

ments, that this is the glove of Alençon that your majesty is give me; in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier; look, here is the fellow of it. 41

'Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An't please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction? 48

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse. 52

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me. 60

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow; and wear it for an honour in thy cap

Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns: 64 And, captain you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money. 72

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good shilling, I warrant you, or I will change it. 77

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French. [Delivers a paper.]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle? 80

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciquart:

Of other lords and barons, knights and squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men. 84

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead One hundred twenty-six: added to these, 88

Of knights, squires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights: So that, in these ten thousand they have lost, 92 There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries; The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead: 96

Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;

Jaques of Chatillon, Admiral of France;

The master of the cross-bows, Lord Raumbures;

Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischaud

Dauphin; 100

John Duke of Alençon; Antony Duke of Brabant,

The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,

And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,

Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix, 104

Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrade.

Here was a royal fellowship of death!

Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald presents another paper.]

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire: 109

None else of name: and of all other men

But five and twenty. O God! thy arm was here;

And not to us, but to thy arm alone, 112

Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,

But in plain shock and even play of battle,

Was ever known so great and little loss

On one part and on the other? Take it, God,

For it is none but thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful! 117

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:

And be it death proclaimed through our host

To boast of this or take the praise from God, 120

Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment, 124

That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites:

Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*; 128

The dead with charity enclos'd in clay.

We'll then to Calais; and to England then,

Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [Exeunt.]

Act V.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,

That I may prompt them: and of such as have,

I humbly pray them to admit the excuse

Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,

Which cannot in their huge and proper life 5
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts 8
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and
boys,

Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-
mouth'd sea,

Which, like a mighty whistler 'fore the king, 12
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land
And solemnly see him set on to London.

So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath; 16

Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,

Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent, 21

Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens. 24

The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,

With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:

As, by a lover but loving likelihood, 29
Were now the general of our gracious em-
press,—

As in good time he may,—from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword, 32

How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him! much more, and much more
cause,

Did they this Harry. Now in London place
him;

As yet the lamentation of the French 36
Invites the King of England's stay at home,—
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,

To order peace between them;—and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chan'd, 40

Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have
play'd

The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to
France. [Exit.]

Scene I.—France. An English Court of
Guard.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you
your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and
wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my
friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald,
beggary, lousy, praggng knave, Pistol,—which
you and yourself and all the 'orld know to be no
petter than a fellow,—look you now, of no merits,

he is come to me and prings me pread and salt
yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek. It
was in a place where I could not preed no con-
tention with him; but I will be so pold as to
wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and
then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a
turkey-cock. 16

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his
turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol!
you scurvey, lousy knave, God pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst,
base Troyan, 20

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvey lousy
knave, at my desires and my requests and my
petitions to eat, look you, this leek; because,

look you, you do not love it, nor your affections
and your appetites and your digestions does not
agree with it, I would desire you to eat it. 28

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. [Strikes him.] There is one goat for you.
Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Troyan, thou shalt die. 32

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when
God's will is. I will desire you to live in the
mean time and eat your victuals? come, there
is sauce for it. [Strikes him again.] You called
me yesterday mountain-squire, but I will make
you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall
to: if you can mock a leek you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished
him. 41

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of
my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite,
I pray you; it is good for your green wound and
your ploody coxcomb. 45

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out
of question too and ambiguities. 48

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge.
I eat and eat, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some
more sauce to your leek? there is not enough
leek to swear by. 53

Pist. Quiet the cudgel: thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily.
Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is
good for your broken coxcomb. When you take
occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock
at 'em; that is all. 56

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a
groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take
it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which
you shall eat. 60

Flu. Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a
groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take
it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which
you shall eat. 66

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be w' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.]

Pist. All hell shall stir for this. 72

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [Exit.]

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now? 85

News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France:
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off. 88
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal: 92
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.]

Scene II.—Troies in Champagne. An Apartment in the FRENCH KING'S Palace.

Enter, from one side, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; from the other side, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, ALICE and other Ladies; the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty, 5
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;

And, princes French, and peers, health to you all! 8

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England; fairly met:
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting, 13
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks: 17
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day

Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love. 20

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I
have labour'd 24

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,

To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,

Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd 29

That face to face, and royal eye to eye,

You have congregated, let it not disgrace me

If I demand before this royal view, 32

What rub or what impediment there is,

Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,

Dear nurse of hearts, plenties, and joyful births,

Should not in this best garden of the world, 36

Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?

Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,

And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,

Corrupting in its own fertility. 40

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,

Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleached,

Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,

Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas 44

The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory

Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts

That should deracinate such savagery;

The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth

The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,

Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,

Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems 51

But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,

Losing both beauty and utility;

And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,

Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,

Even so our houses and ourselves and children

Have lost, or do not learn for want of time, 57

The sciences that should become our country,

But grow like savages,—as soldiers will,

That nothing do but meditate on blood,— 60

To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,

And every thing that seems unnatural.

Which to reduce into our former favour

You are assembled; and my speech entreats 64

That I may know the let why gentle Peace

Should not expel these inconveniences,

And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the

peace, 68

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections

Which you have cited, you must buy that peace

With full accord to all our just demands;

Whose tenours and particular effects 72

You have, enshedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which

as yet,

There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer. 76

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed 80
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
84

Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageous for our dignity, 88
Anything in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with
them. 92

Haply a woman's voice may do some good
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here
with us:

She is our capital demand, compris'd 96
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except KING HENRY,
KATHARINE, and ALICE.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear, 100
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majestys all mock at me; I cannot
speak your English.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine! if you will love
me soundly with your French heart, I will be
glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your
English tongue. Do you like me, Kate? 107

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is
'like me.'

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you
are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les
anges?* 113

Alice. *Ouy, vraiment, sauf vostre grace, ainsi
dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I
must not blush to affirm it. 117

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes
sont pleines des tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the
tongues of men are full of deceits? 121

Alice. *Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be
full of deceits: dat is de princess.*

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-
woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy
understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no
better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst
find me such a plain king that thou wouldst
think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I

know no ways to mince it in love, but directly
to say 'I love you:' then, if you urge me further
than to say 'Do you in faith?' I wear out my
suit. Give me your answer; I' faith do: and so
clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verscs,
or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid
me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure,
and for the other, I have no strength in
measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength.
If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting
into my saddle with my armour on my back,
under the correction of bragging be it spoken,
I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might
buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her
favour, I could lay on like a butcher and sit
like a jack-an-apes, never off. But before God,
Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my
eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protesta-
tion; only downright oaths, which I never use
till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou
canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose
face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks
in his glass for love of anything he sees there,
let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain
soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me;
if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but
for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee
too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a
fellow of plain and uncolined constancy, for he
perforce must do thee right, because he hath
not the gift to woo in other places; for these
fellows of infinite tongue, that can rime them-
selves into ladies' favours, they do always reason
themselves out again. What! a speaker is but
a prater; a rime is but a ballad. A good leg
will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard
will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a
fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow,
but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the
moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon;
for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps
his course truly. If thou would have such a one,
take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a
soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to
my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de
enemy of France? 178

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should
love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving
me, you should love the friend of France; for
I love France so well, that I will not part with
a village of it; I will have it all mine; and,
Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then
yours is France and you are mine. 185

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French,
which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like
a new-married wife about her husband's neck,
hardly to be shook off. *Je quand sur le posses-*

tion de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moy,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—*done vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me. 197

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.* 200

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, Canst thou love me? 205

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night when you come into your closet you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate,—as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,—I get thee with scambing, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat. 224

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et divin déesse?* 231

Kath. Your majesté ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France. 234

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your

maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine:' which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;' who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me? 265

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de roy mon père.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate. 268

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.* 276

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, et demoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.* 280

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is *baiser* in English. 284

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better que moy.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say? 289

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O Kate! nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding [*Kissing her*]. You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father. 304

Re-enter the KING and QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair

cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English. 309

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness. 315

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up Love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to. 325

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do. 329

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on. 337

K. Hen. This mortal ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too. 341

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way. 346

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them respectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will. 356

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter first, and then in sequel all, 361
According to their firm proposed natures.

Eze. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French, *Notre très cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, Héretier de France;*

and thus in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,

But your request shall make me let it pass. 372

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest;

And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up 376

Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms Of France and England, whose very shores look pale

With envy of each other's happiness, May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen! 382

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish.*]

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages, Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one! As man and wife, being two, are one in love, 389
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal That never may ill office, or fell jealousy, Which troubles off the bed of blessed marriage, Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms, To make divorce of their incorporate league; That English may as French, French Englishmen, Receive each other! God speak this Amen! 396
All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: on which day,

My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath, And all the peers', for surety of our leagues. 400
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me; And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be! [Sennet. *Exeunt.*]

Enter Chorus.

*Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
This star of England: Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd, 409
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing, 413
That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. 416*
[*Exit.*]

The First Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, Regent of France.
THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, Great-uncle to the King.
HENRY BEAUFORT, Great-uncle to the King; Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.
JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
JOHN TALBOT, his Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower. Mayor of London. Mortimer's Keepers. A Lawyer.

VERNON, of the White-Rose, or York Faction.
BASSET, of the Red-Rose, or Lancaster Faction.
CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.
REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF ALENÇON.
BASTARD OF ORLEANS, Governor of Paris.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French Forces in Bourdeaux.
A French Sergeant.
A Porter.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Lords, Wardens of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

Scene.—Partly in England, and partly in France.

Act I.

Scene I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of KING HENRY THE FIFTH attended on by the DUKES OF BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER; the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death! 5

King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time,
Virtue he had, deserving to command: 9
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire, 12
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.

What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered. 16

Eze. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead and never shall revive.

Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
 And death's dishonourable victory 20
 We with our stately presence glorify,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
 What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow? 24
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
 Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
 By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of
 kings. 28

Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
 So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
 The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
 The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not
 churchmen pray'd 33

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
 None do you like but an effeminate prince,
 Whom like a school-boy you may over-awe. 36

Win. Gloucester, whate'er we like thou art
 protector,

And lookest to command the prince and realm.
 Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
 More than God or religious churchmen may. 40

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the
 flesh,

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou
 go'st,

Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your
 minds in peace! 44

Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:
 Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms,

Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
 Posterity, await for wretched years, 48

When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall
 suck,

Our Isle be made a marish of salt tears,
 And none but women left to wail the dead.

Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke: 52
 Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!

Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
 A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
 Than Julius Cæsar, or bright— 56

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
 Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
 Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:

Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, 60
 Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What sayst thou, man, before dead
 Henry's corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
 Will make him burst his lead and rise from
 death. 64

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Roan yielded up?
 If Henry were recall'd to life again

These news would cause him once more yield
 the ghost.

Eze. How were they lost? what treachery
 was us'd? 68

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and
 money.

Among the soldiers this is muttered,
 That here you maintain several factions;

And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and
 fought, 72

You are disputing of your generals.
 One would have lingering wars with little cost;

Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
 A third thinks, without expense at all, 76

By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
 Awake, awake, English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
 Cripp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms; 80

Of England's coat one half is cut away.
Eze. Were our tears wanting to this funeral

These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.
Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of 84

France.

Give me my steeled coat: I'll fight for France.
 Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!

Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
 To weep their intermissive miseries. 88

Enter another Messenger.

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

France is revolted from the English quite,
 Except some petty towns of no import:

The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in
 Rheims; 92

The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
 Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;

The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.
Eze. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly 96

to him!

O! whither shall we fly from this reproach?
Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' 100

throats.

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.
Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my 104

forwardness?

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
 Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

Third Mess. My gracious lords, to add to
 your laments,

Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hears, 108
 I must inform you of a dismal fight

105
 Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? 112
 so?

Third Mess. O, no! wherein Lord Talbot was
 o'erthrown: 108

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
 The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
 Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
 Having full scarce six thousand in his troop, 112

By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers; 116
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of
hedges

They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued; 120
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand
him;

Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew:
The French exclaim'd the devil was in arms; 125
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! A Talbot! cried out amain, 128
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.

Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward.
He, being in the vaward,—plac'd behind, 132

With purpose to relieve and follow them,—
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies. 136

A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled
strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face, 140
Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd. 144

Third Mess. O no! he lives; but is took
prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hunger-
ford:

Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.
Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall
pay: 148

I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I; 152

Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal;
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe
quake. 156

Third Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is
besieg'd;

The English army is grown weak and faint;
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, 160
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry
sworn,

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke. 164

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my
leave,

To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*]

Glo. I'll to the Tower with all the haste
I can,

To view the artillery and munition; 168
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

[*Exit.*]

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young
king is,

Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*]

Win. Each hath his place and function to
attend: 173

I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office.

The king from Eltham I intend to steal, 176
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exit.*]

Scene II.—France. Before Orleans.

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, with his Forces:
ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Others.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the
heavens

So in the earth, to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the English side;

Now we are victors; upon us he smiles. 4
What towns of any moment but we have?

At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale
ghosts,

Faintly besiege us one hour in a month. 8
Alen. They want their porridge and their fat
bull-beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice. 12

Reig. Let's raise the siege: why live we idly
here?

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

And he may well in fretting spend his gall; 16
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarm! we will rush on
them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me 20
When he sees me go back one foot or fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a retreat.

*Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and
Others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men
have I!

Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have
fled

But that they left me 'midst my enemies. 24
Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;

He fighteth as one weary of his life:

The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey. 23

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,

England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified; 32
For none but Samsons and Goliases,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity? 36

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are
hare-brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the
siege. 40

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals or
device,

Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.

By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone. 44

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

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

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome
to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer
appall'd: 48

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:

A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven 52

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of
France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome; 56

What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,

For they are certain and unfallible.
Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit BASTARD.*] But
first, to try her skill, 60

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:

By this means shall we sound what skill she
hath. [*Retires.*]

*Re-enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, with JOAN LA
PUCELLE and Others.*

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these won-
drous feats? 64

Joan. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to be-
guile me?

Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from
behind;

I know thee well, though never seen before,
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me: 68

In private will I talk with thee apart.

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first
dash.

Joan. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's
daughter, 72

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art,
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:

Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs, 76
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deign'd to appear to me,

And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation 80

And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success;

In complete glory she revealed herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before, 84

With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see,

Ask me what question thou canst possible
And I will answer unpremeditated: 88

My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy war-like mate. 92

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high
terms.

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,

And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true; 96
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Joan. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd
sword,

Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's
churchyard, 100

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no
woman.

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

[*They fight, and JOAN LA PUCELLE overcomes.*]

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an
Amazon, 104

And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
Joan. Christ's mother helps me, else I were
too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must
help me:

Impatiently I burn with thy desire; 108
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be;

'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus. 112

Joan. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense. 116

Char. Meantime look gracious on thy pros-
trate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
 Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean? 121
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
 These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on? 124
 Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Joan. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
 Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says, I'll confirm: we'll fight it out. 128
Joan. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
 This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
 Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
 Since I have entered into these wars. 132
 Glory is like a circle in the water,
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
 Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
 With Henry's death the English circle ends;
 Dispersed are the glories it included. 137
 Now am I like that proud insulting ship
 Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.
Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
 Thou with an eagle art inspired then. 141
 Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
 Nor yet Saint Phillip's daughters were like thee.
 Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
 How may I reverently worship thee enough?
Alen. Leave off delays and let us raise the siege. 146
Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
 Drive them from Orleans and be immortal's'd.
Char. Presently we'll try. Come, let's away about it:
 No prophet will I trust if she prove false. 150

[Exeunt.]

Scene III.—London. Before the Tower.

Enter at the Gates the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, with his Serving-men, in blue coats.
Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
 Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.
 Where be these warders that they wait not here?
 Open the gates! 'Tis Gloucester that calls. 4
 [Servingants knock.]
First Ward. [Within.] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?
First Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.
Sec. Ward. [Within.] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.
First Serv. Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?
 8

First Ward. [Within.] The Lord protect him!
 so we answer him:
 We do not otherwise than we are will'd.
Glo. Who will you? or whose will stands but mine?
 There's none protector of the realm but I. 12
 Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize:
 Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
 [GLOUCESTER'S Men rush at the Tower gates, and WOODVILLE the Lieutenant speaks within.]
Wood. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?
Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
 Open the gates! here's Gloucester that would enter. 17
Wood. [Within.] Have patience, noble Duke; I may not open;
 The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
 From him I have express commandment 20
 That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.
Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him fore me?
 Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
 Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook? 24
 Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
 Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.
First Serv. Open the gates unto the Lord Protector;
 Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly. 28
Enter WINCHESTER, attended by Serving-men in tawny coats.
Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?
Glo. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?
Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
 And not protector, of the king or realm. 32
Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
 Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
 Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:
 I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat, 36
 If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
 This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
 To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt. 40
Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
 Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
 I'll use to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou dar'st; I'll beard thee to thy face. 44
Glo. What! am I dar'd and bearded to my face?—
 Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
 Blue coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;
 [GLOUCESTER and his men attack the CARDINAL.]
 I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly. 48

Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloucester, thou'lt answer this before
the pope. 52

Glo. Winchester goose! I cry a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence; why do you let them
stay?

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's
array.

Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite! 56

*Here GLOUCESTER'S Men beat out the Cardinal's
Men, and enter in the hurly-burly the
Mayor of London and his Officers.*

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme
magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my
wrongs:

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here distract'd the Tower to his use. 61

Win. Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens;

One that still motions war and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines, 64
That seeks to overthrow religion

Because he is protector of the realm,

And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but
blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*]

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous
strife

But to make open proclamation.

Come, officer: as loud as e'er thou canst; 72
Cry.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in
arms this day, against God's peace and the king's,
we charge and command you, in his highness'
name, to repair to your several dwelling-places;
and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword,
weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of
death. 80

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;
But we shall meet and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost,
be sure:

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs if you will not away.

This cardinal's more haughty than the devil. 86

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what
thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloucester! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long.

[*Exeunt, severally, GLOUCESTER and WIN-
CHESTER, with their Serving-men.*]

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will
depart. 90

Good God! these nobles should such stomachs
bear;

I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—*France. Before Orleans.*

*Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and
his Boy.*

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is
besieg'd,

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at
them,

Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim. 4

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou
rul'd by me:

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;

Something I must do to procure me grace.

The prince's espials have informed me 8
How the English, in the suburbs close entrench'd,
Went through a secret gate of iron bars

In yonder tower to overpeer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage

They may vex us with shot or with assault. 13
To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;

And fully even these three days have I watch'd

If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,

For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;

And thou shalt find me at the Governor's. [*Exit.*]

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no
care; 21

I'll never trouble you if I may spy them.

*Enter, on the turrets, the LORDS SALISBURY and
TALBOT; SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS
GARGRAVE, and Others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner? 24

Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd,

Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santraillies; 28

For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.

But with a baser man at arms by far

Once in contempt they would have barter'd me;
Which I disdainful scorn'd, and craved death 32

Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my 37

heart:
Whom with my bare fists I would execute 36

If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert enter-
tain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contume-
lious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me, 40
To be a public spectacle to all:

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children 80.

Then broke I from the officers that led me, 44
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground

To hurl at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly.
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure; 49
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was
spread
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant: 52
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart. 56

Enter the Boy with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endure'd;
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I count each one, 60
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions 64
Where is best place to make our battery next.
Gar. I think at the North gate; for there stand lords.
Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd, 68
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[Here they shoot. SALISBURY and SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE fall.]

Sal. O Lord! have mercy on us, wretched sinners.
Gar. O Lord! have mercy on me, woeful man.
Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us? 72
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!
Accurs'd tower! accurs'd fatal hand 76
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trumpet did sound or drum struck up, 80
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world. 84
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life? 88
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whiles—
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me, 92
As who should say, 'When I am dead and gone,

Remember to avenge me on the French.'
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn: 96
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[It thunders and lightens. An alarum.]
What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have gather'd head: 100
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophets new risen up
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[Here SALISBURY lifteth himself up and groans.]

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan! 104
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains. 109
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

[Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.]

Scene V. *The Same. Before one of the Gates.*

Alarum. Skirmishings. Enter TALBOT, pursuing the DAUPHIN; drives him in, and exit: then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them. Then re-enter TALBOT.

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

Re-enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee:
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee: 5
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Joan. Come, come; 'tis only I that must disgrace thee. *[They fight.]*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail? 9

My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet. 12
[They fight again.]

Joan. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:

I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
[A short alarum; then enter the town with Soldiers.]
O'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men; 16
Help Salisbury to make his testament:

This day is ours, as many more shall be. *[Exit.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do: 20

A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,

Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,

Are from their hives and houses driven away. 24

They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[A short alarum.

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight

Or tear the lions out of England's coat; 28

Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead;

Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,

Or horse or oxen from the leopard,

As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves. 32

[Alarum. Another skirmish.

It will not be: retire into your trenches:

You all consented unto Salisbury's death,

For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.

Pucelle is entered into Orleans 36

In spite of us or aught that we could do.

O! would I were to die with Salisbury.

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT and his Forces, &c.

Scene VI.—The Same.

Flourish. Enter, on the walls, JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.

Joan. Advance our waving colours on the walls;

Rescu'd is Orleans from the English:

Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, Astraea's daughter, 4

How shall I honour thee for this success?

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,

That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.

France, triumph in thy glorious prophets! 8

Recover'd is the town of Orleans:

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires 12

And feast and banquet in the open streets,

To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy.

When they shall hear how we have played the men. 16

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;

For which I will divide my crown with her;

And all the priests and friars in my realm

Shall in procession sing her endless praise. 20

A statelier pyramid to her I'll rear

Than Rhodope's or Memphis ever was:

In memory of her when she is dead,

Her ashes, in an urn more precious 24

Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius,

Transported shall be at high festivals

Before the kings and queens of France.

No longer on Saint Denis will we cry, 28

But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

Come in, and let us banquet royally,

After this golden day of victory.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

Act II.

Scene I.—Before Orleans.

Enter to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant,

If any noise or soldier you perceive

Near to the walls, by some apparent sign

Let us have knowledge at the court of guard. 4

First Sent. Sergeant, you shall

[Exit Sergeant.

Thus are poor servitors—

When others sleep upon their quiet beds—

Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces with scaling-ladders; their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy, 8

By whose approach the regions of Artois,

Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,

This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,

Having all day carous'd and banqueted: 12

Embrace we then this opportunity,

As fitting best to quittance their deceit

Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame, 16

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,

To join with witches and the help of hell!

Bur. Traitors have never other company.

But what's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid, and be so martial! 21

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long;

If underneath the standard of the French

She carry armour, as she hath begun. 24

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;

God is our fortress, in whose conquering name

Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee. 28

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,

That we do make our entrance several ways,

That if it chance the one of us do fall,

The other yet may rise against their force. 32
Bed. Agreed. I'll to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make
 his grave.
 Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
 Of English Henry, shall this night appear 36
 How much in duty I am bound to both.
*(The English scale the walls, crying, 'Saint
 George!' 'A Talbot!' and all enter the town.)*
First Sent. Arm, arm! the enemy doth make
 assault!

*The French leap over the Walls in their shirts.
 Enter, several ways, BASTARD OF ORLEANS,
 ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, half ready, and half
 unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords! what! all unready
 so?

Bast. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scap'd so
 well. 40

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

Hearing alarms at our chamber-doors.

Alen. Of all exploits since first I follow'd
 arms,

Ne'er heard I of a war-like enterprise 44
 More venturous or desperate than this.

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

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour
 him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how
 he sped. 48

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES and JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful
 dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain, 52
 That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Joan. Wherefore is Charles impatient with
 his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?
 Sleeping or waking must I still prevail, 56

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
 Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
 This sudden mischief never could have fallen.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
 That, being captain of the watch to-night, 61

Didst look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been so safely
 kept

As that whereof I had the government, 64
 We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And for myself, most part of all this
 night,

Within her quarter and mine own precinct 68
 I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels:

Then how or which way should they first break in?

Joan. Question, my lords, no further of the
 case, 72

How or which way: 'tis sure they found some
 place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.

And now there rests no other shift but this;

To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
 And lay new platforms to endanger them. 77

Alarm. Enter an English Soldier, crying, 'A
 Talbot! a Talbot!' They fly, leaving their
 clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have
 left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;

For I have loaden me with many spoils, 80
 Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

Scene II.—Orleans. Within the Town.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain,
 and Others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is
 fled,

Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.

Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
 [Retreat sounded.]

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury, 4
 And here advance it in the market-place,
 The middle centre of this cursed town.

Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;

For every drop of blood was drawn from him 8
 There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-
 night.

And that hereafter ages may behold
 What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,

Within their chieftest temple I'll erect 12
 A tomb wherein his corse shall be interr'd:

Upon the which, that every one may read,
 Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,

The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
 And what a terror he had been to France. 17

But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
 I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,

His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
 Nor any of his false confederates. 21

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the
 fight began,

Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
 They did amongst the troops of armed men 24

Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself—as far as I could well discern
 For smoke and dusky vapours of the night—

Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull, 28
 When arm in arm they both came swiftly run-
 ning,

Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
 That could not live asunder day or night.

After that things are set in order here, 32
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the war-like Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France? 36

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

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe 40

To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comic sport, 45
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world
of men 48

Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her. 52
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will;
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone. 56

Tal. Well then, alone,—since there's no remedy,—

I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;

And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

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

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right, 4

I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account: 8
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd, 12

By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad, 16
That with his name the mothers still their babes?

I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect, 20
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies. 24

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;

But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes. 28

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves

To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here. 32

Re-enter Porter, with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me, 36

For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like.
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years 40
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughst thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan. 44

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,

Whereon to practise your severity.
Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am, indeed. 48

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part 52
And least proportion of humanity.

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it. 56

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;

He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently. 60
He winds a horn. Drums strike up; a peal of ordinance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
 That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
 These are his substance, sinews, arms, and
 strength,
 With which he yoketh your rebellious necks, 64
 Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
 And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
 I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
 And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
 Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
 For I am sorry that with reverence
 I did not entertain thee as thou art? 72

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor miscon-
 sider
 The mind of Talbot as you did mistake
 The outward composition of his body.
 What you have done hath not offended me; 76
 Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
 But only, with your patience, that we may
 Taste of your wine and see what cates you have;
 For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me
 honoured 81
 To feast so great a warrior in my house.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—London. The Temple Garden.

*Enter the EARLS OF SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and
 WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON,
 and a Lawyer.*

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means
 this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
 The garden here is more convenient. 4

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the
 truth,

Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
 And never yet could frame my will to it; 8

And therefore frame the law unto my will.

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

War. Between two hawks, which flies the
 higher pitch;

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;

Between two blades, which bears the better tem-
 per; 13

Between two horses, which doth bear him best;

Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;

I have perhaps, some shallow spirit of judg-
 ment; 16

But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
 Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbear-
 ance:

The truth appears so naked on my side, 20
 That any purblind eye may find it out.

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

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath
 to speak, 25

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
 Let him that is a true-born gentleman,

And stands upon the honour of his birth, 28
 If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,

From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flat-
 terer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth, 32
 Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours, and, without all
 colour

Of base insinuating flattery
 I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet. 36

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somers-
 set:

And say withal I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck : o
 more,

Till you conclude that he, upon whose side 40
 The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,

Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well ob-
 jected:

If I have fewest I subscribe in silence. 44

Plan. And I.
 Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the
 case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
 Giving my verdict on the white rose side. 48

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
 Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red,

And fall on my side so, against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed, 52
 Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,

And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: who else?
 Law. [To SOMERSET.] Unless my study and
 my books be false, 56

The argument you held was wrong in you,
 In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argu-
 ment?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that
 Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red. 61

Plan. Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit
 our roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
 The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet, 64

'Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks
 Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,

And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
 Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
 That shall maintain what I have said is true,
 Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
 I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away! good William de la Pole: We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset:
 His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence, Third son to the third Edward, King of England. Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege, Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words
 On any plot of ground in Christendom.
 Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge, For treason executed in our late king's days? And, by his treason stand'st not thou attainted, Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry? His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
 And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted; Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor; And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset, Were growing time once ripen'd to my will. For your partaker Pole and you yourself, I'll note you in my book of memory, To scourge you for this apprehension; Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,
 And know us by these colours for thy foes;
 For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.
Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
 As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
 Will I for ever and my faction wear,
 Until it wither with me to my grave
 Or flourish to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition;
 And so farewell until I meet thee next. [Exit.
Som. Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard. [Exit.
Plan. How I am brav'd and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot that they object against your house
 Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
 Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;
 And if thou be not then created York,
 I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
 Meantime in signal of my love to thee,
 Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
 Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
 And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
 Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
 Shall send between the red rose and the white
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
Plant. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
 That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ver. In your behalf still would I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.
Plant. Thanks, gentle sir.
 Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
 This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[Exeunt.]

Scene V.—London. A Room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair by two Gaolers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
 Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
 Even like a man new haled from the rack,
 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
 And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,
 Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
 These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
 Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,
 And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
 Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
 Unable to support this lump of clay,
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
 As witting I no other comfort have.
 But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
First Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
 We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber.
 And answer was return'd that he will come.
Mor. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
 Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
 Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
 Before whose glory I was great in arms,
 This loathsome sequestration have I had;
 And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
 Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
 But now the arbitrator of despairs,
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,

With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence :
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost. 32

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

First Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now
is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he
come ?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despis'd Richard, comes. 36

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his
neck,

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp :
O ! tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss. 40

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great
stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert des-
pis'd ?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against
mine arm ;

And in that case, I'll tell thee my disease. 44
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and
me ;

Among which terms he us'd a lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death : 48
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet, 52

And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd
me,

And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth 56
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was curs'd instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that
was,

For I am ignorant and cannot guess. 60

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.

Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son, 64

The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent :

During whose reign the Percies of the North,
Finding his usurpation most unjust, 68

Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this

Was, for that—young King Richard thus re-
mov'd,

Leaving no heir begotten of his body— 72
I was the next by birth and parentage ;

For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son

To King Edward the Third ; whereas he 76
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.

But mark : as, in this haughty great attempt
They labour'd to plant the rightful heir, 80
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.

Long after this, when Henry the Fifth
Succeeding his father Bollingbroke, did reign,

Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd 84
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,

Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem 88

And have install'd me in the diadem ;
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,

In whom the title rested, were suppressed. 92

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

Mor. True ; and thou seest that I no issue
have,

And that my fainting words do warrant death :
Thou art my heir ; the rest I wish thee ga-
ther : 96

But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with
me.

But yet methinks my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny. 100

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic :
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,

And like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence, 104

As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O uncle ! would some part of my young
years

Might but redeem the passage of your age. 108

Mor. Thou dost then, wrong me,—as the
slaughterer doth,

Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.—
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good ;

Only give order for my funeral : 112
And so farewell ; and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war !

[*Exit.*
Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting
soul !

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage, 116
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.

Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast ;
And what I do imagine let that rest.

Keepers, convey him hence ; and I myself 120
Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt* Keepers, bearing out the body
of MORTIMER.

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort :

And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries, 124
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress ;

And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood, 128

Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

Act III.

Scene I.—London. The Parliament House.

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the BISHOP of WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and Others. GLOUCESTER offers to put up a bill; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,

With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge, 4
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I, with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience 8

Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able 12

Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride. 16

Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree; 20

And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life
As well at London Bridge as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted, 24

The king, thy sov'reign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe

To give me hearing what I shall reply. 28

If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?

Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling? 32

And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd?

No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke: 36

It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;

And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth. 40

But he shall know I am as good—
Glo. As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!
Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne? 44

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the church.
Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,

And useth it to patronage his theft. 43

Win. Unreverent Gloucester!
Glo. Thou art reverent,

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then.
Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks his lordship should be
humbler; 56

It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so
near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace protector to the king? 60

Plan. [*Aside.*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold
his tongue,

Lest it be said, 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?' 64

Else would I have a fling at Winchester.
K. Hen. Uncles of Gloucester and of Win-
chester,

The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,

To join your hearts in love and amity. 68
O! what a scandal is it to our crown,

That two such noble peers as ye should jar.
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm, 72

That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
[*A noise within;* 'Down with the tawny coats!']

What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again within;* 'Stones! Stones!']

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us! 77

The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,

Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones, 80
And banding themselves in contrary parts

Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street, 84

And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Serving-men of GLOUCESTER and WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to
ourselves,

To hold your slaughter'ring hands, and keep the
peace.—

Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife. 88
First Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones,
we'll fall to it with our teeth.

Sec. Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as
resolute. [*Skirmish again.*]

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish
lroil, 92

And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

Third Serv. My lord, we know your Grace to
be a man

Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty; 96

And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,

To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight, 100

And have our bodies slaugt'red by thy foes.
First Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our
nails

Shall pitch a field when we are dead.
[*Skirmish again.*]

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!
And, if you love me, as you say you do, 104

Let me persuade you to forbear a while,
K. Hen. O! how this discord doth afflict my
soul!

Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent? 108

Who should be pitiful if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace

If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. Yield, my Lord Protector; yield, Win-
chester; 112

Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sov'reign and destroy the realm.

You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity: 116

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Win. He shall submit or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me
stoop;

Or I would see his heart out ere the priest 120
Should ever get the privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the
duke

Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothen'd brows it doth appear: 124

Why look you still so stern and tragical?
Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fle, uncle Beaufort! I have heard
you preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin; 128
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly
gird,

For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent! 132
What! shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield
to thee;

Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.
Glo. [Aside.] Ay; but I fear me, with a
hollow heart. 136

See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce,

Behold ourselves and all our followers.

So help me God, as I dissemble not! 140
Win. [Aside.] So help me God, as I intend it
not!

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Glou-
cester,

How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters! trouble us no more; 144

But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
First Serv. Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

Sec. Serv. And so will I.
Third Serv. And I will see what physic the
tavern affords.

[*Exeunt Mayor, Serving-men, &c.*]
War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sove-
reign, 148

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for,
sweet prince,

An if your Grace mark every circumstance, 152
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions

At Eltham-place I told your majesty.
K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of
force: 156

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd. 160

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.
K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that
alone,

But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York, 164

From whence you spring by lineal descent.
Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then and set your knee
against my foot; 168

And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York. 172

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may
fall!

And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke
of York! 176

Som. [Aside.] Perish, base prince, ignoble
Duke of York!

Glo. Now, will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France.

The presence of a king engenders love 180
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloucester says the word,
King Henry goes;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes. 184
Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all except EXETER.*]

Eze. Ay, we may march in England or in France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue,
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers 188
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away, 192
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe; 196
That Henry born at Monmouth should win
all;
And Henry born at Windsor should lose all:
Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere the hapless time. 200
[Exit.

Scene II.—France. Before Roan.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, disguised, and Soldiers dressed like countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.

Joan. These are the city gates, the gates of Roan,

Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men 4
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance,—as I hope we shall,—
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends, 8
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

First Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,

And we be lords and rulers over Roan;
Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks.

Guard. [Within.] Qui est la? 13

Joan. Paisans, pauvres gens de France:

Poor market-folks that come to sell their corn.
Guard. [Opening the gates.] Enter, go in;
the market-bell is rung. 16

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

[JOAN LA PUCELLE, &c., enter the city.

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, and Forces.

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!

And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practitioners; 20

Now she is there how will she specify

Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;

Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is, 24

Now ya to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE on a battlement, holding out a torch burning.

Joan. Behold! this is the happy wedding torch

That joineth Roan unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites! 28

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend,

The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes! 32

Alen. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;

Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin!' presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[They enter the town.

Alarum. Enter TALBOT in an Excursion.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears, 36

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,

That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. 40
[Exit.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter from the town, BEDFORD, brought in sick in a chair. Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then, enter on the walls, JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, and Others.

Joan. Good morrow, gallants! Want ye corn for bread?

I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste? 44

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!

I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,

And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your Grace may starve perhaps, before that time. 48

Bed. O! let no words, but deeds! revenge this treason.

Joan. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite, 52

Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age

And twit with cowardice a man half dead?

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again, 56

Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Joan. Are you so hot, sir? Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[TALBOT and the rest consult together.

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker? 60

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

Joan. Belike your lordship takes us then, for fools,

To try if that our own be ours or no,

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate, 64

But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang! base muleters of France! 68

Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls, And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Joan. Away, captains! let's get us from the walls;

For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks. 72

God be w' you, my lord! we came but to tell you

That we are here.

[*Exeunt* JOAN LA PUCELLE, &c.,
from the Walls.

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long, Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame! 76

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,— Prick'd only by public wrongs sustain'd in France,—

Either to get the town again, or die;

And I, as sure as English Henry lives, 80

And as his father here was conqueror, As sure as in this late-betrayed town

Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried, So sure I swear to get the town or die. 84

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince, The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,

We will bestow you in some better place, 88

Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me: Here will I sit before the walls of Roan,

And will be partner of your weal or woe. 92

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,

That stout Pendragon in his litter, sick, Came to the field and vanquished his foes: 96

Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts, Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast! Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe!

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy, 101

But gather we our forces out of hand, And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* all but BEDFORD and Attendants.

Alarum: *Excursions*; in one of which, enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste? 104

Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight: We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay, All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. 108

[*Exit*. Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! 109

[*Exit*. Retreat: *Excursions*. *Re-enter, from the town,* JOAN LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c., and *exeunt, flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please,

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow. What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

They, that of late were daring with their scoffs Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

Alarum. *Re-enter* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and *Others.*

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again! This is a double honour, Burgundy: 116

Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects

Thy noble deeds as valour's monument. 120

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?

I think her old familiar is asleep. Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?

What! all amort? Roan hangs her head for grief, 124

That such a valiant company are fled. Now will we take some order in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers, And then depart to Paris to the king; 128

For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget The noble Duke of Bedford late deceas'd, 132

But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roan: A braver soldier never couched lance,

A gentler heart did never sway in court; But kings and mightiest potentates must die, 136

For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt*.

Scene III.—The Plains near Roan.

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and *Forces*.

Joan. Dismay not, princes, at this accident, Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive, For things that are not to be remedied. 4

Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,

And like a peacock sweep along his tail ;
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd. 8

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

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the
world. 13

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint :
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good. 16

Joan. Then thus it must be ; this doth Joan
devise :

By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us. 20

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do
that,

France were no place for Henry's warriors ;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces. 24

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from
France,

And not have title of an earldom here.
Joan. Your honours shall perceive how I will
work

To bring this matter to the wished end. 28

[*Drums heard afar off.*
Hark ! by the sound of drum you may per-
ceive

Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

*Here sound an English march. Enter, and
pass over, TALBOT and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him. 32

*A French march. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY
and his Forces.*

Now in the rearward comes the duke and
his :

Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley ; we will talk with him.

[*A parley.*
Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy !

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Bur-
gundy ? 37

Joan. The princely Charles of France, thy
countryman.

Bur. What sayst thou, Charles ? for I am
marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with
thy words. 40

Joan. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of
France !

Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
Bur. Speak on ; but be not over-tedious.

Joan. Look on thy country, look on fertile
France, 44

And see the cities and the towns defac'd

By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes, 45
See, see the pining malady of France ;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast,
O ! turn thy edged sword another way ; 52
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that
help.

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's
bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign
gore :

Return thee therefore, with a flood of tears, 56
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her
words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent.
Joan. Besides, all French and France ex-
claims on thee, 60

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake ?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France, 64
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive ?

Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof, 68
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe,
And was he not in England prisoner ?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid, 72
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.

See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen !
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-
men.

Come, come, return ; return thou wand'ring
lord ; 76

Charles and the rest will take thee in their
arms.

Bur. I am vanquished ; these haughty words
of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees. 80
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen !
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace :
My forces and my power of men are yours.

So, farewell, Talbot ; I'll no longer trust thee. 84
Joan. Done like a Frenchman : turn, and
turn again !

Char. Welcome, brave duke ! thy friendship
makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our
breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part
in this, 88

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.
Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our
powers :

And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*Paris. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER; VERNON, BASSET, and Others. To them with his Soldiers, TALBOT.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,

Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign: 4
In sign whereof, this arm,—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,— 8
Lest fall his sword before your highness' feet,
[Kneels.

And with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace. 12
K. Hen. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle
Gloucester,

That hath so long been resident in France?
Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.
K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain and victorious
lord! 16

When I was young,—as yet I am not old,—
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth, 20
Your faithful service and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face: 24
Therefore, stand up; and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.
[Flourish. Exeunt all but VERNON
and BASSET.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear 29
In honour of my noble Lord of York,
Durst't thou maintain the former words thou
spak'st? 31

Bas. Yes, sir: as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue 33
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as
York. 36

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye
that. [Strikes him.

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

That, whose draws a sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest
blood, 40

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as
you; 44
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
[Exeunt.

Act IV.

Scene I.—*Paris. A Room of State.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, the Governor of Paris, and Others

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his
head.

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

Glo. Now, Governor of Paris, take your oath,—
[Governor kneels.

That you elect no other king but him, 4
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state:

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God! 8
[Exeunt Governor and his Train.

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from
Calais,

To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace from the Duke of Burgundy.
Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and
thee! 13

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg;
[Plucking it off.

Which I have done, because unworthily 16
Thou wast installed in that high degree.

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong, 20
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away:

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside, 25
Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.

Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear 28
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous
And ill beseeeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader. 32

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my
lords,

Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Vallant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars; 36
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.

He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight, 40
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should—if I were worthy to be judge—
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood. 44
K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou
hear'st thy doom.
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.

[Exit FASTOLFE.]

And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter 48
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. [Viewing superscription.] What means
his Grace, that he hath chang'd his style?

No more, but plain and bluntly, *To the King!*
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign? 52

Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's here? *I have, upon especial cause,*
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,

Together with the pitiful complaints 57
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,

And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of
France. 60

O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so,
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling
guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy
revolt? 64

Glo. He doth, my lord, and is become your
foe.

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

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

K. Hen. Why then, Lord Talbot there shall
talk with him, 68

And give him chastisement for this abuse.
How say you, my lord? are you not con-

tent?

Tal. Content, my liege! Yes: but that I am
prevented,

I should have begg'd I might have been em-
ploy'd. 72

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march
unto him straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still 76
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.]

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sove-
reign!

Bas. And me, my lord; grant me the combat
too!

York. This is my servant: hear him, noble
prince! 80

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

K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them
leave to speak.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with
whom? 84

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

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

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you
both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you. 88

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into
France,

This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;

Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves 92
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth

About a certain question in the law
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York and him; 96

With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,

And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms. 100

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit,

To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him; 104

And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Fronouncing, that the paleness of this flower

Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.
York. Will not this malice, Somersset, be
left? 108

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York,
will out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.
K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in
brain-sick men,

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause, 112
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both, of York and Somersset,

Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissension first be tried by
fight, 116

And then your highness shall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but 118
alone;

Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somers-
set. 120

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so! Confounded be your
strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate! 124
Presumptuous vassals! are you not ashamed,
With this immodest clamorous outrage

To trouble and disturb the king and us?—

And you, my lords, methinks you do not well 128
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasions from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course. 132

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

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be
combatants.

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause. 136

And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wav'ring nation.

If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree, 140

How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!

Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified 144

That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility

Destroyed themselves, and lost the realm of
France!

O! think upon the conquest of my father, 148
My tender years, and let us not forego

That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be empire in this doubtful strife.

I see no reason, if I wear this rose, 152
[Putting on a red rose.

That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:

Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,

Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade

Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace, 160

So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your Grace

To be our regent in these parts of France:
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite 164

Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,

Go cheerfully together and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies. 168

Ourselves, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite will return to Calais;

From thence to England; where I hope ere
long

To be presented by your victories, 172
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[Flourish. *Ezeunt all but YORK, WARWICK,
EXETER and VERNON.*

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset. 177

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame
him not;

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no
harm.

York. An if I wist he did,—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed. 181

[*Ezeunt YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.*

Eze. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress
thy voice;

For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there 184

More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.

But howsoever, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility, 188

This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,

But that it doth presage some ill event,
'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;

But more, when envy breeds unkind division:
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—Before Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trum-
peter;

Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the
Walls, the General of the French Forces, and
Others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England; 4

And thus he would: Open your city gates,
Be humble to us, call my sov'reign yours,

And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power; 8

But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,

Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth 12

Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge! 16

The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;

For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight: 20

If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:

On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight; 24

And no way canst thou turn thee for redress
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,

And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,

To rive their dangerous artillery 29
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.

Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant
man,

Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit: 32
This is the latest glory of thy praise,

That I, thy enemy, 'due thee withal ;
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
 Finish the process of his sandy hour, 36
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning
 bell,

Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul ; 40
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c., from the Walls.*

Tal. He fables not ; I hear the enemy :
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their
 wings.

O ! negligent and heedless discipline ; 44

How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs !
 If we be English deer, be then, in blood ; 48

Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
 But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay : 52
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends,
 God and Saint George, Talbot and England's
 right,

Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight ! 56
 [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Plains in Gascony.

*Enter YORK, with Forces ; to him a
 Messenger.*

YORK. Are not the speedy scouts return'd
 again,

That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin ?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord ; and give
 it out,

That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
 To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along, 5
 By your espials were discovered

Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
 Which join'd with him and made their march
 for Bourdeaux. 8

YORK. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
 That thus delays my promised supply
 Of horsemen that were levied for this siege !

Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid, 12

And I am louted by a traitor villain,
 And cannot help the noble chevalier.

God comfort him in this necessity !
 If he miscarry, farewell wars in France. 16

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

LUCY. Thou princely leader of our English
 strength,

Never so needful on the earth of France,
 Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
 Who now is girdled with a waist of iron 20

And hemm'd about with grim destruction.

To Bourdeaux, war-like duke ! To Bourdeaux,
 York !

Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's
 honour.

YORK. O God ! that Somerset, who in proud
 heart 24

Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place ;
 So should we save a valiant gentleman
 By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.

Mad ire and wrathful fury, make me weep 28
 That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

LUCY. O ! send some succour to the distress'd
 lord.

YORK. He dies, we lose ; I break my war-like
 word ;

We mourn, France smiles ; we lose, they dally get ;
 All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset. 33

LUCY. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's
 soul ;

And on his son young John, whom two hours
 since

I met in travel toward his war-like father, 36
 This seven years did not Talbot see his son ;

And now they meet where both their lives are
 done.

YORK. Alas ! what joy shall noble Talbot
 have,

To bid his young son welcome to his grave ? 40
 Away ! vexation almost stops my breath

That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of
 death.

LUCY, farewell ! no more my fortune can,
 But curse the cause I cannot aid the man. 44

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

[*Exit, with his Soldiers.*

LUCY. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
 Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,

Sleeping neglectation doth betray to loss 48
 The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,

That ever living man of memory,
 Henry the Fifth : Whiles they each other cross,

Lives, honours, lands, and all hurry to loss. 53
 [*Exit.*

Scene IV.—Other Plains in Gascony.

*Enter SOMERSET, with his Army ; a Captain of
 TALBOT'S with him.*

SOM. It is too late ; I cannot send them now !
 This expedition was by York and Talbot

Too rashly plotted : all our general force
 Might with a sally of the very town 4

Be buckled with : the over-daring Talbot
 Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour

By this unheeded, desperate, wild adventure :
 York set him on to fight and die in shame, 8

That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the
 name.

CAP. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
 Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Son. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent? 12

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
And whiles the honourable captain there 17
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's
honour, 20

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman, 24
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Relgnier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default. 28

Son. York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your Grace exclaims;

Swearing that you withhold his levied host
Collected for this expedition. 32

Son. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:

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

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France, 36

Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot.
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Son. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen
straight: 40

Within six hours they will be at his aid.
Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he's ta'en or slain,

For fly he could not if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might. 44

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

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [Exeunt. 48

Scene V.—The English Camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee

To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd
When spleen's age, and weak unable limbs 4
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.

But.—O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger: 8

Therefore, dear boy, mount on thy swiftest horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son? 12

And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me:
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood 16
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

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

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

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

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly: 21

Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast; 24
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will that no exploit have done:

You fled for vantage everyone will swear; 28
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.

There is no hope that ever I will stay
If the first hour I shrink and run away.

Here, on my knee, I beg mortality, 32
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

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

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

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

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

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

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

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it. 40

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

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly. 44

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side 48
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide.

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son, 52

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die,
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

Scene VI.—*A Field of Battle.*

Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy
breath: 4

I gave thee life and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O! twice my father, twice am I thy
son:

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,
Till with thy war-like sword, despite of fate, 8
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

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

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age, 12

Quicken'd with youthful spleen and war-like rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.

The ireful bastard Orleans,—that drew blood 16
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight,—I soon encountered

And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace, 20
Bespoke him thus, 'Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,

Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of
mine

Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave
boy? 24

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,

Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly, 28

Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.

O! too much folly is it, well I wot, 32
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.

If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:

By me they nothing gain an if I stay; 36
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day.

In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's
fame.

All these and more we hazard by thy stay; 40
All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made
me smart;

These words of yours draw life-blood from my
heart.

On that advantage, bought with such a shame, 44
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!

And like me to the peasant boys of France, 48
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!

Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:

Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot; 52
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of
Crete,

Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side, 56
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter Old TALBOT
wounded, led by a Servant.*

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is
gone;—

O! where's young Talbot? where is valiant
John?

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.

When he perceiv'd me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And like a hungry lion did commence

Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience; 8
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin and assall'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart

Suddenly made him from my side to start 12
Into the clust'ring battle of the French;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench

His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride. 16

*Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of
Young TALBOT.*

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

Tal. Thou antick, death, which laugh'st us
here to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, 20
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.

O! thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd
death,

Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath; 24
Brave death by speaking whether he will or
no;

Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should
say,

Had death been French, then death had died 28
to-day.

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.

Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. 32

[*Disc.*]

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in

We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Joan. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said: 'Thou maiden youth, be vanquished by a maid:'

But with a proud majestical high scorn,

He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born

To be the pillage of a giglot wench.'

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight;

See, where he lies inhersed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones
asunder,

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no! forbear; for that which we have
fed

During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended: a French Herald preceding.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,

To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.

I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury?

Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,

Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,

The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;

Knight of the noble order of Saint George,

Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;

Great marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Joan. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,

Writes not so tedious a style as this.

Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?

O! were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.

O! that I could but call these dead to life.

It were enough to fright the realm of France.

Were but his picture left among you here
It would amaze the proudest of you all.

Give me their bodies, that I may bear them
hence,

And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Joan. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,

He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them
here

They would but stink and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what
thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act V.

Scene I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,

The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this:
They humbly sue unto your excellence

To have a godly peace concluded
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your Grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means

To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought

It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife

Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,

The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,

Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are young, 21

And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please, 24
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER, now CARDINAL BEAUFORT, and habited accordingly.

Exe. [*Aside.*] What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd, 28

And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
'If once he come to be a cardinal, 32
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits

Have been consider'd, and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable; 36
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France. 40

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,

I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As,—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,— 44
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. [*To the Ambassador.*] In argument and proof of which contract,

Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded, 48
And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY and Train; GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and Ambassadors.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised 52
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

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

Win. [*Aside.*] Now Winchester will not submit, I trow, 56

Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
That neither in birth or for authority
The bishop will be overborne by thee: 60
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lord, may cheer our drooping spirits;

'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the war-like French.

Alen. Then, march to Paris, royal Charles of France, 4

And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Joan. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us;

Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valliant general, 8
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one, 12
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is:

But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear. 17

Joan. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd.

Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;

Let Henry fret and all the world repine. 20

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—France. Before Angiers.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Joan. The regent conquers and the Frenchmen fly.

Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me
And give me signs of future accidents: 4

[*Thunder.*

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

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof 8
Of your accustomed diligence to me.

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[*They walk, and speak not.*

O! hold me not with silence over-long. 13
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit, 16
So you do condescend to help me now.

[*They hang their heads.*

No hope to have redress? My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice 20
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?

Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

[*They depart.*]

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come, 24
That France must veil her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with: 28
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[*Exit.*]

Alarum. Enter French and English fighting:
JOAN LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to
hand: JOAN LA PUCELLE is taken. *The French*
fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you
fast:

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty. 32
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape.

Joan. Chang'd to a worse shape thou canst
not be. 36

York. O! Charles the Dauphin is a proper
man;

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Joan. A plaguing mischief light on Charles
and thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd 40
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy
tongue!

Joan. I prithee, give me leave to curse a while.

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

Alarum. Enter SUFFOLK, with MARGARET
in his hand.

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

O fairest beauty! do not fear nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.

I kiss these fingers for eternal peace, 48

And lay them gently on thy tender side.
What art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a
king.

The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art. 52

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save, 56

Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,

Go and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away as going.*]

O stay! I have no power to let her pass; 60
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeit'd beam,

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes. 64

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink and write my mind.

Fie, De la Pole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy pri-
soner? 68

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such

Confounds the tongue and makes the senses
rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be
so,— 72

What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. [*Aside.*] How canst thou tell she will
deny thy suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love? 76

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom
must I pay?

Suf. [*Aside.*] She's beautiful and therefore
to be woo'd,

She is a woman, therefore to be won.

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

Suf. [*Aside.*] Fond man! remember that
thou hast a wife; 81

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will
not hear.

Suf. [*Aside.*] There all is marr'd; there lies
a cooling card. 84

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

Suf. [*Aside.*] And yet a dispensation may be
had.

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

Suf. [*Aside.*] I'll win this Lady Margaret.
For whom? 88

Why, for my king; tush! that's a wooden thing.

Mar. [*Overhearing him.*] He talks of wood:
it is some carpenter.

Suf. [*Aside.*] Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms. 92

But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match. 96

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. [*Aside.*] It shall be so, disdain they ne'er
so much:

Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal. 100

Mar. [*Aside.*] What though I be entirall'd?
he seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by
the French; 104

And then I need not crave his courtesy.
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a
cause—

Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so? 108

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid pro quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose

Your bondage happy to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility; 113

For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto
me? 116

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand

And set a precious crown upon thy head,

If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suf. His love. 120

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

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife

And have no portion in the choice myself. 124

How say you, madam, are you so content?

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

Suf. Then call our captains and our colours
forth!

And, madam, at your father's castle walls 128
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[Troops come forward.]

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on
the Walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner!

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy;

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep, 132

Or to exclaim on Fortune's fickleness.

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

Consent, and for thy honour, give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king, 136

Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment

Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows 140

That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend

To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[Exit from the walls.]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming. 144

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:

Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a
child,

Fit to be made companion with a king. 148

What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little
worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord,

Upon condition I may quietly 152

Enjoy mine own, the county Maine and Anjou,

Free from oppression or the stroke of war,

My daughter shall be Henry's if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom; I deliver her; 156

And those two counties I will undertake

Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king, 160

Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly
thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king:

[Aside.] And yet, methinks, I could be well content 164

To be mine own attorney in this case.

I'll over then, to England with this news,

And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.

So farewell, Reignier; set this diamond safe, 168

In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace

The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise,
and prayers 172

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [Going]

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! but hark you,
Margaret;

No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him. 177

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd and modestly
directed.

But madam, I must trouble you again,

No loving token to his majesty? 180

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted
heart,

Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [Kisses her.]

Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a king. 185

[Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.]

Suf. O! wert thou for myself. But Suffolk,
stay;

Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;

There Minotaurs and deadly treasons lurk. 188

Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise;

Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount

And natural graces that extinguish art;

Repeat their semblance often on the seas, 191

That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,

Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [Exit.]

Scene IV.—Camp of the DUKE OF YORK,
in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and Others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemned
to burn.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, guarded; and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright.

Have I sought every country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out, 4
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan! sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.

Joan. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood: 8
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;

I did beget her all the parish knows;
Her mother liveth yet, can testify 12
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

Fork. This argues what her kind of life hath been:

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes. 16

Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:

Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan. 20

Joan. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother, 24

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her

breast, 28

Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field

I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!

Doest thou deny thy father, cursed drab? 32

O! burn her, burn her: hanging is too good.

[Exit.
Fork. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,

To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Joan. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd: 36

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;

Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace, 40

To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:

But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents, 44

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible

To compass wonders but by help of devils. 48
No misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been

A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd, 52
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay: away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,

Spare no for nagots, let there be enow: 56
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Joan. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity; 60
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.

I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,

Although ye hale me to a violent death. 64

York. Now, heaven forefend! the holy maid with child!

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought!

Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the dauphin have been juggling: 68

I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;

Especially since Charles must father it.

Joan. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his: 72

It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel:
It dies an if it had a thousand lives.

Joan. O! give me leave, I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,

But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man: that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well, 80

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain. 85

Joan. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode; 88
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair

Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!
[Exit, guarded.

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes, 92

Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.

For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,

Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace 98
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth to confer about some matter. 101

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers, 104
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns, 108
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
O! Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France. 112
War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a
peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENÇON, the BASTARD
OF ORLEANS, REIGNIER, and Others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus
agreed, 116
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling cholera
chokes 120

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent, 124
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity. 132

Alen. Must he be then, as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man? 136
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king: 140
Shall I, for lure of the rest unvanquish'd,
Deduct so much from that prerogative
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep 144
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret
means

Us'd intercession to obtain a league, 148
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?

Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king 152
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.
Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract: 156
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. [*Aside to CHARLES.*] To say the truth,
it is your policy

To save your subjects from such massacre 160
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;

And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How sayst thou, Charles? shall our
condition stand? 165

Char. It shall;
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison. 168

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.

[*CHARLES, &c., give tokens of fealty.*
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter KING HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK;
GLOUCESTER and EXETER following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description,
noble earl,

Of beautiful Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart: 4
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive 8
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush! my good lord, this superficial
tale

Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame— 12
Had I sufficient skill to utter them—
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine, 16
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents, 20
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er pre-
sume.

Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen. 24

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.

You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem ;

How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach ? 29

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths ;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd

To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists 32
By reason of his adversary's odds.

A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more
than that ? 36

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem ; 40

And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace,

And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
Glo. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do, 44

Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.
Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal

dower,
Where Reiguler sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords ! disgrace not so your
king, 48

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich : 52

So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship : 56

Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed ;

And therefore, lords, since he affects her most
It most of all these reasons bindeth us, 60

In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,

An age of discord and continual strife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss, 64

And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a

king, 68
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king ?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,

Approves her fit for none but for a king ;
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit—

More than in women commonly is seen—
Will answer our hope in issue of a king ; 72

For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,

If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love. 76

Then yield, my lords ; and here conclude with
me

That Margaret shall be queen, and none but
she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your
report,

My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that 80
My tender youth was never yet attain'd

With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell ; but this I am assur'd,

I feel such sharp dissension in my breast, 84
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,

As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping ; post, my lord, to

France ;
Agree to any covenants, and procure 88

That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England and be crown'd

King Henry's faithful and anointed queen :
For your expenses and sufficient charge, 92

Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say ; for till you do return

I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence : 96

If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse

This sudden execution of my will.
And so, conduct me, where, from company 100

I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*
Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and

last. [*Exeunt GLOUCESTER and EXETER.*
Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd ; and thus

he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece ; 104

With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.

Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king ;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. 108

[*Exit.*

The Second Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
 HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, his Uncle.
 CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester,
 Great-Uncle to the King.
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
 EDWARD and RICHARD, his Sons.
 DUKE OF SOMERSET,
 DUKE OF SUFFOLK, } Of the King's
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, } Party
 LORD CLIFFORD,
 YOUNG CLIFFORD, his Son, }
 EARL OF SALISBURY, } of the York Faction.
 EARL OF WARWICK, }
 LORD SCALES, Governor of the Tower.
 SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAF-
 FORD, his Brother.
 LORD SAY.
 A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate.
 WALTER WHITMORE.
 SIR JOHN STANLEY.
 Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
 VAUX.
 MATTHEW GOFFE.
 JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, Priests.

BOLINGBROKE, a Conjuror.
 A Spirit raised by him.
 THOMAS HORNER, an Armourer.
 PETER, his Man.
 Clerk of Chatham.
 Mayor of St. Alban's.
 SIMPCOX an Impostor.
 Two Murderers.
 JACK CADE, a Rebel.
 GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the Butcher,
 SMITH the Weaver, MICHAEL, &c., Follow-
 ers of Cade.
 ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish Gentleman.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.
 ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloucester.
 MARGERIE JOURDAIN, a Witch.
 Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald,
 Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff,
 and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falcon-
 ers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

Scene.—In various parts of England.

Act I.

Scene I.—London. A Room of State in the
 Palace.

*Flourish of Trumpets; then hautboys. Enter,
 on one side, KING HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,
 SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAU-
 FORT; on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in
 by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM,
 and Others, following.*

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
 I had in charge at my depart for France,
 As procurator to your excellence,
 To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace; 4
 So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,
 In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,

The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Britaine, and
 Alençon,
 Seven earls, twelve barons, and 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 12
 To your most gracious hands, that are the sub-
 stance
 Of that great shadow I did represent;
 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
 The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd. 16
K. Hen. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen
 Margaret:
 I can express no kinder sign of love
 Than this kind kiss. O Lord! that lends me
 life,

Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness; 20
 For thou hast given 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, 24

The mutual conference that my mind hath had
 By day, by night, waking, in my dreams,
 In courtly company, or at my beads,
 With you, mine alderliest sovereign, 28
 Makes me the bolder to salute my king
 With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
 And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish, but her grace
 in speech, 32

Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
 Makes 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. Long live Queen Margaret, England's
 happiness! 37

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*
Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your
 Grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace 40
 Between our sovereign and the French King
 Charles,

For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. Imprimis, *It is agreed between the
 French king, Charles, and William De la Pole,
 Marquess 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 Jeru-
 salem, and crown her Queen of England ere
 the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, That
 the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine
 shall be released and delivered to the king her
 father.*— [*Lets the paper fall.*

K. Hen. Uncle, how now!
Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;

Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart
 And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no
 further. 56

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.
Car. Item, *It is further agreed between
 them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine
 shall be released and delivered over 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. Hen. They please us well. Lord marquess,
 kneel down: 64

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
 And girt thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
 We here discharge your Grace from being
 regent

of the parts of France, till term of eighteen
 months 68

Be fall expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
 Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,

Salisbury, and Warwick;
 We thank you all for this great favour done, 72
 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.*

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the
 state, 76

To you Duke Humphrey 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? 80
 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 toll his wits, 84
 To keep by policy what Henry got?

Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
 Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,

Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
 Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself, 89

With all the learned council of the realm,
 Studied so long, sat in the council-house

Early and late, debating to and fro 92
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in

awe?
 And hath his highness in his infancy
 Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?

And shall these labours and these honours die?
 Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance, 97

Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?
 O peers of England! shameful is this league,

Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame, 100
 Blotting your names from books of memory,

Razing the characters of your renown,
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,

Undoing all, as all had never been. 104

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate
 discourse,

This peroration with such circumstance?
 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. 109

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
 Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine

Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
 Agrees not with the leanness of his purse. 113

Sal. Now, by the death of him who died for
 all,

These counties were the keys of Normandy. 115
 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. 119

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?

Mort Dieu! 124
York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,

That dims the honour of this war-like isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart
Before I would have yielded to this league. 128
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. 132

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in
France, 136

Before—
Car. My Lord of Gloucester, now you grow
too hot:

It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your
mind: 140

'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury. If I longer stay 144
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long. *Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy, 149

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, 152
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it. 156

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, 'Humphrey, the good Duke of
Gloucester;' 160

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!'
With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss, 164
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, 168
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his
seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook
delay;

I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. *[Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Hum-
phrey's pride 173

And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable 176
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloucester be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be pro-
tector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal. 180

[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 Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester,
Did bear him like a noble gentleman. 185

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all, 188
Swear like a ruffian and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping
Have won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline, 196
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 public good, 200
In what we can to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's
deeds, 204

While they do tend the profit of the land.
War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the
land,
And common profit of his country!

York. *[Aside.]* And so says York, for he hath
greatest cause. 208
Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look
unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O 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, 213
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.]
York. Anjou and Maine are given to the
French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy 216
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. 220
I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their
pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtézans,
Still revelling like lords till all be gone; 225

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, 229
Ready to starve and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France, and
Ireland 233

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon. 236
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts 241
And make a show of love to proud Duke Hum-
phrey,

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit. 244
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,

Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love, 252
With his new bride and England's dear-bought
queen,

And Humphrey 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 per-
fum'd, 256

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.

Scene II.—*The Same. A Room in the DUKE
OF GLOUCESTER'S House.*

Enter GLOUCESTER and his DUCHESS.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd
corn
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his
brows,

As frowning at the favours of the world? 4
Why are thine eyes fixed to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?

What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world? 8
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.

Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:
What! is't too short? I'll lengthen it with
mine; 12

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. 16
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. 21
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.
Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and
I'll requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream. 24
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 the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand 28
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of
Somerset,

And William De la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God
knows.

Duch. Tut! this was nothing but an argu-
ment 32
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.

But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty 36
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are
crown'd;

Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to
me,
And on my head did set the diadem. 40

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide out-
right:

Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him? 44
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 48
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so
choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream? 52
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 a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his highness'
pleasure 56
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

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

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently. 60

[*Exeunt GLOUCESTER and Messenger.*
Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloucester 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, 68

We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

Duch. What sayst thou? majesty! I am but Grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice, 72

Your Grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What sayst thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer? 76

And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promised, to show your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions 80
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough: I'll think upon the questions.

When from Saint Alban's we do make return
We'll see these things effected to the full. 84

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

[*Exit.*

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;

Marry and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume! 88

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. 92

Yet have I gold flies from another coast:
I dare not say from the rich cardinal

And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;

Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain, 96

They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

Have hired me to undermine the duchess
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.

They say, 'A crafty knave does need no broker;'
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker. 101

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.

Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last 104

Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack,
And her attire will be Humphrey's fall.
Sort how it will I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

Scene III.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

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

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

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

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN MARGARET.

First Pet. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

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

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst anything with me?

First Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my Lord Protector.

Q. Mar. [*Glancing at the Superscriptions.*] To my Lord Protector! are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

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

Suf. Thy wife too! that is some wrong indeed. What's yours? What's here? *Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford!* How now, sir knave!

Sec. Pet. Alas! sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What sayst thou? Did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Pet. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there?

Enter Servants.

Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently. We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants with PETER.*

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 petitions.*

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 of the court of England?
 Is this the government of Britain's isle,
 And this the royalty of Albion's king? 48
 What! shall King Henry be a pupil still
 Under the surly Gloucester's governance?
 Am I a queen in title and in style,
 And must be made a subject to a duke? 52
 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 56
 In courage, courtship, and proportion:
 But all his mind is bent to holiness,
 To number Ave-Maries on his beads;
 His champions are the prophets and apostles;
 His weapons holy saws of sacred writ; 61
 His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
 Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints,
 I would the college of the cardinals 64
 Would choose him pope, and carry him to
 Rome,
 And set the triple crown upon his head:
 That were a state fit for his holiness.
Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was cause 68
 Your highness came to England, so will I
 In England work your Grace's full content.
Q. Mar. Beside the haught protector, have
 we Beaufort
 The imperious churchman, Somerset, Bucking-
 ham, 72
 And grumbling York; and not the least of
 these
 But can do more in England than the king.
Suf. And he of these that can do most of all
 Cannot do more in England than the Nevils: 76
 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, 80
 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. 84
 Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
 Contemptuous base-born callot as she is,
 She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day
 The very train of her worst wearing gown 88
 Was better worth than all my father's lands,
 Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
Suf. Madam, myself have lin'd a bush for
 her,
 And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds 92
 That she will light to listen to the lays,
 And never mount to trouble you again.
 So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
 For I am bold to counsel you in this. 96

Although we fancy not the cardinal,
 Yet must we join with him and with the lords
 Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in dis-
 grace.
 As for the Duke of York, this late complaint 100
 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 helm.
*Sound a sennet. Enter KING HENRY, YORK,
 and SOMERSET; DUKE and DUCHESS OF
 GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKING-
 HAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*
K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not
 which; 104
 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. 109
War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or
 no,
 Dispute not that: York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters
 speak. 112
War. The cardinal's not my better in the
 field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters,
 Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son! and show some reason,
 Buckingham, 116
 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 women's
 matters. 120
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. 124
Suf. Resign it then and leave thine insolence.
 Since thou wert king,—as who is king but thou?—
 The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack;
 The Dauphin hath prevailed beyond the seas;
 And all the peers and nobles of the realm 129
 Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the
 clergy's bags
 Are lank and lean with thy extortions. 132
Som. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's
 attire
 Have cost a mass of public treasury.
Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
 Upon offenders hath exceeded law, 136
 And left thee to the mercy of the law.
Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices and towns in
 France,

If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[Exit GLOUCESTER. *The QUEEN drops her fan.*]

Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?

[Giving the DUCHESS a box on the ear.]

I cry you mercy, madam, was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:

Could I come near your beauty with my nails
I'd set my ten commandments in your face. 145

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to't in time;

She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches, 149

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd.
[Exit.]

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

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.]

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle, 156
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 so deal with my soul 160
As I in duty love my king and country!

But to the matter that we have in hand.
I say, my sov'reign, York is meekest man

To be your regent in the realm of France. 164

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

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet: 168

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, money, or furniture, 172

Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time I danc'd attendance on his will

Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.
War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact

Did never traitor in the land commit. 177

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick?
War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason: 180

Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!
York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

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

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason. 185
His words were these: that Richard, Duke of York,

Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was a usurper. 190

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

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain. 195

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring 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 198
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas! my lord, hang me if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my pretence; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this: therefore I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge, 202
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; 205
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

K. Hen. Then be it so. My Lord of Somerset,
We make your Grace lord regent o'er the French. 210

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas! my lord, I cannot fight: for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd. 214

K. Hen. Away with them to prison; and the day

Of combat shall be the last of the next month.
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[Exeunt.]

Scene IV.—The Same. The DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S Garden.

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided. Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms? 5

Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of 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 Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter DUCHESS aloft, HUME following.

Duch. Well said, my masters, and welcome all. 16

To this gear the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire; 20
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,

And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,

That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise

We will make fast within a hallow'd verge. 25

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

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath!

By the eternal God, whose name and power 28

Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!

Boling. First, of the king: what shall of him become? 32

Spir. The Duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answers.*

Boling. What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?

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

Boling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset? 37

Spir. Let him shun castles:

safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand. 40

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 YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their Guards, and Others.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash. 44

Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.
What! madam, are you there? the king and commonweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:

My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not, 48
See you well guardon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,

Injurious duke, that threatest where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Showing her the papers.*

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close 53
And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us:

Stafford, take her to thee.—

[*Exeunt above, DUCHESS and HUME guarded.*

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming. 56
All, away!

[*Exeunt SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE, &c., guarded.*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ. 60

What have we here?
The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

Well, this is just, 64
Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.

Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die and take his end. 68
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand. 72

Come, come, my lords; these oracles
Are hardly attain'd, and hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's;

With him, the husband of this lovely lady: 76
Thither go these news as fast as horse can carry them,

A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward. 80

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!

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Act II.

Scene I.—*St. Alban's.*

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers, hollaing.

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,

I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. Hen. 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.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My Lord Protector's hawks do tower 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 Cardinal; how think you by that?

Were it not good your Grace could fly to heaven?

K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy.

Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

Glo. What! cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?

Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hiltè such malice;

With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes

So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord,
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

K. Hen. I prithee, peace,
Good queen, and whet not on these furious peers;

For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

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

Glo. [Aside to the CARDINAL.] Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!

Car. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] Marry, when thou dar'st,

Glo. [Aside to the CARDINAL.] Make up no facetious numbers for the matter;

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening on the east side of the grove.

K. Hen. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.]
Come with thy two-hand sword.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd? [Aside to GLOUCESTER] the east side of the grove.

Glo. [Aside to the CARDINAL.] Cardinal, I am with you.

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—

[Aside to the CARDINAL.] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
For this, or all my fence shall fail.

Car. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] *Medice teipsum;*
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter One, crying, 'A Miracle.'

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

One. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

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

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's, and his Brethren, and SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a chair; his Wife and a great multitude following.

Car. Here comes the townsmen on procession
To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,

Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters; bring him near the king:

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. 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. 80
Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.
K. Hen. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your Grace.
K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee: 84
 Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
 But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
 Or of devotion, to this holy shrine? 88
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
 A hundred times and oft'n'er in my sleep,
 By good Saint Alban; who said, 'Simpcox, come;
 Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'
Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft 93
 Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What! art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How cam'st thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree. 96
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 that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear. 100
Glo. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.
Simp. Alas! master, 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 me see thine eyes: wink now; now open them: 105
 In my opinion yet thou seest not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and Saint Alban.
Glo. Sayst thou me so? What colour is this cloak of? 108
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. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of? 112
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glo. But cloaks and gowns before this day a many.
Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name? 116

Simp. Alas! master, I know not.
Glo. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his? 120
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think that cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?
Simp. O, master, that you could! 123
Glo. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beards in your town, and things called whips? 126
May. Yes, my lord, if it please your Grace.
Glo. Then send for one presently.
May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight. [Exit an Attendant.
Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [A stool brought out.] 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: 144
 You go about to torture me in vain.
 Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.
Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool. 148
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. 152
 [After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away: and the people follow and cry, 'A miracle!'
K. Hen. O God! seest thou this, and bear'st so long?
Q. Mar. 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. 156
Glo. Let them be whipp'd through every market town
 Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. [Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.
Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.
Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away. 160
Glo. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold. 164

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout, 168
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, 173
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my Lord Protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London. 177
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's
edge;

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict
my heart: 180

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. Hen. O God! what mischiefs work the
wicked ones, 184

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.

Q. Mar. Gloucester, see here the tainture of
thy nest;

And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,

How I have lov'd my king and commonweal; 189
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.

Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:

Noble she is, but if she have forgot 192

Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,

I banish her my bed and company,

And give her, as a prey, to law and shame, 196

That hath dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night we will repose us
here:

To-morrow toward London back again,

To look into this business thoroughly, 200

And call these foul offenders to their answers;

And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause
prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—London. The DUKE OF YORK'S
Garden.

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, 4

Which is infallible to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it 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 23

Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;

The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;

The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of
Gloucester;

William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince died before his father,

And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as
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, 24

Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she
came,

And him to Pomfret; where as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth:

Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown. 25

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. 26

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an
heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from
whose line

I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe a daugh-
ter,

Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:
Edmund had issue Roger, Earl of March: 27

Roger had issue Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Boling-
broke,

As I have read, laid claim unto the crown; 28

And but for Owen Glendower, had been king.
Who kept him in captivity till he died.

But, to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown, 24

Married Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who was
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 25

Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence:

So, if the issue of the eldest son
Succeed before the younger, I am king. 26

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,

The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign: 56
It falls not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together,
And in this private plot be we the first 60
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords! But I am not your king 64

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. 68
Do you as I do in these dangerous days,
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham and all the crew of them, 72
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy. 76

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

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick

Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.
York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself, 80
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—*The Same. A Hall of Justice.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOUCESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

K. Hen. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester'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 adjudg'd to death. 4
You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, madam, for you are more nobly born, 9
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment, 12
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.
Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee:

I cannot justify what the law condemns.— 16

[*Exeunt the DUCHESS, and the other Prisoners, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go; 20
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester: ere thou go,

Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope, 24
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years 28

Should be to be protected like a child.
God and King Henry govern England's helm!
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff! here, noble Henry, is my staff: 32

As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it. 36
Farewell, good king! when I am dead and gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne.

[*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;

And Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, scarce himself, 40
That bears so shrewd a maim: two pulls at once;

His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour rought: there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand. 44

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty

This is the day appointed for the combat; 48
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore 52

Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:

Here let them end it; and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bestod, 56
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his Neighbours drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him: on the other side, PETER, with a drum and a sand-bag; and Prentices drinking to him.

First Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough. 61

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

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

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter! 68

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

Sec. Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices. 72

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, an if I die, I give thee my apron: and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already. 80

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

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more? 84

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow! 94

York. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and PETER strikes down his Master.*]

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [Dies.]

York. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way. 100

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight; 104

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 have murder'd wrongfully. 108

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Sound a flourish. Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—The Same. A Street.

Enter GLOUCESTER and Serving-men, in mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;

And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind 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 through the streets.

But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries. 114

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, with papers pinned upon her back, in a white sheet, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; 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.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look! how they gaze.

See! how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.

Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,

And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

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

Duch. Ay, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself;

For whilst I think I am thy wedded 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-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh.
And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this shameful yoke?

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. 41
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd and such a prince he was 44
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
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 axe of death 49
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk, he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee, and hates us all, 52
And York, and impious Beaufort, 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 snar'd, 56
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.
Glo. Ah, Nell! forbear: thou almost all awry;
I must offend before I be attained;
And had I twenty times so many foes, 60
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scath,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this re-
proach? 64
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, sort thy heart to patience; 68
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. 72

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 com-
mission. 76

Sher. An't please your Grace, here my com-
mission 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? 80

Stan. So am I given 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 84
you do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What! gone, my lord, and bid me not
farewell!

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[Exeunt GLOUCESTER and Serving-men.]

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go
with thee! 88

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 prithee, go, and take me hence; 92
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of
Man;

There to be us'd according to your state. 96

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but re-
proach:

And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Hum-
phrey's lady:

According to that state you shall be used. 100

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

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon
me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is dis-
charg'd. 104

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off
this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my
sheet: 108

No; it will hang upon my richest robes,

And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

[Exeunt.]

Act III.

Scene I.—The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's.

*Sound a sennet. Enter to the Parliament, KING
HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAU-
FORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and
Others.*

K. Hen. I muse my Lord of Gloucester is
not come:

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will ye not
observe 4

The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?

With what a majesty he bears himself,

How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, how peremptory, and unlike him-
self? 8

We know the time since he was mild and affable,
An 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, 13

When everyone will give the time of day,
 He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,
 And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee, 16
 Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
 Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
 But great men tremble when the lion roars;
 And Humphrey is no little man in England. 20
 First note that he is near you in descent,
 And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
 Me seemeth then it is no policy,
 Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears, 24
 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 commons' hearts, 28
 And when he please to make commotion,
 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-
 rooted;

Suffer them now and they'll o'ergrow the gar-
 den, 32

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; 36
 Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
 I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.

My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
 Reprove my allegation if you can 40
 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. 44

The duchess, by his subornation,
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices:

Or if he were not privy to those faults,
 Yet, by repute of his high descent, 48

As, next the king he was successive heir,
 And such high vaults of his nobility,

Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
 By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall. 52

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
 And in his simple show he harbours treason.

The fox barks not when he would steal the
 lamb:

No, no, my sov'reign; Gloucester is a man 56
 Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

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

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
 Levy great sums of money 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, 64

Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke
 Humphrey.

K. Hen. 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 con-
 science, 60

Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
 From meaning treason to our royal person,

As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove,
 The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given 70

To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

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

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
 For he's disposed as the hateful raven: 76

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 80

Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
K. Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What
 news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
 Is utterly bereft you; all is lost. 85

K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's
 will be done!

York. [*Aside.*] Cold news for me; for I had
 hope of France,

As firmly as I hope for fertile England. 88

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. 92

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
 Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art
 come too soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art: 96
 I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see
 me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
 A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. 100

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 104

bribes of France,
 And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;

By means whereof his highness hath lost France.
Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they 110

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, 114

Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
 Be brought against me at my trial-day!

No; many a pound of mine own proper store,

Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I disbursed to the garrisons, 117
And never ask'd for restitution.

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

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God! 120

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

Glo. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector, 124

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, 128
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,

I never gave them condign punishment:
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon or what trespass else, 132

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:

But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name; 136
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope

That you will clear yourself from all suspect: 140
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah! gracious lord, these days are dangerous.

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand; 144
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, 149

I would expend it with all willingness;
But mine is made the prologue to their play;

For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy. 153

Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue

The envious load that lies upon his heart; 157
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,

By false accuse doth level at my life: 160

And you, my sov'reign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,

And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My nefest liege to be mine enemy. 164

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 witness to condemn me,

Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt; 169
The ancient proverb will be well effected:

'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable. 172
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, 176

'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here

With ignominious words, though clerklly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear 180

False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

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

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;

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

Buck. He'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day.

Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure. 188

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. 192

Ah! that my fear were false, ah! that it were;
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants with GLOUCESTER.*

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best

Do or undo, as if ourself were here. 196

Q. Mar. What! will your highness leave the parliament?

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

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
My body round engirt with misery, 200

For what's more miserable than discontent?
Ah! uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, 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? 208

Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;

And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house, 212

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 bewails good Gloucester's case,
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good ;
So mighty are his vow'd enemies, 220
His fortunes I will weep ; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say ' Who's a traitor, Gloucester he is none.'

[Exit.]

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

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs, 224
Too full of foolish pity ; and Gloucester's show
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers ;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flow'ring bank, 228
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a
child

That for the beauty thinks it excellent,
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,—
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good,— 232
This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy ;
And yet we want a colour for his death. 236
'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 ; 240
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy
death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have
him die.

Suf. Ah ! York, no man alive so fain as I. 244

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for
his death.

But my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of
Suffolk,

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Were't not all one an empty eagle were set 248
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's pro-
tector ?

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

Suf. Madam, 'tis true : and were't not mad-
ness, then, 252

To make the fox surveyor of the fold ?
Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over
Because his purpose is not executed. 256
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 Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege,
And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him :
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, tis no matter how,
So he be dead ; for that is good deceit 264
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

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

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke and seldom meant ;
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word and I will be his priest. 272

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 ; 276
I tender so the safety of my liege.

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

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I : and now we three have spoke
it, 280

It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come
again,

To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword. 284
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable ;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient
stop ! 288

What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent
thither.

'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd ;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France. 292

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast
done : 296

I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin : 300
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 wishest
shame. 308

Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune
is.

The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :
To Ireland will you lead a band of men, 312
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen ?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
 Suff. Why, our authority is his consent, 316
 And what we do establish he confirms:
 Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
 York. I am content: provide me soldiers,
 lords,
 Whiles I take order for mine own affairs. 320
 Suff. A charge, Lord York, that I will see
 perform'd.
 But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
 Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him
 That henceforth he shall trouble us no more. 324
 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; 328
 For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
 Suff. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.
 [Exeunt all except YORK.
 York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
 thoughts,
 And change misdoubt to resolution: 332
 Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
 Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
 Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born
 man,
 And find no harbour in a royal heart. 336
 Faster than spring-time showers comes thought
 on thought,
 And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
 My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
 Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies. 340
 Well, nobles, well; 'tis politicly done,
 To send me packing with a host of men:
 I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
 Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your
 hearts. 344
 Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
 I take it kindly; yet be well assur'd
 You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
 Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band, 348
 I will stir up in England some black storm
 Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;
 And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
 Until the golden circuit on my head, 352
 Like to the golden sun's transparent beams,
 Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
 And, for a minister of my intent,
 I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman, 356
 John Cade of Ashford,
 To make commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the title of John Mortimer.
 In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade 360
 Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with
 darts
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine:
 And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen 364
 Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
 Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.

Full often, like a shag-haired crafty kern,
 Hath he conversed with the enemy, 368
 And undiscover'd come to me again,
 And given me notice of their villanies.
 This devil here shall be my substitute;
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead, 372
 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 tortur'd, 376
 I know no pain they can inflict upon him
 Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.
 Say that he thrive,—as 'tis great like he will,—
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my
 strength, 380
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
 For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

Scene II.—Bury St. Edmund's. A Room in
 the Palace.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

First Mur. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let
 him know
 We have dispatch'd the duke, as he com-
 manded.
 Sec. Mur. O! that it were to do. What have
 we done?
 Didst ever hear a man so penitent? 4

Enter SUFFOLK.

First Mur. Here comes my lord.
 Suff. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?
 First Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
 Suff. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to
 my house; 8
 I will reward you for this venturous deed.
 The king and all the peers are here at hand.
 Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
 According as I gave directions? 12
 First Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.
 Suff. Away! be gone. [Exeunt Murderers.

Sound trumpets. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN
 MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSSET,
 Lords, and Others.

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence
 straight;
 Say, we intend to try his Grace to-day, 16
 If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
 Suff. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.

[Exit.
 K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I
 pray you all,
 Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester
 Than from true evidence, of good esteem, 21
 He be approv'd in practice culpable.
 Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should pre-
 val
 That faultless may condemn a nobleman! 24

Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Hen. I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

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

Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forfend!

Car. God's secret judgment: I did dream tonight

The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word. *[The KING swoons.]*

Q. Mar. How fares my lord? Help, lords! the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help! O Henry, open thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again. Madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Hen. What! doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,

Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,

And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,

By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words:

Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:

Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

Upon thy eyeballs 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,

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;

For in the shade of death I shall find joy,

In life but double death, now Gloucester'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 slander's tongue be wounded,

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach,

This get I by his death. Ay me, unhappy!

To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah! woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man.

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.

What! dost thou turn away and hide thy face? I am no loathsome leper; look on me.

What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf? Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.

Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb? Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:

Erect his statua and worship it,

And make my image but an alehouse sign.

Was I for this nigh wrack'd upon the sea,

And twice by awkward wind from England's bank

Drove back again unto my native clime?

What boded this, but well forewarning wind

Did seem to say, 'Seek not a scorpion's nest,

Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?'

What did I then, but curs'd 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 Æolus 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 salt as sea through thy unkindness:

The splitting rocks cower'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 thy chalky cliffs,

When from thy shore the tempest beat 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 towards thy land: the sea receiv'd it,

And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:

And even with this I lost fair England's view,

And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,

And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles

For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.

How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue—

The agent of thy foul inconstancy—

To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did

When he to madding 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?

Ay me! I can no more. Die, Margaret! 120
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.
The Commons press to the door.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey trait'rously is murder'd

By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees 125
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny, 128
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis
too true;

But how he died God knows, not Henry.
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death. 133

War. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,

With the rude multitude till I return.
[WARWICK goes into an inner chamber.
SALISBURY retires.

K. Hen. O! Thou that judgest all things, stay
my thoughts, 136
My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's
life.

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee. 140
Pain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his deaf dumb trunk, 144
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
And to survey his dead and earthly image
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Re-enter WARWICK and Others bearing
GLOUCESTER'S body on a bed.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view
this body. 149

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is
made;

For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him I see my life in death. 152

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 156

Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.
Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn
tongue!

What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face.

Of have I seen a timely-parted ghost, 161
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death, 164
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, 168
His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretched with
struggling:

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
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; 177
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke
to death?

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection; 180
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke
Humphrey's foes,

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy. 185

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noble-
men

As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.
War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding
fresh, 188

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaugh-
ter?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead, 192
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

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

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?
Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping
men; 197

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[Exit CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET,
and Others.

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

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious
spirit, 204

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand
times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;

For every word you speak in his behalf 203
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed 212
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou
art,

And never of the Nevil's noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers
thee, 216

And I should rob the deathsmen of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sov'reign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech, 221
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st;
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And after all this fearful homage done, 224
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 even now, or I will drag thee
hence: 229

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a
heart untainted! 232

Thrice is he arm'd that bath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Q. Mar. What noise is this? [*A noise within.*]

*Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their
weapons drawn.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful
weapons drawn 237

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men
of Bury, 240

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. [*Speaking to those within.*] Sirs, stand
apart; the king shall know your mind.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories, 245

They will by violence tear him from your palace
And torture him with grievous lingering death.

They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey 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, 252

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 256

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, 260

It were but necessary you were wak'd,
Lest, 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, whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;

With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth, 263

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; 272
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:

But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is that he was the lord ambassador, 276

Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king,
or we will all break in!

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from
me,

I thank them for their tender loving care; 280
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, 283
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air

But three days longer, on the pain of death. 288

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

Q. Mar. O Henry! let me plead for gentle
Suffolk.

K. Hen. 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. 292

Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.

[*To SUFFOLK.*] If after three days' space thou here
be'st found

On any ground that I am ruler of, 296
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.

Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with
me;

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY, WARWICK, LORDS, &c.*]
Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with
you! 300

Heart's discontent and sour affliction

Be playfellows 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. Fic, coward woman and soft-hearted
wretch!

Has't thou not spirit to curse thine enemy? 308

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

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,

As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear, 312
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; 316
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;

My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every 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 that they
taste!

Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks! 324

Their softest touch as smart as lizard's stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,

And hoding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell— 328

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st
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. 332

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me
leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,

Though standing naked on a mountain top, 336
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O! let me entreat thee, cease! Give
me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears; 340
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.

O! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
[*Kisses his hand.*

That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd
for thee. 345

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
Tis but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,

As one that surfeits thinking on a want. 348
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself;

And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone. 352

O! go not yet. Even 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 thence;

A wilderness is populous enough, 360
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,

With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation. 364

I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;
Myself to joy in nought but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what
news, I prithee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty 368
That Cardinal Beaufort 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.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost

Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,

The secrets of his overcharged soul: 376
And I am sent to tell his majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the
king. [*Exit VAUX.*

Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,

Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,

And with the southern clouds contend in tears,
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my

sorrows? 385
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; 388

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, 392

Dying with mother's dug between its lips;
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:

So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul, 397
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; 400
From thee to die were torture more than death.

O! let me stay, befall what may befall!
Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful
corsive,

It is applied to a deathful wound. 404
To France, sweet Suffolk; let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'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. 408

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we :

This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. 412
[*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene III.—*London.* CARDINAL BEAUFORT'S
Bedchamber.

Enter KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and
Others. The CARDINAL in bed; Attendants
with him.

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort,
to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee Eng-
land's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,

So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain. 4

K. Hen. Ah! what a sign 't is of evil life
Where death's approach is seen so terrible.

War. Beaufort, it is thy sov'reign speaks to
thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you
will. 8

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live wher' they will or no?

O! torture me no more, I will confess.

Alive again? then show me where he is: 12

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands up-
right,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul. 16

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the
heavens!

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch; 20

O! beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair.

War. See how the pangs of death do make
him grin! 24

Sal. Disturb him not! let him pass peace-
ably.

K. Hen. 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. 28

He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive
him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners
all.

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close; 32
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*]

Act IV.

Scene I.—*Kent.* The Seashore near Dover.

Firing heard at Sea. Then enter from a boat,
a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER
WHITMORE, and Others; with them SUFFOLK
disguised, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful
day

Is crept into the bosom of the sea,

And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night; 4

Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty

jaws

Breathes foul contagious darkness in the air.

Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize, 8

For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs

Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,

Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.

Master, this prisoner freely give I thee: 12

And thou that art his mate make boot of this;

The other [*Pointing to SUFFOLK*], Walter Whit-
more, is thy share.

First Gent. What is my ransom, master? let
me know.

Master. A thousand crowns, or else lay down
your head. 16

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

Cap. What! think you much to pay two thou-
sand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentleman?

Cut both the villain's throats! for die you shall:

The lives of those which we have lost in fight 21

Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum!

First Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore
spare my life.

Sec. Gent. And so will I, and write home for
it straight. 24

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize
aboard,

[*To SUFFOLK*] And therefore to revenge it shalt
thou die;

And so should these if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom; let him
live. 28

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? 32

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; 36
Thy name is—*Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

- Whit.* Gaultier, or Walter, which it is I care not;
- Never yet did base dishonour blur our name
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot: 40
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
- [Lays hold on SUFFOLK.]
- Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince, 44
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.
- Whit.* The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!
- Suf.* Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
- Jove* sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?
- Cap.* But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be. 49
- Suf.* Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom. 52
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?
- Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup, 56
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride. 60
- How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
- Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain? 65
- 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 68
Strike off his head.
- Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy own.
- Cap.* Yes, Pole.
- Suf.* Pole!
- Cap.* Pool! Sir Pool! 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 73
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
- And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death, 76
Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again;
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord 80
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
- By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgor'd 84
With gobnets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy 88
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in
vain, 92
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York, thrust from the crown
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny, 96
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ *In vitis nubibus*.
The commons here in Kent are up in arms; 100
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 104
Upon these paltry, 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. 108
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob beehives.
- It is impossible that I should die
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; 113
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the Channel.
- Cap.* Walter!
- Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death. 116
- Suf.* *Gelidus timor occupat artus*: 'tis thee I fear.
- Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
- What! are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
First Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair. 120
- 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 124
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom. 128
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.
- Cap.* Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot. 133

Great men oft die by vile bezonians.
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand 136
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit with SUFFOLK, WHITMORE and Others.*]

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have
set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart: 140
Therefore come you with us and let him go.

[*Execute all but first Gentleman.*]

Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body
lie,

Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*]

First Gent. O barbarous and bloody spec-
tacle! 144

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 with the body.*]

Scene II.—Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though
made of a lath: they have been up these two
days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now
then. 5

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means
to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set
a new nap upon it. 8

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare.
Well, I say it was never merry world in England
since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded
in handicrafts-men. 13

John. The nobility think scorn to go in
leather aprons.

Geo. Nay, more; the king's council are no
good workmen. 17

John. True; and yet it is said, 'Labour in thy
vocation:' which is as much to say as, let the
magistrates be labouring men; and therefore
should we be magistrates. 21

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

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's
son, the tanner of Wingham.— 25

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies
to make dog's-leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,— 28

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

John. And Smith the weaver,—

Geo. Argo, their thread of life is spun. 32

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH
the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite num-
bers.*

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our sup-
posed father,—

Dick. [*Aside.*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of
herrings. 37

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us,
inspired with the spirit of putting down kings
and princes.—Command silence. 40

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer.—

Dick. [*Aside.*] He was an honest man, and a
good bricklayer. 44

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. [*Aside.*] I knew her well; she was a
midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,— 48

Dick. [*Aside.*] She was, indeed, a pedlar's
daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. [*Aside.*] But now of late, not able to
travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks
here at home. 53

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable
house.

Dick. [*Aside.*] 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. 60

Smith. [*Aside.*] A' must needs, for beggary is
valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside.*] No question of that, for I have
seen him whipped three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*Aside.*] He need not fear the sword,
for his coat is of proof. 68

Dick. [*Aside.*] But methinks he should stand
in fear of fire, being burnt 't the hand for steal-
ing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is
brave, and vows reformation. There shall be
in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a
penny; the three-hooped 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 palfrey go to grass. And
when I am king,—as king I will be,—

All God save your majesty! 60

Cade. I thank you, good people: there shall
be no money; all shall eat and drink on my
score; and I will apparel them all in one livery,
that they may agree like brothers, and worship
me their lord. 65

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 of the skin of an inno-
cent lamb should be made parchment? that

parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there? 95

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast account.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain! 100

Smith. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand. 105

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee. What is thy name? 109

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters. 'Twill go hard with you. 112

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. 117

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 ink-horn about his neck. 121

[Exeunt some with the Clerk.]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces. 126

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. *[Kneels.]* Rise up Sir John Mortimer. *[Rises.]* Now have at him. 133

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and William his Brother, with drum and Forces.

Staff. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,

Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down; Home to your cottages, forsake this groom: 136 The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staff. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,

If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not: 142

It is to you, good people, that I speak, O'er whom, in time to come I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staff. Villain! thy father was a plasterer; And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not? 145

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staff. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, 148 Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

Staff. Ay, sir.

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

W. Staff. That's false. 152

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis true:

The elder of them, being put to nurse, Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away; And, ignorant of his birth and parentage, 156 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.

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

Staff. And will you credit this base drudge's words,

That speaks he knows not what? 164

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

W. Staff. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. *[Aside.]* 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. 172

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 maimed, 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 commonwealth, and made it a eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor. 181

Staff. 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 an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

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

W. Staff. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, 188

Assail them with the army of the king.

Staff. Herald, away; and throughout every town

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends 192
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:
And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS and Forces.*]

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me. 196

Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.
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 200
As would, but that they dare not take our parts.

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

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march! forward! 204
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain.

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

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavest thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one. 8

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear: [Puts on SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD'S armour.] and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the Mayor's sword borne before us. 14

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.*]

Scene IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, reading a Supplication; the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and LORD SAY with him: at a distance, QUEEN MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK'S head.

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? 4
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? 8

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,

Rather than bloody war shall cut them short, 13
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face

Ru'd like a wandering planet over me, 16
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

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

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his. 20

K. Hen. How now, madam!
Still lamenting and mourning for 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. No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee. 25

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer, 26
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 32
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen, 36
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. 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. 40

Q. Mar. Ah! were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,

These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth. 41

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. 46

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mes. Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge;

The citizens fly and forsake their houses;
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear 52
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away! take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is de-
ceas'd. 56

K. Hen. [To LORD SAY.] Farewell, my lord:
trust not the Kentish rebels.

Duck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.—The Same. The Tower.

Enter LORD SCALES and Others, on the Walls.
Then enter certain Citizens, below.

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

First Cit. No, my lord, nor likely 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; 8
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. 13

[Exeunt.]

Scene VI.—London. Cannon Street.

Enter JACK CADE, and his Followers. He 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 this first
year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it
shall be treason for any that calls me other than
Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade! 8

Cade. Knock him down there.

[They kill him.]

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call
you Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very
fair warning. 12

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered to-
gether 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.]

Scene VII.—The Same. Smithfield.

Alarums. Enter, on one side, CADE and his
company; on the other, Citizens, and the
King's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOFFE.
They fight; the Citizens are routed, and
MATTHEW GOFFE is slain.

Cade. So, sirs:—Now go some and pull down

the Savoy; others to the Inns of court: down
with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship. 4

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. 8

John. [Aside.] Mass, 'twill be sore law then;
for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear,
and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. [Aside.] Nay, John, it will be stinking
law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted
cheese. 14

Cade. I have thought upon it; it shall be so.
Away! burn all the records of the realm: my
mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. [Aside.] Then we are like to have biting
statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be
in common. 21

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the
Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he
that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and
one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy. 25

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, 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 Dau-
phin of France? Be it known unto thee by
these presence, even the presence of Lord Mor-
timer, that I am the besom that must sweep
the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou
hast most traitorously 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 used; and, contrary to
the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built
a paper-mill. It will be proved 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 peace, to call poor
men before them about matters they were not
able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them
in prison; and because they could not read,
thou hast hanged 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? 53

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy
horse wear a cloak, when honest men than
thou go in their hose and doublets. 56

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? 60

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. 64

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy; 68
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done; 72
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks, 76
Because my book prefer'd me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits, 80
You cannot but forbear to murder me:
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field? 84

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks! 88

Say. These checks are pale for watching for your good.

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

Say. Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes, 92

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

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

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man? 96

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. 101

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most? Have I affected wealth, or honour? speak. Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold? 104
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless bloodshedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts. 108

O! let me live.

Cade. [*Aside*.] 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. 116

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life. 123

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt some, with LORD SAY.*] The proudest peer in 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 to me her maidenhead, ere they have it; men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell. 132

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheap-side and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O! brave! 136

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of LORD SAY and his Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. Away! 144
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VIII.—*The Same. Southwark.*

Alarum. Enter CADE and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish Street! down St. Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! [*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] 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, with Forces.

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 misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them all That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent, 150

And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you,
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his
majesty!' 16

Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!
Cade. What! Buckingham and Clifford, are
ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye
believe him? will you needs be hanged with your
pardons about your necks? Hath my sword
therefore broke through London Gates, that you
should leave me at the White Hart in South-
wark? I thought ye would never have given out
these arms till you had recovered your ancient
freedom; but you are all recreants and dastards,
and delight to live in slavery to the nobility.
Let them break your backs with 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! 36

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; 41
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.

Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at Jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish
you?

Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets, 48
Crying *Villago!* unto all they meet.

Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's
mercy.

To France, to France! and get what you have
lost; 52

Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the
king and Clifford. 57

Cade. [*Aside.*] Was ever feather so lightly
blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of
Henry the Fifth hales them to a hundred mis-
chiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see
them lay their heads together to surprise me.
My sword make way for me, for here is no staying.
In despite of the devils and hell, have through
the very midst of you! and heavens and honour
be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but
only my followers' base and ignominious treasons,
makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*]

Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[*Exeunt some of them.*]
Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean 72
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IX.—Kenilworth Castle.

Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN
MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the terrace.

K. Hen. 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: 4
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and Old CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your
majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor
Cade surpris'd? 8
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a number of CADE'S followers,
with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do
yield;

And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death. 12

K. Ken. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting
gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and
country: 16

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, 20
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
And with a puissant and a mighty power 25
Of Gallowglasses, and stout kerns,

Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along, 28
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade
and York distress'd;

Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest, 32
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate.
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms to second him.

I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him. 36

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 dismiss'd from him. 40

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

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms; 44

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. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better; 48

For yet may England curse my wretched reign.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene X.—Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie 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 I am so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word 'sallet' was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word 'sallet' must serve me to feed on. 17

Enter IDEN with Servants behind.

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court,

And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me 20
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeeth that I have maintains my state, 24
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. [*Aside.*] Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain! thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part. 32

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, 36

Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no bread these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more. 44

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.

Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine, 48
See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks:

Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;

Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast; 52

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, 56

Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chins of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees, thou mayst be turned to hobnails. [*They fight; CADE falls.*] 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'll defy them all. Withere, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled. 60

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, 74

To emblaze the honour that 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 feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*] 78

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge. 82

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I I might thrust thy soul to hell.

Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels 86
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, 88

Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exit, with Servants, dragging out the body.*]

Act V.

Scene I.—*Kent. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

The KING's camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

YORK. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head :
King, bells, aloud ; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,

To entertain great England's lawful king. 4
Ah *sancta majestas*, 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, 8
Except a sword, or sceptre balance it.

A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here ? Buckingham, to disturb me ? 12

The king hath sent him, sure : I must dissemble.

BUCK. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

YORK. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure ? 16

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, 20
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,

Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

YORK. [*Aside.*] Scarce can I speak, my choleric is so great :

O ! I could hew up rocks and fight with flint, 24
I am so angry at these abject terms ;

And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.

I am far better born than is the king, 28
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts ;

But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.

[*Aloud.*] Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me, 32
That I have given 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, 36
Betwixt 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 : 40
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

YORK. Upon thine honour, is he a prisoner ?
BUCK. Upon mine honour, he is a prisoner.

YORK. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers. 44

Soldiers, I thank you all ; disperse yourselves ;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,

You shall have pay, and everything you wish,
And let my sov'reign, virtuous Henry, 48

Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love ;

I'll send them all as willing as I live :
Lands, goods, horses, armour, anything I have

Is his to use, so Somerset may die. 53
BUCK. York, I commend this kind submission :

We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING HENRY, attended.

K. HEN. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us, 56

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm ?
YORK. In all submission and humility

York doth present himself unto your highness.
K. HEN. Then what intend these forces thou

dost bring ? 60
YORK. To have the traitor Somerset from hence,

And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE's head.

IDEN. If one so rude and of so mean condition 64

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. HEN. The head of Cade ! Great God, how

just art thou ! 68
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. 72

K. HEN. How art thou call'd, and what is thy degree ?

IDEN. Alexander Iden, that's my name ;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

BUCK. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss 76

He was created knight for his good service.
K. HEN. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise

up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks ;

And will, that thou henceforth attend on us. 80
IDEN. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,

And never live but true unto his liege.
K. HEN. See ! Buckingham ! Somerset comes

with the queen :
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke. 84

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not
hide his head,

But boldly stand and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd
thoughts 88

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse? 92

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st 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, 97

And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of
mine,

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,

Is able with the change to kill and cure, 101

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,

And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more

O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler. 105

Som. O monstrous traitor:—I arrest thee,
York,

Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.

Obeys, audacious traitor; kneel for grace, 108

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me
ask of these

If they can brook I bow a knee to man.

Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:

[Exit an Attendant.

I know ere they will have me go to ward, 112

They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come
again,

To say if that the bastard boys of York

Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,

Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!

The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,

Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those

That for thy surety will refuse the boys! 121

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with
Forces at one side; at the other, with Forces
also, Old CLIFFORD and his Son.

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make
it good.

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

Clif. [Kneeling.] Health and all happiness to
my lord the king! 124

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

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

We are thy sov'reign, Clifford, kneel again;

For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee. 123

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;

But thou mistak'st me much to think I do.

To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambi-
tious humour 132

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,

And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey: 136

His sons, he says shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will
serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our wen-
pons shall. 140

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, 144

That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with
Forces.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy
bears to death, 145

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw, 153

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cri'd:

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, 157

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. 160

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot
to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,

Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!

What! wilt thou on thy death-bed play the
ruffian, 164

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?

O! where is faith? O, where is loyalty?

If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

Where shall it find a harbour in the earth? 166

Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

And shame thine honourable age with blood?

Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it? 172

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; 176
 And in my conscience do repute his Grace
 The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have. 180

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is a great sin to swear unto a sin,
 But greater sin to keep a sinful oath,
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow 184
 To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
 To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
 To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
 And have no other reason for this wrong 189
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself. 192

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Clif. The first I promise thee, if dreams prove true,

War. You were best to go to bed and dream again, 196

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

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, 200
 Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevill's crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
 This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,— 204

As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
 That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,—

Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear, 208

And tread it underfoot with all contempt,
 Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
 To quell the rebels and their complices. 212

Rich. Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,

For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou can'st tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. [Exeunt severally.]

Scene II.—Saint Alban's.

Alarums: Excursions. 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 dead men's cries do fill the empty air, 4
 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 noble lord! what! all afoot? 8
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;

But match to match I have encounter'd him,
 And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
 Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well. 12

Enter Old CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st. 16

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
 It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[Exit.

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love, 20

But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,

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. 25

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!

York. A dreadful lay! address thee instantly.

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* 28

[They fight, and CLIFFORD falls and dies.

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [Exit.]

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds 32
 Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part

Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly: 36
 He that is truly dedicate to war

Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,

The name of valour. [Seeing his father's body.]
 O! let the vile world end, 40

And the premised flames of the last day
 Knit heaven and earth together;

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities and petty sounds 44

To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
 The silver livery of advised age,
 And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days thus
 To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight 49
 My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine
 It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
 No more will I their babes: tears virginal 52
 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: 56
 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. 60
 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:

[*Taking up the body.*]

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
 But then Æneas bare a living load, 64
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*]

Enter RICHARD and SOMERSET, fighting;
 SOMERSET is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there;
 For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
 The Castle of Saint Alban's, Somerset 68
 Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
 Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
 Priests pray for enemies, princes kill. [*Exit.*]

Alarums: Excursions. Enter KING HENRY,
QUEEN MARGARET, and Others, retreating.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow: for
 shame, away! 72

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good
 Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll nor
 fight nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
 To give the enemy way, and to secure us 76
 By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarum afar off.*]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
 Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
 As well we may, if not through your neglect, 80
 We shall to London get, where you are lov'd,
 And where this breach now in our fortunes
 made
 May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Cliff. But that my heart's on future mis-
 chief set, 84

I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
 But fly you must: uncurable discomfit
 Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts,
 Away, for your relief! and we will live 88
 To see their day and them our fortune give.
 Away, my lord, away!

Scene III.—Field near Saint Alban's.

Alarum. Retreat. Flourish; then enter
 YORK, RICHARD, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with
drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
 That winter lion, who in rage forgets
 Aged contusions and all brush of time,
 And, like a gallant in the brow of youth, 4
 Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
 Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
 If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
 Three times to-day I help him to his horse, 8
 Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
 Persuaded him from any further act:
 But still, where danger was, still there I met 12
 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.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought
 to-day;

By the mass, so did we all. I thank you,
 Richard: 16

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, 20
 Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
 For, as I hear, the king is fled to London, 24
 To call a present court of parliament:
 Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth:—
 What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we
 can. 28

Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
 Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
 Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, and to London all: 32
 And more such days as these to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*]

The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
 EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.
 LEWIS THE ELEVENTH, King of France.
 DUKE OF SOMERSET,
 DUKE OF EXETER,
 EARL OF OXFORD,
 EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
 EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
 LORD CLIFFORD,
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
 EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards
 King Edward the Fourth,
 EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,
 GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence,
 RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester,
 DUKE OF NORFOLK,
 MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE,
 EARL OF WARWICK,
 EARL OF PEMBROKE,
 LORD HASTINGS,
 LORD STAFFORD,

on King Henry's side.

his Sons.

of the Duke of York's Party.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER, } Uncles to the Duke
 SIR HUGH MORTIMER, } of York.
 HENRY, EARL OF RICHMOND, a Youth.
 LORD RIVERS, Brother to Lady Grey.
 SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
 SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
 SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.
 Tutor to Rutland.
 Mayor of York.
 Lieutenant of the Tower.
 A Nobleman.
 Two Keepers. A Huntsman.
 A Son that has killed his Father.
 A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
 LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward the Fourth.
 BONA, Sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

Scene.—During part of the Third Act, in France; during the rest of the Play, in England.

Act I.

Scene I.—London. The Parliament-House.

Drums. Some Soldiers of YORK's party break in. Then, enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Others, with white roses in their hats.

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,

He silly stole away and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland, 4

Whose warlike cars could never brook retreat,
Cher'd up the drooping army; and himself,

Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and breaking in 8

Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,

Is either slain or wounded dangerously;
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow: 12
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[Showing his bloody sword.]

Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood, [To York, showing his
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did. [Throwing down the DUKE OF SOMERSET'S head.

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons. 17
 But, is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
Norfolk. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head. 20
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 heaven these eyes shall never close. 24
 This is the palace of the fearful king, And this the regal seat: possess it, York; For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will; 28
 For hither we have broken in by force.
Norfolk. We'll 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. 32
War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence, Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.
 [The Soldiers retire.]
York. The queen this day here holds her parliament, But little thinks we shall be of her council: 36
 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. 40
 And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice 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. 44
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best, The proudest he that holds up Lancaster, Dares stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells. I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares. 48
 Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
 [WARWICK LEADS YORK TO THE THRONE, WHO SEATS HIMSELF.]
Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and Others, with red roses in their hats.
K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, Even in the chair of state! belike he means— Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer— To aspire unto the crown and reign as king. 53
 Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father, And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

Cliff. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What! shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
 My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it. 60
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.
Cliff. Patience is for poltroons, such as he; He durst not sit there had your father liv'd. My gracious lord, here in the parliament 64
 Let us assail the family of York.
North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.
K. Hen. 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. 68
K. Hen. 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, 72
 Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
 [They advance to the DEER.]
 Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne, And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet; I am thy sovereign.
York. I am thine. 76
Exe. For shame! come down: he made thee Duke of York.
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the carline was.
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. Hen. 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 Westmoreland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
 That we are those which chas'd you from the field
 And slew your fathers, and with colours spread March'd through the city to the palace gates. 84
North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
 And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
 Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives
 Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir. 100
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats.
York. Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown? 104
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March;
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces. 109
War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.
K. Hen. 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. 113
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Educ. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.
Mont. [To *York.*] Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms, 116
Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace thou! and give King Henry leave to speak. 120
War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.
K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne, 124
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. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown. 132
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. [Aside.] I know not what to say: my title's weak.
[Aloud.] Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then? 136
K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his. 140
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
and made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown? 144
Eze. No; for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
Eze. His is the right, and therefore pardon me. 148
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Eze. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. [Aside.] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st, 152
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent, 156
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence: 160
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O 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 the house with armed men,
And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits, 168
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.]
K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:—
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs, 172
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet, Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son! 176
War. What good is this to England and himself!
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles. 180
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour blides, 184

Norh. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,

And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome;

Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd! 188

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD,
and WESTMORELAND.

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah! Exeter.

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son, 192

Whom I unnaturally shall disinheret.

But be it as it may; I here entall

The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath 196

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign;

And neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down and reign thyself. 200

York. This oath I willingly take and will perform. [*Coming from the throne.*

War. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd. 204

Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes! [*Sennet. The Lords come forward.*

York. Farewell, 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. 208

Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came. [*Exeunt YORK and his Sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE OF WALES.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks betray her anger;

I'll steal away. [*Going.*

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee. 213

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah! wretched man; would I had died a maid,

And never seen thee, never borne thee son, 217

Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father.

Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?

Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldest have left thy dearest heart-blood
there,

Rather than have made that savage duke thine
heir,

And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinheret me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me
sweet son;

The Earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforce
me.

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and
wilt be forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah! timorous
wretch;

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me; 220

And given unto the house of York such head
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

To entall him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it but to make thy sepulchre, 224

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; 228

And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have tossed me on their
pikes 232

Before I would have granted to that act;

But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour.

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed, 236

Until that act of parliament be repeal'd
Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords that have forsworn the
colours

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;

And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace.
And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away;
Our army is ready; come, we'll after them. 240

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me
speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already—
get thee gone.

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

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the
field 244

I'll see your Grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger
thus. [*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET and the
PRINCE OF WALES.

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to
her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage.

Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle 268
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 entreat them fair.
Come, cousin; you shall be the messenger. 272
Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—A Room in Sandal Castle, near
Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me
leave.
Educ. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a
strife? 4

What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Educ. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace
and us; 8

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be
dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or
death.

Educ. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it
now: 12

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to
breathe,

It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly
reign.

Educ. But for a kingdom any oath may be
broken: 16

I would 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. 20

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not
took

Before a true and lawful magistrate
That hath authority over him that swears: 24

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 28
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest 32

Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough, I will be king, or
die.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently, 36
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.

Thou, Richard, shalt unto the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.

You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham, 40
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.

While you are thus employ'd, what resteth
more, 44

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 a Messenger.

But, stay; what news? why com'st thou in such
post? 48

Mess. 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. 52
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: 56
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: 60

And thus most humbly I do take my leave.
[*Exit.*]

Enter SIR JOHN 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 mean to besiege us. 64

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: 68

A woman's general; what should we fear?
[*A march afar off.*]

Educ. 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. 72
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:

Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—*Field of Battle between Sandal Castle and Wakefield.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?

Ah! tutor, look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah! Clifford, murder not this innocent child,

Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*]

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or is it fear

That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch

That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,

And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah! gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die:

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood

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

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it 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 slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;

And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore— [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 hast one son; for his sake pity me,
Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah! let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause!
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

[*Stabs him twice!*]

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[*Exit.*]

Scene IV.—*Another Part of the Plains.*

Alarum. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe

Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.

My sons, God knows what hath bechanc'd 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 cried, '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 hardest warriors did retire,

Richard cried, 'Charge! and give no foot of ground!'

And cried, 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!'

With this, we charg'd again; but, out, alas!
We bodg'd again: as I have seen a swan

With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short alarum within.*]
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;

And I am faint and cannot fly their fury;
And were I strong I would not shun their

fury:
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, the young PRINCE, 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 show'd unto my father. 32

Now Phœthon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth

A bird that will revenge upon you all; 36
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?
Cliff. So cowards fight when they can fly no further; 40

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford! but bethink thee once again, 44

And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this. 48

Cliff. I will not bandy with thee word for word,

But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [Draws.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life. 52
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. 56

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,

When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,

And ten to one is no impeach of valour. 60

[*They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.*
Cliff. 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-match'd.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now? 65

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That rought at mountains with outstretched arms, 68

Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What! was it you that would be England's king?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice 76
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point 80
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, 84
I should lament thy miserable state.

I prithee grieve, to make me merry, York.
What! hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death? 88
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 fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown. 93

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! 96

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 101
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, 104

Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O! '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. 108

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

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth! 112

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,

Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging, 116

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. 120

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, 125

Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable. 133
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion. 136
O tiger's heart wrapp'd 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 bear a woman's face? 140
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy
wish:

Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast
thy will; 144

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obseques,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-
woman. 149

North. Beshrew me, but his passion moves
me so

That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.
York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
with blood; 153

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O! ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears: 156
This cloth thou dipp'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;
[Giving back the handkerchief.]

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 160
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, 'Alas! it was a piteous deed!'
There, take the crown, and, with the crown my
curse, 164

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 heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all
my kin, 169
I should not for my life but weep with him,

To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.
Q. Mar. What! weeping-ripe, my Lord North-
umberland? 172

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
Clif. Here's for my oath; here's for my
father's death. [Stabbing him.]

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-
hearted king. [Stabbing him.]

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious
God! 177
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out
thee. [Dies.]

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York
gates; 180
So York may overlook the town of York. 180
[Flourish. Exeunt.]

Act II.

Scene I.—A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in
Herefordshire.

Drums. Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with
their Forces, marching.

Edu. I wonder how our princely father
'scap'd,
Or whether he be 'scap'd away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.
Had he been ta'en we should have heard the
news;
Had he been slain we should have heard the
news;
Or had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have
heard

The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy until I be resolv'd
Where our right vallant 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. 17

So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my war-like father:
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun;
How well resembles it the prime of youth.
Trimu'd like a younker prancing to his love. 24

Edu. 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. 32
Educ. '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 meeds, 36
 should notwithstanding join our lights to-
 gether,
 And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
 Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
 Upon my target three fair-shining suns. 40
Rich. Nay, bear three daughters : by your
 leave I speak it,
 You love the brooder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
 Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue? 44
Mess. Ah ! one that was a woeful looker-on,
 When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
 Your princely father, and my loving lord.
Educ. O ! speak no more, for I have heard too
 much. 48
Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.
Mess. Environed he was with many foes,
 And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
 Against the Greeks that would have enter'd
 Troy. 52
 But Hercules himself must yield to odds ;
 And many strokes, though with a little axe,
 Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
 By many hands your father was subdu'd ; 56
 But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
 Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,
 Who crown'd the gracious duke in high de-
 spite ;
 Laugh'd in his face ; and when with grief he
 wept, 60
 The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks,
 A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
 Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford
 slain ;
 And after many scorns, many foul taunts, 64
 They took his head, and on the gates of York
 They set the same ; and there it doth remain,
 The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.
Educ. Sweet Duke of York ! our prop to lean
 upon, 68
 Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay !
 O Clifford ! boist'rous Clifford ! thou hast slain
 The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;
 And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him, 72
 For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd
 thee.
 Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
 Ah ! would she break from hence, that this my
 body
 Might in the ground be closed up in rest, 76
 For never henceforth shall I joy again,

Never, O ! never, shall I see more joy.
Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's
 moisture
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning
 heart : 80
 Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great
 burden ;
 For self-same wind, that I should speak withal
 Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
 And burn me up with flames, that tears would
 quench. 84
 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. 88
Educ. His name that valliant duke hath left
 with thee ;
 His dukedom and his chair with me is left.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's
 bird,
 Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun : 92
 For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom
 say ;
 Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March. Enter WARWICK and the MARQUESS
 OF MONTAGUE, with Forces.*

War. How now, fair lords ! What fare ?
 what news abroad ?
Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should
 recount 96
 Our baleful news, and at each word's deliv'ry-
 nance
 Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
 The words would add more anguish than the
 wounds.
 O valliant lord ! the Duke of York is slain. 100
Educ. O Warwick ! Warwick ! that Planta-
 genet
 Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemp-
 tion,
 Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in
 tears, 104
 And now, to add more measure to your woes,
 I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
 After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
 Where your brave father breath'd his latest
 gasp, 108
 Tidings, as swiftly as the posts 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,
 And very well appointed, as I thought, 112
 March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the
 queen,
 Bearing the king in my behalf along ;
 For by my scouts I was advertised 116
 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 Saint Alban's met, 120
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his war-like queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success; 125
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, 128
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thresher with a flail—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause, 133
With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day; 136
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, 140
Making another head to fight again.

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

And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers; 144

And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled: 148

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;

For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine 152

Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre 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: 157

'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, 160
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? 164
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, 172
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster. 176
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 Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry, 'Charge upon our foes!' 184
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 sunshine day,
That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay. 188

Educ. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;

And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour!—
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forbend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York: 192

The next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;

And he that throws not up his cap for joy 196
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task. 200

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,—

As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,—
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Educ. Then strike up, drums! God, and Saint George for us! 204

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?
Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts; brave warriors, let's away. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.—Before York.

Flourish. *Enter* KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with drums and trumpets.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:

Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord? 4

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that
fear their wrack :

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my
fault,

Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow. 8

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den. 12

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?

Not his that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?

Not he that sets his foot upon her back. 16

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: 20

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,

And raise his issue like a loving sire;

Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,

Didst yield consent to disinherit him, 24

Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young;

And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,

Yet, in protection of their tender ones, 28

Who hath not seen them, even with those
wings

Which sometime 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

Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,

And long hereafter say unto his child, 36

'What my great grandfather and grandsire got,

My careless father fondly gave away?'

Ah! what a shame were this. Look on the boy;

And let his manly face, which promiseth 40

Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart

To hold thine own and leave thine own with
him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford played the
orator,

Infering arguments of mighty force. 44

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear

That things ill got had ever bad success?

And happy always was it for that son

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell? 48

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 52

Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Ah! cousin York, would thy best friends did
know

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our
foes are nigh, 56

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down. 60

K. Hen. 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, 64

And in that quarrel use it to the death.

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For with a band of thirty thousand men 68

Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;

And in the towns, as they do march along,

Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:

Darraign your battle, for they are at hand. 72

Clif. I would your highness would depart the
field:

The queen hath best success when you are
absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to
our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; there-
fore I'll stay. 76

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble
lords,

And hearten those that fight in your defence:

Unsheathe your sword, good father: cry, 'Saint
George!' 80

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WAR-
WICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.

Educ. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel
for grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head;

Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting
boy! 84

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

Educ. I am his king, and he should bow his
knee;

I was adopted heir by his consent: 88

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

Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in. 92

Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher? O! I cannot
speak.

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand to answer
thee, 96

Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

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

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

- Rich.* For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight. 100
- War.* What sayst thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
- Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?
- When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands. 104
- 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. 108
- Rich.* Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer. 112
- Clif.* I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child?
- Rich.* Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sun-set I'll make thee curse the deed.
- K. Hen.* Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak. 117
- Q. Mar.* Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.
- K. Hen.* I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak. 120
- Clif.* My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.
- Rich.* Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd 124
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
- Edw.* Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown. 128
- War.* If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.
- Prince.* If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but everything is right. 132
- Rich.* Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue.
- Q. Mar.* But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,
But like a foul misshapen stigmatic, 136
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
- Rich.* Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,— 140
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—
- Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art
extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
- Edw.* A wispe of straw were worth a thousand crowns, 144
To make this shameless callet 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. 149
- His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And had he match'd according to his state, 152
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 sunshine brew'd a shower for him, 156
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And head'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
- Hadst thou been meek our title still had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle king, 161
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
- Geo.* But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase, 164
We set the axe to thy usurping 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 growing 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. 172
- Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.
- Q. Mar.* Stay, Edward.
- Edw.* No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay: 176
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day. 176
[Exit.]
- Scene III.—A Field of Battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.**
- Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*
- War.* Forspent 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, 184
And spite of spite needs must I rest a while.
- Enter EDWARD, running.*
- Edw.* Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good? 8

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is lost, 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; 12
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah! Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk, Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance; And, in the very pangs of death he cried, 17
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far, 'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!' So, underneath the belly of their steeds, 20
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood, The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:

I'll kill my horse because I will not fly. 24
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here, Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage; And look upon, as if the tragedy Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors? 28
Here on my knee I vow to God above, I'll never pause again, never stand still Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine, Or fortune given me measure of revenge. 32

Edw. O Warwick! I do bend my knee with thine;

And in this vow do chain my soul to thine. And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee, Thou setter up and plucker down of kings, 37
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands That to my foes this body must be prey, Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope, 40
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul! Now, lords, take leave until we meet again, Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick, 44

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms: I, that did never weep, now melt with woe That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell. 48

Geo. 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 52
As victors wear at the Olympian games. This may plant courage in their qualling breasts;

For yet is hope of life and victory. Forslow no longer; make we hence again. 56
[Exeunt.]

Scene IV.—Another Part of the Field.

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. 4

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone. This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York, And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland; And here's the heart that triumphs in their death And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother, 9

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; 12

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarm. Enter KING HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,

When dying clouds contend with growing light, What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails, Can neither call it perfect day nor night. 4

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind; Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind: 8

Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind; Now one the better, then another best; Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast, Yet neither conqueror nor conquered: 12
So is the equal poise of this fell war.

Here on this molehill will I sit me down. To whom God will, there be the victory!

For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too, 16
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both They prosper best of all when I am thence.

Would I were dead! if God's good will were so; For what is in this world but grief and woe? 20

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, 24
Thereby to see the minutes how they run, How many make the hour full complete;

How many hours bring about the day; How many days will finish up the year; 28
How many years a mortal man may live.

When this is known, then to divide the times: So many hours must I tend my flock;

So many hours must I take my rest; 32

So many hours must I contemplate;
 So many hours must I sport myself;
 So many days my ewes have been with young;
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean; 36
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
 So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave. 40
 Ah! what a life were this! how sweet! how
 lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy 44
 To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
 O, yes! it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle, 48
 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, 52
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father,
 with the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
 This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight, 56
 May be possessed with some store of crowns;
 And I, that haply take them from him now,
 May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me. 60
 Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,
 Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
 O heavy times! begetting such events.
 From London by the king was I press'd forth; 64
 My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him. 68
 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. Hen. 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, 77
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with
 grief.

*Enter a Father who has killed his Son, with the
 body in his arms.*

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold, 80
 For I have bought it with a hundred blows.
 But let me see: is this our foeman's face?
 Ah! no, no, no, it is mine only son.
 Ah! boy, if any life be left in thee, 84
 Throw up thine eye: see, see! what showers arise,

Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart,
 O! pity, God, this miserable age.
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
 O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon, 92
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than
 common grief!

O! that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!
 O! pity, pity; gentle heaven, pity. 96
 The red rose and the white are on his face,
 The fatal colours of our striving houses:
 The one his purple blood right well resembles;
 The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish! 100
 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 satisfied! 104

Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my
 son
 Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country for these woeful
 chances

Misthink the king and not be satisfied! 108
Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death!

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?
K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects'
 woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.
Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep
 my fill. [*Exit with the body.*]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy wish-
 ing-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; 112
 And so obsequious will thy father be,
 E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,
 As Priam was for all his vallant sons.
 I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will
 For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
 [*Exit with the body.*]

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone
 with care,
 Here sits a king more woeful than you are. 116

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET,
 PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends
 are fled,

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.
 Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Ber-
 wick again.

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 grasp'd in their ireful hands
 Are at our backs; and therefore hence again.

Exc. Away! for vengeance comes along with them.

Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed,
Or else come after: I'll away before, 136

K. Hen. 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 VI.—*The Same.*

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. 4

My love and fear glu'd many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,

Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York:
The common people swarm like summer flies; 8

And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?

O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phœthon should check thy fiery steeds, 12

Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth;
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should

do,
Or as thy father and his father did,

Giving no ground unto the house of York, 16

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? 21

And what makes robbers bold but too much
lenity?

Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight: 24

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 stab'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*]

*Alarm and Retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE,
RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.*

Educ. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune
bids us pause,

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful
looks. 32

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,

As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves. 36

But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;

For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave;

And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead. 41
[*CLIFFORD groans and dies.*]

Educ. Whose soul is that which takes her
heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's
departing.

Educ. See who it is; and now the battle's
ended, 44

If friend or foe let him be gently us'd.
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, 48

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, 52

Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof let this supply the room:

Measure for measure must be answered.
Educ. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to
our house, 56

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.

[*Attendants bring the body forward.*]

War. I think his understanding is bereft. 60

Speak, Clifford; dost thou know who speaks to
thee?

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O! would he did; and so perhaps he
doth: 64

'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts

Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager
words. 68

Rich. Clifford! ask mercy and obtain no grace.
Educ. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy
faults. 72

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to
York.

Educ. Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you
now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou
wast wont. 76

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 two hours' life, 80

That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing
blood

Stifle the villain whose unstaunched thirst
 York and young Rutland could not satisfy. 84
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: 88
 From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to
 France,
 And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen.
 So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
 And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not
 dread 92
 The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
 Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.
 First will I see the coronation; 96
 And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
 To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.
Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let
 it be;
 For on thy shoulder do I build my seat, 100
 And never will I undertake the thing
 Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
 Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester;
 And George, of Clarence; Warwick, as ourself,
 Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best. 105
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of
 Gloucester,
 For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut! that's a foolish observation: 108
 Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,
 To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*]

Act III.

Scene I.—A Chase in the North of England.

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

First Keeper. 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. 4
Sec. Keeper. I'll stay above the hill, so both
 may shoot.
First Keeper. 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: 8
 And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
 I'll tell thee what befell me on a day
 In this self place where now we mean to stand.
Sec. Keeper. Here comes a man; let's stay till
 he be past. 12
Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.
K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even 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 sceptre wrung from thee,
 Thy balm washed off wherewith thou wast
 anointed: 17
 No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
 No humble suitors press to speak for right,
 No, not a man comes for redress of thee; 20
 For how can I help them, and not myself?
First Keeper. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a
 keeper's fee:
 This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.
K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,
 For wise men say it is the wisest course. 25
Sec. Keeper. Why linger we? let us lay hands
 upon him.
First Keeper. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a
 little more.
K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to
 France for aid; 28
 And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
 Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
 To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
 Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost; 32
 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: 36
 Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
 The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;
 And Nero will be tainted with remorse, 40
 To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
 Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
 She on his left side craving aid for Henry;
 He on his right asking a wife for Edward. 44
 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:
 Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the
 wrong. 48
 Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
 And in conclusion wins the king from her,
 With promise of his sister, and what else,
 To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
 O Margaret! thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.
Sec. Keeper. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of
 kings and queens?
K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I 56
 was born to:
 A man at least, for less I should not be;
 And men may talk of kings, and why not I?
Sec. Keeper. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou
 wert a king.
K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's 60
 enough.
Sec. Keeper. But, if thou be a king, where is
 thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;

Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content; 64
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Sec. Keep. 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, 68
You are the king King Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath? 72

Sec. Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

Sec. Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old; 76

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?

First Keep. No; 80
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. 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, 84

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; 88

Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;

And be you kings: command, and I'll obey. 93
First Keep. We are true subjects to the king,
King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were stat'd as King Edward is. 96

First Keep. We charge you, in God's name,
and in the king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:

And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE,
and LADY GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field

This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His hands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:

Her suit is now, to repossess those lands; 4
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; 8

It were dishonour to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no less: but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. [Aside to CLARENCE.] Yea; is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant 12

Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clar. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!

Glo. [Aside to CLARENCE.] Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit, 16

And come some other time to know our mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:

May it please your highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me. 20

Glo. [Aside to CLARENCE.] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,

An if what pleases him shall please you,
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. 24

Glo. [Aside to CLARENCE.] God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] I think he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. [Aside to CLARENCE.] Nay, whip me, then; he'll rather give her two. 28

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. [Aside to CLARENCE.] You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then. 32

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. [Aside to CLARENCE.] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch. [Retiring with CLARENCE.]

K. Edw. Now, tell me, madam, do you love your children? 36

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good. 40

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

- L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
- K. Edu.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give them? 44
- L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.
- K. Edu.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.
- L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
- K. Edu.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask. 48
- L. Grey.* Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.
- Glo.* [*Aside to CLARENCE.*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.
- Clar.* [*Aside to GLOUCESTER.*] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.
- L. Grey.* Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task? 52
- K. Edu.* An easy task: 'tis but to love a king.
- L. Grey.* That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
- K. Edu.* Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
- L. Grey.* I take my leave with many thousand thanks. 56
- Glo.* [*Aside to CLARENCE.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.
- K. Edu.* But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
- L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
- K. Edu.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?
- L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers:
- That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.
- K. Edu.* No, by my troth, I did not mean such love. 64
- L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
- K. Edu.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.
- L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive
- Your highness aims at, if I aim aright. 68
- K. Edu.* To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
- L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
- K. Edu.* Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
- L. Grey.* Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower; 72
- For by that loss I will not purchase them.
- K. Edu.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
- L. Grey.* Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
- But, mighty lord, this merry inclination 76
- Accords not with the sadness of my suit: Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay,' or 'no.'
- K. Edu.* Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request;
- No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand. 80
- L. Grey.* Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
- Glo.* [*Aside to CLARENCE.*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
- Clar.* [*Aside to GLOUCESTER.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
- K. Edu.* [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty; 84
- Her words do show 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. 88
- Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?
- L. Grey.* 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
- I am a subject fit to jest withal, But far unfit to be a sovereign. 92
- K. Edu.* 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.
- L. Grey.* And that is more than I will yield unto. 96
- I know I am too mean to be your queen, And yet too good to be your concubine.
- K. Edu.* You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.
- L. Grey.* 'Twill grieve your Grace my sons should call you father. 100
- K. Edu.* No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
- Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
- And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor, Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing 104
- To be the father unto many sons.
- Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
- Glo.* [*Aside to CLARENCE.*] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
- Clar.* [*Aside to GLOUCESTER.*] When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift. 108
- K. Edu.* Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
- Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.
- K. Edu.* You'd think it strange if I should marry her.
- Clar.* To whom, my lord?
- K. Edu.* Why, Clarence, to myself.
- Glo.* That would be ten days' wonder at the least. 112
- Clar.* That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
- Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.
- K. Edu.* Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both 116
- Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,

And brought as prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he is convey'd unto the Tower: 120

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably. [*Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER.*]

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably. 124

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,

To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me— 128

The lustful Edward's title buried,—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

And all the unlook'd for issue of your bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself: 132

A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why then, I do but dream of sovereignty;

Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye; 137
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,

Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off, 140

And so I chide the means that keep me from it,
And so I say I'll cut the causes off,

Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erween 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, 148

And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.

O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns. 152

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, 157
Where sits deformity to mock my body;

To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part, 160

Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.

And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O monstrous fault! to harbour such a thought.

Then, since this earth affords no joy to me 165
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,

I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,

Until my 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, 172

For many lives stand between me and home:
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,

That rents the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way and straying from the way; 176

Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,

Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself, 180

Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
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, 184

And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;

I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor, 188

Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.

I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages, 192

And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*]

Scene III.—France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, his sister LADY BONA, attended: his Admiral called BOURBON; the King takes his state. Then enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, and the EARL OF OXFORD. LEWIS sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,

Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis

doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France: now Margaret 4

Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,

Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down, 8

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? 12

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes
with tears

And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,

And sit thee by our side. [*Sits her by him.*]

Yield not thy neck 16

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief. 20

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my
drooping thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,

That Henry, sole possessor of my love, 24
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 28
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; 32
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.

Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled;

Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight, 36
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.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows
our foe. 40

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour
thee.

Q. Mar. O! but impatience waiteth on true
sorrow:

And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to
our presence? 44

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's great-
est friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What
brings thee to France?

*[Descending from his state. QUEEN
MARGARET rises.]*

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide. 48

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,

I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person; 52

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, 56

To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is
done.

War. *[To BONA.]* And, gracious madam, in
our king's behalf,

I am commauded, with your leave and favour, 60
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue

To tell the passion of my sov'reign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,

Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue. 64
Q. Mar. King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me
speak,

Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest

love,
But from deceit bred by necessity; 68

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, 72

Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's
son.

Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and
marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile, 76

Yet heavens 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, 80

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,

Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest; 84
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,

Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth
discourse, 88

You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?

Methinks these peers of France should smile at
that.

But for the rest, you tell a pedigree 92
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, 96

Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the
right, 100

Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious
doom 104

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, 108

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. 112

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and
Oxford, 116

Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,

While I use further conference with Warwick.

[*They stand aloof.*]

Mar. Heaven grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not! 112

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath to link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour. 116

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside,

Tell me for truth the measure of his love unto our sister Bona. 120

War. Such it seems

As may bescem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear

That this his love was an eternal plant, 124

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. 128

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:

[*To WARWICK.*] Yet I confess that often ere this day,

When I have heard your king's desert recounted, Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire. 133

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn

Touching the jointure that your king must make,

Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.

Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness

That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king. 140

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device By this alliance to make void my suit:

Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret: 144

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. 148

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. 152

And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,

You have a father able to maintain you,

And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace! impudent and shameless Warwick, peace; 156

Proud setter up and puller down of kings;

I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears, Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love; 160 For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A horn winded within.*]

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Post.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague: 164 These from our king unto your majesty;

[*To MARGARET.*] And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

[*They all read their letters.*]

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his. 168

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?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys. 172

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the Lady Grey?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience? 176 Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before: This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty. 180

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,

That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's; No more my king, for he dishonours me; 184

But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget that by the house of York

My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece? 188

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: 192

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. 196

I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults, 200 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, 204
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, 208
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 re-
veng'd, 212
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor
Henry live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's
are one. 216

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with
yours.

K. Lev. And mine with hers, and thine and
Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid. 220

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at
once.

K. Lev. Then, England's messenger, return
in post,

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride. 225

Thou seest what's past; go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower
shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake. 228

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are
laid aside,

And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done
me wrong,

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit Messenger.*]

K. Lev. But, Warwick, 233
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;

And, as occasion serves, this noble queen 236
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 mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your
motion. 244

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 de-
serves it; 247

And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to WARWICK.*]

K. Lev. Why stay we now? These soldiers
shall be levied,

And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral, 250
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.

I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all except WARWICK.*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe: 257

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? 260
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.

I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:

Not that I pity Henry's misery, 264
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*]

Act IV.

Scene I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET,
MONTAGUE, and Others.*

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what
think you

Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
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.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I
think.

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, attended:
LADY GREY, as Queen; PEMERKE, STAFFORD,
HASTINGS, and Others.*

K. Edu. Now, brother Clarence, how like you
our choice,

That you stand pensive and half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl
of Warwick;

Which are so weak of courage and in judgment
That they'll take no offence at our abuse. 273

K. Edu. Suppose they take offence without
a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Ed-
ward,

Your king and Warwick's, and must have my
will. 276

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: 20
No, God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere
pilly

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike
aside, 24

Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
should not become my wife and England's
queen:

And you too, Somerset and Montague,

Speak freely what you think. 28

Clar. Then this is mine 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, 32

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 36

Would more have strengthen'd this our common-
wealth

Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred mar-
riage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of
itself

England is safe, if true within itself? 40

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, 44

And with their helps only 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. 48

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 52
Unto the brother of your loving bride:

She better would have fitted me or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd
the heir 56

Of the Lord Bonville 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 malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself you show'd
your judgment, 61

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker on mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you. 64
K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be
king,

And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his
majesty

To raise my state to title of a queen, 68
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, 72
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their
frowns:

What danger or what sorrow can befall thee, 76
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; 80
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,

And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. [Aside.] I hear, yet say not much, but
think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or
what news 84

From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few
words;

But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate. 88

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in
brief,

Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess
them.

What answer makes King Lewis unto our let-
ters?

Mess. At my depart these were his very
words: 92

'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,

To reveal it with him and his new bride.'

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks
me Henry. 96

But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with
mild disdain:

'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.' 100

K. Edw. I blame her not, she could say little
less;

She had the wrong. But what said Henry's
queen?

For I have heard that she was there in place.

Mess. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning
weeds are done, 104
And I am ready to put armour on.'

K. Edu. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.

But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty Than all the rest, discharged 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. Edu. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:

They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast, For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter; That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage I may not prove inferior to yourself.

You, that love me and Warwick follow me.

[Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.]

Glo. [Aside.] Not I.

My thoughts aim at a further matter; I Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edu. 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 quickly will be landed: Myself in person will straight follow you,

[Exit PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.]

But ere I go, Hastings and Montague, Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance: Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?

If it be so, then both depart to him;

I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:

But if you mind to hold your true obedience, Give me assurance with some friendly vow

That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edu. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edu. Why, so! then am I sure of victory. Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[Exit.]

Scene II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;

The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But see where Somerset and Clarence come! Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;

And welcome Somerset: I hold it cowardice, To rest mistrustful where a noble heart

Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love; Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's

brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings: But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter

shall be thine.

And now what rests, but in night's coverture, Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His soldiers lurking in the towns about, And but attended by a simple guard,

We may surprise and take him at our pleasure: Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:

That as Ulysses, and stout Diomed, With sleight 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 surprise him. You, that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[They all cry, 'Henry!']

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort.

For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

[Exit.]

Scene III.—EDWARD'S Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen to guard the KING'S tent.

First Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;

The King, by this, is set him down to sleep.

Sec. Watch. What, will he not to bed?

First 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.

Sec. Watch. To-morrow then belike shall be the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that

That with the King here resteth in his tent?

First Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

Third Watch. O! is it so? But why commands the king

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,

While he himself keeps in the cold field?

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

Third Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness;

I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

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

Sec. Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,

But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces.

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters! honour now or never! 24
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

First Watch. Who goes there?

Sec. Watch. Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK and the rest cry all, 'Warwick! Warwick!' and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying, 'Arm! Arm!' WARWICK and the rest following them.

Drums beating, and Trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK and the rest, bringing the KING out in his gown, sitting in a chair. GLOUCESTER and HASTINGS fly over the stage.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings; let them go; here's the duke. 28

K. Edu. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted last,

Thou call'dst me king!

War. Ay, but the case is altered: When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,

Then I degraded you from being king, 32

And come now to create you Duke of York.

Aha! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors,

Nor how to be contented with one wife, 36

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,

Nor how to study for the people's welfare,

Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edu. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too? 40

Nay, then, I see that Edward needs must down.

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,

Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king: 44

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, 48
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. 52

When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,

I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him:

Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York. 56
K. Edu. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[Exit, led out; SOMERSET with him.

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,

But march to London with our soldiers? 60

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;

To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exeunt.

Scene IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,

What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick? 4

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard 8
Or by his foe surpris'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. 12
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.

Q. Eliz. Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay. 16

And I the rather wean me from despair
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

This is it that makes me bride passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross:

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear, 21
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English
crown. 24

Ric. But, madam, where is Warwick then
become?

Q. Eliz. I am inform'd that he comes towards
London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends
must down. 28

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,

To save at least the heir of Edward's right: 32
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 V.—A Park near Middleham Castle
in Yorkshire.**

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM
STANLEY, and *Others.*

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William
Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case. You know, our king, my
brother, 4

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself. 8
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men
To set him free from his captivity. 13

Enter KING EDWARD and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lies
the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see where the
huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and
the rest, 16
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth
haste.

Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then? 20

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from
thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was
my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forward-
ness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to
talk. 24

K. Edw. Huntsman, what sayst thou? wilt
thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be
hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from
Warwick's frown, 28

And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.—A Room in the Tower.

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMER-
SET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE,
Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master 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? 4

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their
sovereigns;

But if a humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty. 8

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using
me?

Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;

Ay, such a pleasure as engaged birds 12
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts

At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty.

But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free, 16
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, 20
And that the people of this blessed land

May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the

crown,
I here resign my government to thee, 24
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace hath still been fam'd for
virtuous;

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding Fortune's malice; 28

For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,

For choosing me when Clarence is in place.
Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the

sway, 32
To whom the heavens, 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 choose Clarence only for pro-
tector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both
your hands: 36

Now join your hands, and with your hands your
hearts,

That no dissension hinder government : 40
 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. 44
War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's
 will?
Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield
 consent ;
 For on thy fortune I repose myself.
War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be
 content : 48
 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. 52
 And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
 Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
 And all his lands and goods be confiscate.
Clar. What else? and that succession be
 determin'd. 56
War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his
 part.
K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief
 affairs,
 Let me entreat, 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. 64
K. Hen. 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. Hen. Come hither, England's hope : [*Lays*
his hand on his head.] If secret powers 68
 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, 72
 His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
 Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
 Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he
 Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend? 77
Mess. That Edward is escaped from your
 brother,
 And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
War. Unsavoury news! but how made he
 escape? 80
Mess. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of
 Gloucester,
 And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
 In secret ambush on the forest side,
 And from the bishop's huntsman rescu'd him :
 For hunting was his daily exercise. 85

War. My brother was too careless of his
 charge.
 But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
 A salve for any sore that may betide. 88
 [*Exeunt KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE,*
Lieutenant, and Attendant.
Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of
 Edward's ;
 For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
 And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
 As Henry's late presaging prophecy 92
 Did glad my heart with hope of this young
 Richmond,
 So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
 What may befall him to his harm and ours :
 Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst, 96
 Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
 Till storms be past of civil enmity.
Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
 'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall
 down. 100
Som. It shall be so ; he shall to Brittany.
 Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—Before York.

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS,
and Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hast-
 ings, and the rest,
 Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,
 And says, that once more I shall interchange
 My waned state for Henry's regal crown. 4
 Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
 And brought desired help from Burgundy :
 What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
 From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of
 York, 8
 But that we enter, as into our dukedom?
Glo. The gates made fast! Brother, I like not
 this ;
 For many men that stumble at the threshold
 Are well foretold that danger lurks within. 12
K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements 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. 16

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York and
his Brethren.

May. 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, Master Mayor, if Henry be
 your king, 20
 Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York.
May. True, my good lord, I know you for
 no less.

K. Edu. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone. 24

Glo. [*Aside.*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?

Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends. 28

May. Ay, say you so, the gates shall then be open'd. [*Exit, with Aldermen, above.*]

Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded.

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,

So 'twere not long of him; but being enter'd, 32
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade

Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor and two Aldermen.

K. Edu. So, Master Mayor; those gates must not be shut;

But in the night, or in the time of war. 36
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.

Enter MONTGOMERY and Forces.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd. 41

K. Edu. Welcome, Sir John! but why come you in arms?

Mont. To help King Edward in this time of storm,

As every loyal subject ought to do. 44

K. Edu. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget

Our title to the crown, and only claim

Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again: 48

I came to serve a king and not a duke.

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A march begun.*]

K. Edu. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we'll debate

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words, 53

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? 57

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edu. When we grow stronger then we'll make our claim;

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning. 60

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edu. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right, 65

And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sov'reign speaketh like himself;

And now will I be Edward's champion. 68

Hast. Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaim'd;

Come, fellow soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*]

Sold. Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c. 73

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the Fourth! 76

K. Edu. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all:

If Fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;

And when the morning sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon, 81

We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;

For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.

Ah, froward Clarence, how evil it becoms thee

To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother! 85

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VIII.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,

With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas.

And with his troops doth march again to London; 4

And many giddy people flock to him.

Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;

Those will I muster up; and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent, 11

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 girl in with the ocean, 20
 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.
 Farewell, my sovereign. 24

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's
 true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness'
 hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou for-
 tunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord ; and so, I take my
 leave. 28

Oxf. [Kissing HENRY'S hand.] And thus I
 seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
 And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords : let's meet at
 Coventry. 32

[*Exeunt all but KING HENRY and EXETER.*
K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
 Methinks the power that Edward hath in field

Should not be able to encounter mine. 36

Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the
 rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear ; my meed hath
 got me fame :

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays ; 40

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
 My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
 My mercy dried their water-flowing tears ;

I have not been desirous of their wealth ; 44

Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.

Then why should they love Edward more than
 me ?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace : 48

And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
 The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within 'A Lancaster ! A Lancaster !'*
Exe. Hark, hark, my lord ! what shouts are
 these ?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers.
K. Edu. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry !
 bear him hence : 52

And once again proclaim us King of England.
 You are the fount that makes small brooks to
 flow :

Now stops thy spring ; my sea shall suck them dry,
 And swell so much the higher by their ebb. 56

Hence with him to the Tower ! let him not
 speak. [*Exeunt some with KING HENRY.*

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
 Where peremptory Warwick now remains :

The sun shines hot ; and, if we use delay, 60
 Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
 And take the great-grown traitor unawares :

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
 [*Exeunt.*]

Act V.

Scene I.—Coventry.

*Enter, upon the Walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of
 Coventry, two Messengers, and Others.*

War. Where is the post that came from
 valiant Oxford ?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow ?

First Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching
 hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague ? 4
 Where is the post that came from Montague ?

Sec. Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant
 troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving
 son ?

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now ? 8

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his
 forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence.
 [*Drum heard.*]

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his
 drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord ; here Southam
 lies : 12

The drum your honour hears marcheth from
 Warwick.

War. Who should that be ? belike, unlook'd
 for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly
 know.

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, and Forces.
K. Edu. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound
 a parle. 16

Glo. See how the surly Warwick mans the
 wall.

War. O, unbid spite ! is sportful Edward
 come ?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
 That we could hear no news of his repair ? 20

K. Edu. 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 ? 24

And he shall pardon thee these outrages. 24

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; 29

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. 33

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edu. 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; 37 And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edu. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner;

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this, 40 What is the body, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast, But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten, The king was slyly fingered from the deck. 44

You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace, And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edu. 'Tis even so: yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down: 48

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, And with the other fling it at thy face, Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee. 52

K. Edu. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair, Shall, whiles 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.' 57

Enter OXFORD, with Soldiers, drum, and colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*]

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too. 60

K. Edu. 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 but of small defence, 64

We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O! welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with Soldiers, drum, and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*]

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason 68

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edu. The harder match'd, the greater victory:

My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with Soldiers, drum, and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster! 72

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*]

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 Forces, drum, and colours.

War. And lo! where George of Clarence sweeps along. 76

Of force enough to bid his brother battle; With whom an upright zeal to right prevails More than the nature of a brother's love.

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means? 81

[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*]

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, 85

Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural, To bend the fatal instruments of war Against his brother and his lawful king? 88

Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:

To keep that oath were more impiety Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter. 91

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, wheresoe'er I meet thee—

As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad— 96

To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee.

And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.

Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends; 100

And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults.

For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edu. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate. 104

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjurd, and unjust!

K. Edu. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears? 108

War. Alas! I am not coop'd here for defence: I will away towards Barnet presently.

And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edu. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way. 112

Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!

[*March. Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—*A Field of Battle near Barnet.*

Alarums and Excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, bringing in WARWICK, wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.
Now Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

War. Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe, 5

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, 8

That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept, 13
Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,

And keep low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

These eyes, that now are dimmed with death's black veil, 16

Hath been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were likened oft to kingly sepulchres; 20
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?

Lo! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood;
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had, 24
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must. 28

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah! Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again.

The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news. Ah! couldst thou fly, 32

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 awhile.
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah! Warwick, Montague hath breathed his last; 40

And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
And said, 'Commend me to my valiant brother.'
And more he would have said; and more he spake,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault. 44
That might not be distinguish'd: but at last
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
'O! farewell, Warwick!'

War. Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves; 48
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*]

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power.

[*Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK's body.*]

Scene III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, in triumph: with CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, 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, 4
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his caseful western bed:

I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast, 8
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, 12
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd 16
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 toward Tewksbury.

We, having now the best at Barnet field, 20
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.

Strike up the drum! cry 'Courage!' and away.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—*Plains near Tewksbury.*

March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wall their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board, 4
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood;

Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet that he
Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad
With tearful eyes add water to the sea, 8
And give more strength to that which hath too
much;

Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah! what a shame! ah, what a fault were this.
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that? 13
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of
these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor? 16
And Somerset, another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge? 20
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say
no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with
wrack.

As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea? 25
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?

All those the enemies to our poor bark. 28
Say you can swim; alas! 'tis but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death. 32
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. 36

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, 40

Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man, 44
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid! 48
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a
courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual
shame.

O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a
hope,

Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset: sweet
Oxford, thanks.

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at
hand, 40

Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his polley
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart to see your
forwardness. 45

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

*March. Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD,
CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, and Forces.*

K. Edu. Brave followers, yonder stands the
thorny wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your
strength, 48

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. 52

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what
I should say

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your
sovereign, 56

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter house, his subjects slain,

His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil. 60

You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both armies.*]

Scene V.—*Another Part of the Same.*

*Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a re-
treat. Then enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE,
GLOUCESTER, and Forces; with QUEEN MAR-
GARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET prisoners.*

K. Edu. Now, here a period of tumultuous
broils.

Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his gully head.

Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with
words. 5

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my
fortune.

[*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*]

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous
world,

To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem. 8

K. Edu. 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 Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

K. Edu. Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak. 12

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make, For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects, And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to? 16

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, 20 Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah! that thy father had been so resolv'd.

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat, and ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster. 24

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

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men. 28

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

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

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty; you are all un dutiful: 33

Laev'dious Edward, and thou perjur'd George, And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are; 36 And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edu. Take that, the likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*]

Glo. Sprawl'st thou! take that, to end thy agony. [*Stabs him.*]

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury. [*Stabs him.*]

Q. Mar. O, kill me too! 41

Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*]

K. Edu. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words? 44

K. Edu. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

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. 48

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower! the Tower! [*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers! 52

They that stabb'd Caesar shed no blood at all, Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by, to equal it: He was a man; this, in respect, a child; 56

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child. What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak: And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. 60

Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals! How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers! if you had, The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse: 64

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. Edu. Away with her! go, bear her hence perforce. 63

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here:

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.

What! wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease. 72

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usdest to forswear thyself:

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity. 76

What! wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here; murder is thy alms-deed; Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back. 80

K. Edu. Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit, led out forcibly.*]

K. Edu. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess, 84

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

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

Now march we hence: discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London
And see our gentle queen how well she fares; 89
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [Exeunt.]

Scene VI.—London. A Room in the Tower.

KING HENRY is discovered sitting with a book
in his hand, the Lieutenant attending.
Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What! at your book
so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should
say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter, 'good' was little better:
'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike, 4
And both preposterous; therefore, not 'good
lord.'

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must
confer. [Exit Lieutenant.]

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from
the wolf;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife. 9
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty
mind;

The thief doth each bush an officer. 12

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a
bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye 16

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. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea, 24
Whose envious gulf 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 tragic history. 28
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murder'ring innocents be executing, 32
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first
thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine. 36
And thus I prophesy: that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a
widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye, 40
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',

And orphans for their parents' timeless death,
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign; 44
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down
trees!

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung. 48
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's
hope;

To wit an indigest deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree. 52

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast
born,

To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,

Thou cam'st— 56

Glo. I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy
speech: [Stabs him.]

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

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter
after this.

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

Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lan-
caster 60

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 64
From those that 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.] 68

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, 72
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried
'O! Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth.'

And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl and bite and play the dog. 76

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body
so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother; 80

And this word 'love,' which greybeards 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: 84

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;

And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death. 88

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, 92
 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
 [Exit with the body.]

Scene VII.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

KING EDWARD is discovered sitting on his throne: QUEEN ELIZABETH with the infant Prince, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and Others, near him.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
 Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
 What valliant foemen like to autumn's corn,
 Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride!
 Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd 5
 For hardy and undoubted champions;
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
 And two Northumberlands: two braver men 8
 Ne'er spur'd their coursers 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, 13
 And made our footstool of security.
 Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.

Young Ned, for thee thine uncles and myself 16
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
 Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
 That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;

And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain. 20
 Glo. [Aside.] 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: 24

Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute.
 K. Edw. Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.
 Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty, 28

I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.
 K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit. 32
 [Aside.] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,

And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,

Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.
 Clar. What will your Grace have done with Margaret? 37

Reignier, her father, to the King of France
 Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
 And hither have they sent it for her ransom. 40

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 comic shows,
 Such as befit the pleasure of the court? 44

Sound, drums and trumpets! farewell, sour annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.
 [Exeunt.]

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 White).

The Tragedy of King Richard the Third.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
 EDWARD, Prince of Wales; after-
 wards King Edward the Fifth, } Sons to the
 RICHARD, Duke of York, } King.
 GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, }
 RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, } Brothers to
 afterwards King Richard } the King.
 the Third, }
 A young Son of Clarence.
 HENRY, Earl of Richmond; afterwards King
 Henry the Seventh.
 CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canter-
 bury.
 THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.
 JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
 DUKE OF NORFOLK.
 EARL OF SURREY, his Son.
 EARL RIVERS, Brother to King Edward's Queen.
 MARQUESS OF DORSET, and LORD GREY, her
 Sons.
 EARL OF OXFORD.
 LORD HASTINGS.
 LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.
 LORD LOVELL.
 SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.
 SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.
 SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRRELL.
 SIR JAMES BLOUNT.
 SIR WALTER HERBERT.
 SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the
 Tower.
 SIR WILLIAM BRANDON.
 CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest.
 LORD Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.
 TRESSEL and BERKELEY, Gentlemen attend-
 ing on Lady Anne.

ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward the
 Fourth.
 MARGARET, Widow of King Henry the Sixth.
 DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward
 the Fourth, Clarence, and Gloucester.
 LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward, Prince of
 Wales, Son to King Henry the Sixth;
 afterwards married to the Duke of
 Gloucester.
 LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, a young
 Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen,
 a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Mur-
 derers, Messengers, Ghosts of those mur-
 dered by Richard the Third, Soldiers, &c.

Scene.—*England.*

Act I.

Scene I.—*London. A Street.*

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
 And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious
 wreaths;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;

Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings;
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled
 front;
 And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's
 majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;

I, that am curtall'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time 20
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them ;
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace, 24
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to see my shadow in the sun
 And descant on mine own deformity :
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover, 28
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous, 32
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate the one against the other :
 And if King Edward be as true and just 36
 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 murderer shall be. 40
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul : here Clarence
 comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day : what means this armed
 guard

That waits upon your Grace ?

Clar. His majesty,

Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed 44
 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. 48

O ! belike his majesty hath some intent

That you should be new-christen'd in the Tower.

But what's the matter, Clarence ? may I know ?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know ; for I
 protest 52

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 56

His issue disinherited should be ;

And, for my name of George begins with G,

It follows in his thought that I am he.

These, as I learn, and such like toys as these, 60

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 Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she 64

That tempers him to this extremity.

Was it not she and that good man of worship,

Antony Woodville, her brother there,

That made him send Lord Hastings to the
 Tower, 68

From whence this present day he is deliver'd ?
 We are not safe, Clarence ; we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think there is no man
 secure

But the queen's kindred and night-walking
 heralds 72

That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress
 Shore.

Heard you not what a humble suppliant
 Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery ?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity 76
 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 : 80

The jealous o'er-worn widow and herself,
 Since that our brother dubb'd them gentle-
 women,

Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your Graces both to pardon
 me ; 84

His majesty hath straitly given in charge

That no man shall have private conference,

Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Glo. Even so ; an please your worship, Bra-
 kenbury, 88

You may partake of anything we say :

We speak no treason, man : we say the king

Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen

Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous ; 92

We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,

A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing
 tongue ;

And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-
 folks.

How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ? 96

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

Glo. Naught to do with Mistress Shore ! I tell
 thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,

Were best to do it secretly, alone. 100

Brak. What one, my lord ?

Glo. Her husband, knave. Wouldst thou
 betray me ?

Brak. I beseech your Grace to pardon me ;
 and withal

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and
 will obey. 105

Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must
 obey.

Brother, farewell : I will unto the king ;

And whatsoever you will employ me in, 108

Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,

I will perform it to enfranchise you.

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood

Touches me deeper than you can imagine. 112

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be
 long ;

I will deliver you, or else lie for you :
Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce : farewell,
[*Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and*
Guard.

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er
return, 117

Simple, plain Clarence ! I do love thee so
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands. 120
But who comes here ? the new-deliver'd Hast-
ings !

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious
lord !

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamber-
lain !

Well are you welcome to this open air. 124
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment ?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners
must :

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment. 128

Glo. No doubt, no doubt ; and so shall Cla-
rence too ;

For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagles should be
mew'd, 132

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, 136
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now by Saint Paul, this news is bad
indeed.

O ! he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person : 140
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

What, 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 144
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to
heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments ;
And, if I fall not in my deep intent, 148
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 daugh-
ter. 152

What though I kill'd her husband and her
father,

The readiest way to make the wench amend
Is to become her husband and her father :

The which will I ; not all so much for love 156

As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.

But yet I run before my horse to market :
Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and
reigns : 160

When they are gone, then must I count my
gains. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—London. Another Street.

*Enter the corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH,
borne in an open coffin ; Gentlemen bearing
halberds to guard it ; and LADY ANNE, as
mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable
load,

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament

The 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 it 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, 22

I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
O ! cursed be the hand that made these holes ;

Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it !
Cursed the blood that let this blood from

hence !
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 ! 26
If ever he have child, abortive be it,

Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect

May fright the hopeful mother at the view ; 24
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 ! 28
Come, now toward Chertsey with your holy

load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there ;

And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corpse. 32

[*The Bearers take up the corpse and advance.*

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corpse, and set it
down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this
fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

Glo. Villains ! set down the corpse ; or, by
Saint Paul, 36

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

First Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, 40
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The Bearers set down the coffin.*]

Anne. What! do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas! I blame you not; for you are mortal, 44
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

Avaunt! thou dreadful minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,

His soul thou canst not have: therefore, be gone.
Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake hence, and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims. 52

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O! gentlemen; see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity, 57
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood

From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, 60
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death;

O earth! which this blood drink'st, revenge his death;

Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead, 64

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, 68
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no 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. 72

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 evils, to give me leave, 76

By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave, 80

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 make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself. 84

Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And by despairing shouldst thou stand excus'd

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others. 88

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 hand. 92

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,

But that thy brothers beat aside the point. 96

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries. 100

Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? Then, God grant me too

Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
O! he was gentle, mild, and virtuous. 105

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that helped to send him thither; 108

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. 112

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits, 116

And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths

Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner? 120

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd 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, 124
So might I live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,

These nails should rend that beauty from my checks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack; 128

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'ershade thy day, and death thy life! 132

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. 136

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. 140

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. 144

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here. [*She spitteth 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. 149

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; 152

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops;

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear;

No, when my father York and Edward wept 157

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;

Nor when thy war-like father like a child, 160

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 bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn a humble tear; 165

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to friend, nor enemy; 168

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 172

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adoreth thee, 177

I lay it open 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. 181

Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young

Edward; [*She again offers at his breast.*]

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[*She lets fall the sword.*]

Take up the sword again, or take up me. 184

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish 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 the word, 189

This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,

Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love:

To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory. 192

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true. 196

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope? 200

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give.

[*She puts on the ring.*]

Glo. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand, 208

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs

To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to Crosby-place;

Where, after I have solemnly interr'd

At Chertsey monastery this noble King,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears, 215

I will with all expedient duty see you:

For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you.

Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys
me too 220

To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne.

'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you, 224
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt* LADY ANNE, TRESSEL, and
BERKELEY.

Glo. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Toward Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my
coming. [*Exeunt all but* GLOUCESTER.

Was ever woman in this humour wood's? 229

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate; 233

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

Having God, her conscience, and these bars a-
gainst me, 236

And nothing I to back my suit withal

But the plain devil and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!

Ha! 240

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman, 244

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,

The spacious world cannot again afford:

And will she yet abase her eyes on me, 248

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet
prince,

And made her widow to a woeful bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?

On me, that halt and am misshapen thus? 252

My dukedom to a beggarly denier

I do mistake my person all this while:

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper man. 256

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, 260

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, 264

That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

Scene III.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and
LORD GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam: there's no doubt
his majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him
worse:

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good com-
fort, 4

And cheer his Grace with quick and merry
words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide
on me?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all
harms. 8

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a
goodly son,

To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah! he is young; and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloucester, 12
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded
yet:

But so it must be if the king miscarry. 16

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the Lords of Buckingham
and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal
Grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you
have been!

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my
Lord of Stanley, 20

To your good prayer 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. 24

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe

The envious slanders of her false accusers;

Or, if she be accus'd on true report,

Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds

From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of
Stanley?

Stan. But now the Duke of Buckingham
and I,

Are come from visiting his majesty. 32

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment,
lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks
cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! did you confer
with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atone-
ment 36

Between the Duke of Gloucester and your bro-
thers,

And between them and my lord chamberlain;

And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well! But that will
never be. 40

I fear our happiness is at the highest.

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

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? 44
By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog, 48
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 abus'd 52
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks
your Grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee
wrong? 56

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, 60
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake
the matter.

The king, on his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else, 64
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may
gather

The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it. 69
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 72
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning,
brother Gloucester;

You envy my advancement and my friends'.
God grant we never may have need of you! 76

Glo. Meantime, 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 great promotions 80
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a
noble.

Q. Eliz. By him that rais'd me to this careful
height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd, 84
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, 88
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the means
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 preferences,
And then deny her aiding hand therein, 96
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may
she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she! marry with a
king, 100

A bachelor, a handsome stripling too.
I wis your grandam had a worsor match.

Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too
long borne

Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs;
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty 105

Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servantmaid

Than a great queen, with this condition, 110
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at:

Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. [Apart.] And lessen'd be that small
God, I beseech him!

Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me. 115

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:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower. 120
'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. [Apart.] Out, devil! I remember
them too well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. 125

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your hus-
band king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs,
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends; 130
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his,
or thine.

Glo. In all which time you and your husband
Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster; 135
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your hus-
band

In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban'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 murderous villain, and so still
thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father,
Warwick,

As, 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; 140

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:

I am too childlike-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,

Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is. 144

Bis. My Lord of Gloucester, 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. 148

Glo. If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar.

Far be it from my heart the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. 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 153

That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. As little joy enjoys the queen thereof;

For I am she, and altogether joyless. 156

I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*]

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out

In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!

Which of you trembles not that looks on me?

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects, 161

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? 164

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;

That will I make before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment 168

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband and a son thou ow'st to me;

And thou, a kingdom; all of you, allegiance:

This sorrow that I have by right is yours. 172

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,

When thou didst crown his war-like brows with paper,

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes; 176

And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout

scamp'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;

His curses, then from bitterness of soul

summon'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee; 180

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

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

Hast. O! 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,

And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported. 185

Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came, 188

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 heaven

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment, 193

Should all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?

Why then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses! 196

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,

As ours by murder, to make him a king!

Edward, thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,

For Edward, my son, which was Prince of Wales,

Die in his youth by like untimely violence! 201

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Outlive thy glory, like my wretch'd self!

Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss, 204

And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!

Long die thy happy days before thy death;

And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief, 208

Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!

Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,—

And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son

Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him, 212

That none of you may live your natural age,

But by some unlook'd accident cut off.

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me. 216

If heaven have any grievous plague in store

Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,

O! let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,

And then hurl down their indignation 220

On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace.

The worm of conscience still begnaw 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, 225

Unless it be while some tormenting dream

Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog! 228

Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity

The slave of nature and the son of hell!

Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!

Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins! 232

Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret!

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then, for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no
reply. 237

O! let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse
against yourself. 240

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of
my fortune!

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

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic
curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience. 248

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all
mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be
taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do
me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my sub-
jects: 252

O! serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace! Master marquess, you are
malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce cur-
rent. 256

O! that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake
them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it,
marquess. 261

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so
high,
Our acry buildeth in the cedar's top, 264
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 268

Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your acry buildeth in our acry's nest:
O God! that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so! 272

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 that shame still live my sorrow's rage! 277

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham! I'll kiss
thy hand, 280
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. 284

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never
pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend the
sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham! take heed of yonder dog: 286
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; 290
Sin, death and hell have set their marks on
him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of Buck-
ingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious
lord. 297

Q. Mar. What! dost thou scorn me for my
gentle counsel,
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O! but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess. 300
Live each of you the subject to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [Exit
Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her
curses.

Riv. And so doth mine. I muse why she's
at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her: by God's help
mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my know-
ledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her
wrong.

I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains:
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like con-
clusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Glo. So do I ever [Aside], being well-satisfied
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you;
And for your Grace; and you, my noble lords. 321
Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come. Lords, will you go
with me?

Riv. We wait upon your Grace.

[*Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER.*]

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad 325
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in dark-
ness,

I do beweepe to many simple gulls; 328

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 332

To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey;

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,

Tell them that God bids us do good for evil: 336

And thus I clothe my naked villany

With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,

And seed a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft! here come my executioners.

How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates! 340

Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

First Murd. 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: [*Gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place. 345

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;

For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps 348

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

First Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not
stand to prate;

Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd

We go to use our hands and not our tongues. 352

Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools'
eyes fall tears:

I like you, lads; about your business straight;—
Go, go, dispatch.

First Murd. We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—*The Same. The Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-
day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,

That, as I am a Christian faithful man, 4

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. 8

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the
Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;

And in my company my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk 12

Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward
England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,

That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along 16

Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in
falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20

Lord, Lord! methought what pain it was to
drown:

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks; 24

A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea. 28

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,

As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That wou'd the slimy bottom of the deep, 32

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of
death

To gaze upon those secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did. I
strive 36

To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth

To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;

But smother'd it within my panting bulk, 40

Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

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

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after
life;

O! then began the tempest to my soul. 44

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman 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 cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?' 52

And so he vanish'd: then came wandering 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 Cla-
rence,

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;— 56

Seize on him! Furies, take him unto torment.'

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears

Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise 60
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, though it affrighted
you; 64

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury! I have done these
things

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

O! spare my guiltless wife and my poor children.
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me; 73
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 reposing hours, 76

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, 80

They often feel a world of restless cares:

So that, between their titles and low names,

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murd. Ho! who's here? 84

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how
cam'st thou hither?

First Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and
I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What! so brief? 88

Sec. Murd. 'Tis better, sir, than to be
tedious.—

Let him see our commission, and talk no more.

[A paper is delivered to BRAKENBURY,
who reads it.

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands: 92

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 96

That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

First Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of
wisdom: fare you well.

[Exit BRAKENBURY.

Sec. Murd. What! shall we stab him as he
sleeps? 101

First Murd. No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly,
when he wakes.

Sec. Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he
shall never wake till the judgment-day. 105

First Murd. Why, then he'll say we stabbed
him sleeping.

Sec. Murd. The urging of that word
'judgment' hath bred a kind of remorse in
me. 110

First Murd. What! art thou afraid?

Sec. Murd. 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.

First Murd. I thought thou hadst been re-
solute. 115

Sec. Murd. So I am, to let him live.

First Murd. I'll back to the Duke of Glou-
cester, and tell him so.

Sec. Murd. Nay, I prithee, stay a little; I
hope my holy humour will change; it was wont
to hold me but while one tells twenty.

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself
now? 124

Sec. Murd. Some certain dregs of conscience
are yet within me.

First Murd. Remember our reward when the
deed's done. 128

Sec. Murd. 'Zounds! he dies: I had forgot
the reward.

First Murd. Where's thy conscience now?

Sec. Murd. In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

First Murd. So when he opens his purse to
give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

Sec. Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go: there's
few or none will entertain it. 132

First Murd. What if it come to thee again?

Sec. Murd. I'll not meddle with it; it makes
a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it
accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks
him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife,
but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shameful
spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills
one full of obstacles; it made me once restore
a purse of gold that I found; it beggars any
man that keeps it; it is turned out of all towns
and cities for a dangerous thing; and every
man that means to live well, endeavours to
bring it to himself and live without it. 140

First Murd. 'Zounds! it is even now at my
elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

Sec. Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and
believe him not: he would insinuate with thee
but to make thee sigh.

First Murd. Tut, I am strong-framed; he
cannot prevail with me. 144

Sec. Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow that re-
spects his reputation. Come, shall we to the
gear? 148

First Murd. Take him over the costard with
the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him
into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

Sec. Murd. O, excellent device! make a way
of him. 152

First Murd. Soft! he wakes.

Sec. Murd. Strike!

First Murd. No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup
of wine. 156

First Murd. You shall have wine enough
lord, anon. 160

Clar. In God's name, what art thou? 172
First Murd. A man, as you are.
Clar. But not, as I am, royal.
First Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.
Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble. 176
First Murd. 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 Murd. To, to, to— 181
Clar. To murder me?
Both Murd. Ay, ay.
Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, 184
 And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
 Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
First Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.
Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again. 188
Sec. Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.
Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
 To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
 Where is the evidence that doth accuse me? 192
 What lawful quest have given their verdict up
 Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounce'd
 The bitter sentence of poor Clarence's death?
 Before I be convict by course of law, 196
 To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
 I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
 By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
 That you depart and lay no hands on me; 200
 The deed you undertake is damnable.
First Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.
Sec. Murd. And he that hath commanded is our king.
Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings 204
 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. 209
Sec. Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
 For false forswearing and for murder too; 212
 Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
 In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.
First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
 Didst break that vow, and, with thy treacherous blade
 Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son. 216
Sec. Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
 When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?
Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed? 220
 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, 224
 O! know you yet, he doth it publicly:
 Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
 He needs no indirect or lawless course
 To cut off those that have offended him. 228
First Murd. 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. 232
First Murd. 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. 236
 If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
 And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
 Who shall reward you better for my life
 Than Edward will for tidings of my death. 240
Sec. Murd. You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloucester hates you.
Clar. O, no! he loves me, and he holds me dear:
 Go you to him from me.
Both Murd. Ay, so we will.
Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York 244
 Bless'd 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 Gloucester think on this, and he will weep.
First Murd. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep. 249
Clar. O! do not slander him, for he is kind.
First Murd. Right;
 As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself: 252
 'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.
Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
 And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
 That he would labour my delivery. 256
First Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
 From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.
Sec. Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.
Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul, 260
 To counsel me to make my peace with God,
 And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
 That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
 O! sirs, consider, he that set you on 264

To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

Sec. Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent and save your souls.

First Murd. Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish. 268

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murd'ers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life? 272

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O! if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress: 276
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

Sec. Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

First Murd. [*Stabs him.*] Take that, and that:
if all this will not do,

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. 280
[*Exit with the body.*]

Sec. Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately
dispatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder.

Re-enter first Murderer.

First Murd. How now! what mean'st thou,
that thou help'st me not? 284

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you
have been.

Sec. Murd. I would he knew that I had sav'd
his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;

For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*]

First Murd. So do not I: go, coward as thou
art. 289

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 will away; 292
For this will out, and here I must not stay.
[*Exit.*]

Act II.

Scene I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter KING EDWARD sick, QUEEN ELIZABETH,
DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM,
GREY, and Others.*

K. Edw. Why, so: now have I done a good
day's work.

You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence; 4
And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love. 8

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; 12

Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt
in this,

Nor you, son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you;
You have been factious one against the other. 20
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings; I will never more
remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine! 24
K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love
lord marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*They embrace.*]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal
thou this league 26

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. [*To the QUEEN.*] Whenever Buckingham
doth turn his hate 28

Upon your Grace, but with all duteous love
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, 30
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of gulle,
Be he unto me! This do I beg of God,
When I am cold in love to you or yours. 40

[*They embrace.*]
K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Bucking-
ham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here
To make the blessed period of this peace. 44

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the
noble duke.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign king and
queen;

And princely peers, a happy time of day!
K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the
day. 48

Gloucester, 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 50
lord.

Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage, 54

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; 60
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous ser-
vice;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham, 64
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;
Of you, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, of you,
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, 69
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: 72
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept here-
after:

I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sov'reign lord, I do beseech your highness 76
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? 80
[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who
knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is
this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the
rest? 84

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, 88

And that a winged Mercury did bear;

Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,

That came too lag to see him buried.

God grant that some, less noble and less loyal, 92

Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,

Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,

And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sov'reign, for my service
done! 96

K. Edw. I prithee, peace: my soul is full of
sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness
hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou
request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's
life; 100

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman

Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's
death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?

My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought;
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd? 103

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, 112

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 116

Even 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 120

Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer, 124

You straight 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, speak unto myself 128
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all

Have been beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once beg for his life.

O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold 132
On me and you and mine and yours for this.

Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. O! poor
Clarence!

[*Exeunt KING EDWARD, QUEEN, HASTINGS,
RIVERS, DORSET, and GREY.*]

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness. Mark'd you
not

How that the gully kindred of the queen 136
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? 140
Buck. We wait upon your Grace. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, with a Son and
Daughter of CLARENCE.*

Boy. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you wring your hands, and
beat your breast,

And cry—'O Clarence, my unhappy son?'

4
Boy. Why do you look on us, and shake your
head,

And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me much; 8
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.
Boy. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead. 12
The king mine uncle is to blame for it:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.
Daugh. And so will I. 16
Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.
Boy. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloucester 20
Told me, the king, provok'd to it by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek; 24
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.
Duch. Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice. 28
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?
Duch. Ay, boy. 32
Boy. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, distractedly; RIVERS and DORSET following her.

Q. Eliz. Oh! who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul, 36
And to myself become an enemy.
Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?
Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead! 40
Why grow the branches now the root is withered?
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 45
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.
Duch. Ah! so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband. 48
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd with looking on his images;
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death, 52
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 thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms, 57
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,
Clarence and Edward. O! what cause have I—
Thine being but a moiety of my grief— 60
To overgo thy plaints, and drown thy cries?
Boy. Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd; 64
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept.
Q. Eliz. 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, 69
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! 72
Duch. Alas! for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!
Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.
Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.
Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone. 76
Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.
Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.
Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas! I am the mother of these griefs:
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she;
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I; 84
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:
Alas! you three on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentation. 88
Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt 92
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 straight for him;
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave.
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and Others.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause

To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
But none can cure their harms by wailing
them.

Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy ; 104
I did not see your Grace : humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee ! and put meekness in
thy mind,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty. 108

Glo. Amen ; [*Aside.*] 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-sorrow-
ing peers, 112

That bear this heavy mutual 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. 116

The broken rancour of your high-sworn hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,

Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,

Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be
fetch'd 121

Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Ric. Why with some little train, my Lord of
Buckingham ?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break
out ; 125

Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet un-
govern'd ;

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself, 129

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 ; 132

And the compact is firm and true in me.

Ric. 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, 136

Which haply by much company might be urg'd :
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,

That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I. 140

Glo. Then be it so ; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to
Ludlow.

Madam, and you my mother, will you go
To give your censures in this business ? 144

[*Exeunt all except* 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 sort occasion, 148

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. 152
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

First Cit. Good morrow, neighbour : whither
away so fast ?

Sec. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know my-
self :

Hear you the news abroad ?

First Cit. Ay ; that the king is dead.

Sec. Cit. Ill news, by'r lady ; seldom comes
the better : 4

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter a third Citizen.

Third Cit. Neighbours, God speed !

First Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.

Third Cit. Doth the news hold of good King
Edward's death ?

Sec. Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help, the
while ! 8

Third Cit. Then, masters, look to see a trou-
blous world.

First Cit. No, no ; by God's good grace, his
son shall reign.

Third Cit. Woe to that land that's govern'd
by a child !

Sec. Cit. In him there is a hope of govern-
ment, 12

That in his nonage council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,

No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.

First Cit. So stood the state when Henry the
Sixth 16

Was crown'd at Paris but at nine months old.

Third 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 20

Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.

First Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his
father and mother.

Third Cit. Better it were they all came by
his father,

Or by his father there were none at all ; 24

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 Gloucester !
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and
proud ; 28

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

First Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst ; all
will be well.

Third Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men
put on their cloaks ; 32

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.

All may be well ; but, if God sort it so, 36
Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

Sec. 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. 40

Third Cit. Before the days of change, still is it so :

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see

The waters swell before a boisterous storm. 44
But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

Sec. Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

Third Cit. And so was I : I'll bear you company. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS OF YORK.

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton ;

At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night :
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince. 4

I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no ; they say my son of York

Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow. 9

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

Gloucester, 12
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :'

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make

haste.
Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold 16

In him that did object the same to thee :
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,

So long a-growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam. 21

Duch. I hope he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout, 24
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York ? I prithee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old : 28

'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this ?

York. Grandam, his nurse. 32
Duch. His nurse ! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy : go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child. 36

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news ?
Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince ?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news ? 41
Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them ?

Mess. The mighty dukes, 44
Gloucester and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence ?
Mess. 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 lord. 48

Q. Eliz. Ah me ! I see the ruin of my house !
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind ;

Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne : 52

Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre !
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld ! 56

My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,

For me to joy and weep their gain and loss :
And being seated, and domestic broils 60

Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves ; brother to brother,

Blood to blood, self against self : O ! preposterous

And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen ; 64
Or let me die, to look on death no more.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy ; we will to sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.
Duch. Stay, I will go with you,

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. [To the QUEEN.] 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 to me
As well I tender you and all of yours! 72
Come; I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act III.

Scene I.—*The Same. A Street.*

The Trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES, GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, and Others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign ;

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way 4

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy: I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

Hath not yet divid'd into the world's deceit: 8
No more can you distinguish of a man

Than of his outward show; 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, 13
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. 16

Glo. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor and his Train.

May. 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 20
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 HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating lord. 24

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 25
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course

Is this of hers! Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?

If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory 37

Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate

To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid 40
We should infringe the holy privilege

Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord, 44

Too ceremonious and traditional:

Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,

You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

The benefit thereof is always granted 43

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;

And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,

You break no privilege nor charter there.

Oh! have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children ne'er till now. 56

Card. 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. 60

[*Exeunt* CARDINAL BOURCHIER and HASTINGS.

Say, uncle Gloucester, 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 64
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:

Then where you please, and shall be thought
most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord? 69

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that
place,

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.
Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported? 72

Successively from age to age, he built it?
Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not registered,

Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity, 77
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. [*Aside.*] So wise so young, they say, do
never live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle? 80

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
[*Aside.*] Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Caesar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit, 85
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. 88
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, 92
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Short summers lightly have a
forward spring.

*Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and CARDINAL
BOURCHIER.*

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the
Duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our lov-
ing brother? 96

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call
you now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is
yours:

Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty. 100

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of
York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:

The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle? 105

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholding to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman. 109

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother? 112

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my
cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then, I see, you'll part but with
light gifts;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier. 121

Glo. What! would you have my weapon,
little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you, as
you call me.

Glo. How? 124

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: 128

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me.

Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your
shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp provided wit he
reasons! 132

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 137

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? 139

Prince. My Lord Protector needs will have
it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what would you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence's angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there. 145

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not
fear. 147

But come, my lord; and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER,
BUCKINGHAM, and CATESBY.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating
York

Was not incensed by his subtle mother 152
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O! 'tis a parlous
boy;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe. 156

Buck. Well, let them rest. Come hither,
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 William Lord Hastings of our mind,

For the instalment of this noble duke

In the seat royal of this famous isle? 164

Cate. 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?
what will he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby, 169
 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, 172
 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, 176
 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. 180
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 lord, for joy of this good news, 184
 Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
 soundly.
Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we
 sleep? 188
Cate. You shall, my lord.
Glo. At Crosby-place, there you shall find us
 both. [*Exit CATESBY.*]
Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do if we
 perceive
 Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head; something we will
 determine: 193
 And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
 The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
 Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.
Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's
 hand. 197
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all
 kindness,
 Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
 We may digest our complots in some form. 200
 [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—*The Same.* Before LORD HASTINGS'
 House,

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. [*Knocking.*] My lord! my lord!
Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?
Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.
Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock? 4
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these
 tedious nights?
Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self. 8
Hast. What then?
Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this
 night

He dreamt the boar had razed off his helm:
 Besides, he says there are two councils held; 12
 And that may be determin'd at the one
 Which may make you and him to rue at the
 other.
 Therefore he sends to know your lordship's plea-
 sure,
 If you will presently take horse with him, 15
 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: 20
 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, 24
 Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:
 And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond
 To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.
 To fly the boar before the boar pursues, 28
 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, 32
 Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you
 say. [*Exit.*]

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early
 stirring. 36
 What news, what news, in this our tottering
 state?
Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
 And I believe will never stand upright
 Till Richard wear the garland of the realm. 40
Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou
 mean the crown?
Cate. Ay, my good lord.
Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from
 my shoulders
 Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd. 44
 But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you
 forward
 Upon his party for the gain thereof;
 And thereupon he sends you this good news, 48
 That this same very day your enemies,
 The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that
 news,
 Because they have been still my adversaries; 52
 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.
Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious
 mind! 56
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth
 hence,

That they which 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.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious
lord,

When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls
it out 64

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; 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. 68

Cate. The princes both make high account of
you;

[*Aside.*] For they account his head upon the
bridge.

Hast. I know they do, and I have well
deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear,
man? 72

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; good morrow
Catesby:

You may jest on, but by the holy rood,

I do not like these several councils, I. 76

Hast. 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, 80
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode
from London,

Were jocund and suppos'd their state was
sure,

And they indeed had no cause to mistrust; 84
But yet you see how soon the day o'ercast.

This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is
spent. 88

Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you
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. 92

But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good
fellow. [*Exeunt STANLEY and CATESBY.*]

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please
to ask. 96

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now
Than when I met thee last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies; 100
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.

Purs. God hold it to your honour's good
content! 104

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for
me. [*Throws him his purse.*]

Purs. God save your lordship. [*Exit.*]

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your
honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all
my heart. 108

I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content
you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord
chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand. 112

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy
man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower? 116

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. [*Aside.*] And supper too, although thou
know'st it not. 120

Come, will you go? I'll wait upon your lordship.
Hast. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—Pomfret. Before the Castle.

*Enter RATCLIFF, with halberds, carrying RIVERS,
GREY, and VAUGHAN to death.*

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee
this:

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die

For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God bless 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 slander to thy dismal seat, 12
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon
our heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Ric. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd
she Buckingham, 17

Then curs'd she Hastings: O! remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us;

And for my sister and her princely sons, 20
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.
Hast. Make haste; the hour of death is
expiate.

Ric. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan; let us
here embrace: 24

And take our leave until we meet in heaven.
[Exeunt.

Scene IV.—London. The Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the BISHOP OF
ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, and Others, sitting at a
table. Officers of the Council attending.

Hast. My lords, at once: 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? 4

Stan. It is; and wants 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? 8

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. 12

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me
well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd 16

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part. 20

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke
himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins all, good
morrow.

I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design, 24

Which by my presence might have been con-
cluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my
lord,

William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your
part,

I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king. 28

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 Holborn,

I saw good strawberries in your garden there; 32
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my
heart. [Exit.

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[Takes him aside.

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot, 37

That he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,

Shall lose the royalty of England's throne. 40
Buck. Withdraw yourself a while; I'll go with
you.

[Exeunt GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of
triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided 44

As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord, the Duke of Glou-
cester?

I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth
this morning: 48

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such
spirit.

I think there's never a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his hate or love than he; 52

For by his face straight shall you know his
heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceived you in his
face

By any livellhood he show'd to-day.

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is
offended; 56

For, were he, he had shown 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 60
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my
lord,

Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom th' offenders, whoso'er they be: 64

I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their
evil.

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling, wither'd up: 68
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch
Consorted with that harlot trumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this thing my noble
lord,— 72

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned
strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of ifs? Thou art a traitor:

Off with his head! now, by Saint Paul, I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same. 76

Love! and Ratcliff, look that it be done:

The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but HASTINGS, RATCLIFF,
and LOVE!*]

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit
for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this. 80

Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;

And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did
stumble,

And startled when he looked upon the Tower, 84

As loath 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 88

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head. 92

Rat. Come, come, dispatch; the duke would
be at dinner:

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal man,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of
God, 96

Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;

Ready with every nod to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep. 100

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to
exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable Eng-
land!

I prophesy the fearfullest time to thee

That ever wretched age hath looked upon. 104

Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:

They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—London. The Tower Walls.

*Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten
armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

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 tra-
gedian,

Speak and look back, and pry on every side,

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks

Are at my service, like enforced smiles;

And both are ready in their offices,

At any time, to grace my stratagems.

But what! is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor
along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Lord Mayor,—

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls. 96

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have
sent,—

Glo. Look back, defend thee; here are ene-
mies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and
guard us!

*Enter LOVE! and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS'
head.*

Glo. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and
Love!

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 98

That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of 99

virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,

I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shab-
ber'd traitor 100

That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,—

Were't not that by great preservation

We live to tell it, that subtle traitor

This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me and my good Lord of Glou- 101

cester?

May. Had he done so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks or
infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,

But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our person's safety 102

Enforced us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserves his
death;

And your Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts. 48
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,

Until your lordship came to see his end; 52
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meaning, hath prevented:

Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess 56
The manner and the purpose of his treason;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconster us in him, and wail his death. 60

May. 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 64
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,

To avoid the censures of the carping world.
Buck. But since you come too late of our intent, 68

Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit* Lord Mayor.]

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post: 72

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 76
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; 80
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,
wives,

Even where his raging eye or savage heart
Without control lusted to make a prey.

Say. for a need, thus far come near my person: 84
Tell them, when that my mother went with child

Of that insatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France;
And, by true computation of the time, 88
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; 92
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. 96

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 100

Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit.*
Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;

[*To* CATESBY.] Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.
[*Exeunt* LOVEL and CATESBY.]

Now will I in, to take some privy order, 105
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;

And to give notice that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.—The Same. A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's:
And mark how well the sequel hangs together. 4
Eleven hours I have 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, 8
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? 12

Bad is the world; and all will come to naught,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.
[*Exit.*

Scene VII.—The Same. The Court of Baynard's Castle.

Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

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? 4

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,

And his contract by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,

And his enforcement of the city wives; 8
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, 12
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, 16
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
 Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
 Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse;
 And when my oratory drew toward end, 20
 I bade 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; 24

But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,
 Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
 And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful
 silence: 28

His answer was, the people were not wont
 To be spoke to but by the recorder.
 Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again:
 'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke in-
 ferr'd; 32

But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cried, 'God save King
 Richard!' 36

And thus I took the vantage of those few,
 'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I;
 'This general applause and cheerful shout
 Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard.'
 And even here brake off, and came away. 41

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! would
 they not speak?

Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?
Buck. The mayor is here at hand. Intend
 some fear; 44

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 make a holy descent: 48
 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, 52
 No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads! the Lord Mayor
 knocks. [Exit GLOUCESTER.]

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.
 Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
 I think the duke will not be spoke withal. 56

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my re-
 quest?

Cate. He doth entreat your Grace, my noble
 lord,

To visit him to-morrow or next day.
 He is within, with two right reverend fathers, 60
 Divinely bent to meditation;

And in no worldly suit 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 general good,
 Are come to have some conference with his
 Grace. 64

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight.
 [Exit.]

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not as
 Edward!

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
 But on his knees at meditation;
 Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
 But meditating with two deep divines;
 Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
 But praying, to enrich his watchful soul. 74
 Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
 Take on his Grace the sovereignty thereof:
 But sore, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his Grace should
 say us nay! 80

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes
 again.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his Grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have as-
 sembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him,
 His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
 My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
 Suspect me that I mean no good to him. 88
 By heaven, 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 much to draw them
 thence; 92
 So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOUCESTER, in a gallery above, between
 two Bishops. CATESBY returns.*

May. 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 ornament 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. 96

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. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above, 108

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence

That seems disgracious in the city's eye;

And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your Grace, 113

On our entreaties to amend your fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign 116

The supreme seat, the throne majestic,

The sceptred office of your ancestors,

Your state of fortune and your due of birth,

The lineal glory of your royal house, 120

To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;

Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,—

Which here we waken to our country's good,— 124

This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;

Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,

Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,

And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf

Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion. 128

Which to recure we heartily solicit

Your gracious self to take on you the charge

And kingly government of this your land;

Not as protector, steward, substitute, 132

Or lowly factor for another's gain;

But as successively from blood to blood,

Your right of birth, your empery, your own.

For this, consorted with the citizens, 136

Your very worshipful and loving friends,

And by their vehement instigation,

In this just cause come I to move your Grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence 140

Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,

Best fitteth my degree or your condition:

If not to answer, you might haply think

Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded 144

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 seasoned with your faithful love to me, 148

Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.

Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,

And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,

Definitely thus I answer you. 152

Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert

Unmeritable shuns your high request.

First, if all obstacles were cut away,

And that my path were even to the crown, 156

As the ripe revenue and due of birth,

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,

So mighty and so many my defects,

That I would rather hide me from my greatness,

Being a bark to brook no mighty sea, 161

Than in my greatness covet to be hid,

And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.

But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me; 164

And much I need to help you, were there need;

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,

Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,

Will well become the seat of majesty. 168

And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.

On him I lay that you would lay on me,

The right and fortune of his happy stars;

Which God defend that I should wring from

him! 172

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your Grace;

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,

All circumstances well considered.

You say that Edward is your brother's son: 176

So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;

For first was he contract to Lady Lucy,

Your mother lives a witness to his vow,

And afterward by substitute betroth'd 180

To Bona, sister to the King of France.

These both put by, a poor petitioner,

A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,

A beauty-waning and distressed widow, 184

Even in the afternoon of her best days,

Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,

Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree

To base declension and loath'd bigamy: 188

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 to some alive, 192

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, 196

Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry

From the corruption of abusing times,

Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you. 200

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O! make them joyful: grant their lawful suit:

Glo. Alas! why would you heap those cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty: 204

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,

Loath to depose the child, your brother's son; 208

As well we know your tenderness of heart

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,

And egally, indeed, to all estates, 212

Yet whether you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king;

But we will plant some other in the throne,

To the disgrace and downfall of your house: 216

And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM and
Citizens.]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince; accept
their suit:

If you deny them, all the land will rue it. 220

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again: I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,

[Exit CATESBY.]

Albeit against my conscience and my soul. 224

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, whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load: 228
But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see, 233
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. 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? 240

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have
it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your
Grace:

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. [To the Bishops.] Come, let us to our
holy work again. 244

Farewell, my cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.

[Exeunt.]

Act IV.

Scene I.—London. Before the Tower.

*Enter on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS
OF YORK, and MARQUESS OF DORSET; on the
other, ANNE, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, leading
LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S
young daughter.*

Duch. Who meets us here? my niece Plan-
tagnet,

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both 5
A happy and joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! whither
away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as
I guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all
together:—

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes. 12
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?
Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your
patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them: 16
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean the Lord Protector.

Q. Eliz. 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?

Duch. 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, 24

And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [Exit.]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour
hence, 26

And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.

[To the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.] Come, madam,
you must straight to Westminster,

There to be crown'd Richard's royal queen. 30

Q. Eliz. 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. Despiteful tidings! O! unpleasant
news, 32

Dor. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares
your Grace?

Q. Eliz. O, Dorset! speak not to me, get thee
gone;

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels:
Thy mother's name is ominous to children. 36

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the sea,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:

Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead, 40

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse.
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel,
madam.

[To DORSET.] Take all the swift advantage of the
hours;

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.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O! my accursed womb, the bed of death,
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous!

San. 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!'

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why! When he, that is my husband
now

Came to me, as I followed Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
hands,

Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping fol-
low'd;

O! when I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish, 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accurs'd,
For making me so young, so old a widow!

And, when thou wedd'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
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,

And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which hitherto 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 timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick,

And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy com-
plaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn
for yours.

Q. Eliz. Farewell! thou woeful welcomer of
glory.

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave
of it.

Duch. [To *DORSET*.] Go thou to Richmond,
and good fortune guide thee!

[To *ANNE*.] Go thou to Richard, and good angels
tend thee!

[To *Q. ELIZABETH*.] Go thou to sanctuary, and
good thoughts possess thee!

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay yet, look back with me unto the
Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls,
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well.

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—*The Same. A Room of State
in the Palace.*

Sennet. RICHARD, as in pomp crowned: BUCK-
INGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and Others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buck-
ingham.

Buck. Ay, gracious sovereign!
K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [*He ascends the
throne.*] 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 wast not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What sayst thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kind-
ness freezes:

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause,
dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve you herein presently. [*Exit.*]

Cate. [*Aside to another.*] The king is angry:
see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. [*Descends from his throne.*] I will
converse with iron-witted fools

And unrespective boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy! 32

Page. My lord!

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold

Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman, 36
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:

Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrell.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither. [Exit Page.]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel.

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd, 44
And stops he now for breath? well, be it so.

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley! what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The Marquess Dorset, as I hear, is fled 48
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,

That Anne my wife is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close. 52
Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence'
daughter:

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give 56
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 60
me. [Exit CATESBY.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter, 60
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: 64
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with TYRRELL

Is thy name Tyrrell?

Tyr. James Tyrrell, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord. 68

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had 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. 73
Tyrrell, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them. 70

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark,
come hither, Tyrrell:

Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear. [Whisper.]

There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it. 72

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. [Exit.]

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled
to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son: well,
look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by
promise,

For which your honour and your faith be
paw'n'd;

The 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. 76

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. 78

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 earl-
dom,—

K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was at
Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I 80
started,

Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock? 82

Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in
mind

Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what is 't o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike? 84

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. 116
K. Rich. Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein. [*Exeunt KING RICHARD and Train.*]
Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
 With such contempt? made I him king for this?
 O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone 120
 To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*]

Scene III.—*The Same.**Enter TYRRELL.*

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
 The most arch deed of piteous massacre
 That ever yet this land was guilty of.
 Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn 4
 To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
 Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
 Melding with tenderness and mild compassion,
 Wept like to children in their death's sad story.
 'Oh! thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes:' 9
 'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
 Within their alabaster innocent arms:
 Their lips were four red roses on a stalk, 12
 Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
 A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
 Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost chang'd my mind;
 But, O, the devil'—there the villain stopp'd; 16
 When Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered
 The most replenished sweet work of nature,
 That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.'
 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse; 20
 They could not speak; and so I left them both,
 To bear this tidings to the bloody king:
 And here he comes.

Enter KING RICHARD.

All health, my sovereign lord!
K. Rich. Kind Tyrrell, am I happy in thy news? 24
Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
 Beget your happiness, be happy then,
 For it is done.
K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?
Tyr. I did, my lord.
K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrell?
Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them; 29
 But how or in what place I do not know.
K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrell, soon at after-supper,
 When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
 And be inheritor of thy desire.
 Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]
K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close; 36
 His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
 The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
 And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
 Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims 40
 At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
 And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
 To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord! 44
K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?
Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
 And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
 Is in the field, and still his power increaseth. 48
K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
 Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
 Come; I have learn'd that fearful commenting
 Is leaden servitor to dull delay: 52
 Delay leads impotent and small-pac'd beggary:
 Then fiery expedition be my wing,
 Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king.
 Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield; 56
 We must be brief when traitors brave the field. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—*The Same. Before the Palace.**Enter QUEEN MARGARET.*

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
 Here in these confines sily have I lurk'd
 To watch the waning of mine enemies. 4
 A dire induction am I witness to,
 And will to France, hoping the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
 Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here? 8

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS OF YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah! my poor princes! ah, my tender babes,
 My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets,
 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air
 And be not fix'd in doom perpetual, 12
 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. 16

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,

That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet;
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt. 21

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle lambs,

And throw them in the entralls of the wolf?

When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done? 24

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days, 28

Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth.

[*Sitting down.*]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah! that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat; 32
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.

Ah! who hath any cause to mourn but I?

[*Sitting down by her.*]

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniory, 36

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand,
If sorrow can admit society.

[*Sitting down with them.*]

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him; 40

I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him; 44

I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst 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: 48

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood,

That foul defacer of God's handiwork,

That excellent grand-tyrant of the earth, 52

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,

Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.

O! upright, just, and true-disposing God,

How do I thank thee that this carnal cur 56

Preys on the issue of his mother's body,

And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan.

Duch. O! Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes:

God witness with me, I have wept for thine. 60

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; 64

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;

And the beholders of this tragic play,

The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,

Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls 70

And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray

To have him suddenly convey'd from hence. 74

Cancel his bond of life, dear God: I pray,

That I may live to say, The dog is dead.

Q. Eliz. O! thou didst prophesy the time would come

That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunchback'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen:

The presentation of but what I was;

The flattering index of a direful pageant;

One heav'd a-high to be hurl'd down below;

A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;

A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,

A sign of dignity, a garish flag,

To be the aim of every dangerous shot;

A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?

Where are thy children? wherein dost thou joy?

Who sues and kneels and cries God save the queen?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?

Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art:

For happy wife, a most distressed widow;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name;

For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;

For queen, a very catiff 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 whirl'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time;

Having no more but thought of what thou wert

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou wilt

Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?

Now thy proud neck bears half my burden

yoke;

From which even here, I slip my wearied head

And leave the burden of it all on thee.

Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:

These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou, well skill'd in curses, stay awhile, 116

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 fairer than they were, And he that slew them fouler than he is: 121

Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse: Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O! quicken them with thine. 124

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [Exit.]

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes, Alry succeders of intestate joys, 128

Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope: though what they do impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me, 132

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[A trumpet heard.]
The trumpet sounds: be copious in exclams.

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition? 136

Duch. O! she that might have intercepted thee,

By strangling thee in her accursed womb,

From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown, 140

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? 144

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings? 148

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Walk on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!

[Flourish. Alarums.]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair, Or with the clamorous report of war 152

Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself. 156

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak!

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear. 160

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,

God knows, in torment and in agony. 164

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,

Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me; 168

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious;

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody, 172

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred: What comfortable hour canst thou name

That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your Grace 176

To breakfast once forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.

Strike up the drum!

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak. 180

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So!

Duch. Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance, 184

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 grievous curse,

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more 189

Than all the complete 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 193

And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;

Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.

[Exit.]

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much
less spirit to curse 197
Abides in me: I say amen to her. [*Going.*]

K. Rich. Stay, madam; I must talk a word
with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal
blood 200
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,
204
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O! let
her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed; 208
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth; she is of royal
blood. 212

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo! at their births good stars were
opposite. 216

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives ill friends were
contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoids is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes
destiny.

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death, 220
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my
cousins.

Q. Eliz. Consins, indeed; and by their uncle
cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life. 224
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and
blunt

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart, 228
To revel in the entrails 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 desperate bay of death, 233
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars, 237
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd.

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of
heaven, 240
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children,
gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose
their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
244
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of this:
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine? 248

K. Rich. Even 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 these
wrongs

Which thou supposet I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy
kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I
love thy daughter. 252

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with
her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter
from thy soul:
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;
256
And, from my heart's love I do thank thee for
it.

K. Rich. Be not too hasty to confound my
meaning:

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall
be her king? 260

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who
else should be?

Q. Eliz. What! thou?

K. Rich. Even so: what think you of it? 264

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humours.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her
brothers, 270
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood, 274
A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body.
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
278
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
Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this. 288

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose
but hate thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now
amended: 292

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.

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, 297

To quicken your increase, I will beget

Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:

A grandam's name is little less in love 300

Than is the doting title of a mother;

They are as children but one step below,

Even of your mettle, of your very blood;

Of all one pain, save for a night of groans 304

Eader'd of her for whom you bid like sor-

row.

Your children were vexation to your youth,

But mine shall be a comfort to your age.

The loss you have is but a son being king, 308

And by that loss your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would,

Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul 312

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 316

wife,

Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;

Again shall you be mother to a king,

And all the ruins of distressful times

Repair'd with double riches of content. 320

What! we have many goodly days to see:

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed

Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,

Advantaging their loan with interest 324

Of ten times double gain of happiness.

Go then, my mother; to thy daughter go:

Make bold her bashful years with your expe-

rience;

Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale; 328

Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame

Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess

With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:

And when this arm of mine hath chastised 332

The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,

Boned with triumphant garlands will I come,

And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;

To whom I will retail my conquest won, 336

And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her fa-
ther's brother

Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?

Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?

Under what title shall I woo for thee, 341

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. 344

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still

lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may com-

mand, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's

King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty

queen. 348

Q. Eliz. To wall the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title 'ever'

last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's

end. 352

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet

life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven and nature

lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell and Richard likes of

it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject

low. 356

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such

sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being

plainly told.

K. Rich. Then plainly to her tell my loving

tale. 360

Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a

style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and

too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no! my reasons are too deep and

dead;

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam;

that is past. 365

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-

strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and

my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third

usurp'd. 368

K. Rich. I swear,—

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.

Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;

Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

Thy 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,—
Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death,—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself,—
Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misus'd.
K. Rich. Why, then, by God,—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
 The unity the king my husband made
 Had not been broken, nor my brothers died :
 If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
 The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
 Had grac'd the tender temples of my child, 384
 And both the princes had been breathing here,
 Which now, too tender bed-fellows for dust,
 Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
 What canst thou swear by now ?

K. Rich. The time to come. 388

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time
 o'erpast ;

For I myself have many tears to wash
 Hereafter time for time past wrong'd by thee.
 The children live, whose parents thou hast
 slaughter'd, 392
 Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age :
 The parents live, whose children thou hast
 butcher'd,

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
 Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast
 Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast. 397

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent,
 So thrive I in my dangerous affairs
 Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound ! 400
 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, 404
 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, 408
 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. 412

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 : 416

Urge the necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do
 good. 420

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself ?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong
 yourself.

Q. Eliz. Yet thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury
 them ; 424

Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy
 will ?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go. Write to me very shortly, say
 And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss ; and so
 farewell.

[*Kissing her.* Exit QUEEN ELIZABETH.
 Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman !

Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.

How now ! what news ? 432

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western
 coast

Rideth a puissant navy ; to the shores
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends.

Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back. 437

'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid

Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore. 440

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the
 Duke of Norfolk :

Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby ; where is he ?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.
Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient
 haste. 444

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salis-
 bury :

When thou com'st thither,—[*To CATESBY.*] Dull,
 unmindful villain,

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your high-
 ness' pleasure, 447

What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O ! true, good Catesby : bid him lay
 straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
 And meet me suddenly at Salisbury. 450

Cate. I go.

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.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd. Stanley, what
 news with you ?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with
 the hearing ;

Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle ! neither good nor
 bad !

What need'st thou run so many miles about
 When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way ?

Once more, what news ?

Stan. Richmond is on the march.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas
on him! 464

White-liver'd runagate! what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by
guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess!

Stan. Stir'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and
Morton, 468

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword
unsway'd?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive but we? 472

And who is England's king but great York's
heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot
guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your
liege, 476

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman
comes.

Thou wilt revolt and fly to him I fear.

Stan. No, my good lord; therefore mistrust
me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat
him back? 480

Where be thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not upon the western shore,
safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the
north. 484

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in
the north

When they should serve their sovereign in the
west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty
king:

Please your majesty to give me leave, 488

I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join
with Richmond:

But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign, 492

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubt-
ful.

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, 496

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to
you. [Exit.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devon-
shire,

As I by friends am well advertised, 500

His Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,

Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many moe confederates are in arms.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords
are in arms; 504

And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows
strong.

Enter a third Messenger.

Third Mess. My lord, the army of great
Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs
of death? [He strikes him.]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better
news.

Third Mess. 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, 513
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.

Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd 516
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Third Mess. Such proclamation hath been
made, my liege.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and Lord
Marquess Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms: 520
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,
The Breton navy is dispers'd by tempest.

Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore to ask those on the banks 524

If they were his assistants, yea or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Bucking-
ham

Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made away for Brittany. 528

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.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is
taken, 532

That is the best news: that the Earl of Rich-
mond

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we
reason here, 536

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 V.—*The Same. A Room in LORD STANLEY'S House.*

Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:

That in the sty of this most bloody boar
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head; 4
The fear of that holds off my present aid.
So, get thee gone: commend me to thy lord.
Withal, say that the queen hath heartily con-
sented

He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter. 8
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier, 12

Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valliant crew;
And many other of great name and worth: 16
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand:

My letter will resolve him of my mind. 20
Farewell. [Exeunt.]

Act V.

Scene I.—*Salisbury. An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey and Rivers,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward, 4
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction! 9
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. 12

This is the day that, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies;
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall 16
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 20
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters'
bosoms:

Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck:
'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with
sorrow,

Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'
Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame: 24
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of
blame. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.—*A Plain near Tamworth.*

Enter with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD,
SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, and
Others, with Forces, marching.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving
friends,

Brus'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment: 4
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 embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Is now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn: 12
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. 16

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand
men,

To fight against this guilty homicide.
Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn
to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends
for fear, 20

Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage: then, in God's
name, march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.—*Bosworth Field.*

Enter KING RICHARD and Forces; the DUKES OF
NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, and Others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in
Bosworth field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my
looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—
Nor. Here, most gracious liege. 4
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha!
 must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving
 lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-
 night;
 [Soldiers begin to set up the KING's tent.
 But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for
 that. 8
 Who hath derided the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost
 power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that ac-
 count:
 Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
 Which they upon the adverse faction want. 13
 Up with the tent! Come, noble gentlemen,
 Let us survey the vantage of the ground;
 Call for some men of sound direction: 16
 Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;
 For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt.

*Enter on the other side of the field, RICHMOND,
 SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other
 Officers. Some of the Soldiers pitch RICH-
 MOND's tent.*
Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden
 set,
 And, by the bright track of his fiery car, 20
 Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my stan-
 dard.
 Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
 I'll draw the form and model of our battle, 24
 Limit each leader to his several charge,
 And part in just proportion our small power.
My Lord of Oxford, you, *Sir William Brandon,*
 And you, *Sir Walter Herbert,* stay with me. 28
The Earl of Pembroke keeps 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. 32
 Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
 Where is *Lord Stanley* quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours
 much,—
 Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,— 36
 His regiment lies half a mile at least
 South from the mighty power of the king.
Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to
 him, 40
 And give him from me this most needful note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake
 it;
 And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
Richm. Good-night, good *Captain Blunt.*
 Come, gentlemen, 44
 Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;

In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.
 [They withdraw into the tent.
*Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK,
 RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.*
K. Rich. What is't o'clock?
Cate. It's supper-time, my lord;
 It's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night. 48
 Give me some ink and paper.
 What, is my beaver easier than it was,
 And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in
 readiness. 52
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
 Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle
 Norfolk. 56
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.
K. Rich. Ratcliff!
 Rat, My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
 To *Stanley's* regiment; bid him bring his power
 Before sun-rising, lest his son *George* fall 61
 Into the blind cave of eternal night.
 Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
 Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to-morrow. 64
 Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
 Ratcliff!
 Rat, My lord!
K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy *Lord*
Northumberland? 68
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. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl
 of wine: 72
 I have not that alacrity of spirit,
 Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
 Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my lord. 76
K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
 Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent
 And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.
 [KING RICHARD retires into his tent.
 Exeunt RATCLIFF and CATESBY.
 RICHMOND's tent opens, and discovers him and
 his Officers, &c.
 Enter STANLEY.
Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can
 afford 81
 Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
 Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy
 mother, 84
 Who prays continually for *Richmond's* good:
 So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
 Z 3

And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
 In brief, for so the season bids us be, 88
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
 Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
 I, as I may,—that which I would I cannot,— 92
 With best advantage will deceive the time,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George, 96
 Be executed in his father's sight.
 Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse, 100
 Which so long sunder'd 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 regi-
 ment. 104

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a
 nap,

Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
 When I should mount with wings of victory.

Once more, good-night, kind lords and gentle-
 men. [*Exeunt all but RICHMOND.*]

O ! thou, whose captain I account myself, 109
 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 112

The usurping helmets of our adversaries.
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in thy victory !

To thee I do commend my watchful soul, 116
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes :

Sleeping and waking, O ! defend me still !
 [*Sleeps.*]

*The Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, Son to Henry the
 Sixth, rises between the two tents.*

Ghost. [*To KING RICHARD.*] Let me sit heavy
 on thy soul to-morrow !

Think how thou stab'dst me in my prime of
 youth 120

At Tewksbury : despair, therefore, and die !
 Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged souls
 Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :

King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of KING HENRY THE SIXTH rises.

Ghost. [*To KING RICHARD.*] When I was mor-
 tal, my anointed body 125

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. 128

[*To RICHMOND.*] Virtuous and holy, be thou
 conqueror !

Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be the
 king,

Doth comfort thee in thy sleep : live thou and
 flourish !

The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.

Ghost. [*To KING RICHARD.*] Let me sit heavy
 on thy soul to-morrow ! 132

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
 Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,
 And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !

[*To RICHMOND.*] Thou offspring of the house of
 Lancaster, 137

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee :
 Good angels guard thy battle ! live, and flourish !

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN rise.

Ghost of RIVERS. [*To KING RICHARD.*] Let me
 sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow ! 140

Rivers, that died at Pomfret ! despair, and die !
Ghost of GREY. [*To KING RICHARD.*] Think
 upon Grey, and let thy soul despair.

Ghost of VAUGHAN. [*To KING RICHARD.*] Think
 upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
 Let fall thy pointless lance : despair, and die !—

All Three. [*To RICHMOND.*] Awake ! and think
 our wrongs in Richard's bosom 145

Will conquer him : awake, and win the day !

The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.

Ghost. [*To KING RICHARD.*] Bloody and guilty,
 guiltily awake ;

And in a bloody battle end thy days ! 148
 Think on Lord Hastings, so despair, and die !—

[*To RICHMOND.*] Quiet, untroubled soul, awake,
 awake !

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

The Ghosts of the two young PRINCES rise.

Ghosts. [*To KING RICHARD.*] Dream on thy
 cousins smother'd in the Tower : 152

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
 And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !
 Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die !

[*To RICHMOND.*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in
 peace, and wake in joy ; 155

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.

The Ghost of LADY ANNE rises.

Ghost. [*To KING RICHARD.*] Richard, thy wife,
 that wretched Anne thy wife, 158

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 !

[*To RICHMOND.*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a
 quiet sleep ; 162

Dream of success and happy victory !
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.

Ghost. [*To KING RICHARD.*] The first was I
 that help'd thee to the crown ; 165

The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O! in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy buckliness.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death :
Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !
[To RICHMOND.] I died for hope ere I could
lend thee aid : 174
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismayed :
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side ;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish. KING RICHARD
starts out of his dream.]

K. Rich. Give me another horse ! bind up my
wounds ! 178

Have mercy, Jesu ! Soft ! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me.
The lights burn blue. It is now 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. 184
Is there a murderer here ? No. Yes, I am :
Then fly : what ! from myself ? Great reason
why :

Let I revenge. What ! myself upon myself ?
Alack ! I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself ? 189
O ! no : ains ! I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain. Yet I lie ; I am not. 192
Fool, of thyself speak well : fool, do not flat-
ter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain. 196
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree :
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree ;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, ' Guilty ! guilty !'
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me ;
And if I die, no soul will pity me :
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself ? 204
Wethought 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 ! 208

K. Rich. 'Zounds ! who's there ?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord ; 'tis I. The early vil-
lage cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn ;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff ! I have dream'd a fearful
dream. 213

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all
true ?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff ! I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of
shadows. 216

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-
night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me ; 221
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt.*]

RICHMOND wakes. Enter OXFORD and Others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond ! 224

Richm. Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentle-
men,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord ?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, the fairest-boding
dreams 228

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 cried on victory : 232

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. 236

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give
direction.

His oration to his Soldiers.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell on : yet remember this, 240

God and our good cause fight upon our side ;

The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,

Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our
faces ;

Richard except, those whom we fight against 244

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, 249

And slaughter'd those that were the means to
help him ;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil

Of England's chair, where he is falsely set ; 252

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, 256

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, 260

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. 265

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corse on the earth's cold face ;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt 268
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheer-
fully ;
God and Saint George ! Richmond and victory !

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants,
and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touch-
ing Richmond ? 272

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth : and what said
Surrey then ?

Rat. He smil'd, and said, 'The better for our
purpose.'

K. Rich. He was i' the right ; and so, indeed,
it is. [Clock strikes.

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar. 277
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 : 280
A black day will it be to somebody.

Ratcliff !

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day ;
The sky doth frown and lower 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
heaven

That frowns on me looks sadly upon him. 288

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord ! the foe vaunts in
the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle ; caparison my
horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power :
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain, 292

And thus my battle shall be ordered :

My forward shall be drawn out all in length

Consisting equally of horse and foot ;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst : 296

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle, whose puissance on either
side 300

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

This, and Saint George to boot ! What think'st
thou, Norfolk ?

Nor. A good direction, war-like sovereign.

This found I on my tent this morning. 304
[*Giving a scroll.*]

K. Rich. Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, gentlemen ; every man to his charge : 306

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. 308

March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell ;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his Army.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd ?

Remember whom you are to cope withal : 316

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,

A scum of Bretons and base lackey peasants,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest ; 320

You having lands, and bless'd with beautiful
wives,

They would restrain the one, distain the other.

And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow, 324

Long kept in Britaine at our mother's cost ?

A milksop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the sea again ;

Lash hence these overweening 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 them-
selves : 332

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,

And not these bastard Bretons ; whom our
fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bob'd, and
thump'd,

And, on record, left them the heirs of shame. 336

Shall these enjoy our lands ? lie with our wives ?

Ravish our daughters ? [Drum afar off.]
Hark ! I hear their drums.

Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head ! 340

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 ?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come. 344

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head !

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd 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 Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !

Upon them ! Victory sits upon our helms. 348
[*Drum.*]

Scene IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK and Forces; to him CATESBY.

Cate. 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, 4
 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
 Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse. 8

K. Rich. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
 And I will stand the hazard of the die.

I think there be six Richmonds in the field;

Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.— 12
 A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter from opposite sides KING RICHARD and RICHMOND, and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then re-enter RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee! 16

Lo! here, this long-usurped royalty
 From the dead temples of this bloody wretch

Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:

Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it. 20

Richm. Great God of heaven, say amen to all!

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;

Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us. 24
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births: 28

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: 32

Smile, heaven, upon this fair conjunction,
 That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!

What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
 England hath long been mad, and scarr'd her-
 self; 36

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
 The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
 All this divided York and Lancaster, 40

Divided in their dire division,
 O! now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true successors of each royal house,
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together; 44

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 prosperous days!
 Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord, 48

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 increase,
 That would with treason wound this fair land's
 peace! 52

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
 That she may long live here, God say amen!

[*Exeunt.*]

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
 CARDINAL WOLSEY.
 CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
 CAPECIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor
 Charles the Fifth.
 CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
 DUKE OF NORFOLK.
 DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
 EARL OF SURREY.
 Lord Chancellor.
 Lord Chamberlain.
 GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.
 BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
 LORD ABERGAVENNY.
 LORD SANDS.
 SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
 SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
 SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
 SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
 Secretaries to Wolsey.
 CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.
 GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.

Three Gentlemen.
 Garter King-at-Arms.
 DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.
 Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
 BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
 Door-keeper of the Council Chamber.
 Porter, and his Man.
 Page to Gardiner.
 A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry;
 afterwards divorced.
 ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour; afterwards Queen.
 An Old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
 PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Scene.—Chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

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 wee,
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those that can pity, here* 4
*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,* 8

*May here find truth too. Those that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree
 The play may pass, if they be still and willing
 I'll undertake may see away their shilling* 12
*Richly in two short hours. Only they
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
 A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
 In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,* 16
*Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is, besides forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring.*

To make that only true we now intend, 21
 Will loose us never an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
 known
 The first and happiest hearers of the town, 24
 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 general throng and
 sweat 28
 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. 32

Act I.

Scene I.—London. An Antechamber in the
 Palace.

Enter at one door the DUKE OF NORFOLK; at the
 other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD
 ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. 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 4
 Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
 Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
 Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. Twixt Guynes and Arde:
 I was then present, saw them salute on horse-
 back; 8

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
 In their embracement, as they grew together;
 Which had they, what four thron'd ones could
 have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time 12
 I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
 The view of earthly glory: men might say,
 Till this time, pomp was single, but now married
 To one above itself. Each following day 16

Became the next day's master, till the last
 Made former wonders its. 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 21
 Show'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 24

The pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting. Now this masque
 Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
 Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings, 28

Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them; him in eye,

Still him in praise; and, being present both,
 'Twas said they saw but one; and no discern
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these
 suns— 33

For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds chal-
 leng'd

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous
 story, 36

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
 That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. O! you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing 40
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which action's self was tongue to.

Buck. All was royal;
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,

Order gave each thing view; the office did 44
 Distinctly his full function. Who did guide,
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs
 Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One cert, that promises no element 48
 In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was ordered by the good dis-
 cretion
 Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is
 freed 52

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' the beneficial sun, 56
 And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
 There's in him stuff that puts him to these
 ends;

For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
 Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon 60
 For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
 To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,

Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
 The force of his own merit makes his way; 64
 A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
 A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
 What heaven hath given him: let some graver
 eye

Pierce into that; but I can see his pride 68
 Peep through each part of him: whence has he
 that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
 Or has given all before, and he begins
 A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil, 72
 Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
 Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
 Who should attend on him? He makes up the
 file

Of all the gentry; for the most part such 76

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 him in he papers.

Aber. I do know 80
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O! many
Have broke their backs with laying manors
on 'em 84

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 88

The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke

Into a general prophecy: That this tempest, 92
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath
attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore 96
The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace, 100
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,—

And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,—that you read 104
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further that

What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword 109
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,

Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel, 112
You'll find it wholesome. Lo where comes that
rock

That I advise your shunning.

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?

First Secr. Here, so please you. 116
Wol. Is he in person ready?

First Secr. Ay, please your Grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and

Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt WOLSEY, and Train.*]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,
and I 120
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore
best

Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's look
Outworts a noble's blood.

Nor. What! are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance
only 124

Which your disease requires.
Buck. I read in's looks

Matter against me; and his eye rell'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the
king; 128

I'll follow, and out-stare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like 132
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; 136
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 140
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,

The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er, 144
In seeming to 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 sap of reason you would quench, 148
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am 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 152
From sincere motions,—by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel,—I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, 'treasonous' 156
Buck. To the 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 ravenous 160
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't, his mind and place

Infesting one another, yea, reciprocally,
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master 164
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break f' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray give me favour, sir. This cunning
cardinal 168

The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cried, 'Thus let it be,' to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead. But our count-
cardinal 172

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 the old dam, treason, Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,— 177
For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came

To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt 180
England and France might, through their amity,

Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow, 184
Which I do well; for, I am sure the emperor

Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was
granted

Ere it was asked; but when the way was made,
And pay'd with gold, the emperor 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, 192
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry

To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape 196
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant-at-Arms before him.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,

My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I 200
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry 204
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'Tis his highness' plea-
sure

You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence, for that dye is on me

Which makes my whitest part black. The will
of heaven 209

Be done in this and all things! I obey.

O! my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. [To
ABERGAVENTNY.] The king 212

Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's
pleasure

By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from 216
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the
bodies

Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;

These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O! Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great
cardinal

Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'd al-
ready:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham, 224

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,

By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—The Council Chamber.

*Enter the KING, leaning on the CARDINAL'S
shoulder, the Lords of the Council, SIR
THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants.
The CARDINAL places himself under the KING'S
feet on the right side.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the
level

Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd before us 4
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. 8

A noise within, crying, 'Room for the Queen!'

*Enter QUEEN KATHARINE, 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.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am
a sutor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us: half
your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given; 12

Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.

That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition. 16

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been com-
missions 20
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the
heart

Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on 24
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he
escapes not

Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears 28
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off 32
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in up-
roar, 36
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. 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, 40
I know but of a single part in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame
Things that are known alike; which are not
wholesome 45
To those which would not know them, and yet
must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sov'reign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devised by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction! 52
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects'
grief 56
Comes through commissions, which compel from
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this

Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes
bold mouths: 60
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts
freeze

Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to
pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave 64
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me, 68
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither
know 72

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 76

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 80
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up 84
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at.
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well, 88
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any. 92
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the
timber; 96
And, though we leave it with a root, thus
hack'd,

The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied 100
The force of this commission. Pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [To the Secretary.] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The grier'd
commons 104

Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.]

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
is run in your displeasure. 109

K. Hen. It grieves many :
The gentleman is learn'd, and 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 these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once cor-
rupt, 116

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so com-
plete,

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when
we,

Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find 120
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— 124

This man was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices ; whereof

We cannot feel too little, hear too much. 128
Vol. Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate
what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely,
Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
it would infect his speech, that if the king 133
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law, 136
Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he me-
nac'd

Revenge upon the cardinal.

Vol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.

Not friendly by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches 141
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on :
How grounded he his title to the crown 144
Upon our fall ? to this point hast thou heard
him

At any time speak aught ?
Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins ?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor, who fed him every minute 149
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this ?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to
France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand 153
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey : I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke 157
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, 160
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment :
Whom after under the confession's seal 164
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd : neither the king nor's
heirs— 168

Tell you the duke—shall prosper : bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty : the duke
Shall govern England.'

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your
office 172
On the complaint o' the tenants : take good
heed

You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed ;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on. 176
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 'twas
dangerous for him 180
To ruminat on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do. He answer'd, 'Tush !
It can do me no damage ;' adding further,
That had the king in his last sickness fall'd, 184
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

H. Ken. Ha ! what, so rank ? Ah, ha !
There's mischief in this man. Canst thou say
further ?
Surv. I can, my liege.
K. Hen. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprovd the duke 189
About Sir William Blomer,—
K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time : being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his. But on ; what
hence ? 192
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

The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in's presence; which if
granted, 197
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live
in freedom, 200

And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out
of thee? what sayst?

Surr. After 'the duke his father,' with 'the
knife,'

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his
dagger, 204

Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was, were he evil us'd, he would outgo

His father by as much as a performance 208
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period;
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;

Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none, 212

Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night!
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and LORD SANDS.

Cham. Is't 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 low'd. 4

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our
English

Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd
ones;

For when they hold 'em, you would swear
directly 8

Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame
ones: one would take it,

That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin 12
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation 17
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gal-
lants,

That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and
tailors. 20

Cham. I am 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 rem-
nants 24

Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance;

Pertaining thereunto,—as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be, 28

Out of foreign wisdom;—renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,

Short blister'd breeches, and those types of
travel,

And understand again like honest men; 32
Or pack to their old playfellows: 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 'em physic, their
diseases 36

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 sly whores-
sons

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies; 40
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad
they're going:

For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten 44

A long time out of play, may bring his plain-
song

And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands:
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord; 48
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-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, 52

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; 56
His dews fall everywhere.

Cham. No doubt he's noble:
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord; he has wherewithal
in him

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill
doctrine: 60

Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge
stays;

Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir
Thomas, 64

We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—*The Presence-chamber in
York-Place.*

Hautboys. A small table under state for CAR-
DINAL WOLSEY, a longer table for the guests.
*Enter, at one door, ANNE BULLEN, and divers
Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests;
at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.*

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his
Grace

Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her 4
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good wel-
come
Can make good people.

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, and
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

O, my lord! you're tardy:
The very thought of this fair company 8
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

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, 13
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Loc. O! that your lordship were but now
confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were; 16
They should find easy penance.

Loc. 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 plac'd together makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em
waking;

Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith, 24

And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet
ladies: [*Sits himself between ANNE BUL-
LEN and another Lady.*]

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: 28

But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*]

Cham. Well said, my lord.
So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies 32
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Hautboys. *Enter* CARDINAL WOLSEY, attended,
and takes his state.

Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests: that
noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry, 36
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, 40
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.
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 44

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are 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 show me. 48
Sands. I told your Grace they would talk
anon. [*Drum and trumpets within;
chambers discharged.*]

Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Wol. What war-like voice,
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear
not;

By all the laws of war you're privileg'd. 52

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now, what is 't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they've left their barge and
landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain, 56

Go, give 'em welcome ; you can speak the French tongue ;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em into our presence, where this heaven of beauty shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[Exit the Lord Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and tables removed.]

You have now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it. 61

A good digestion to you all ; and once more I shower a welcome on ye ; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING, and Others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the CARDINAL, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company ! what are their pleasures ? 64
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd

To tell your Grace : that, having heard by fame Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less, Out of the great respect they bear to beauty, 69
But leave their flocks ; and, under your fair conduct,

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain, They have done my poor house grace ; for which I pay 'em 73

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[They choose Ladies for the dance. The KING chooses ANNE BULLEN.]

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O beauty,

Till now I never knew thee ! [Music. Dance.]

Wol. My lord.

Cham. Your Grace ?

Wol. Pray tell them 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 80
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[Whispers the Masquers.]

Wol. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess, There is, indeed ; which they would have your Grace

Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then. 84
[Comes from his state.]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make

My royal choice.

K. Hen. [Unmasking.] You have 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 you now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad

Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My Lord Chamberlain, Prithee, come hither. What fair lady's that ?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter, 92

The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,

I were unmannerly to take you out, And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen ! 96
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready 't the privy chamber ?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your Grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet partner,

I must not yet forsake you. Let's be merry : 104
Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure To lead 'em once again ; and then let's dream

Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it. [Exeunt with trumpets.]

Act II.

Scene I.—Westminster. A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast ?

Sec. Gent. O ! God save ye,

E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent. I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done but the ceremony

Of bringing back the prisoner.

Sec. Gent. Were you there ?

First Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

Sec. Gent. Pray speak what has happen'd.

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty ?

First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

Sec. Gent. I am sorry for't.

First Gent. So are a number more.

Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it ?

First Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke

Came to the bar ; where, to his accusations 113
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 the examinations, proofs, confessions
 Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd 17
 To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
 At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
 Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
 Confessor to him; with that devil-monk, 21
 Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent. That was he
 That fed him with his prophecies?

First Gent. The same.
 All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
 Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he
 could not: 25

And so his peers, upon this evidence,
 Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
 He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all 28
 Was either pity'd in him or forgotten.

Sec. Gent. After all this how did he bear
 himself?

First Gent. When he was brought again to
 the bar, to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
 With such an agony, he sweat extremely, 33
 And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
 But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
 In all the rest show'd a most noble patience. 36

Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.
First Gent. Sure, he does not;

He never was so womanish; the cause
 He may a little grieve at.

Sec. Gent. Certainly
 The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. 'Tis likely 40
 By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
 Then deputy of Ireland; who, remov'd,
 Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
 Lest he should help his father.

Sec. Gent. That trick of state 44
 Was a deep envious one.

First Gent. At his return,
 So doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
 And generally, whoever the king favours,
 The cardinal instantly will find employment, 48
 And far enough from court too.

Sec. Gent. All the commons
 Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience,
 Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
 They love and dote on; call him bounteous
 Buckingham, 52

The mirror of all courtesy;—
First Gent. Stay there, sir,
 And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment;*
Tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge
towards him; halberds on each side: with
him SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX,
 SIR WILLIAM SANDS, *and common people.*

Sec. Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me, 56
 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, heaven bear
 witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 60
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
 The law I bear no malice for my death,
 'T has done upon the premises but justice;
 But those that sought it I could wish more
 Christians: 64

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em.
 Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against
 'em. 68

For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You few that
 lov'd me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham, 72
 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, 76
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's
 name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace, for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart 80
 Were hid against me, now to 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 84
 'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with: no
 black envy

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his
 Grace;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
 You met him half in heaven. My vows and
 prayers 88

Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,
 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! 92

And when old times shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the 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! 97
 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, 100
 Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.

When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
 And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward

Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers, 104
That never knew what truth meant: I now
seal it;

And with that blood will make them one day
groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister, 109
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell: God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying 112
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all 116
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: 120
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes; both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most:
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all; yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain: 125
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make
friends

And give your hearts to, when they once per-
ceive 128

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 now forsake ye: the last
hour 132

Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive
me! [Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.

First Gent. O! this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inking 140
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith,
sir?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill re-
quire 144

A strong faith to conceal it.
First Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent. I am confident:
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation 148
Between the king and Katharine?

First Gent. Yes, but it held not;

For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues 152
That durst disperse it.

Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice 157
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately; 160
As all think, for this business.

First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark: but
is't not cruel 165

That she should feel the smart of this? The
cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

First Gent. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this; 168
Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.

Scene II.—An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. My lord, The horses your lordship
sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well
chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were
young and handsome, and of the best breed in
the north. When they were ready to set out for
London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by com-
mission and main power, took them from me;
with this reason: His master would be served
before a subject, if not before the king; which
stopped our mouths, sir.

I fear he will indeed. Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think. 175

Enter 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 177

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 list. The king will know him one
day. 180

Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know him
self else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience, 28
Fears, and despairs; and all these for his mar-
riage:

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 32

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. Heaven keep me from such counsel!
'Tis most true

These news are every where; every tongue
speaks 'em,

And every true heart weeps for 't. All that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end, 41
The French king's sister. Heaven 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, 45

And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honours 48
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, 52

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 57
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 elsewhere: besides, 60
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

*NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The KING is
discovered sitting and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much
afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you
thrust yourselves 65

Into my private meditations?
Who am I, ha?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all of-
fences 68

Malice ne'er meant? our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. Ye are too bold.
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of busi-
ness: 72

Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.
Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O! my
Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [To CAMPEIUS.]

You're welcome, 76

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us, and it. [To WOLSEY.] My good lord,
have great care

I be not found a talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. [To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.] We are
busy; go. 81

Nor. [Aside to SUFFOLK.] This priest has no
pride in him!

Suf. [Aside to NORFOLK.] Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. [Aside to SUFFOLK.] If it do, 84
I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [Aside to NORFOLK.] I another.
[Exit NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Wol. Your Grace has given a precedent of
wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom. 88

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks, 92

I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judg-
ment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man, 96

This just and learned priest, Cardinal Cam-
peius;

Whom once more I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And once more in my arms I bid
him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have
wish'd for. 101

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all
strangers' loves,

You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission, by whose virtue,— 104

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.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted 108

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 that
A woman of less place might ask by law 112
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour

To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,

Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary: I find him a fit fellow. [Exit WOLSEY.]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. [Aside to GARDINER.] Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you; You are the king's now.

Gard. [Aside to WOLSEY.] But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me. 120

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [They converse apart.]

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. 124

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then

Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him,

And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him 129

That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's the Christian care enough: for living murderers

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool, 132
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. 136

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen. [Exit GARDINER.]

The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my lord! 141
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-
science!

O! 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. 144
[Ezeunt.]

Scene III.—*An Antechamber in 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; O! now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire, after this process
To give her the avault! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old Lady. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O! God's will; much better 'tis
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be tempo-
poral,

Yet, if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old Lady. Alas! poor lady, 'tis
She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old Lady. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead
I would not be a queen.

Old Lady. Beshrew me, I would, 'tis
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would

you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet

Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which
gifts—

Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive.
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,
Old Lady. Yes, troth, and troth; you would
not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav-
ven.

Old Lady. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me, 36
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old Lady. Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little: 40
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 you do talk! 44
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old Lady. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo! who comes
here? 49

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't
worth to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking: 52
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen! 56
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's
Tw'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and 61
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support, 64
Out of his Grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing, nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes 68
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers
and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obe-
dience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady, 73
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. [*Aside.*] I have perus'd
her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled 76
That they have caught the king; and who knows
yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle! [*To her.*] I'll to the
king,
And say, I spoke with you.
Anne. My honour'd lord. 80
[*Exit.*]

Old Lady. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late; 84
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here,—fie, fie, upon
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd
up
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me. 88
Old Lady. 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 Lady. With your theme I could
O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pem-
broke!

A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life 96
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady, 100
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. 104
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her.

Old Lady. What do you think me?
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—*A Hall in Black-Friars.*

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Ver-
gers, with short silver wands; next them, two
Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them,
the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, alone; after
him, the BISHOPS of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER,
and SAINT ASAPH; next them, at some small
distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the
purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's
hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver
cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed,
accompanied with a Sergeant-at-Arms, bear-
ing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bear-
ing two great silver pillars; after them, side
by side, the two CARDINALS; two Noblemen
with the sword and mace. Then enter the
KING and QUEEN, and their Trains. The
KING takes place under the cloth of state; the*

two CARDINALS sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place at some distance from the KING. The BISHOPS place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the BISHOPS. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so. Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry King of England, come into the court.

K. Hen. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

[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.]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;

And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas! sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness,

I have 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 countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your
friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to
mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,

My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the 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 reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by
many

A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I
humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose
counsel

I will implore: if not, I the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,—
And of your choice,—these reverend fathers;
men

Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore
bootless

That longer you desire 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: to proceed, madam,
It's fit this royal session do therefore,
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?
Q. Kath. 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.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Have 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 stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom 85
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me
wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded, 88
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge
me

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it. 92
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know 96
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which
before 100

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak 104
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and
humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are
mounted

Where powers are your retainers, and your
words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as't please 112
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, 116
Before you all, appeal to 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 120
Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.
Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come
into the court. 124

Grif. Madam, you are called back.

Q. Kath. 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: 128

I will not tarry; no, nor ever more

Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt QUEEN, and her Attendants.*]

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted, 133
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,—
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts 137
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,—
The queen of earthly queens. She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has 140
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears,—for where I am robb'd and
bound 144

There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfied,—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might 148
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 to the prejudice of her present state, 152
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. 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 156
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever 160
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd,
oft,

The passages made toward it. On my honour,
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point, 164
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me
to't,

I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; give
heed to't:

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness, 168
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French am-
bassador,

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and 172
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this
business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he—
I mean, the bishop—did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise 176
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me, 180
 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 press'd in with this caution. First, me-
 thought 184

I stood not in the smile of heaven, who 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 188
 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' the world, should
 not 193

Be gladdened 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 196
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together; that's to say, 200
 I meant to rectify my conscience, which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,
 By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
 And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
 With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reek,
 When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long: be pleas'd your-
 self to say 208

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So 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 212
 The daring'st counsel that I had to doubt;
 And did entreat your highness to this course
 Which you are running here.

K. Hen. Then I mov'd you,
 My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave 216
 To make this present summons. Unsolicited
 I left no reverend person in this court;
 But by particular consent proceeded
 Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
 For no dislike i' the world against the person
 Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
 Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life 224
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come with her,
 Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
 That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness, 228
 The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
 That we adjourn this court till further day:
 Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
 Made to the queen, to call back her appeal 232

She intends unto his holiness.

[*They rise to depart.*]

K. Hen. [*Aside.*] 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,
 Prithee, return: with thy approach, I know, 237
 My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
 I say, set on.

[*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*]

Act III.

Scene I.—*The Palace at Bridewell. A Room
 in the QUEEN'S Apartment.*

The QUEEN and her Women at work.

Q. Kath. 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, 4
 Bow themselves, when he did sing:
 To his music plants and flowers
 Ever sprung; as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring. 8
 Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by
 In sweet music is such art, 12
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An't please your Grace, the two great
 cardinals 16

Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their Graces
 To come near. [*Exit Gentleman.*] What can be
 their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
 I do not like their coming, now I think on't. 22
 They should be good men, their affairs as right-
 eous;

But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your Graces find me here part of a
 housewife, 24

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
 What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, 26
 withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you 28

The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here ;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-
science,

Deserves a corner : would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do ! 32
My lords, I care not—so much I am happy
Above a number—if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em, 36
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly : truth loves open dealing.

Vol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas,*
regina serenissima,— 40

Q. Kath. 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,
suspicious ; 44

Pray, speak in English : here are some will thank
you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake :
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord
Cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed 48
May be absolv'd in English,

Vol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,—
And service to his majesty and you,—
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant. 52

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 56
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, 60
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,

Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him,—which was too far,—
Offers, as I do, in sign of peace, 65
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*Aside.*] To betray me.
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills ;
Ye speak like honest men,—pray God, ye prove
so !— 68

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, 72

In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my malds ; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been,—for I feel 76

The last fit of my greatness,—good your Graces
Let me have time and counsel for my cause :
Alas ! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Vol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with
these fears : 80

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit. Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' plea-
sure,— 84

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—
And live a subject ? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must go to, live not here : 88
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir ?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's
protection ; 92

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'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Vol. He tells you rightly. 96
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both ;
my ruin.

Is this your Christian counsel ? out upon ye !
Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us. 100
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye ! holy men I
thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye.
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your
comfort ? 104

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity ; but say, I warn'd ye : 108
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at
once

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Vol. Madam, this is a mere distraction ;
You turn the good we offer into envy. 112

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing : woe upon
ye,
And all such false professors ! Would ye have
me,—

If ye have any justice, any pity ;
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits,— 116
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?
Alas ! he has banished me his bed already,
His love, too long ago ! I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him 120
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.
Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—let me speak
myself, 124

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 128
 Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven?
 obey'd him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
 And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords. 132
 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. 136
Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we
 aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so
 guilty,
 To give up willingly that noble title
 Your master wed me to: nothing but death 140
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray hear me.
Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English
 earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
 Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your
 hearts. 144
 What will become of me now, wretched lady?
 I am the most unhappy woman living.
 [To her women.] Alas! poor wenches, where are
 now your fortunes?

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity, 148
 No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
 Almost no grave allow'd me. Like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
 I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your Grace 152
 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: 156
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
 How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
 Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this
 carriage. 160

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
 I know you have a gentle, noble temper, 164
 A soul as even as a calm: pray think us
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and ser-
 vants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong
 your virtues
 With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
 As yours was put into you, ever casts 169
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king
 loves you;
 Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please

To trust us in your business, we are ready 172
 To use our utmost studies in your service.
Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and,
 pray, forgive me

If I have us'd myself unmannerly.
 You know I am a woman, lacking wit 176
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.
 Pray do my service to his majesty:
 He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend
 fathers, 180

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs
 That little thought, when she set footing here,
 She should have bought her dignities so dear.
 [Exeunt.]

Scene II.—Antechamber to the King's
 Apartment.

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF
 SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord
 Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your com-
 plaints,

And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
 Cannot stand under them: if you omit
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise 4
 But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces
 With these you bear already.

Suf. I am joyful
 To meet the least occasion that may give me
 Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke, 8
 To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
 Have uncontentm'd gone by him, or at least
 Strangely neglected? when did he regard
 The stamp of nobleness in any person, 12
 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
 Gives way to us,—I much fear. If you cannot 16
 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 20
 Matter against him that for ever mars
 The honey of his language. No, he's settled.
 Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Suf. Sir,
 I should be glad to hear such news as this 24
 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.

Suf. How came 28
 His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Suf. O! how? how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was read,

That the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if 32
It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.' 36

Suf. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Suf. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
coasts

And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already 41
Hath married the fair lady.

Suf. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my
lord!

For I profess, you have it.

Suf. Now all my joy 44

Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

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, 48

She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her

Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Suf. But will the king 52

Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;

There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal

Campeius 56

Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;

Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,

To second all his plot. I do assure you 60

The king cried 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 in his opinions, which 64
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,

Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,

His second marriage shall be publish'd, and 68

Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager,

And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain 72
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal!

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe; he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, 76
Gave't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them; and the first he view'd, 80

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?

Crom. I think, by this he is. 84

Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit CROMWELL.*]

[*Aside.*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French King's sister; he shall marry her.

Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage. Bullen! 89

No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pem-
broke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May he be hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Suf. Sharp enough, 93

Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's
daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;

Then, out it goes. What though I know her
virtuous

And well deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to 100

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

Our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung up
A heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king, 104

And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would 'twere something that would
fret the string,

The master-cord on's heart!

*Enter the KING, reading a schedule; and
LOVELL.*

Suf. The king, the king!

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he ac-
cumulated 108

To his own portion! and what expense by the
hour

Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of
thrif,

Does he rake this together? Now, my lords,

A a

Saw you the cardinal ?

Nor. My lord, we have 112
Stood here observing him ; some strange com-
motion

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 ; straight 116
Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon : in most strange
postures

We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be : 120
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 ? 124
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing ;
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which
I find at such a proud rate that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will : 129
Some spirit put this paper in the packet
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth, 132
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings : but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers*
LOVELL, who goes to WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me ! 136
Ever God bless your highness !

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the
inventory

Of your best graces in your mind, the which
You were now running o'er : you have scarce
time 140

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, 144
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce 148
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.
Wol. And ever may your highness yoke to-
gether,

As I will lend you cause, my doing well 152
With my well saying !

K. Hen. '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 150
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come
home,

But par'd my present havings, to bestow 156
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean ?
Sur. [*Aside.*] The Lord increase this business !
K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell
me

If what I now pronounce you have found true ;
And if you may confess it, say withal, 160
If you are bound to us or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than
could 166

My studied purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fill'd with my abilities. Mine own ends 170
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I 176
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd ; 180
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated ; the honour of it
Does pay the act of it, as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume 184
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power 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 do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd 190
More than mine own ; that am, have, and will
be,

Though all the world should crack their duty to
you,
And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, 196
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.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken. 200
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 have.

[Exit KING, frowning upon CARDINAL WOLSEY; the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.]

Vol.

What should this mean? 204

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; 209

This paper has undone me! 'Tis the account

Of all that world of wealth I have 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 216

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 spite of fortune 220

Will bring me off again. What's this?—'To the

Pope!

The letter, as I live, with all the business

I writ to 's holiness. Nay then, farewell!

I have touch'd the highest point of all my

greatness; 224

And from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste now to my setting: I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,

And no man see me more. 228

Re-enter 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 Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's, 232

Till you hear further from his highness.

Vol. Stay,

Where's your commission, lord? words cannot

carry

Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,

Whoaring the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Vol. Till I find more than will or words to

do it, 237

I mean your malice, know, officious lords,

I dare and must deny it. Now I feel

Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy: 240

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,

As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton

To appear in every thing may bring my ruin

Follow your envious courses, men of malice; 244

You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no

doubt,

Ye shall find their fit rewards. That seal

Ye seek with such a violence, the king—

Mine and your master—with his own hand gave me;

Bade me enjoy it with the place and honours 248

During my life; and to confirm his goodness,

Tied it by letters-patents: now who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Vol. It must be himself then. 252

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Vol. Proud lord, thou best:

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better

Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewalling land 256

Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:

The heads of all thy brother cardinals—

With thee and all thy best parts bound to-

gether—

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your

policy! 260

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, 264

Absolv'd him with an axe.

Vol. This and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,

I answer is most false. The duke by law

Found his deserts: how innocent I was 268

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, 272

That in the way of loyalty and truth

Toward the king, my ever royal master,

Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,

And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul, 276

Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst

feel

My sword i' the 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, 281

Farewell 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 284

Of gleaming all the land's wealth into one,

Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;

The goodness of your intercepted packets,

You writ to the pope against the king; your

goodness, 288

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.

My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,

As you respect the common good, the state

Of our despis'd nobility, our issues, 292

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 296

Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise
this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's
hand; 300

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 304

Some of these articles; and out they shall.

Now, if you can blush, and cry 'guilty,' cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;

I dare your worst objections; if I blush, 308

It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head.

Have at you!

First, that, without the king's assent or know-
ledge,

You wrought to be a legate; by which power

You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops. 313

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or
else

To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*

Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge 317

Either of king or council, when you went

Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold

To carry into Flanders the great seal. 320

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission

To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,

A league between his highness and Ferrara. 324

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have
caus'd

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable
substance,—

By what means got I leave to your own con-
science,— 328

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways

You have for dignities; to the mere undoing

Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;

Which, since they are of you, and odious, 332

I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord!

Press 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 336

So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the king's further plea-
sure is,
Because all those things you have done of late,

By your power legatine, within this kingdom,

Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*, 297

That therefore such a writ be sued against you:

To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,

Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be 300

Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your medita-
tions

How to live better. For your stubborn answer

About the giving back the great seal to us, 301

The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall
thank you.

So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all except Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear
me.

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth 303

The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost; 305

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,

This many summers in a sea of glory, 310

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 312

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. O! 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 their ruin,

More pangs and fears than wars or women have;

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, 315

Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What! amazed!

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep

I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well; 320

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 caus'd 322

me,

I humbly thank his Grace; and from those

shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honour: 324

O! 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your Grace has made that

right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,—
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,— 389
To 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! 393

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 396

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 bless-
ings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more? 401

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,

This day was view'd in open, as his queen, 405
Going to chapel; and the voice is now

Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me
down. O Cromwell! 408

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited 412

Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Crom-
well;

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 have told
him 416

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? 424

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. 428

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; 432

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no men-
tion

Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught
thee,

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of

honour, 437

Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd
it.

Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me. 440

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that
hate thee; 444

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear
not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O

Cromwell! 449

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—prithee, lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have, 452

To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven is all

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-
well!

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal 456
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. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do
dwell. [Exeunt.

Act IV.

Scene I.—A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gen. You're well met once again.
Sec. Gen. So are you.

First Gen. You come to take your stand
here, and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

Sec. Gen. 'Tis all my business. At our last
encounter 4

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
First Gen. 'Tis very true: but that time

offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.

Sec. Gen. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,

As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever
forward, 9

In celebration of this day with shows,

Pageants, and sights of honour.

First Gen. Never greater;

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir. 12

Sec. Gen. May I be bold to ask what that contains,

That paper in your hand?

First Gen. Yes; 'tis the list

Of those that claim their offices this day

By custom of the coronation. 16

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,

He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

Sec. Gen. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs, 20

I should have been beholding to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,

The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gen. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop 24

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other

Learned and reverend fathers of his order,

Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off

From Amptill, where the princess lay; to which 28

She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:

And, to be short, for not appearance and

The king's late scruple, by the main assent

Of all these learned men she was divorc'd, 32

And the late marriage made of none effect:

Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,

Where she remains now sick.

Sec. Gen. Alas! good lady.

[*Trumpets.*]

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming. [Hautboys.]

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

A lively flourish of trumpets.

1. Two Judges.

2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.

3. Choristers, singing. [Music.]

4. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.

5. MARQUESS DORSET, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the EARL OF SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.

6. DUKE OF SUFFOLK, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the DUKE OF NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the QUEEN in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the BISHOPS OF LONDON and WINCHESTER.

8. The old DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, in a coronal

of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the QUEEN'S train.

9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

They pass over the stage in order and state.

Sec. Gen. A royal train, believe me. These I know;

Who's that that bears the sceptre?

First Gen. Marquess Dorset:

And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod.

Sec. Gen. A bold brave gentleman. That should be

The Duke of Suffolk?

First Gen. 'Tis the same; high-steward

Sec. Gen. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

First Gen. Yes.

Sec. Gen. [Looking on the QUEEN.] Heaven bless thee—

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he strains that lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

First Gen. They that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons of the Cinque-ports.

Sec. Gen. Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

First Gen. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

Sec. Gen. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed;

And sometimes falling ones.

First Gen. No more of that. [Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.]

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

Third Gen. Among the crowd of the Abbey; where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled With the mere rankness of their joy.

Sec. Gen. You saw

The ceremony?

Third Gen. That I did.

First Gen. How was it?

Third Gen. Well worth the seeing.

Sec. Gen. Good sir, speak it to me.

Third 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 awhile, some half an hour or so,

In a rich chair of state, opposing freely

The beauty of her person to the people. 68
 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, 72
 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-bellied women, 76
 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 them. No man
 living
 Could say, 'This is my wife,' there; all were
 woven 80
 So strangely in one piece.
Sec. Gen. But, what follow'd?
Third Gen. At length her Grace rose, and
 with modest paces
 Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and,
 saint-like,
 Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd de-
 voutly. 84
 Then rose again and bow'd her to the people:
 When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
 She had all the royal makings of a queen;
 As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown, 88
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such
 emblems
 Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
 With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
 Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted, 92
 And with the same full state pac'd back again
 To York-place, where the feast is held.
First Gen. Sir,
 You must no more call it York-place, that's
 past;
 For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost: 96
 'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.
Third Gen. I know it;
 But 'tis so lately alter'd that the old name
 is fresh about me.
Sec. Gen. What two reverend bishops
 Were those that went on each side of the
 queen? 100
Third Gen. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one
 of Winchester,—
 Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary,—
 The other, London.
Sec. Gen. He of Winchester
 is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
 The virtuous Cranmer.
Third Gen. All the land knows that:
 However, yet there's no great breach; when it
 comes, 106
 Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from
 him.
Sec. Gen. Who may that be, I pray you?
Third Gen. Thomas Cromwell:
 A man in much esteem with the king, and truly

A worthy friend. The king
 Has made him master o' the jewel house,
 And one, already, of the privy-council. 112
Sec. Gen. He will deserve more.
Third Gen. Yes, without all doubt.
 Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
 Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
 Something I can command. As I walk thither,
 I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. 117
 [Exeunt.]

Scene II.—Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick: led between
 GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your Grace?

Kath. O Griffith! sick to death;
 My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
 Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair:
 So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease. 4

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'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. 3

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he
 died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
 For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
 For after the stout Earl Northumberland 12
 Arrested him at York, and brought him for-
 ward,

As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
 He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas! poor man. 16

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to
 Leicester;

Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,
 With all his covent, honourably receiv'd him:
 To whom he gave these words: 'O! father
 abbot, 20

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
 Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
 Give him a little earth for charity.'
 So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness 24
 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, 28
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on
 him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
 him, 32

And yet with charity. He was a man