Thomas Hanmer's correction.

Up-
Upward of twenty years; and have been blest
With many children by you; if in the course
And proceed this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away, and let the foulst contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To th' sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
The King your father was reputed for
A Prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment. Ferdinand
My father, King of Spain, was reckoned one
The wisest Prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before. It is not to be questioned,
That they had gather'd a wise council to them,
Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,
Sir, I beseech you, spare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore. If not, 'th' name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!
Wol. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these rev'rent fathers, men
Of singular integrity and learning:
Yea, the elect o'th'land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you defer the Court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the King.
Cam His Grace
Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, Madam;
It's fit this royal Session do proceed;
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produced, and heard.
Queen. Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak.
Wol. Your pleasure, Madam?
KING HENRY VIII.

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so; certain,
The daughter of a King; my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet—

Queen. I will, when you are humble: nay, before—
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, 6 and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge. For it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my Lord and me,
Which God's dew quench! therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have flood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you, or any; how far I've proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a Commission from the Consistory,
Yea, the whole Consist'ry of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal; I do deny it;
The King is present; if't be known to him
That I gain'd my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,

6—and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge.]

Challenge is here a VERUM JURIS,
a law term. The criminal, when
he refuses a juryman, says, I
challenge b. m. I think there is
a slight error which destroys the
connection, and would read.

Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, I make my
challenge.
You shall not be my judge.

I am
I am nor of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the cure is to.
Remove these thoughts from you. The which before
His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking;
And to say so no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
T'oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
mouth'd;
7 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cram'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have by fortune, and his Highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er your steps; and now are mounted,
Where Pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness;
And to be judg'd by him.

[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Dishonourable to try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

7 You sign your place and calling. — ] Sign, for answer.

WARBURTON.
I think, to sign must here be to show, to declare. By your outward meekness and humility you show that you are of an holy order, but, &c.

Domesticks to you, serve your will.] You have now got power at your beck, following in your retinue; and words therefore are degraded to the servile state of performing any office which you shall give them. In humbler and more common terms; Having now got power you do not regard your word.
King. Call her again.

Crier. Catharine, Queen of England, come into the Court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? Pray you, keep your way.

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—Pray you, pass on.
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their Courts.

[Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.

SCENE VII.

King. Go thy ways, Kate;
That man i'th' world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness faint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sov'reign and pious else, 9 could speak thee out,
The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself tow'rd's me.

Wel. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I'm rob'd and bound,
There muft I be unloos'd, 'although not there

9—could speak thee out] If
ty several qualities had tongues
to speak thy praise.

2—altho. gb not there

At once, art fully sati-
fy'd:—] What he aims
at is this; where I am robbed
and bound, there muft I be un-
loosed, though the injurers be
not there to make me satisfac-
tion: as much as to say, I owe
so much to my own innocence,
At once, and fully satisfy'd) if I
Did broach this business to your Highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't, or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word,
That might be prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught,
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so; but, like the village curs,
Bark when their fellows do; by some of these
The Queen is put in anger. Y'are excus'd;
But will you be more justify'd? you ever
Have with'd the sleeping of this business, never
Defir'd it to be stirr'd: but oft have hindred
The passages made tow'ards it.— On my honour,
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't—
I will be bold with time and your attention.—
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came—give
heed to't—
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd

as to clear up my character, tho'
I do not expect my wrongers will
do me justice. It seems then
that Shakespeare wrote,

ATON'd, and fully satisfy'd.—
WARBURTON

I do not see what is gained by
this alteration. The sentence, which
is incumbered with words in ei-
ther reading, is no more than
this. I must be loos'd, though
when so loos'd I shall not be sat-
isi'd fully and at once; that is, I
shall not be immediately satisfy'd.

---on my Honour
I speak my good Lord Cardinal
to this Point] The King,
having first addressed to W'ley,
breaks off: and declares upon
his Honour to the whole Court,
that he speaks the Cardinal's Sen-
timents upon the Point in ques-
tion; and clears him from any
Attempt, or With, to stir that
Business.

THEOBALD.

3 Scruple, and prick,] Prick
of conscience was the term in
confession.

By
KING HENRY VIII.

By th’ bishop of Bayou, then French ambassador; Who had been hither sent on the debating A marriage ’twixt the Duke of Orleans and Our daughter Mary; 1’th’ progress of this busines, Ere a determinate resolution, he (I mean the bishop) did require a respite; Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise, Whether our daughter were legitimate, Respecting this our marriage with the Dowager, Sometime our brother’s wife. * This respite shook The bosom of my conscience, enter’d me, Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble The region of my breast; which forc’d such way, That many maz’d considerings did throng, And prey’d in with this caution. First, methought, I stood not in the smile of heav’n, which had Commanded nature, that my Lady’s womb, If it conceiv’d a male-child by me, should Do no more offices of life to’t, than The grave does to the dead; for her male-issue Or died where they were made, or shortly after This world had air’d them. Hence I took a thought, This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom, Well worthy the best heir o’th’world, should not Be gladd’d in’t by me. Then follows, that I weigh’d the danger which my realms stood in By this my issue’s fall; and that gave to me Many a groaning three. Thus * husting in

---This Ref. see foot

The Bottom of my Conscience, Tho’ this Reading be Sire, yet, I verily believe, the Poet wrote; The Bottom of my Conscience,—Shakespear, in all his historical Plays, was a most diligent Observer of Holinshed’s Chronicle. Now Holinshed, in the Speech which he has given to King Henry upon this Subject, makes him deliver himself thus:

* Which Words, once conceiv’d within the secret Bottom of my Conscience, ingendred such a scrupulous Doubt, that my Conscience was incontinent accombred, vex’d, and disquieted.

"A Life of Henry VIII. p. 907."

---hulling in

The world sea—] That is, Floating without guidance; tolk here and there.
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I mean to rectify my conscience, which
I then did feel full-fick, and yet not well,
By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember,
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my Liege.

King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. Please your Highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daring't counsell, which I had, to doubt,
And did intreat your Highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons. Unsollicited
I left no rev'rend person in this Court,
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals. Therefore go on;
For no dislike i'th world against the person
Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.

6 I have rescued the Text from Hollingshead.—"I mov'd it in
"Confession to You, my Lord
"of Lincoln, then ghostly Fa-
"ther. And forasmuch as then
"you yourseff were in some
"Doubt, you mov'd me to ask
"the Counsel of all these my
"Lords. Whereupon I mov'd
"you, my Lord of Canterbury,
"first to have your License, in
"as much as you were Metro-
"politan, to put this Matter in
"question; and so I did of all
"you, my Lords." Holling-
"stead, ibid. p. 908.

Theobald.

Prove
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Catharine our Queen, before the primest creature
* That's paragon'd i'th'world.

Cath. So please your Highness,
The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this Court to further day;
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends to his Holiness.

[They rise to depart. The King speaks to Cranmer.]

King. I may perceive,
These Cardinals trifle with me; I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well beloved servant Cranmer,
Prythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the Court.
—I say, set on. [Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

* That's paragon'd i'th'world. — The primest creature

Harmer reads, I think, better, That's paragon'd i'th'world.
ACT III. SCENE I.

The Queen's Apartments.

The Queen and her Women, as at Work.

QUEEN.

TAKE thy lute, wench, my soul grows sad with troubles:
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his musick, plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.
Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the sea,
Hung their Heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?
Gent. An't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.
Queen. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.
Queen. Pray their Graces
To come near. What can be their business

With
KING HENRY VII.

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?

I do not like their coming. Now I think not,
The should be good men, their affairs are righteous,
But all hoodis make not monks.

Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highness!
Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a housewife,
I would be all against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend Lords?
Wol. May't please you, noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber; we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Queen. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner; 'would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My Lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em;
I know my life so even. If your busines"
Do seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly. Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima,

Queen. O, good my Lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant, since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, sus-
picious.

Pray, speak in English; here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake.
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willingst sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I'm sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to His Majesty and you,
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,
(You have too much, good lady) but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
KING HENRY VIII.

Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace
His service and his counsel.—

Queen. To betray me.
My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
More near my life I fear, with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, for I feel
The last fit of my greatness, good your Graces,
Let me have time and council for my cause.
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King’s love with
those fears,
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England
But little for my profit; can you think, Lords,
That any English man dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend ‘gainst his Highness’ pleasure,
Though he be grown to desp’rate to be honest,
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence,
In my own country, Lords.

4 Though be be grown so desp’rate to be honest.] Do you think that any Englishman dare advise me; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live?

5 —weigh out my afflictions.] This phrase is obscure. To weigh out, is, in modern language, to deliver by weight; but this sense cannot be here admitted. To weigh is likewise to deliberate upon, to consider with due attention. This may, perhaps, be meant: Or the phrase, to weigh out, may signify to counterbalance, to counteract with equal force.
Cam. I would your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
Queen. How, Sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the King's pro-
tection;
He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'er-take you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.
Wol. He tells you rightly.
Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin.
Is this your christian counsel? Out upon you!
Heav'n is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no King can corrupt.
Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Queen. The more shame for you; holy men I
thought you,
Upon my soul, two rev'rend Cardinal virtues,
But Cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear you;
Mend 'em for shame, my Lords. Is this your com-
fort?
The Cordial that you bring a wretched lady?
A woman left among you, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish you half my miseries,
I have more charity. But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, take heed, for heav'n's sake, left at once
The burden of my sorrow falls upon you.
Wol. Madam, this is a meer distraction;
Ye turn the good we offer into envy.
Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon you
And all such false professors! would ye have me,
If ye have any justice, any pity,
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits,

6 The more shame for you.] If
I mistake you, it is by your fault,
not mine; for I thought you
good. The diff'rent of Catha-
rine might have kept her from
the quibble to which she is irre
sistibly tempted by the word Car-
dinal.
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he's banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago. I'm old, my Lords;
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse, like this!

Cam. Your fears are worse—

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare say, without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I, with all my full affections
Still met the King? lov'd him next heav'n? obey'd him?

Been, out of fondness, 't superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, Lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One, that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My Lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to; nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me—

Queen. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels' faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.
What shall become of me now! wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.

7 —superstitious to him.] That is, served him with super-
fluous attention; done more than was required.
8 Ye've angels' faces.] She may perhaps allude to the old juggle
of Angli and Angeli.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[To her women.]

Ship-wreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
Almoft, no grave allow'd me. Like the lilly,
That once was mistrefs of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest;
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it,
We are to cure such sores, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, nay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance by this carriage.
The hearts of Princes kis obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your
virtues
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever call's
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves
you;
Beware, you lose it not; for us, if you please
To trust us in your busines, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. Do what you will, my Lords; and, pray,
forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly.
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his Majesty,
He has my heart yet; and shall have my pray'rs.

Ff 3

While
While I shall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers; Beftow your counfels on me. She now begs, That little thought, when she fet footing here, She fhojild have bought her dignities fo dear. [Exeunt;

SCENE II.

Antechamber to the King's Apartments.


Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints, And 9 force them with a conftancy, the Cardinal
Cannot f tand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you fhall fustain more new disgraces;
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the leas occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have unconfem'd gone by him, 1 or at leas
Strangely neglected? 2 when did he regard

9 Force is enforce, urge.
1 —or at leat
Strangely neglected? —] The plain fentence requires us to read, STOOD NOT neglected.

Warburton.

Dr. Warburton's alteration makes a more correct fentence, but in our author's licentious English, the passage, as it stands, means the fame as, which of the peers has not gone by him con- 

1 —when did he regard

The stamp of noblenefs in any person.

Out of himfelf?] The expreffion is bad, and the thought fale. For it fupposes Wolffe to be noble, which was not fo: we should read and point,

2 —when did he regard

The stamp of noblenefs in any

Out of f't himfelf?

i.e. when did he regard noble-
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My Lords, you speak your pleasures.
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, though now the time
Give way to us, I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in’s tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not,
His spell in that is out; the King hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he’s settled,
Not to come off, in his most high displeasure.

Sur. I should be glad to hear such news as this.
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the Divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Sur. Moost strangely.

Sur. How?

Sur. The Cardinal’s letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th’ eye o’th’ King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holiness
To stay the Judgment o’th’ Divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen’s, lady Anne Bulben.

of blood in another; having none of his own to value himself upon. Warburton.

I do not think this correction proper. The meaning of the present reading is easy. When did he, however careful to carry his own dignity to its utmost height, regard any dignity of another.

3 Contrary proceedings. ] Private practices opposite to his publick procedure.
Sur. Has the King this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patients death; the King already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. 'Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my Lord,
For, I profess, you have it.
Sur. Now all joy
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My Amen to't!
Nor. All mens'!
Suf. There's order given for her Coronation.
Marry, this is yet but young; and may be left
To some ears unrecounted; but, my Lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature. I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, Amen!
Suf. No, no:
There be more wasps, that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; has ta'en no leave,
Hath left the cause o'th' King unhandled; and

4 And hedges his own way
It is not said, that the King perceives how he hedges his own way; but how quietly he pursues it: we should read therefore, edges his own way.

Warburton.

5 To trace, is, to follow.

To hedge, is, to creep along by the hedge; not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions.
KING HENRY VIII.

Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'd, Ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him;
And let him cry, ha, louder!

Nor. But, my Lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have satisfy'd the King for his Divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almost in Chriftendom; shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her Coronation. Catharine no more
Shall be call'd Queen; but Princefs dowager,
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This fame Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business.

Suf. He has, and we shall see him
For it an Archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinal——

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,

Gave it you the King?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bed-chamber.
Wol. Look'd he o'th inside of the paper?

Crom. Prefently
He did unfeal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
KING HENRY VIII.

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while. [Exit Cromwell.

It shall be to the Dutches of Alanson,
The French King's sifter; he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! no, I'll no Anne Bullens for him,—
There's more in't than fair visage—Bullen!——
No, we'll no Bullens!—speedily, I wish
To hear from Rome—The marchioness of Pembroke?—
Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. [Aside.] The late Queen's gentlewoman, a
Knight's daughter,
To be her mistres' mistres? the Queen's Queen?—
This candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,
Then out it goes—what though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i'th' bosom of
Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one,
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

SCENE III.

Enter King, reading of a schedule; and Lovell.

Sur. I would, 'twere something that would fret the
string,
The master-cord of's heart!

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how, i'th' name of thrift,

Does
Does he rake this together!—Now, my Lords;
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My Lord, we have.

Stood here observing him; some strange Commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and starts,
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; strait,
Springs out into fast gait, then stops again,
 Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts
His eye against the moon; in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and, wot you, what I found
There, on my conscience put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heav'n's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think,
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thoughts are below the moon, nor worth
His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, whispers Lovell, who goes to
Wolsey.]

Wol. Heav'n forgive me—
Ever God bless your Highness!—

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of heav'nly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind, the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit; sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,

For holy offices I have a time;
A time, to think upon the part of business
I bear i’th’state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well,
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov’d you;
He said, he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I’ve kept you next my heart; have not alone
Imply’d you where high profits might come home,
But par’d my present havings, to bellow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean? [Aside.

Sur. The Lord increase this business! [Aside.

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My Sovereign, I confess your royal graces
Show’d on me daily have been more than could
My studied purposes require, which went
Beyond all man’s endeavours. My endeavours

Have

Beyond all man’s endeavours. But the Oxford Editor,
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fill'd with my abilities; mine own Ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor un-deserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heav'n for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated; the honour of it
Does pay the act of it, as o'th contrary
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my pow'r rain'd honour more
On you, than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should notwithstanding that your bond of Duty,
As twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I profess,
That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd,
More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be:

the word is here used, alters it to ambition.

Warburton.
To put ambition in the place of endeavours is certainly wrong;
and to explain endeavours by deserts is not right. The fene,
and that not very difficult, is, my purposes went beyond all human
endeavour. I purposed for your honour more than it falls within
the compafs of man's nature to attempt.

Yet, fill'd with my abilities.] My endeavours, though less than
my desires, have fill'd; that is,
gone an equal pace with my abilities.

5 — o'th contrary
The foulness is the punishment].
So Honour. The rest read, o'th contrary.

9 — notwithstanding that your bond of duty.] Besides the
general bond of duty by which you are obliged to be a loyal and
obedient subject, you owe a particular devotion of yourself to
me, as your particular benefactor.

Though
Though all the world should crack their duty to you;
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break;
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken;
Take notice, Lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this,

[Giving him papers.

And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you may.

[Exit King; frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey; the Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.

SCENE IV.

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger—'tis so——
This paper has undone me—'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom;
And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in pight of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—To the Pope?
The letter, as I live, with all the busines
I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then farewell;
I've touch'd the highest point of all my Greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haftte now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening;
And no man see me more.

SCENE V.

Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk,
the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal, who
commands you
To render up the Great Seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Ather-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
'Till you hear further from his Highness.

Wol. Stay.

Where's your commission, Lords? words cannot carry,
Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words to do it;
(I mean, your malice;) know, officious Lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—Envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
As if it fed ye; and how fleek, and wanton,
Y'appear in every thing may bring my ruin.
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You've christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That Seal,
You ask with such a violence, the King,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me,
Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodnes,
Ty'd it by letters patent. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud Lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingbam, my father-in-law.
The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague on your policy!
You sent me Deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the King, from all,
That might have mercy on the fault, thou gav'st him,
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an ax.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by law

croś 'em, &c. Wolsey, answering them, continues his own speech.
'Till I find more than will or words (I mean more than your malicious
will and words) to do it; that
is, to carry authority so mighty;
I will deny to return what the
King has given me.

Found
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I, 'th' way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a founder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword 'th' life-blood of thee else. My Lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? if we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewel, nobility; let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Vol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands; Card'nal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to th' Pope, against the King; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you're truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our delpis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen;
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I'll startle you,

*Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench

---

2 *Worse than the sacring Bell,*
The little Bell, which is rung to give Notice of the *Hoff* approaching when it is carried in Procession, as also in other offices of the Remiff Church, is called the Sacring, or Consecration Bell; from the French Word, *Sacrer.*

Vol. V. Lay
Lay kisling in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,

But that I'm bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my Lord, are in th' King's hand:

But thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise;
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can, blush, and cry guilty, Cardinal:
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir,
I dare your worst objections. If I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head; have at you.

First, that without the King's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign Princes, Ego & Rex meus
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the King
To be your servant.

Sur. That without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great Seal.

Sur. Item. You sent a large commission
To Gregory de Caffado, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his Highness and Ferrara.

Sur. That out of meer ambition, you have made
Your holy hat be stampt on the King's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome; and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to th' meer undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O, my Lord,
Pres not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.


Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your pow'r legatine within this kingdom,
Fall in the compass of a Premoniure,
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great Seal to us,
The King shall know it; and, no doubt, shall thank you.

So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[Exeunt all but Wolsey.]
SCENE VI.

Vol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him,
The third day comes a froth, a killing froth,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, *nips his root;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of Princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;

---

* Nips his root; As spring frosts are not injurious to the roots of fruit trees, I should imagine the Poet wrote shoot, i. e. that tender shoot on which are the young leaves and blossoms. The comparison, as well as expression of nips, is juster too in this reading. He has the same thought in Love's Labour Lost.

Byron is like an envious springing froth
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

So Milton in Salmum Agonistes.

Abortion as the first-born bloom of spring,
Nip'd with the lagging rear of winter's froth,
Which seems to be taken from the place in question.

WARBURTON.

Here is a long note. But at least we may as well continue the ancient reading. Vernal frosts indeed do not kill the root, but then to nip the shoots does not kill the tree or make it fail. The metaphor will not in either reading correspond exactly with nature.
Why, how now, Cromwell?
  Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.
  Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? nay, if you weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.
  Crom. How does your Grace?
  Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and, from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n.
  Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right
  use of it.
  Wol. I hope, I have. I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
T'endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
  Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.
  Wol. God bless him!
  Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
  Wol. That's somewhat sudden—
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings, May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him! What more?

*Crom.* That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome; Infall'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news, indeed.

*Crom.* Last, that the lady *Anne*, Whom the King hath in secrecy long married, This day was view'd in open, as his Queen, Going to chapel; and the voice is now Only about her Coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O *Cromwell*,
The King has gone beyond me; all my glories In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours, Or gild again the noble troops, that waited Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, *Cromwell*; I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now To be thy Lord and master. Seek the King; That sun, I pray, may never set; I've told him What and how true thou art; he will advance thee: Some little memory of me will stir him, I know his noble nature, not to let Thy hopeful service perish too. Good *Cromwell*, Neglect him not; make use now, and provide For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O my Lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron, With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his Lord. The King shall have my service; but my prayers For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

---

*A tomb of orphans' tears wept on him.* The Chancellor is the general guardian of orphans.
KING HENRY VIII.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc’d me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let’s dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard, say then, I taught thee,
Say, 6 Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sound’d all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in,
A sure and safe one, though thy matter miss’d it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin’d me;
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition,
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by’t?
Love thyself last; 7 cherish those hearts, that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.

6 —Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory.] As the words, founded, depths, shoals, 
murk, follow; the uniformity of metaphor would dispose Shakes-
ppear methinks to write here,
—rode the waves of glory.
So in Troilus and Cressida.
As if the passage and whole carriage of this action rode on his tide.

WARBURTON.

7 —cherish those hearts, that hate thee.] Though this be
good divinity; and an admirable precept for our conduct in
private life; it was never calculated or designed for the magis-
trate or publick minister. Nor could this be the direction of a
man experienced in affairs to his pupil. It would make a good
Christian but a very ill and very unjust state-man. And we have
nothing so infamous in tradition, as the supposed advice given to
one of our kings, to cherish his enemies and be in no pain for his
friends. I am of opinion the Poet wrote
—cherish those hearts that
wait thee.
I.e. thy dependents. For the
contrary practice had contribut-
ed to Wolsey’s ruin. He was not
careful enough in making depend-
ents by his bounty, while in-
tent in amassing wealth to himself.
The following line seems to con-
firm this correction,
Corruption wins not more than
honesty.
I.e. You will never find men
won over to your temporary oc-
casions by bribery so useful to
you as friends made by a just and
generous munificence.

WARBURTON.
KING HENRY VIII.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;
And—Pr'ythee, lead me in;
There, take an inventory of all I have;
To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to heav'n, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
8 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of Court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell.
[Exeunt;

ACT IV. SCENE I.
A Street in Westminster.
Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another,

1 GENTLEMAN

YOU'RE well met 'once again.
2 Gen. And so are you.
1 Gen. You come to take your stand here, and be-
hold
The lady Anne pafs from her Coronation.

8 This sentence was really ut-
tered by Walsy.
1 —we again.] alluding to
their former meeting in the se-
cond act.
KING HENRY VIII. 457

2 Gen. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter, The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 Gen. 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd for-row;

This, general joy.

2 Gen. 'Tis well; the citizens, I'm sure, have shewn at full their loyal minds, And, let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward In celebration of this day with shows,

Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 Gen. Never greater, Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, Sir.

2 Gen. May I be bold to ask what that contains, That paper in your hand?

1 Gen. Yes, 'tis the lift

Of those that claim their offices this day,

By custom of the Coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims To be High Steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,

To be Earl Marshal; you may read the rest.

2 Gen. I thank you, Sir; had I not known those customs,

I should have been beholding to your paper. But, I beseech you, what's become of Catharine, The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gen. That I can tell you too; the Archbishop Of Canterbury, accompanied with other Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order, Held a late Court at Dunstable, six miles From Ampthill, where the Princess lay; to which She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not: And, to be short, for not appearance and The King's late scruple, by the main assent

2 Gen. [this day—] Hammond reads, these days, but Shakespeare meant such a day as this, a coronation day. And such is the English idi-

om, which our author com-
monly prefers to grammatical nicety.
Of all these learned men she was divorce'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect;
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

2 Gen. Alas, good lady!—
The trumpets sound; stand close, the Queen is coming.

[Handbys.

The Order of the Coronation.

1. A lively flourish of trumpets.
2. Then, two judges.
3. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.
4. choristers singing.
5. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter,
in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper
 crown.
6. Marquis of Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on
his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl
of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove,
crown'd with an Earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
7. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of state, his coronet on
his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Stew-
ard. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of
marshallship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
8. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque ports, under it
the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with
pearls, crowned. On each side her, the bishops of
London and Winchester.
9. The old Dutchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold,
ornamented with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.
10. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of
gold without flowers.
They pass over the stage in order and state, and then
Exeunt, with a great flourish of trumpets.

2 Gen.
KING HENRY VIII.

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me—these I know—Who's that, who bears the Scepter?
1 Gen. Marquis Dorset.
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.
2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The Duke of Suffolk.
1 Gen. 'Tis the same: High Steward.
2 Gen. And that my Lord of Norfolk.
1 Gen. Yes.
2 Gen. Heav'n bless thee! [Looking on the Queen.
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our King has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady;
I cannot blame his conscience.
1 Gen. They, that bear
The cloth of state above her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.
2 Gen. Those men are happy; so are all, are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, the duchess of Norfolk.
1 Gen. It is, and all the rest are countesses.
2 Gen. Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.
1 Gen. No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, Sir! Where have you been broiling?
3 Gen. Among the crowd i' th' Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled,
With the meer rankness of their joy.
2 Gen. You saw the ceremony?
3 Gen. I did.
1 Gen. How was it?
3 Gen. Well worth the seeing.
2 Gen. Good Sir, speak it to us.
3 Gen. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state; opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people,
(Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman,
That ever lay by man;) which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, this is my wife there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 Gen. But, pray, what follow'd?
3 Gen. At length her Grace rose, and with modest
paces
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd; and, faint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people;
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury,
Sh' had all the royal makings of a Queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's Crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
Together sung Te Deum. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again

---like rams.] That is, like battering rams.
To York-Place, where the feast is held.
  1 Gen. You must no more call it York-Place, that's past.
For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost,
'Tis now the King's, and call'd Whitehall.
  3 Gen. I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.
  2 Gen. What two reverend bishops
Were those, that went on each side of the Queen?
  3 Gen. Stokoxy and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the King's Secretary;
The other, London.
  2 Gen. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of th' Archbishops,
The virtuous Cranmer.
  3 Gen. All the land knows that;
However, yet there's no great breach; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
  2 Gen. Who may that be, I pray you?
  3 Gen. Thomas Cromwell,
A man in much esteem with th' King, and, truly,
A worthy friend. The King has made him
Master o' th' jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
  2 Gen. He will deserve more.
  3 Gen. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, you shall go my way,
Which is to th' Court, and there shall be my guests;
Something I can command; as I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
  Both. You may command us, Sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE II.

Changes to Kimbolton.

Enter Catharine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith her gentleman usher, and Patience her woman.

Grif. HOW does your Grace?

Catb. O Griffith, sick to death;
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair—
So—Now, methinks, I feel a little ease. [Sitting down.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think, your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Catb. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd;
If well, he stept before me happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the stout Earl of Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Catb. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads he came to Leicester;
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the rev'rend Abbot,
With all his Convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words, "O father Abbot,
"An old man, broken with the storms of state,
without the help of romantick circumstances, without improbable fallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery.

"Is
"Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"

So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold, should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

Cath. So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity; he was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with Princes; 't was one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom. Simony was fair play.
His own opinion was his law. 'I' th' Presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brats, their virtues
We write in water. May it please your Highness
To hear me speak his good now?

_1 me, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom_; i.e. by giving the King pernicious counsel, he ty'd or enslaved the kingdom. He uses the word here with great propriety, and seeming knowledge of the Latin tongue. For the late Roman writers, and their glossers, agree to give this sense to it: sug-

gerit. So that nothing could be
geriter than this reflexion, that
that wholesome counsel, which it
is the minister's duty to give his
prince, was so empoisoned by
him, as to produce slavery to his
country. Yet all this fine sense
vanishes instantaneously before
the touch of the Oxford Editor,
by his happy thought of chang-
ing Ty'd into Tyth'd.

Warderton.

Cath.
Catb. Yes, good Griffith,
I were malicious else.

Griff. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour, from his cradle;
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and four to them, that lov'd him not,
But to those men, that fought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Catb. After my death: with no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his alms honour. Peace be with him!
—Patience, be near me still, and let me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note,
I nam'd my knell; whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.
Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down quiet, For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter solemnly one after another, six personas, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden wizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend courtesies; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two; who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head; which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order; at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven; and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Caib. Spirits of peace; where are ye? are ye gone? And leave me hère in wretchednes behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we're here.

Caib. It is not you I call for;
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, Madam.

Caib. No? saw you not e'en now a blessed troop Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces Caft thousand beams upon me, like the sun? They promised me eternal happines,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall affuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, Madam, such good dreams Possess your fancy.
Catb. Bid the musick leave,  
'Tis harsh and heavy to me.  

[Musick ceases.  
Pat. Do you note,  
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,  
And of an earthly cold? observe her eyes.  
Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray,——  
Pat. Heav'n comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. An't like your Grace——
Catb. You are a saxy fellow,  
Deserve we no more rev'rence?
Grif. You're to blame,  
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use to rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.
Mef. [Kneeling.] I humbly do intreat your Highness' pardon;  
My haste made me unmannery. There is staying  
A gentleman, sent from the King, to see you.
Catb. Admit him entrance, Griffith. But this fellow  
Let me ne'er see again.  

[Exit Messenger.

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my fight fail not,  
You should be Lord ambassador from the Emperor,  
My royal nephew; and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.
Catb. O my Lord,
The times and titles are now alter'd strangely  
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,  
First, mine own service to your Grace; the next,  
The King's request that I would visit you,  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me

Sends
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

_Cath._ O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle physic, giv'n in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his Highness?

_Cap._ Madam, in good health.

_Cath._ So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—_Patience_, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

_Pat._ No, Madam.

_Cath._ Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.

_Cap._ Most willing, Madam.

_Cath._ In which I have commend'd to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter;
The dews of heav'n fall thick in blessings on her!
Beseaching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She's young, and of a noble, modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heav'n knows, how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
And now I should not lie, but well deserves,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy, that shall have 'em.
The last is for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me.
If heav’n had pleas’d to’ve giv’n me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents. And, good my Lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people’s friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heav’n, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Catb. I thank you, honest Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness;
And tell him, his long trouble now is pasling
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blest him:
For so I will—Mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,
My Lord—Griffith, farewel—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed—
Call me more women—When I’m dead, good wench,
Let me be us’d with honour; strew me over
With maiden flow’rs, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave; embalm me,
Then lay me forth. Although unqueen’d, yet like
A Queen, and daughter to a King, interr me.
I can no more——

[Exeunt, leading Catharine.]
ACT V.  SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter Gardiner  Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gardiner.

'IT's one o'clock, boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times, to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas;
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gard. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell; what's the matter?

It seems you are in haste; and if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
' Some touch of your late busines. Affairs, that walk,
As they say, spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the busines
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I love you,

1 Not for delights.] Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints seems to be the King's diversion, which keeps him in attendance.

2 Some touch of your late busines.] Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late.
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The Queen’s in
labour,
They say, in great extremity; ’tis fear’d,
She’ll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb’d up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the Amen; and yet my conscience says,
She’s a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But, Sir, Sir——
Hear me, Sir Thomas——You’re a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wife, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne’er be well,
’Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take’t of me,
’Till Cromwell, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark’d i’th’ kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel-houfe, he’s made master
O’th’ Rolls, and the King’s Secretary; further,
Stands in the gap and trade for more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th’ Archbishop
Is the King’s hand, and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur’d
To speak my mind of him. Indeed, this day,
Sir, I may tell it you, I think, I have
Incens’d the Lords o’th’ Council, that he is,
For so I know he is, they know he is,  
A most arch heretick, a pestilence 
That does infect the land; with which they mov'd, 
Have broken with the King; who hath so far 
Giv'n ear to our complaint, of his great Grace  
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs 
Our reasons laid before him; he hath commanded, 
To-morrow morning to the council-board 
He be convened. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas, 
And we must root him out. From your affairs 
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas. 

[Exit Gardiner and Page.

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord; I rest your servant.  
[Exit Lovell.

SCENE II.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. CHARLES, I will play no more tonight;  
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.  
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.  
King. But little, Charles;  
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.

Re-enter Lovell.

Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news?  
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her  
What you commanded me, but by her woman 
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks 
In greatest humbleness, and begg'd your Highness 
Most heartily to pray for her.

---broken with the King.] They have broken silence; told 
their minds to the King.

King. Hh 4
KING HENRY VIII.

King. What say'st thou! ha!
To pray for her! what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman, and that her suff'rance made
Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy pray'rs remember
Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet night, and my good mistres will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, a good night. [Exit Suffolk.

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, Sir, what follows?

Denny. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Arch-
bishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha, Canterbury?——

Denny. Yea, my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true——Where is he, Denny?

Denny. He attends your Highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. [Exit Denny.

Lov. This is about that, which the Bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [Aside.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the Gallery. [Lovell seemeth to stay.

Ha!——I have said——be gone.

What!—— [Exeunt Lovell and Denny.
Cran. I am fearful. Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.
King. How now, my Lord? you do desire to know,
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. [kneeling.] It is my duty
T'attend your Highness' pleasure.
King. Pray you, rise!
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I've newe to tell you. Come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good Lord, I grieve at what I speak;
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my Lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our Council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower. 6 You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed; or else no witness
Would come against you.
Cran. [Kneeling.] I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.
King. Stand up, good Canterbury;

---You a brother of us.] that the witnesses against you
You being one of the council, may not be deterr'd.
it is necessary to imprison you.
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pry'thee, let's walk. [Cranmer rifes.] Now, by my
holy dame,
What manner of man are you? my Lord, I look'd,
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers, and have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Moft dread Liege,
* The good I stand on is my truth and honesty :
If they shall fall, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
Which can be laid against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i'th'world, with the whole world?
Your foes are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o'th'question carries
The due o'th' verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? Such things have been done.
You're potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witnesses, than your master,
Whose minister you are, while here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to,
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.

* The good I stand on.] Though good may be taken for advantage or superiority, or any thing which may help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say, The ground I stand on.
Keep comfort to you, and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use; and with what vehemency
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [Exit Cranmer.
H's strangled all his language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. Within. Come back; what mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back, the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.
Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege;
And of a lovely boy; the God of heav'n
Both now and ever blest her!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your visitation; and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell,—

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.

[Exit King.

7—blest her!] It is doubtful whether her is referred to the
Queen or the girl.

Lady.
KING HENRY VIII.

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll
Have more, or else unsay't. Now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the issue. [Exit Lady.

SCENE IV.

Before the Council-chamber.

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I hope, I'm not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the Council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—
ho! Who waits there?

Enter Door-keeper.

Sure. you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my Lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your Grace must wait, 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So—
Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall understand it presently. [Exit Butts.
Cran [aside.] 'Tis Butts,
The King's physician. As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heav'n, he found not my disgrace! For certain,

This
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,
To quench mine honour; they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
'Mong boys and grooms and lackeys! but their plea-

sures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts, at a window above.

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight—
King. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think, your Highness saw this many a day.
King. Body o'me, where is it?
Butts. There, my Lord;
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Who holds his state at door 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.
King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed.
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I thought,
They'd parted so much Honesty among 'em,
At least, good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their Lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a poft with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery.
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close,
We shall hear more anon.—

SCENE
A council-table brought in with chairs and stools, and placed under the state. Enter Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Arch-bishop of Canterbury. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as Secretary.

SPEAK to the business, Mr. Secretary.

Why are we met in Council?

Crom. Please your Honours,
The cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

D. Keep. My Lord Arch-bishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.

Speak to the business.] This Lord Chancellor, tho' a Character, has hitherto had no place in the Dramatis Personae. In the last Scene of the fourth Act, we heard, that Sir Thomas More was appointed Lord Chancellor; but it is not he, whom the Poet here introduces. Wolfer, by Command, deliver'd up the Seals on the 18th of November, 1529; on the 25th of the same Month, they were deliver'd to Sir Thomas More, who surrender'd them on the 16th of May, 1532. Now the Conclusion of this Scene taking Notice of Queen Elizabeth's Birth, (which brings it down to the Year 1534) Sir Thomas Audley must necessarily be our Poet's Chancellor; who succeeded Sir Thomas More, and held the Seals many Years.

THEOBALD.

D. Keep.
D. Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[Cranmer approaches the council-table.

Chan. My good Lord Arch-bishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty; but we are all men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, few are angels; from which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdeem'd yourself, and not a little;
Toward the King first, then his Laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions
Divers and dang'rous, which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble Lords; for th'oe, that tame wild horses,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But flop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic; and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint
Of the whole state, as of late days our neighbours
The upper Germany can dearly witness,

9 —— we are all men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, ———]

If all men were actually frail, they were more than capable of frailty; to understand this therefore, as only said of the natural weakness of humanity, it is absurdly expressed; but this was not our author's sense: By, in our own natures frail, he alludes to the doctrine of original sin: So that the sentiment is this, We are sinners by imputation, and liable
to become actually so.

WARDURTON.

This sentence I think needed no commentary. The meaning, and the plain meaning, is, we are men frail by nature, and therefore liable to acts of frailty, to deviations from the right. I wish every commentator, before he suffers his confidence to kindle, would repeat,

——We are all men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty; few are angels.
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my Authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my Lords)
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of the publick peace, than I do.
Pray heav'n, the King may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My Lord, because we've business of more
moment,
We will be short w'you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know, many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ay, my good Lord of Winchoster, I thank
you,
You're always my good friend; if your will pas,
I shall both find your Lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, Lord,
Become a church-man better than ambition.
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But rev'rence to your Calling makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; 'tis your painted glos discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weaknesses.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too hard; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been; 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good Mr. Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my Lord?
Gard. Do not I know you for a favour
Of this new sect? Ye are not found.

Crom. Not found?
Gard. Not found, I say.
Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Mens' prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gard. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much,
Forbear for shame, my Lords.
Gard. I've done.
Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you, my Lord. It stands
agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, 'till the King's further pleasure

—Your painted glos, &c.
Those that understand you, under this painted glos, this fair

outside, discover your empty talk
and your false reasoning.

Vol. V.  I i  Be
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, Lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' Tower, my Lords?

Gard. What other
Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome.
—Let some o’th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor then?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i’th’ Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my Lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, Lords;
By virtue of that Ring, I take my caule
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master.

Cham. This is the King's Ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis his right Ring, by heav'n. I told ye all,
When we first put this dang’rous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. D’you think, my Lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex’d?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on’t.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at.
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at ye.
SCENE VI.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gard. Dread Sov’reign, how much are we bound to heav’n
In daily thanks, that gave us such a Prince,
Not only good and wise, but most religious;
One, that in all obedience makes the Church
The chief aim of his honour; and to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You’re ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now; and in my presence
They are too thin and base to hide offences,
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me,
But whatsoever thou tak’st me for, I’m sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest

Fy Cranmer.

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that’s holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think, this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May’t please your Grace——

King. No, Sir, it does not please me.
I thought, I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my Council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, Lords, to let this man,
This good man, few of you deserve that title,
This honest man, wait like a lowly foot-boy
At chamber-door, and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Pow’r, as he was a counsellor to try him;

I i 2
KING HENRY VIII.

Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye means;
Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

Cham. My most dread Sovereign, may it like your Grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my Lords, respect him:
Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace.
Be friends for shame, my Lords.—My Lord of Canterb'ury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me,
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my Lord, you'd spare your spoons. You shall have
Two noble partners with you: the old Dutchefs
Of Nor'eck, and the lady Marquess Dorset.
—Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you
Embrace and love this man.

Gord. With a true heart
And brother's love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

[Embracing.

*—you'd spare your spoons.] passage in the next scene, that
It appears by this and another the goslings gave spoons.

King,
King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart:
The common voice, I see, is verify'd
Of thee, which says thus: Do my Lord of Canterbury
But one shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.
Come, Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, Lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

The Palace-Yard.

Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. YOU'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals; do
you take the Court for 3 Paris-Garden? ye
rude slaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, ye
rogue. Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen
crab tree slaves, and strong ones; these are but
witches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads; you must
be seeing christnings? do you look for ale and cakes
here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible,
Unless we swept them from the door with cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be.
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot,

3 Paris Garden. ] The Bear-
garden of that time.

4 These are but witches to 'em. ]
To what, or whom? We should
point it thus,

These are but witches.—To 'em.
KING HENRY VIII.

You see the poor remainder, could distribute,
I made no spare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colebrand, to mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good Mr. Puppy.

—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Morefields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to Court, the women so besiege us? Bless me! what a fry of fornication is at the door? on my christian conscience, this one christning will beget a thousand; here will be father, god father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brasier by his face; for, 'o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance; that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there like a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringers fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state.

5 Sir Guy, nor Colebrand.] Of Guy of Warwick every one has heard. Colebrand was the Davis giant whom Guy subdued at Winchester. Their combat is very elaborately described by Drayton in his Polyolbion.

* be should be a brasier by his face.] A brasier signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a mass of metal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are here understood.

6 Morefields to muster in?] The trainbands of the city were exercised in Morefields.
I mist the * meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry’d out, Clubs! when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour; which were the hope of the strand, where she was quarter’d. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to th’ broomstaff with me, I defy’d ‘em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind ‘em deliver’d such a shower of pebbles, loose shot, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let ‘em win the Work; the devil was amongst ‘em, I think, surel.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the Tribulation of Tower-Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure I have some of ‘em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o’ me! what a multitude are here? They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair. Where are these porters; These lazy knaves?—Ye’ve made a fine hand, fellows. There’s a trim rabble let in; are all these, Your faithful friends o’th’ suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt left for the ladies, When they pass back from th’ christening?

Port. Please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn in pieces, we have done.
An army cannot rule ‘em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for’t, I’ll lay ye all

* the meteor] The fire-drake, the braier.
7 the hope of the strand] Hauer reads, the forlorn hope.
8 the Tribulation of Tower-Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse] The limbs of Limehouse I do not understand.
† running banquet of two beadles] A publick whipping.

By
KING HENRY VIII.

By th' heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect. Y'are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
Th' are come already from the chriftning.
Go break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way for the Princes.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make
your head ake.

Port. You 'th' cambleet, get up o' th' rail; I'll pick
you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Trumpets sounding, then two Aldermen, Lord
Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with
his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen
bearing great standing bowls for the chriftning gifts;
then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the
Duchesses of Norfolk, god-mother, bearing the child
rickly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a la-
dy: then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other
god-mother, and ladies. The troop pass once about
the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heav'n, from thy endless goodness send long
life,
And ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princes of England, fair Elizabeth!

---here ye lie baiting of bum-
bards] A bumbard is an ale-bar-
rel; to bait bumbards is to tipple,
to lie at the spigot.

Flourish.
Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My noble partners and myself thus pray;
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good Lord Arch-bishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, Lord. [The King kisses the child.
With this kiss take my blessing. God protect thee,
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble goslings, ye have been too prodigal,
I thank you heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir;
For heav'n now bids me, and the words I utter,
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, heav'n still move about her!
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be,
(But few or none living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed. Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this blest soul should be. All Princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her:
Holy and heav'nly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake, like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her.
In her days, ev'ry man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known, and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.
[Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phoenix,
Her ashes new-create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When heav'n shall call her from this cloud of darkness,
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth,
Terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Where-ever the bright sun of heav'n shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him: children's children
Shall see this, and bless heav'n.

* Nor shall this peace sleep with her.] These lines, to the
interruption by the King, seem to have beeninserted at some
revival of the play after the accession of King James. If the
passage, included in crotches, be left out, the speech of Cram-
mer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction and continuity of
sentiments; but by the interpo-
sition of the new lines, he first cele-
brates Elzebeth's succ-sor, and then wishes he did not know
that she was to die; first rejoices at the consequence, and then la-
mants the cause. Our author was at once politic and idle; he
resolved to flatter James, but neglected to reduce the whole
speech to propriety, or perhaps intended that the line inserted
should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication,
if any publication ever was in his thought. Mr. Theobald has made
the same observation.

King.
King. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England, An aged Princess; many days shall see her, And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

Would, I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the Saints must have her; yet a Virgin,
A most unspotted lily she shall pass
To th'ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O Lord Arch-bishop,
Thou'lt made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing,
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heav'n, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all.—To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden:
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, Lords;
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day no man think,
H'as business at his house, for all shall stay;
This little one shall make it holy day. [Exeunt.

[2 And you good Brethren.] But
the Aldermen never were called
Brethren to the King. The
top of the nobility are but Cou-
sins and Counsellors. Dr. Thirl-
by, therefore, rightly advis'd;
And your good Brethren—
i.e. the Lord Mayor's Brethren;
which is properly their Style.

Theobald.

The play of Henry the eighth is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage, by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation about forty years ago drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek forrows and virtuous distress of Catherine have furnished some scenes which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Catherine. Every other part may be easily conceived, and easily written.

EPI-
EPILOGUE.

'TIS ten to one, this Play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an Hr or two; but those, we fear,
We're frighted with our trumpets; so 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: Others, to bear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, That's witty!
Which we have not done either; that, I fear,
All the expected Good we're like to bear
For this Play at this time, is only in
The merciful constrution of good women;
For such a one we shew'd 'em. If they smile,
And say, 'twill do; I know within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

* In the character of Catharine.

Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot refrain myself from expressing my suspicion that neither the prologue nor epilogue to this play is the work of Shakespeare; non culus, non color. It appears to me very likely that they were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of John Sin, whose manner they will be perhaps found exactly to resemble. There is yet another supposition possible: the prologue and epilogue may have been written after Shakespeare's departure from the stage, upon some accidental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert cenure of his other works. There is in
in Shakespeare so much of fool
and fag,

---the fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded
with yellow,
appears so often in his drama,
that I think it not very likely

that he would have animadverted so severely on himself. All
this, however, must be received as very dubious, since we know
not the exact date of this or
the other plays, and cannot
tell how our author might
have changed his practice or op-

T
HE historical Dramas are
now concluded, of which
the two parts of Henry the Fourth,
and Henry the Fifth, are among
the happiest of our author's com-
positions; and King John, Rich-
ard the Third, and Henry the
Eighth, deservedly stand in the
second class. Those whose cu-
riosity would refer the historical
scenes to their original, may con-
sult Hollingshead, and sometimes
Hall: from Hollingshead Shake-
peare has often inferred whole
speeches with no more alteration
than was necessary to the num-

bers of his verse. To transcribe
them into the margin was unnec-
essary, because the original is
easily examined, and they are
f seldom less perspicuous in the
poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhib-
bit a succession of events by ac-
tion and dialogue, was a com-
mon entertainment among our
rude ancestors upon great festi-
vities. The parish clerks once
performed at Clerkenwell a play
which lasted three days, con-

The End of the Fifth Volume.