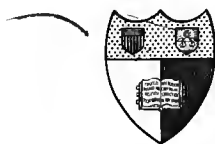


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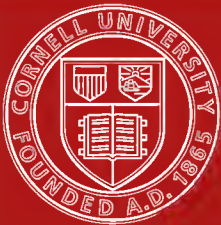
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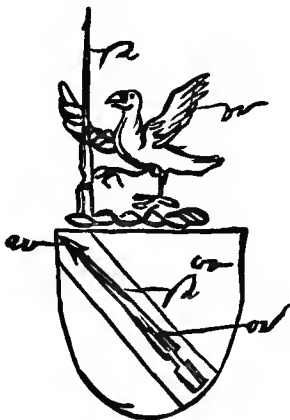
THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,
AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars
Theatres, *circa* 1591–1623

*Being the text furnished the Players, in parallel
pages with the first revised folio text,
with Critical Introductions*

The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
BRENTANOS
PARIS.....NEW YORK.....CHICAGO

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The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
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The Bankside Shakespeare

XIX.

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH



*(The Players' Text of "The Contention" of 1594,
with the First Folio Text of The Second
Part of King Henry the Sixth
of 1623)*

With an Introduction touching the Question
of the Authorship, etc., of this Play

BY

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of New York*

NEW YORK
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INTRODUCTION

I.

THE three dramatic pieces which Heminges and Condell called, respectively, *The First Part of Henry the Sixth, The Second Part of Henry the Sixth, with the death of the Good Duke Humfrey*, and *The Third Part of Henry the Sixth, with the death of the Duke of Yorke*, are certainly the most curious of all those rescripts, whencesoever derived, which were included in the First Shakespeare Folio of those editors. As in the case of all Shakespeare's lesser work, it is impossible to feel exactly satisfied to call these three compositions Shakespeare's. And yet it is much easier, even from an internal standpoint, to accept them than to reject them as such. For the Shakespeare pattern is there, consistently, in all three; much, doubtless, which he might never have put there, but still much which nobody else can tear out without dragging some of what Shakespeare certainly did put there along with it. And so we come to a pause imperatively and at once.

We do not know, and cannot discover, where the First Folio editors found the first of the above-named pieces. There is no quarto at all corresponding to what they printed under the name of *The First Part of Henry the Sixth*. The other two, however, are clearly versions of two quartos entitled, respectively, *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey* — printed by Thomas Creed in London in 1594 — and *The True*

Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, printed by P. S. (*sic*) in London in 1595.

The only copy of the first of these two Quartos known to exist was in the Bodleian Library at Oxford (from which the present fac-simile Quarto title-page is photographed and the text reproduced), until recently when (as appears from a note to the Cambridge edition of the *II. Henry VI.*) a second copy was found by Mr. W. A. Wright in the library of Lord Mostyn. Of the second, the *True Tragedie*, etc., there is but this one copy known to exist anywhere, — the one in the Bodleian Library. In 1600 a second Quarto of *The Contention*, etc., appeared with a title-page as follows: —

The | First part of the Con- | tention betwixt the two famous
hou- | ses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the | death of the good
Duke | Humphrey: | And the banishment and death of the
Duke of | Suffolke, and the Tragicall end of the proude Cardinall
of | Winchester. With the notable rebellion of | Iacke
Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the Crowne. |
LONDON | Printed by Valentine Simmes for Thomas Millington,
and | are to be sold at his shop vnder S. Peters church
in | Cornewall. | 1600. |

In 1619 a third Quarto without date was printed by Isaac Jaggard — appearing with the title-page: —

The | Whole Contention | betweene the Two Famous |
Houfes. LANCASTER and | Yorke | *With the Tragicall ends
of the good Duke | Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, | and
King Henrie the | sixt.* | Diuided into two Parts And newly
corrected and | enlarged. written by *William Shake- | speare*
Gent. | Printed at LONDON, for T. P.

This was the last appearance of the text, until, in the First Folio, the 3,240 lines of the two old plays — with 2,740 entirely new lines — are printed as the second and third parts of a play called *Henry the Sixt*. Whatever our detective work in the texts of these two quartos may reveal or fail in revealing, at least

there can be no doubt that these "three parts," in their First Folio versions, are, together, one consistent piece of work, out of the same workshop, and that the workmanship of them all — whether we decide that it is simple or composite — is clearly one and the same.

Simple or composite, however, which was it? Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps believes that they were, unitarily and solely, Shakespeare's. Richard Grant White, in one of the closest and most elaborate arguments of his able and industrious life, summed up for his thesis that there were three quartos, and that they were written by Marlowe, Greene, and Shakespeare, and perhaps Peele, who happened at the time to be collaborating plays for the company known as "The Earl of Pembroke's Servants," with which young Shakespeare, then just arrived in London, had happily found employment. Mr. White further concluded (and his argument was an exceedingly close and concise one) that "in taking passages, and sometimes whole scenes, from those plays for his *King Henry the Sixth* he did little more than to reclaim his own." Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps was of the opinion, on the contrary, that (as was so often the case, as was certainly the case of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and the *Hamlet*) the two quartos are "vamped, imperfect, and blundering versions of the poet's own original dramas." This last certainly seems the more probable theory, when we take into account the circumstances of the times, from stage history — the habits of the short-hand pirates — our information to the Stationers' Company, — and all the data which has been, in the course of these Bankside Introductions, so amply brought together and concreted into the fact (as we may state it) that external and circumstantial, rather than concerted and æsthetic material, must be referred to in placing the composition and

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stories of the Shakespeare plays in their probability.

Thomas Tyler, of London, has contributed a new theory to the discussion — and surely has done it with skill and fairness, however we may judge at the lurking æstheticism of his lines. Mr. Tyler submits that Marlowe, Greene, and “perhaps Peele” — without any Shakespeare at all in it — wrote the three old plays (the supposititious quarto from which the First Part was taken and the quartos which were printed and that Shakespeare and Marlowe — with only Greene or “perhaps Peele” at all in it — edited the old plays, and so produced the First Folio editions. Both Mr. White’s and Mr. Tyler’s arguments are in print,¹ and to them the curious and inductive reader is referred. Curious or not, he will find them curious reading. Mr. White’s essay is especially abstruse and founded mostly upon expert knowledge of the style. But Mr. Tyler’s is more accessible; yet, dealing principally in and with that “word ending” or “verse ending” business which, to one intricately educated or finely touched, appeals rather than appeals very slightly and dimly indeed.

Notwithstanding the æstheticism and the transcendentalism it seems to me that the safer internal evidence, the evidence of circumstances, date of publication, the moment of composition and historical situation, and, themselves, if applied to in these three parts* of the play, *the Sixth*, will result in giving the entire play, like Halliwell-Phillipps gave it, to Shakespeare, and to him alone. Verse test evidence is only opinion; so, too, is the evidence of style when overwhelming, or at least *prima facie*. A few pages of my Essay upon the Authorship of the Three Parts of Henry the Fourth by Richard Grant White. Cambridge (Mass.): The Riverside Press, 1859.

True Tragedy, etc., with introduction by Thomas Tyler, M. A. London: C. Praetorius, 1891.

years ago there were no "verse tests." A few years later on they may have disappeared. Critical ears, too, there may have been, or may yet be, which will not catch the Marlowe or Greene or "perhaps Peele" notes in the dramatic movement of this trilogy. But surely, as long as history and chronicles remain, as long as we know what habits and customs prevailed at certain given periods, we can at least save ourselves from glaring improbabilities and finical absorptions, by taking heed that our theories do not run amuck with this history, these chronicles, habits, and customs, — in short, with these certainties in the long perspective of whereases and might have beens.

Appleton Morgan, in his Introduction to the first volume of the Bankside Edition, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, has demonstrated how Shakespeare always played his pieces to the ear of the Court, and scarcely ever, if at all, allowed praiseworthy action or admirable sentiment to anybody not of the privileged classes, and that he not only went to the extent negatively, but that he was positively eager and actively unscrupulous to vilify and traduce, upon occasion, any attempt of anybody — not of these classes — to interfere or to discuss state affairs. For commoners to "sit by the fire and presume to know what's done in the Capitol" was a heinous sin in Shakespeare's eyes. It seems to me that if, upon an examination of two or three dramatic pieces (written at about the same dates and putatively by the same man — with a reasonable sameness of method, division into acts and scenes and handling of the same or a similar class of incidents and *dramatis personæ*), we should find a similar undercurrent or trend of argument or of tendency, we need not at least worry ourselves overmuch about those minute lackadaisical "endings" of the words at the end of the lines, whether "single," "double," "weak," or male or female or

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. It seems to me that the question would have settled itself cumulatively. At any rate, it would have settled itself upon the Hume dictum, that things were impossible because improbable (les, for example). Certainly I should think it impossible to find, in face of the cumulative evidence, a reason for denying the putative authorship of the putative author, or the slightest excuse for doubting that those who had believed in the authorship of the putative author should open or suspend their judgment and suspend it long enough to hammer out of an argument in favor of the authorship of three or four of the putative author's contemporaries, whom nobody but myself (certainly nobody contemporary or within two centuries of a contemporaneity) had ever suggested in the premises. Of course I do not mean to say that one should ever hesitate to discover the truth, however immaterial, or that if a thing is worth stating at all it is not worth stating as exactly as possible. But it seems to me that one should have a warrant, based not on his own personal opinion, but on the fact that the question is not in any general question. Evidently twisting and distortion in Shakespearean matters may be amusing, but even then it is necessary to do something in the way of evidence to twist and distort. In the absence of excuse for query, why at all?

It appears that each of the three parts of the *the Sixth*, as they each appear in the First, was written with an identical if minor purpose. The principal purpose in writing each of them was, of course, to illustrate the reign of Henry the Sixth, to give an interesting play, and to gather testaments at all. But the strong minor purpose, the moral purpose (as there was ever a moral in a play), was to teach the

common people among the spectators that politics, religion, matters of government and of the state — even police matters — were better than they were : at any rate were not to be meddled with by the commoners. There was such a thing as inspiration from Heaven, no doubt, but it was not expected to appear except under direction of the English throne ; that patriotism was a good thing in a common person, but that patriotism meant to shout approval of what the privileged classes saw fit to do ; and that to find fault with anything that the privileged classes aforesaid did was treason ; and that the penalty for treason was drawing, quartering, and so forth, and so on.

In the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, accordingly, we find the story of Joan of Arc, a story at once glorious, inspiring, and pathetic, — the noblest story, perhaps, in French history, — distorted, minified, and debauched, in order to convey to Shakespeare's audiences that nothing not tending to British glory was worthy to be recorded at all. "Shakespeare's treatment" (says Mr. Morgan¹) "of Joan of Arc, with all her self-denying patriotism, enthusiasm, and achievements : called by every vile name in Shakespeare's great catalogue, represented as perishing with a lie upon her lips as to her birth, while a brutal English peer stands by and sneers at her dying agonies, crying : —

Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul, accursed minister of hell !

is too monstrously in line with the whole policy of the Plays to have been accidental ! . . . the further lie as to her condition of pregnancy (which, if true, even by English statutes would have entitled her to mercy) is not spared that Shakespeare's plays might draw !

"Of course all this is not, strictly speaking, an in-

¹ *Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism*, p. 245.

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it of Shakespeare himself, but rather a necessity, the situation which he found himself occupying. Already the 'strolling player' had become a nuisance, and laws had been framed to suppress him. The proprietor of the Globe Theatre loved his liberties and theatrical concessions too well to interfere by offending the courtiers who only had the right under Elizabeth's statutes to license plays. A playwright — making plays to be performed in London in a permanent theatre — must be careful not to interfere with questions of caste: had he done so at all except from the protection and patronage of some particular nobleman; indeed, the law forbade him explicitly, that without such an ægis he was a vagrant, a 'rogue by statute,' with no legal redress, except a gaol. Under the circumstances it was unlikely that sentiments expressive of sympathy for popular liberty, or subversive of title, rank, and rank, should be largely put into the mouths of Shakespeare's actors, or that Shakespeare himself should pose as an agitator screaming from his corner, uttering philippics against things established, especially since what he wrote was mounted upon the boards of two theatres, under the vigilant eye of a sovereign whose definition of treason was notorious, and with the Tower and the block unforgettably near to suggest a wholesome prudence. Dramatists of Elizabeth's day were only too happy to stay on the safe side when they mentioned the throne and the ruling classes, and to put all their lofty sentiments into noble mouths; and it is but natural to find Shakespeare surpassing them in that, as in everything else, in every degree. It might be offered, too, with great probability, that the common people in Tudor days were far from being ripe for popular government; their happiness could only come from the perpetuity of establishments; that the greatest kind-

ness to them was to teach, as did Goethe almost two centuries later, acquiescence in things as they were, since dissatisfaction could only mean license, anarchy, and ruin ; death for the overt act, and for the survivor, worse than before.”¹

Having thus in the First Part of *Henry the Sixth* taught his audiences that the lovely and plaintive and gallant story of the maiden of Orleans was a case of a prostitute acting under direct orders of the devil, who deserved death at the stake, most of all because, being of mean and humble origin, she had busied herself about other matters than the milking of cows or the cleaning out of stables, Shakespeare proceeded in the Second Part to read the second lesson of the first chapter — that your man of common birth should be patriotic, but that to be patriotic meant to applaud things as they were, and to take off one’s hat when the courtier passed along. The story of what is known as “Cade’s Rebellion” is treated with a mendacity, so far as I know, unsurpassed in literature. Cade came up to London (I quote again from Appleton Morgan) “at the head of a respectful deputation, and demanded only reforms which the king himself conceded to be just. The king sent to ask why the good men of Kent had left their homes. Cade answered that the people were robbed of their goods for the king’s use ; that mean and corrupt persons, who plundered and oppressed the commons, filled the high offices at court ; that it was noised abroad that the king’s lands in France had been aliened ; that the king’s counsellors were giving him bad advice ; that misgovernment banished justice and prosperity from the land ; and that the men of Kent were specially ill-treated and overtaxed, etc. The rebellion was against the nobles, not the king. Cade’s demands were reasonable, as every English historian

¹ *Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism*, p. 245.

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and the throne treated with him and proclaimed a truce upon its kingly honor, during which he was treacherously murdered by the king's own

But Shakespeare could find no terms too condescending for one who could question whether men born of lowly parentage could give bad advice. Cade is represented by Shakespeare, in a story manufactured out of whole cloth, not only as a rebel and a traitor, but as a robber of orchards, and as being lawfully shot by Alexander Iden, a Kentish gentleman, whose son, Alexander Cade is attempting to burglarize. And 'this monstrous traitor,' who not only committed treason, but was consulted with by the king as to needed reforms in the general weal. This is 'History' forged by a Shakespeare in the interests of his theatrical defences!"

In the play of the Second Part of *Henry the Sixth* Shakespeare contrived to make Cade contemptuous and ridiculous in the eyes of the spectators, we have, as it happens, a fact singular, but unmistakable evidence.

It happened that, in the year 1848, the then Duke of Devonshire sent to *The Shakespeare Society* his collection of cartoons and designs by Inigo Jones from which to reproduce such as might illustrate an admirable series of papers which that society was then issuing. And a selection of them was published that year, chiefly such as Jones had made to order for Sir William D'Avenant's (as I suppose) stage at the Duke's Theatre. Among these were two designs for the dresses of Shakespearean characters, Romeo and Jack Cade. The former in the former's dress, by reason of which Juliet accosts him (Act 1, Scene 4, 499, 673 F.): "Good Pilgrim, you do wrong

Jones: A Life of the Architect, by Peter Cunningham, marks on some of his Sketches for Masques and Dramas, Plate 1, No. 1, and Plate 2, No. 1; and Five Court Masques, edited from the MSS. of Ben Jonson, by Payne Collier, Esq. London, 1848. The Shakespeare Society, 1848.



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and too much," etc., and bearing the torch which lists on carrying (Q. 350, 487 F.).¹ Of the 1 of Cade, Mr. Planche said: "The figure is rudely sketched, but full of character—the trousers of the artisan contrasting well with the plated helmet of the military chief. 'This monument of victory will I bear,' exclaimed Cade after the death of the Staffords (an exclamation supposed to be explained by the following passage in Holinshed's Chronicle: 'Jack Cade upon this victory against the Staffords, apparelled himself in Sir Humphrey's brigandine, set full of gilt nails.' The brigandine was a coat formed of overlapping pieces of iron, riveted together by nails, the heads of which, being gilt, ornamented the velvet covering of the jacket in perpendicular rows. But the plumed helmet would be a distinguishing feature in the military costume of the fifteenth century, and more easily put on by the actors, and the appropriation by Cade of any portion of Lord Stafford's armor, sufficiently in keeping with the fact recorded by the chronicler. Again: in Iden's garden says: 'I think this word sallet was born to do good, for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain had been cleft by a brown bill; and many a time, I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot, to drink in.' In the speech Cade is playing on the word *sallet* (or *salade*) which signifies either a dish of herbs or the iron helmet of the fifteenth century (so called in Italian *celata*, or the German *shale*, a shell, or cover) and differing essentially from the ornamental helmet of Shakespeare's time. In the design thus the distinction was carefully made by the artist. The figure wears an open headpiece, not the closed and beavered helmet of the time of James I., sufficiently like the *salade* of the reign of Henry

¹ Vol. v. *ante*.

VI. to satisfy the critical antiquary. The bâton is in the left hand, having been transferred from the right, as at the moment of saying: 'Come, then, let's go fight with them.'" (Q. 1738, 2628 F.) The reader will also perceive from a glance at the cartoon that Jones's cue, like Shakespeare's, had been to hold up Cade as an object of ridicule, and thus teach the spectators, both by the comic as well as by the tragic in dramatic movement, that the divine right of kings and of classes must not be tampered with by the commons and the yokels. The perfect and literal transcript of the vile speech of the lowest orders, however gross (see, for example, "Mounfier bus mine cue," Q. 1771, disguised as much as possible in the Folio into "Mounfieur *Bafimecu*," 2660 F.), is not the least nor the greatest effort made to coarsen the portrait of Cade to the very limit of contempt.

But perhaps it is not entirely fair to Richard Grant White to leave it to be inferred that his argument as to the part of Greene in the composition of this — or parts of this — trilogy of *Henry the Sixth* was entirely of the deductive sort and purely of his opinion as to matters of style, metre, etc. Of one piece of circumstantial evidence, at least, he makes profert as follows: Greene's celebrated saying about the "vpstart Crowe beautified with our Feathers, that with his Tygres heart, wrapt in a Players hyde, supposes he is as well able to bombaste out a Blanke Verse, as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes fac-totum is, in his own conceyt, the only Shakes-scene in a Countrey" — the meaning of which was that their apprentice, Shakespeare, had surpassed them all — was suggestive of the line in the *True Tragedie*, and the Third Part of *Henry the Sixth* (Q. 498, 602 F.), —

Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hyde.

It is of such catch-lines and coincidences that chroni-

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re made. If Greene, Peele, Marlowe, and others
this matter, possibly 'prentice Shakespeare in-
l that particular "Tygres heart" line, and be-
known by it among his fellows, so that they
d to him familiarly over their cups by that

It was an easy one to assimilate with their
ry—more or less alliterative. They might
have mimicked his Warwickshire patois, "O
'art wrapped in a woman's 'ide." We can hear
— Greene, Marlowe, and "perhaps Peele"—
; at the Mermaid or the Triple Tun, discussing
sly the meteoric career of William Shakespeare,
their fag and Johannes factotum. I think
White is right. The use of the line in poor
e's screed identifies it with the one that Shake-
himself wrote into the *True Tragedie*.

enuated as it is, this is a piece of circumstan-
idence, and a bit of circumstantial evidence,
er small, is worth an acre of finical verse test-
d "run-on" and "run-off" line experimenta-

Let us therefore restate it. Greene in his
tter to his friends alluded to Shakespeare as
start Crowe beautified with our Feathers, that
is Tygres heart, wrapt in a Players hyde, sup-
he is as well able to bombaste out a Blanke
as the best of you: and being an absolute
es fac-totum is, in his own conceyt, the onely
scene in a Countrey." Mr. White's reasoning
on is as follows: Greene, Marlowe, and Peele
this play, and the Johannes factotum—the
man—the handy man around the theatre—
, Shakespeare—got hold of it, and had the
lleled audacity to think he could improve upon
he inserted lines here and there, and among
re lines in and about the "tiger's heart in the
's hide." Therefore, by carefully memorizing
le of those neighboring lines we can get an

idea of Shakespeare's blank verse style at about that date: and then,—by carefully going through the three parts of this piece of *Henry the Sixth* and selecting all the lines which are in that style,—we arrive at a conclusive proof of what lines Shakespeare wrote into the Marlowe-Greene-Peele play. When, therefore, Greene and Marlowe being dead, Shakespeare rewrote the play of *Henry the Sixth*, “he did little more than reclaim his own.”

Admitting the circumstantial evidence, there are several weak points in the above argument. Not to mention the high improbability which Mr. Morgan has found in the idea that such expert and eminent dramatists as Marlowe and Greene should have submitted their work to a Jack-of-all-trades around a theatre, or that the proprietor of the theatre, whoever he was, should have employed a mere Jack-of-all-trades to mount the work of the most celebrated dramatists of the date,¹ here is no less proof that Shakespeare wrote the whole play than that he wrote only a certain part of it. If the expression about the Tygres heart, etc., struck certain persons as so incongruous that they used it among themselves as a sneer at a rival of whose prominence they were jealous, it does not follow that that expression must have been an insertion in their work. It would have neither gained nor lacked in incongruity by being a line in a play of Shakespeare's sole authorship. Another weak point is that collaboration was not the

¹ See BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE, vol. vii. p. 18, and xiv. p. v. “It is rather impossible to suppose that young Shakespeare was employed in his earliest stage days to impart to the works of his predecessors those acting qualities of which he was as yet himself ignorant, and it is quite equally impossible to suppose that, after experience had made him a master of stage effect, he would ‘touch up’ somebody else's play merely as to its rhetoric, and leave it lacking in that very stage effect which it wanted for acting purposes, and to supply which it must have been brought to him, had it been brought to him at all!”

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or probable, at the Tudor theatres. The few cases of it are known: or, if inferred, are inferred from other circumstances than textual similarity. To infer jealousy of Shakespeare from Greene's and pun is easy enough — Shakespeare is evidently Shakescene, and Shakescene is evidently shift-

But to infer that Marlowe, Greene, and Peele rated with a scene-shifter is to indulge one's in pure frolic. If the foremost dramatists of the age had anything to do with a scene-shifter in writing, it would have been much more probable that the scene-shifter should try his hand at a play, and submit the result to Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, and that Marlowe, Greene, and Peele should write a play and submit it to a scene-shifter. But Mr. White

carries his argument still farther, and finally, I believe, accepts, as I do, the Cade scenes as Shakespeare's. I am sure that they are Shakespeare's, but not on such far-fetched reason as above stated. I remember to the constant tendency of Shakespeare to represent a common person who meddles with matters of politics or of state, and to the fact that Cade was represented in the stage performance of the Second Part of *Henry the Sixth* as a ridiculous, rather than a serious, or an earnest, or even as a dangerous,

We have this very testimony of Inigo Jones, which I have spoken above, where the comic confusion of the rags of the vagrant with the helmet and of the military chieftain were meant to say to the audience that a tramp only made himself more serious and contemptible than he was born, by assuming the rôle of a leader.

And finally, it seems to me that Mr. Morgan is mistaken when he argues that a Shakespeare play is a play written with a uniform purpose, and can no more be broken up into patches and assigned to A, B, C, and D, than anybody else who happened to be alive in

Shakespeare's day, than a drama can be made by simply cutting up a story into speeches.¹

My *ergo*, then, is that Shakespeare wrote the entire play in both quarto and folio forms of each of the three parts of this Play and the whole of it. As to Mr. White's (and therefore, I think, Mr. Tyler's, for I doubt if there had been any Tyler theory had there not been a Grant White theory to build it out of) idea that the *ergo* also insists on Greene, Marlowe, and "perhaps Peele," I, unfortunately for myself perhaps, cannot agree with either of the above-named gentlemen. Greene's allusion to Shakespeare by the line he wrote in a play is just as good evidence of anything, if he wrote the play alone, as if he wrote that play in connection or collaboration with somebody else.

Another piece of evidence which convinces me that Shakespeare was the author of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie*, as well as of the *II.* and *III. Henry the Sixth*: There are about 3,200 lines, all told, in those two quartos which reappear in the *II.* and *III. Henry VI.* If Greene, Marlowe, and "perhaps Peele" had written those quartos does anybody suppose — can anybody suppose — that Shakespeare would have deliberately taken 3,200 lines from a play by one of his own contemporaries and called them his own? I do not believe he would have cared, even if he had dared, to "convey" to that extent. He certainly was under no necessity of so doing. The only remaining theory, then, with which I have to deal is that Heminges and Condell did that "conveying" for him. But this seems to me at least equally absurd. I see no motive for the conveyance, and cer-

¹ "The work of a single dramatist whose work cannot be chopped in two by chop logic or by the hatchet of a stylist critic without destroying its whole fabric." — Appleton Morgan, Introduction to vol. xiv. p. vii.

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no precedent or indication of habitude upon
part of those editorial partners therefor.

there is something more to be said. In a set
nets published in London in 1594, in sonnet
number the ninth, there are these lines, —

Greene gave the ground to all that wrote upon him.
Say more, the men that so eclipsed his fame,
'Unroynd his Plumes: can they deny the same?

Probably they could if they would, and would if they
"deny the same." If Shakespeare is alluded
in these lines (and there is no particular evidence
that he was or that he was not) he certainly
have denied "the same," had the charge of pur-
loining "our" (*i. e.*, Greene's and Marlowe's — and
perhaps Peele's") plumes been called to his atten-
tion. But, not to affect flippancy myself, is it not
most rest flippancy — the most gratuitous of man-
aged assumption — to assert or insinuate that:
the Shakespeare was alluded to by his jealous, or
disparaging or admiring, fellows, by an alliterative
poet who had once casually or in course written, that
there were any conceivable gratuitous proposition:
that he was a collaborateur with three other play-
wrights — that he deliberately claimed their work as
his own — that he reclaimed out of the collaborated
poet and so on, must be plausible?

II.

The First Part of the Historical trilogy of *Henry
the Fourth*, the portion of which the text is not found
in the First Folio, we may be reasonably sure
we had, like the other two portions, an origi-
nally contemporary with the other quartos. Al-
though Meres does not mention such a play, in the
case of Philip Henslowe there is the record of the
performance, on March 3, 1591-2, of a play of *Henry*

VI., and we know that one of the incidents contained in it was the triumph of Talbot over the French. But Edmund Malone thought that this was not the play called *The First Part of Henry VI.* in the First Folio, and, indeed, that that play was neither written by Shakespeare nor by any author or authors concerned in the composition of either of the two quartos used for the groundwork of the Second and Third Parts. On the other hand, Charles Knight and G. C. Verplanck, one of the ablest, certainly as able as any, of the editors, agreed with Halliwell-Phillipps that Shakespeare wrote all three, and that, as in the case of the *Titus Andronicus* and the *Pericles*, the inferiority was due to circumstances, and could not be used to de-authorize Shakespeare.

Of the two quartos above named, second editions were printed in 1609, and three years before the First Folio was printed, a third edition of each, under the title-page: "The whole contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster, together with the death of the good Duke Humphrey, the Duke of York and of King Henry the Sixth, by William Shakespeare, gent." In three years more this doubled play, *The Whole Contention*, now assumed to be by Shakespeare, is passed over to the First Folio editors with about three thousand two hundred and forty of its lines retained or substantially transferred, and with about two thousand seven hundred and forty new lines; and with the first part restored, forming a trilogy, not under any of the quarto titles, but as the First, Second, and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*. As to this change of title to bring this trilogy of plays into the sequence of historical plays, where it is rightfully entitled to appear, there need not be much surprise. Any editor would have been justified in doing as much as this, especially if, as Heminges and Condell did, he gave a sub-title of the salient words in the

Introduction

titles. But the mystery of the two thousand hundred and forty new lines is certainly only solved. These lines are not, *prima facie*, in gait or style from their new context. Where did they come from? Such a vast number of lines, of course, afford enormous facilities for commentators, and many and able have been the ages taken of them. But it is thought that the present summary of them is a fair statement of what is known or likely to be known in regard to singular dramatic pieces.

We have already noted what appears to me to be the most internal evidence in favor of a Shakespearean authorship, namely, the identity of effort to change the popular agitation of topics of state. It must be admitted, however, that the handling of the character of Sir John Fastolffe might be considered as strong evidence just the other way. Of course, if Sir John Fastolffe is our old friend Sir John Falstaff. A different spelling, especially of a proper name, is entirely immaterial in the Shakespearean sense. But the difference in the conception of the character is as broad as the distance between the anti-heroes themselves.¹

Morgan, indeed, conjectures that it might have been on account of some possible animosity of the Falstaff family to Sir John Falstaff by reason of a quarrel at Patay, that Shakespeare, when compelled to take the name of Oldcastle out of his plays, substituted for it that of Falstaff "thus conciliating powerful families by a single Shakespearean name."² But this does not account for the difference in the handling of the same Falstaff in the *Henry V.* and in the *Henry IV.* — the one a mod-

Mr. Morgan's statement of Falstaff's career, pp. 8-13, vol. i., *Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism*, p. 261.

Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism, p. 261.

ern reference of two or three lines, the other, by the the creation of the first comic character in literature!

I may add, however, that he would be a very bold or a very exasperating critic who should assert that the famous scene in the Temple garden in the First Part, where Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick, Plantagenet and the lawyers, formally pluck the white and red roses, and inaugurate at once the symbolism and the strife that were to saturate English soil with so much costly blood, was not written by William Shakespeare and none other.

CHARLES W. THOMAS.



WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by *The Shakespeare Society of New York* to confer and report upon a Notation for *The Bankside Edition* of the plays of William Shakespeare, hereby certify that the *Notation* of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy is No. 57: is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us to, and adopted by, *The Shakespeare Society of New York*.

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T H E
1st part of the Con=

betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke
and Lancaster, with the death of the good
Duke Humphrey:

the banishment and death of the Duke of
Burgundy, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall
of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion
of Jacke Cade:

*And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the
Crowne.*



L O N D O N
by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington,
to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters
Church in Cornwall.

1 5 9 4.



THE SECOND PART OF
HENRY THE SIXT





THE FIRST PART OF THE CON-
TENTION OF THE TWO FAMOUS

Houses of *Yorke & Lancaster*, with the death of
the good Duke *Humphrey*.

*At one doore, King Henry the sixt, and Humphrey Du-
ke of Sommerfet, the Duke of Buckingham,
all Bewford, and others.*

*At the other doore, the Duke of Yorke, and the Marke
of Suffolke, and Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Salisburie,
and the Earle of Arwicke.*

Suffolke.



By your high imperiall Maiesties command,
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,
As Procurator for your excellence,
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your grace,
So in the auncient famous Citie Towres,
In presence of the Kings of *France & Cysfile*
Dukes of *Orleance, Calabar, Brittain*, and *Alonson*.
In Earles, twelue Barons, and then the reuerend Bishop
performe my taske and was espousde,



The second Part of Henry the Sixth,
with the death of the Good Duke
HVMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

<i>Flourish of Trumpets : Then Hoboyes.</i>	1
<i>Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and Beauford on the one side.</i>	2 3
<i>The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.</i>	4 5
<i>Suffolke.</i>	6
A S by your high Imperiall Maiefty,	7
I had in charge at my depart for France,	8
As Procurator to your Excellence,	9
To marry Princes <i>Margaret</i> for your Grace ;	10
So in the Famous Ancient City, <i>Toures</i> ,	11
In prefence of the Kings of <i>France</i> , and <i>Sicill</i> ,	12
The Dukes of <i>Orleance</i> , <i>Calaber</i> , <i>Britaigne</i> , and <i>Alanfon</i> ,	13
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reuerend Bishops	14
I haue perform'd my Taske, and was espous'd,	15

Part of the Contention of the Two Famous Houses

now, most humbly on my bended knees,
right of England and her royall Peeres,
to offer vp my title in the Queene,
to your gracious excellence, that are the substance
of that great shadow I did represent :
the happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,
the fairest Queene that euer King possessest.
g. Suffolke arise.

Some Queene *Margaret* to English *Henries* Court,
the greatest shew of kindnesse yet we can bestow,
this kinde kisse : Oh gracious God of heauen,
fill me a heart repleat with thankfulnessse,
in this beautious face thou hast bestowed
the world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.

Queene. Th'excessiue loue I beare vnto your grace,
forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,
but that I should speake more then becomes a woman :
in this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,
nothing can make poore *Margaret* miserable,
but the frowne of mightie Englands King.

g. Her lookes did wound, but now her speech doth pierce
the silly Queene *Margaret* fit down by my side:
I vnckle *Gloster* , and you Lordly Peeres,
I in one voice welcome my beloued Queene.

Long liue Queene *Margaret*, Englands happinesse.
Queene. We thanke you all.

Sound Trumpets.

Suffolke. My Lord Protector, so it please your grace,
these are the Articles confirme of peace,
betweene our Soueraigne and the French King *Charles*,
the terme of eighteene months be full expired.
Emphrey. *Imprimis*, It is agreed betweene the French
Princes, and *William de la Poule*, Marquesse of *Suffolke*, E

And humbly now vpon my bended knee, 16
 In fight of England, and her Lordly Peeres, 17
 Deliuer vp my Title in the Queene 18
 To your most gracious hands, that are the Subtance 19
 Of that great Shadow I did represent : 20
 The happiest Gift, that euer Marqueffe gaue, 21
 The Fairest Queene, that euer King receiu'd. 22
King. Suffolke arife. Welcome Queene *Margaret,* 23

I can expresse no kinder signe of Loue 24
 Then this kinde kisse : O Lord, that lends me life, 25
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulnesse : 26
 For thou hast giuen me in this beauteous Face 27
 A world of earthly blessinges to my soule, 28
 If Simpaty of Loue vnite our thoughts. 29

Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord, 30
 The mutuall conference that my minde hath had, 31
 By day, by night ; waking, and in my dreames, 32
 In Courtly company, or at my Beades, 33
 With you mine *Alder liefest* Soueraigne, 34
 Makes me the bolder to salute my King, 35
 With ruder termes, such as my wit affords, 36
 And ouer ioy of heart doth minister. 37

King. Her fight did rauish, but her grace in Speech, 38
 Her words yclad with wisedomes Maiesty, 39
 Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes, 40
 Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content. 41

Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue. 42

All kneel. Long liue Qu. *Margaret,* Englands happines. 43

Queene. We thanke you all. *Florish* 44

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace, 45
 Heere are the Articles of contracted peace, 46
 Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King *Charles,* 47
 For eightene moneths concluded by consent. 48

Glo. Reads. Inprimis, *It is agreed betweene the French K.* 49
Charles, and William de la Pole Marqueffe of Suffolke, Am- 50

Part of the Contention of the Two Famous Houses

For *Henry* King of England, that the said *Henry* shall espouse the Ladie *Margaret*, daughter to *Raynard* King of *Cyffels*, and *Ierusalem*, and crowne her Queene of England, ere the 30 of the next month.

It is further agreed betwene them, that the Duches of *Brittain* and of *Maine*, shall be releas'd and deliuered ouer to the King her father, ing her father's fa.

Duke *Humphrey* lets it fall.

How now vnkle, whats the matter that you stay so long? Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualme came ouer my

head, whch dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more.

My vnkle of *Winchester*, I pray you reade on.

Item. It is further agreed betwene them, that the Duches of *Anioy* and of *Mayne*, shall be releas'd and deliuered ouer to the King her father, & the sent ouer of the Duches of *Brittain* and of *Maine* shall be at the King of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry.

They please vs well, Lord Markeffe kneele downe here create thee first Duke of *Suffolke*, & girt theewith the sword. Cofin of *Yorke*, We here discharge your grace being Regent in the parts of *France*, till terme of 18. months, to be full expirde.

And we make vnckle *VWinchester*, *Gloster*, *Yorke*, and *Buckingham*, *Merfet*, *Salsbury* and *VVarwicke*.

I thanke you all for this great fauour done,

and entertainment to my Princely Queene,

and let vs in, and with all speed prouide

for her Coronation be performde.

Exit King, Queene, and *Suffolke*, and

Humphrey staies all the rest.

Humphrey. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the state, I pray you let Duke *Humphrey* must vnfold his grieffe,

bassador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shal 51
espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter vnto Reignier King of 52
Naples, Sicillia, and Ierusalem, and Crowne her Queene of 53
England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. 54

Item, That the Dutchy of Aniou, and the County of Main, 55
shall be releas'd and deliuered to the King her father. 56

King. Vnkle, how now? 57

Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord, 58
 Some fodaine qualme hath strucke me at the heart, 59
 And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further. 60

King. Vnckle of Winchester, I pray read on. 61

Win. *Item, It is further agreed betweene them, That the* 62
Dutcheffe of Aniou and Maine, shall be releas'd and deliuered 63
ouer to the King her Father, and shee sent ouer of the King of 64
Englands owne proper Cost and Charges, without hauing any 65
Dowry. 66

King. They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down, 67
 We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke, 68
 And girt thee with the Sword. Cofin of Yorke, 69
 We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent 70
 I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths 71
 Be full expyr'd. Thankes Vnkle Winchester, 72
 Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerfet, 73
 Salisburie, and Warwicke. 74
 We thanke you all for this great fauour done, 75
 In entertainment to my Princely Queene. 76
 Come, let vs in, and with all speede prouide 77
 To see her Coronation be perform'd. 78

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke. 79

Manet the rest. 80

Glo. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State, 81
 To you Duke *Humfrey* muft vnload his greefe : 82
 Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land. 83

Part of the Contention of the Two Famous Houses

What did my brother *Henry* toyle himselfe,
and waste his subiects for to conquire *France*?

And did my brother *Bedford* spend his time
keepe in awe that stout vnruely Realme ?

And haue not I and mine vnckle *Bedford* here,

Whene all we could to keepe that land in peace ?

And is all our labours then spent in vaine,
For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the roaſt,
Whom thou giuen away for our King *Henries* Queene,
The Dutches of *Anioy* and *Mayne* vnto her father.

And Lords, fatall is this marriage cancelling our ſtates,

Wherof ſeeſt thou Monuments of conquered *France*,
Doing all, as none had nere bene done.
Bedford. Why how now coffin *Gloſter*, what needs this?

What? did my brother *Henry* spend his youth, 84
 His valour, coine, and people in the warres ? 85
 Did he so often lodge in open field : 86
 In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate, 87
 To conquer France, his true inheritance ? 88
 And did my brother *Bedford* toyle his wits, 89
 To keepe by policy what *Henrie* got : 90
 Haue you your felues, *Somerset*, *Buckingham*, 91
Braue Yorke, *Salisbury*, and victorious *Warwicke*, 92
 Receiud deepe scarres in France and Normandie: 93
 Or hath mine Vnckle *Beauford*, and my selfe, 94
 With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme, 95
 Studied so long, fat in the Councill house, 96
 Early and late, debating too and fro 97
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe, 98
 And hath his Highnesse in his infancie, 99
 Crowned in Paris in despight of foes, 100
 And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye ? 101

Shall *Henries* Conquest, *Bedfords* vigilance, 102
 Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye ? 103
 O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League, 104
 Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame, 105
 Blotting your names from Bookes of memory, 106
 Rasing the Charraçters of your Renowne, 107
 Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France, 108
 Vndoing all as all had neuer bin. 109

Car. Nephew, what meanes this passionate difcourse? 110
 This preroration with such circumstance : 111
 For France, 'tis ours ; and we will keepe it still. 112

Glo. I Vnckle, we will keepe it, if we can : 113
 But now it is impossiblle we should. 114
 Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the roft, 115
 Hath giuen the Dutchy of *Aniou* and *Mayne*, 116

Part of the Contention of the Two Famous Houses

if our King were bound vnto your will,
d might not do his will without your leaue,
and Protector, enuy in thine eyes I fee,
e big fwolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
at dares perfume gainst that thy Soueraigne likes.

Amphr. Nay my Lord tis not my words that troubles y
: my prefence, proud Prelate as thou art:

Vnto the poore King *Reignier*, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanneffe of his purse. 117 118

Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
These Counties were the Keyes of *Normandie* : 119 120
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke*, my valiant sonne. 121

War. For greefe that they are past recouerie. 122
For were there hope to conquer them againe, 123
My fword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares. 124
Aniou and *Maine* ? My selfe did win them both : 125
Those Prouinces, these Armes of mine did conquer, 126
And are the Citties that I got with wounds, 127
Deliuier'd vp againe with peacefull words ? 128
Mort Dieu. 129

Yorke. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate, 130
That dims the Honor of this Warlike Isle : 131
France should haue torne and rent my very hart, 132
Before I would haue yeilded to this League. 133
I neuer read but Englands Kings haue had 134
Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues, 135
And our King *Henry* giues away his owne, 136
To match with her that brings no vantages. 137

Hum. A proper iest, and neuer heard before, 138
That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth, 139
For Cofts and Charges in transporting her : 140
She should haue staid in France, and steru'd in France 141
Before——— 142

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot, 143
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King. 144

Hum. My Lord of Winchester I know your minde. 145
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike : 146
But 'tis my prefence that doth trouble ye, 147
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face 148
I see thy furie : If I longer stay, 149

Part of the Contention of the Two Famous Houses

the begone, and giue thee leaue to speake.
I reuell my Lords, and fay when I am gone,
I prophesied *France* would be loft ere long.

Exet Duke Humphrey

Card. There goes our Protector in a rage,
I Lords you know he is my great enemy,

and though he be Protector of the land,

and thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,
I reuell you see, if he but walke the streets,
I see common people swarme about him straight,

and I pray Iesus bleffe your royall excellence,
I pray God preferue the good Duke *Humphrey*.
I see many things besides that are not knowne,
I see such time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humphrey*;
I pray I will after him, and if I can
I will lay a plot to heaue him from his feate.

Exet Cardinal

Duke. But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinal,
I pray God the Bishop of *Somerset* be rulde by me,
I pray we watch Duke *Humphrey* and the Cardinal too,
I pray we put them from the marke they faine would hit.

Somerset. Thanks cofin *Buckingham*, ioyned thou with me
I pray God both of vs with the Duke of *Suffolke*,
I pray we quickly heaue Duke *Humphrey* from his feate.

We shall begin our ancient bickerings : 150
 Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone, 151
 I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. *Exit Humfrey.* 152

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage : 153
 'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy : 154
 Nay more, an enemy vnto you all, 155
 And no great friend, I feare me to the King ; 156
 Confider Lords, he is the next of blood, 157
 And heyre apparant to the English Crowne : 158
 Had *Henrie* got an Empire by his marriage, 159
 And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West, 160
 There's reafon he should be displeas'd at it : 161
 Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words 162
 Bewitch your hearts, be wife and circumspect. 163
 What though the common people fauour him, 164
 Calling him, *Humfrey the good Duke of Gloster,* 165
 Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce, 166
 Iefu maintaine your Royall Excellence, 167
 With God preferue the good Duke *Humfrey:* 168
 I feare me Lords, for all this flattering glosse, 169
 He will be found a dangerous Protector. 170

Buc. Why should he then protect our Soueraigne ? 171
 He being of age to gouerne of himselfe. 172
 Cofin of Somersfet, ioine you with me, 173
 And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke, 174
 Wee'l quickly hoyse Duke *Humfrey* from his feat. 175
Car. This weighty bufinesse will not brooke delay, 176
 Ile to the Duke of Suffolke presently. *Exit Cardinall.* 177

Part of the Contention of the Two Famous Houses

uck. Content, Come then let vs about it straight,
either thou or I will be Protector.

Exet Buckingham and So
alsb. Pride went before, Ambition follows after.
ilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,
Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good,

haue I feene this haughtie Cardinall
eare, and forweare himfelfe, and braue it out,
re like a Ruffin then a man of Church.

in *Yorke*, the victories thou haft wonne,
Ireland, *Normandie*, and in *France*,
th wonne thee immortall praife in England.
d thou braue *VVarwicke*, my thrice valiant fonne,
y simple plainneffe and thy house-keeping,
th wonne thee credit amongst the common fort,
e reuerence of mine age, and *Neuels* name,
f no litle force if I command,
en let vs ioyne all three in one for this,
at good Duke *Humphrey* may his state poffesse,
: wherefore weepes *Warwicke* my noble fonne.

Som. Cofin of Buckingham, though *Humfries* pride 178
 And greatneffe of his place be greefe to vs, 179
 Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinall, 180
 His infolence is more intollerable 181
 Then all the Princes in the Land beside, 182
 If Glofter be difplac'd, hee'l be Protector. 183

Buc. Or thou, or I Somerfet will be Protectors, 184
 Despite Duke *Humfrey*, or the Cardinall. 185

Exit Buckingham, and Somerfet. 186

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him. 187
 While these do labour for their owne preferment, 188
 Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme. 189
 I neuer saw but *Humfrey* Duke of Glofter, 190
 Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman : 191
 Oft haue I seene the haughty Cardinall. 192

More like a Souldier then a man o'th'Church, 193
 As stout and proud as he were Lord of all, 194
 Swear like a Ruffian, and demeane himselfe 195
 Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale. 196

Warwicke my sonne, the comfort of my age, 197
 Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy house-keeping, 198
 Hath wonne the greatest fauour of the Commons, 199

Excepting none but good Duke *Humfrey*. 200
 And Brother *Yorke*, thy Acts in Ireland, 201
 In bringing them to ciuill Discipline : 202
 Thy late exploits done in the heart of France, 203

First Part of the Contention of the Two Famous Ho

; *VVarw.* For grieffe that all is loft that *VVarwick* w
; *Sonnes. Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen away at once,
; Why *VVarwick* did win them, & muft that then whic
; with our fwords, be giuen away with wordes.
; *Yorke.* As I haue read, our Kinges of England we
; haue large dowries with their wiues, but our I
; giues away his owne.

; *Salf.* Come fonnes away and looke vnto the maine.

; *VVar.* Vnto the *Maine*, Oh father *Maine* is loft,
; Which *VVarwicke* by maine force did win from *Fran*
; *Maine* chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
; Which I will win from *France*, or elfe be flaine.
; *Exet Salisbury* and

When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne, 204
 Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people, 205
 Ioyne we together for the publike good, 206
 In what we can, to bridle and suppress 207
 The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall, 208
 With Somerfets and Buckingham's Ambition, 209
 And as we may, cherish Duke Humfries deeds, 210
 While they do tend the profit of the Land. 211
War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loues the Land, 212
 And common profit of his Countrey. 213

Yor. And so faves Yorke, 214
 For he hath greatest cause. 215
Salisbury. Then lets make haft away, 216
 And looke vnto the maine. 217
Warwicke. Vnto the maine ? 218
 Oh Father, *Maine* is loft, 219
 That *Maine*, which by maine force Warwicke did winne, 220
 And would haue kept, so long as breath did last: 221
 Main-chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*, 222
 Which I will win from France, or else be flaine. 223
Exit Warwicke, and Salisbury. Manet Yorke. 224
Yorke. *Aniou* and *Maine* are giuen to the French, 225
Paris is loft, the state of *Normandie* 226
 Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone : 227
 Suffolke concluded on the Articles, 228
 The Peeres agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd, 229
 To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter. 230
 I cannot blame them all, what is't to them? 231
 'Tis thine they giue away, and not their owne. 232
 Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage, 233
 And purchase Friends, and giue to Curtezans, 234

- 247 159 *Yorke. Anioy and Maine*, both giuen vnto the French,
 160 Cold newes for me, for I had hope of *France*,
 161 Euen as I haue of fertill England,
 162 A day will come when *Yorke* fhall claime his owne,
 163 And therefore I will take the *Neuels* parts,
 164 And make a shew of loue to proud Duke *Humphrey* :
 253 165 And vvhen I spie aduantage, claime the Crowvne,
 254 166 For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit :
 167 Nor fhall proud *Lancaster* vsurpe my right,
 168 Nor hold the sceptor in his childifh fist,
 169 Nor vveare the Diademe vpon his head,
 170 Whose church-like humours fits not for a Crowvne :
 171 Then *Yorke* be still a vvhile till time do serue,
 172 Watch thou, and vvake vvhen others be a sleepe,
 173 To prie into the secrets of the state,
 174 Till *Henry* surfeiting in ioyes of loue,
 175 With his nevv bride, and Englands dear bought queene,
 264 176 And *Humphrey* vvith the Peeres be falne at iarres,
 177 Then vvill I raife aloft the milke-vvwhite Rose,
 178 With vvhose fvveete smell the aire shall be perfumde,
 179 And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Yorke*,
 180 To graffe vvith the Houfe of *Lancaster* :
 181 And force perforce, ile make him yeeld the Crowvne,
 270 182 Whose bookifh rule hath puld faire England dovvne.
 183 *Exet Yorke.*

Still reuelling like Lords till all be gone,	235
While as the filly Owner of the goods	236
Weepes ouer them, and wrings his hapleffe hands,	237
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,	238
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,	239
Ready to sterue, and dare not touch his owne.	240
So Yorke must fit, and fret, and bite his tongue,	241
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and sold :	242
Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,	243
Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood,	244
As did the fatall brand <i>Althæa</i> burnt,	245
Vnto the Princes heart of <i>Calidon</i> :	246
<i>Aniou</i> and <i>Maine</i> both giuen vnto the French ?	247
Cold newes for me : for I had hope of France,	248
Euen as I haue of fertile Englands foile.	249
A day will come, when Yorke shall claime his owne,	250
And therefore I will take the <i>Neuils</i> parts,	251
And make a shew of loue to proud Duke <i>Humfrey</i> ,	252
And when I spy aduantage, claime the Crowne,	253
For that's the Golden marke I seeke to hit :	254
Nor shall proud Lancafter vsurpe my right,	255
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist,	256
Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,	257
Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.	258
Then Yorke be still a-while, till time do serue :	259
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,	260
To prie into the secrets of the State,	261
Till <i>Henrie</i> surfetting in ioyes of loue,	262
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,	263
And <i>Humfrey</i> with the Peeres be false at iarres :	264
Then will I raise aloft the Milke-white-Rose,	265
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,	266
And in in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,	267
To grapple with the house of Lancafter,	268
And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,	269
Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe,	270
<i>Exit Yorke.</i>	271

184 Enter Duke *Humphrey*, and Dame *Ellanor*,
185 *Cobham* his vvife.

273 186 *Elnor*. Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,
187 Hanging the head at *Cearies* plentious loade,

188 What feeft thou Duke *Humphrey* King *Henries* Crovvne?

189 Reach at it, and if thine arme be too short,
284 190 Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,
191 Vnckle to the King, and his Protector ?

192 Then vvhat shouldst thou lacke that might content thy minde.
289 193 *Humph*. My louely *Nell*, far be it from my heart,

194 To thinke of Treafons gainst my foueraigne Lord,
195 But I vvas troubled vvith a dreame to night,
196 And God I pray, it do betide no ill.
197 *Elnor*. What drempt my Lord. Good *Humphrey* tell it me,
198 And ile interpret it, and vvhen thats done,
199 Ile tell thee then, vvhat I did dreame to night.

297 200 *Humphrey*. This night vvhen I vvas laid in bed, I dreampt that
201 This my staffe mine Office badge in Court,

202 Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd,

203 The heads of the Cardinall of *VVinchester*,
303 204 And *VWilliam de la Poule* first Duke of *Suffolke*.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.

272

<i>Eli.</i> Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripen'd Corn,	273
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load ?	274
Why doth the Great Duke <i>Humfrey</i> knit his browes,	275
As frowning at the Fauours of the world ?	276
Why are thine eyes fixt to the fullen earth,	277
Gazing on that which seemes to dimme thy sight ?	278
What feest thou there ? King <i>Henries</i> Diadem,	279
Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world ?	280
If so, Gaze on, and grouell on thy face,	281
Vntill thy head be circled with the fame.	282
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.	283
What, is't too short ? Ile lengthen it with mine,	284
And hauing both together heau'd it vp,	285
Wee'l both together lift our heads to heauen,	286
And neuer more abase our fight so low,	287
As to vouchsafe one glance vnto the ground.	288
<i>Hum.</i> O <i>Nell</i> , sweet <i>Nell</i> , if thou dost loue thy Lord,	289
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts :	290
And may that thought, when I imagine ill	291
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous <i>Henry</i> ,	292
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.	293
My troublous dreames this night, doth make me fad.	294
<i>Eli.</i> What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it	295
With sweet rehearfall of my mornings dreame ?	296
<i>Hum.</i> Me thought this staffe mine Office-badge in	297
Court	298
Was broke in twaine : by whom, I haue forgot,	299
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,	300
And on the peeces of the broken Wand	301
Were plac'd the heads of <i>Edmond</i> Duke of Somerfet,	302
And <i>William de la Pole</i> first Duke of Suffolke.	303
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.	304

205 *Elnor.* Tuffh my Lord, this signifies nought but this,
 206 That he that breakes a flicke of *Glosters* groue,
 207 Shall for th'offence, make forfeit of his head.
 208 But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I dreampt,
 209 Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church
 210 At Westminster, and seated in the chaire
 311 211 Where Kings and Queenes are crownde, and at my feete
 212 *Henry* and *Margaret* with a Crowne of gold
 213 Stood readie to set it on my Princely head.
 214 *Humphrey.* Fie *Nell.* Ambitious woman as thou art,

 215 Art thou not fecond woman in this land,
 216 And the Protector's wife belou'd of him,

320 217 And wilt thou fill be hammering treafon thus,

323 218 Away I say, and let me heare no more.
 219 *Elnor.* How now my Lord, What angry with your *Nell*,
 220 For telling but her dreame. The next I haue
 221 Ile keepe to my felfe, and not be rated thus.

222 *Humphrey.* Nay *Nell*, Ile giue no credit to a dreame,
 223 But I would haue thee to thinke on no fuch things.

224 Enters a Messenger.

330 225 *Messenger.* And it please your grace, the King and Queene to
 226 morrow morning will ride a hawking to Saint Albones,
 227 and craues your company along with them.

228 *Humphrey.* With all my heart, I will attend his grace :
 333 229 Come *Nell*, thou wilt go with vs vs I am fure.

230 *Exet Humphrey.*

231 *Elnor.* Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,
 232 But ere it be long, Ile go before them all,

Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument, 305
 That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue, 306
 Shall loofe his head for his presumption. 307
 But lift to me my *Humfrey*, my sweete Duke : 308
 Me thought I fate in Seate of Maiesty, 309
 In the Cathedrall Church of Westminster, 310
 And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crownd, 311
 Where *Henrie* and Dame *Margaret* kneel'd to me, 312
 And on my head did fet the Diadem. 313

Hum. Nay *Elinor*, then must I chide outright : 314
 Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd *Elianor*, 315
 Art thou not second Woman in the Realme ? 316
 And the Protector's wife belou'd of him ? 317
 Haft thou not worldly pleasure at command, 318
 About the reach or compasse of thy thought ? 319
 And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery, 320
 To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe, 321
 From top of Honor, to Disgraces feete ? 322
 Away from me, and let me heare no more. 323

Eli. What, what, my Lord ? Are you so chollericke 324
 With *Elianor*, for telling but her dreame ? 325
 Next time Ile keepe my dreames vnto my selfe, 326
 And not be check'd. 327

Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe. 328

Enter Messenger. 329

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleasure, 330
 You do prepare to ride vnto S. *Albons*, 331
 Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke. 332

Hu. I go. Come *Nel* thou wilt ride with vs? *Ex. Hum* 333

Eli. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently. 334
 Follow I must, I cannot go before, 335

233 Despight of all that seeke to croffe me thus,

234 Who is within there?

343 235

Enter fir *John Hum*.

236 What fir *John Hum*, what newes with you?

237 *Sir John*. Iesus preferue your Maieftie.

238 *Elnor*. My Maieftie. Why man I am but grace.

239 *Ser John*. I, but by the grace of God & *Hums* aduife,

240 Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long.

348 241 *Elnor*. What haft thou conferd with *Margery Iordaine*, the

242 cunning Witch of *Ely*, with *Roger Bullingbrooke* and the

243 rest, and will they vndertake to do me good?

244 *Sir John*. I haue Madame, and they haue promised me to raife

353 245 a Spirite from depth of vnder grounde, that shall tell your

246 grace all questions you demaund.

247 *Elnor*. Thanks good fir *John*. Some two daies hence I geffe

248 Will fit our time, then see that they be here :

249 For now the King is ryding to Saint *Albones*,

250 And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,

251 When they be gone, then safely they may come,

252 And on the backside of my Orchard heere,

253 There cast their Spelles in silence of the night,

254 And so resolute vs of the thing we wish,

255 Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farwell.

256

Exet Elnor.

While Gloster beares this bafe and humble minde. 336
 Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood, 337
 I would remoue thefe tedious stumbling blockes, 338
 And fsmooth my way vpon their headleffe neckes. 339
 And being a woman, I will not be flacke 340
 To play my part in Fortunes Pageant. 341
 Where are you there? Sir *Iohn*; nay feare not man, 342
 We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hume.* 343

Hume. Iefus preferue your Royall Maiefty. 344
Elia. What faift thou? Maiefty : I am but Grace. 345
Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Humes* aduice, 346
 Your Graces Title fhall be multiplied. 347
Elia. What faift thou man? Haft thou as yet confer'd 348
 With *Margerie Iordane* the cunning Witch, 349
 With *Roger Bollingbrooke* the Coniurer ? 350
 And will they vndertake to do me good ? 351
Hume. This they haue promifed to fhew your Highnes 352
 A Spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground, 353
 That fhall make anfwere to fuch Queftions, 354
 As by your Grace fhall be propounded him. 355
Elianor. It is enough, Ile thinke vpon the Queftions : 356
 When from Saint *Albones* we doe make returne, 357

Wee'le fee thefe things effected to the full. 358
 Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry man 359
 With thy Confederates in this weightie caufe. 360
Exit Elianor. 361

363-257 *Sir Iohn*. Now fir *Iohn Hum*, No words but mum.
 258 Seale vp your lips, for you muft filent be,
 259 Thefe gifts ere long will make me mightie rich,
 260 The Duches ſhe thinks now that all is well,

261 But I haue gold comes from another place,

373 262 From one that hyred me to fet her on,
 263 To plot thefe Treafons gainſt the King and Peeres,
 264 And that is the mightie Duke of *Suffolke*.
 369 265 For he it is, but I muft not fay fo,
 266 That by my meanes muft worke the Duches fall,
 267 Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to rife.
 268 But whiſt fir *Iohn*, no more of that I trow,
 269 For feare you loſe your head before you goe.
 270

Exet.

383 271 Enter two Petitioners, and *Peter* the
 272 Armourers man.

385 273 I. *Peti*. Come firſ let vs linger here abouts a while,

Hume. *Hume* must make merry with the Duchesse Gold: 362
 Marry and shall : but how now, Sir *John Hume* ? 363
 Seale vp your Lips, and giue no words but Mum, 364
 The bufinesse asketh filent secrecie. 365
 Dame *Elleanor* giues Gold, to bring the Witch : 366
 Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Deuill. 367

Yet haue I Gold flies from another Coast : 368
 I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall, 369
 And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke ; 370
 Yet I doe finde it fo : for to be plaine, 371
 They (knowing Dame *Elianors* aspiring humor) 372
 Haue hyred me to vnder-mine the Duchesse, 373

And buzze these Coniurations in her brayne. 374
 They say, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker, 375
 Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinalls Broker, 376
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere 377
 To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues. 378
 Well, so it stands : and thus I feare at last, 379
Humes Knauerie will be the Duchesse Wracke, 380
 And her Attainture, will be *Humphreyes* fall : 381
 Sort how it will, I shall haue Gold for all. *Exit* 382

Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armorers 383
Man being one. 384

1. *Pet.* My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Pro- 385

274 Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,
 275 That we may shew his grace our feuerall caufes.
 276 2. *Peti.* I pray God faue the good Duke *Humphries* life,
 277 For but for him a many were vndone,
 278 That cannot get no succour in the Court,
 279 But see where he comes with the Queene.

390 280 Enter the Duke of *Suffolke* with the Queene, and they
 281 take him for Duke *Humphrey*, and giues
 282 him their writings. :

393 283 1. *Peti.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of *Suffolke*.

284 *Queene.* Now good-fellowes, whom would you speake withall?

285 2. *Peti.* If it please your Maiestie , with my Lord Protectors
 286 Grace.

398 287 *Queene.* Are your futes to his grace. Let vs see them first,
 288 Looke on them my Lord of *Suffolke*.

289 *Suffolke.* A complaint against the Cardinals man,
 290 What hath he done?

400 291 2. *Peti.* Marry my Lord, he hath stole away my wife,
 292 And th'are gone together, and I know not where to finde them

293 *Suffolke.* Hath he stole thy wife, thats some iniury indeed.
 294 But what fay you ?

295 *Peter Thump.* Marry fir I come to tel you that my maister said,
 410 296 that the Duke of *Yorke* was true heire vnto the Crowne, and
 297 that the King was an vsurer.

298 *Queene.* An vsurper thou wouldst fay.

299 *Peter.* I forsooth an vsurper.

tector will come this way by and by, and then wee may
deliuer our Supplications in the Quill. 386
387

2. *Pet.* Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good
man, Iesu bleffe him. 388
389

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

390

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with
him: Ile be the first fure. 391
392

2. *Pet.* Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolke,
and not my Lord Protector. 393
394

Suff. How now fellow: would'ft any thing with me? 395

1. *Pet.* I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my
Lord Protector. 396
397

Queene. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplica-
tions to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine? 398
399

1. *Pet.* Mine is, and't please your Grace, against *John*
Goodman, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my Houfe,
and Lands, and Wife and all, from me. 400
401
402

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeede.
What's yours? What's heere? Against the Duke of
Suffolke, for enclosing the Commons of Melforde. How
now, Sir Knaue? 403
404
405
406

2. *Pet.* Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our
whole Towneship. 407
408

Peter. Against my Master *Thomas Horner*, for saying,
That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the
Crowne. 409
410
411

415 300 *Queene.* Didst thou say the King was an vsurper ?

414 301 *Peter,* No forsooth, I faide my maister faide so, th'other day
 302 when we were scowring the Duke of *Yorks* Armour in our
 303 garret.

304 *Suffolke.* I marry this is something like,
 305 Whose within there ?

417 306 Enter one or two.

307 Sirra take in this fellow and keepe him close,
 308 And send out a Purfeuant for his maister straight,
 309 Weele here more of this before the King.

310 *Exet* with the Armourers man.

311 Now fir what yours? Let me see it,

312 Whats here ?

04-5 313 A complaint against the Duke of *Suffolke* for enclosing the com-
 314 mons of long Melford.

315 How now fir knaue?

407-8 316 I. Peti. I befeech your grace to pardon me, me, I am but a
 317 Messenger for the whole town-ship.

424 318 He teares the papers.

319 *Suffolke.* So now shew your petitions to Duke *Humphrey.*

320 Villaines get you gone and come not neare the Court,

321 Dare these pefants write against me thus.

322 *Exet* Petitioners.

427 323 *Queene.* My Lord of *Suffolke,* you may see by this,

324 The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke,

325 That seekes to him more then to King *Henry:*

326 Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke

327 And nere regards the honour of his name,

328 But still must be protected like a childe,

1623	<i>The second Part of Henry the Sixth</i>	33
	<i>Queene.</i> What say'st thou? Did the Duke of Yorke say, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?	412 413
	<i>Peter.</i> That my Mistresse was? No forfooth: my Master said, That he was, and that the King was an Vfurper.	414 415
	<i>Suff.</i> Who is there?	416
	<i>Enter Seruant.</i>	417
	Take this fellow in, and fend for his Master with a Purfe- uant presently: wee'll heare more of your matter before the King.	418 419
	<i>Exit.</i>	420
	<i>Queene.</i> And as for you that loue to be protected Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace, Begin your Suites anew, and sue to him,	421 422 423
	<i>Tear the Supplication.</i>	424
	Away, base Cullions: <i>Suffolke</i> let them goe.	425
	<i>All.</i> Come, let's be gone. <i>Exit.</i>	426
	<i>Queene.</i> My Lord of Suffolke, say, is this the guife? Is this the Fashions in the Court of England? Is this the Gouvernment of Britaines Ile? And this the Royaltie of <i>Albions</i> King? What, shall King <i>Henry</i> be a Pupill still, Vnder the furlly <i>Glosters</i> Gouvernance? Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,	427 428 429 430 431 432 433

- 329 And gouerned by that ambitious Duke.
330 That scarfe will moue his cap nor ſpeake to vs,
461 331 And his proud wife, high minded *Elanor*,
464 332 That ruffles it with ſuch a troupe of Ladies,
435 333 As ſtrangers in the Court takes her for the Queene.
334 I tell thee *Poull*, when thou didſt runne at Tilt,

335 And ſtoft away our Ladaies hearts in *France*,
438 336 I thought *King Henry* had bene like to thee,
337 Or elſe thou hadſt not brought me out of *France*.

And muſt be made a Subiect to a Duke ? 434

I tell thee *Poole*, when in the Citie *Tours* 435

Thou ran'ſt a-tilt in honor of my Loue, 436

And ſto'l'ſt away the Ladies hearts of France ; 437

I thought King *Henry* had reſembled thee, 438

In Courage, Courtſhip, and Proportion : 439

But all his minde is bent to Holineſſe, 440

To number *Aue-Maries* on his Beades : 441

His Champions, are the Prophets and Apoſtles, 442

His Weapons, holy Sawes of ſacred Writ, 443

His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues 444

Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints. 445

I would the Colledge of the Cardinals 446

Would chuſe him Pope, and carry him to Rome, 447

And ſet the Triple Crowne vpon his Head ; 448

That were a State fit for his Holineſſe. 449

Suff. Madame be patient : as I was cauſe 450

Your Highneſſe came to England, ſo will I 451

In England worke your Graces full content. 452

Queene. Befide the haughtie Protector, haue we *Beauford* 453

The imperious Churchman; *Somerſet, Buckingham,* 454

And grumbling *Yorke* : and not the leaſt of theſe, 455

But can doe more in England then the King. 456

Suff. And he of theſe, that can doe moſt of all, 457

Cannot doe more in England then the *Neuils* : 458

Salisbury and *Warwick* are no ſimple Peeres. 459

Queene. Not all theſe Lords do vex me halfe ſo much, 460

As that proude Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife : 461

She ſweepes it through the Court with troupes of Ladies, 462

More like an Empreſſe, then Duke *Humphreyes* Wife: 463

Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene : 464

She beares a Dukes Reuenewes on her backe, 465

469 338 The other day she vanted to her maides,
 339 That the very traine of her worst gowne,
 471 340 Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,
 341 Can any grieffe of minde be like to this.

342 *Suffolke.* Madame content your selfe a litle while,
 451 343 As I was cause of your comming to England,
 452 344 So will I in England worke your full content:
 345 And as for proud Duke *Humphrey* and his wife,

473 346 I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,
 347 As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand.
 348 But staie Madame, here comes the *King*.

487 349 Enter *King Henry*, and the Duke of *Yorke* and the Duke of *Somer-*
 350 *set* on both sides of the *King*, whispering with him, and en-
 351 ter Duke *Humphrey*, Dame *Elnor*, the Duke of *Buckingham*,
 352 the Earle of *Salsbury*, the Earle of *Warwicke*, and the Cardinall
 353 of *VWinchester*.

490 354 *King.* My Lords I care not who be Regent in *France*, or *York*,
 355 or *Somerfet*, alls wonne to me.

1623	<i>The second Part of Henry the Sixth</i>	37
	And in her heart she scornes our Pouertie :	466
	Shall I not liue to be aueng'd on her ?	467
	Contemptuous base-borne Callot as she is,	468
	She vaunted 'mongst her Minions t'other day,	469
	The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,	470
	Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,	471
	Till <i>Suffolke</i> gaue two Dukedomes for his Daughter.	472
	<i>Suff.</i> Madame, my selfe haue lym'd a Bush for her,	473
	And plac't a Quier of such enticing Birds,	474
	That she will light to listen to the Layes,	475
	And neuer mount to trouble you againe.	476
	So let her rest : and Madame list to me,	477
	For I am bold to counsaile you in this ;	478
	Although we fancie not the Cardinall,	479
	Yet must we ioyne with him and with the Lords,	480
	Till we haue brought Duke <i>Humphrey</i> in disgrace.	481
	As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint	482
	Will make but little for his benefit :	483
	So one by one wee'le weed them all at last,	484
	And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme. <i>Exit.</i>	485
	<i>Sound a Sennet.</i>	486
	<i>Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwicke, and the Duchesse.</i>	487
		488
		489
	<i>King.</i> For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,	490
	Or <i>Somerfet</i> , or <i>Yorke</i> , all's one to me.	491

356 *Yorke*. My Lord, if *Yorke* haue ill demeande himfelfe,
357 Let *Somerfet* enioy his place and go to *France*.

358 *Somerfet*. Then whom your grace thinke worthie, let him go,
359 And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

360 *VVarwicke*. VVhom foever you account worthie,

361 *Yorke* is the vvorthiest.

498 362 *Cardinall*. Pease *VVarwicke*. Giue thy betters leauē to ſpeake.

363 *VVar*. The Cardinals not my better in the field.

364 *Buc*. All in this place are thy betters farre.

365 *VVar*. And *Warwicke* may liue to be the beſt of all.

366 *Queene*. My Lord in mine opinion, it vvē beſt that *Somerfet*
367 vvē Regent ouer *France*.

368 *Humphrey*. Madame onr King is old inough himfelfe,
369 To giue his anſvvēre vvithout your conſent.

507 370 *Queene*. If he be old inough, vvhat needs your grace
371 To be Protector ouer him ſo long.

509 372 *Humphrey*. Madame I am but Protector ouer the land,
373 And when it pleaſe his grace, I will reſigne my charge.

374 *Suffolke*. Reſigne it then, for ſince that thou waſt King,
375 As who is King but thee. The common ſtate

376 Doth as we ſee, all wholly go to wracke,

377 And Millions of treafure hath bene ſpent,

378 And as for the Regentſhip of *France*,

379 I ſay *Somerfet* is more worthie then *Yorke*.

529 380 *Yorke*. Ile tell thee *Suffolke* why I am not worthie,

381 Becauſe I cannot flatter as thou canſt.

382 *War*. And yet the worthie deeds that *York* hath done,
383 Should make him worthie to be honoured here.

549 384 *Suffolke*. Peace headſtrong *VVarwicke*.

550 385 *VVar* Image of pride, wherefore ſhould I ſpeake ?

570 386 *Suffolke*. Becauſe here is a man accuſde of Treafon,

Yorke. If *Yorke* haue ill demean'd himfelfe in France, 492
Then let him be deny'd the Regent-ſhip, 493

Som. If *Somerſet* be vnworthy of the Place, 494
Let *Yorke* be Regent, I will yeeld to him. 495

Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no, 496
Diſpute not that, *Yorke* is the worthyer. 497

Card. Ambitious *Warwicke*, let thy betters ſpeake. 498

Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field. 499

Buck. All in this preſence are thy betters, *Warwicke*. 500

Warw. *Warwicke* may liue to be the beſt of all, 501

Salisb. Peace Sonne, and ſhew ſome reaſon *Buckingham* 502
Why *Somerſet* ſhould be preferr'd in this ? 503

Queene. Becauſe the King forſooth will haue it fo. 504

Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himfelfe 505
To giue his Cenſure : Theſe are no Womens matters. 506

Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace 507
To be Protector of his Excellence ? 508

Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme, 509
And at his pleaſure will reſigne my Place. 510

Suff. Reſigne it then, and leaue thine infolence. 511
Since thou wert King ; as who is King, but thou ? 512
The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack, 513

The Dolphin hath preuayl'd beyond the Seas, 514

And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme 515

Haue beene as Bond-men to thy Soueraigntie. 516

- 387 Pray God the Duke of *Yorke* do cleare himselfe.
 388 Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.
 571 389 Enter the Armourer and his man.
 390 If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his maister of
 391 high Treason, And his words were these,
 579 392 That the Duke of *Yorke* was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and
 393 that your grace was an vsurper.
 394 *Yorke*. I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment the
 395 the law will afford, for his villany.
 396 *King*. Come hether fellow, didst thou speake these words?
 397 *Armour*. Ant shall please your Maiestie, I neuer said any such
 398 matter, Cod is my vvitnesse, I am falsly accused by this villain
 399 *Peter*. Tis no matter for that, you did say so. (here.
 591-7 400 *Yorke*. I beseech your grace, let him haue the lavv.
 593 401 *Armour*. Alasse my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the vvords
 402 my accuser is my prentise, & vvhen I did correct him for his
 403 fault the other day, he did vovv vpon his knees that he vvould
 404 be euen vvith me, I haue good vvitnesse of this, and therefore
 405 I beseech your Maiestie do not cast avvay an honest man for
 406 a villaines accusation.
 599 407 *King*. Vnckle *Gloster*, vvhat do you thinke of this ?
 408 *Humphrey*. The lavv my Lord is this by case, it rests suspitious,
 409 That a day of combat be appointed,
 410 And there to trie each others right or vvrong,
 411 Which shall be on the thirtith of this month,
 412 With *Eben* staues, and *Standbags* combatting
 413 In Smythfield, before your Royall Maiestie.

<i>Card.</i> The Commons haft thou rackt, the Clergies Bags	517
Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.	518
<i>Som.</i> Thy fumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Attyre	519
Haue coft a maffe of publique Treaurie.	520
<i>Buck.</i> Thy Crueltie in execution	521
Vpon Offendors, hath exceeded Law,	522
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.	523
<i>Queene.</i> Thy fale of Offices and Townes in France,	524
If they were knowne, as the fufpect is great,	525

414

*Exet Humphrey.*415 *Armour.* And I accept the Combat vwillingly.609 416 *Peter.* Alasse my Lord, I am not able to fight.417 *Suffolke.* You must either fight firra or else be hangde:614 418 Go take them hence againe to prifon. *Exet vwith them.*529 419 The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Duches of
420 *Gloster,* a boxe on the eare.527 421 *Queene.* Giue me my gloue, Why Minion can you not see?
422 She strikes her.

530 423 I cry you mercy Madame, I did mistake,

424 *I* did not thinke it had bene you.425 *Elnor.* Did you not proud French-vvoman,426 Could *I* come neare your daintie viifage vwith my nayles.427 *Ide* fet my ten commandments in your face.428 *King.* Be patient gentle Aunt.429 *It* vvas against her vvill.39-6 430 *Elnor.* Against her vvill. Good King sheele dandle thee,431 *If* thou vvilt alvvaies thus be rulde by her.432 But let it rest. As sure as *I* do liue,538 433 She shall not strike dame *Elnor* vnreungde.

434

 *Exet Elnor.*435 *King.* Beleeue me my loue, thou vuart much to blame,436 *I* vvould not for a thousand pounds of gold,

437 My noble vnckle had bene here in place.

438 Enter Duke *Humphrey.*439 But see vvhere he comes, *I* am glad he met her not.440 Vnckle *Gloster,* vvhat ansvvere makes your grace544-5 441 Concerning our Regent for the Realme of *France,*

442 Whom thinks your grace is meetest for to fend.

1623	<i>The second Part of Henry the Sixt</i>	43
	Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.	526
	<i>Exit Humfrey.</i>	527
	Giue me my Fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not ?	528
	<i>She giues the Duchesse a box on the eare.</i>	529
	I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you ?	530
	<i>Duch.</i> Was't I ? yea, I it was, prow'd French-woman .	531
	Could I come neere your Beautie with my Nayles,	532
	I could fet my ten Commandements in your face.	533
	<i>King.</i> Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.	534
	<i>Duch.</i> Against her will, good King? looke to't in time,	535
	Shee'le hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby :	536
	Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches,	537
	She shall not strike Dame <i>Eliador</i> vnreueng'd.	538
	<i>Exit Eliador.</i>	539
	<i>Buck.</i> Lord Cardinall, I will follow <i>Eliador</i> ,	540
	And listen after <i>Humfrey</i> , how he proceedes :	541
	Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurres,	542
	Shee'le gallop farre enough to her destruction.	543
	<i>Exit Buckingham.</i>	544

443 *Humphrey*. My gracious Lord, then this is my resolue,

444 For that these words the Armourer should speake,

445 Doth breed suspcion on the part of *Yorke*,

554-5

446 Let *Somerfet* be Regent ouer the French,

447 Till trials made, and *Yorke* may cleare himselfe

448 *King*. Then be it so my Lord of *Somerfet*.

449 We make your grace Regent ouer the French,

450 And to defend our rights gainst forraine foes,

451 And so do good vnto the Realme of *France*.

452 Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,

453 The time of Truse I thinke is full expirede.

454 *Somerfet*. I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,

455 And take my leau to poste with speed to *France*.

456 *Exet Somerset.*

457 *King*. Come vnckle *Gloster*, now lets haue our horse,

458 For we will to Saint Albones presently,

459 Madame your Hawke they fay, is swift of flight,

460 And we will trie how she will flie to day. *Exet omnes.*

Enter Humfrey. 545

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne, 546
 With walking once about the Quadrangle, 547
 I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres. 548
 As for your spightfull false Obiections, 549
 Proue them, and I lye open to the Law : 550
 But God in mercie so deale with my Soule, 551
 As I in dutie loue my King and Countrey. 552
 But to the matter that we haue in hand : 553
 I say, my Soueraigne, *Yorke* is meetest man 554
 To be your Regent in the Realme of France. 555
Suff. Before we make election, giue me leaue 556
 To shew some reason, of no little force, 557
 That *Yorke* is most vnmeet of any man. 558
Yorke. Ile tell thee, *Suffolke*, why I am vnmeet. 559
 First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride : 560
 Next, if I be appointed for the Place, 561

•

1

My Lord of Somersfet will keepe me here,	562
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,	563
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:	564
Last time I dan't attendance on his will,	565
Till Paris was besieg'd, famisht, and lost,	566
<i>Warw.</i> That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact	567
Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.	568
<i>Suff.</i> Peace head-strong <i>Warwicke.</i>	569
<i>Warw.</i> Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace ?	570

Enter Armorer and his Man. 571

<i>Suff.</i> Because here is a man accused of Treason,	572
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuse himselfe.	573
<i>Yorke.</i> Doth any one accuse <i>Yorke</i> for a Traytor?	574
<i>King.</i> What mean'st thou, <i>Suffolke</i> ? tell me, what are these ?	575
<i>Suff.</i> Please it your Maiestie, this is the man	577
That doth accuse his Master of High Treason ;	578
His words were these : That <i>Richard</i> , Duke of Yorke,	579
Was rightfull Heire vnto the English Crowne,	580
And that your Maiestie was an Vfurper.	581
<i>King.</i> Say man, were these thy words?	582
<i>Armorer.</i> And't shall please your Maiestie, I neuer sayd	583
nor thought any such matter : God is my witnesse, I am	584
falsely accus'd by the Villaine.	585
<i>Peter.</i> By these tenne bones, my Lords, hee did speake	586
them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were scowring	587
my Lord of Yorkes Armor.	588
<i>Yorke.</i> Base Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,	589
Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytors speech:	590
I doe beseech your Royall Maiestie,	591
Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.	592
<i>Armorer.</i> Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the	593
words : my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did correct	594
him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his	595

618 461 Enter *Elnor*, with fir *John Hum*, *Koger Bullenbrooke* a Coniurer
462 and *Margery Iourdain* a Witch.

knees he would be euen with me : I haue good witnesse 596
of this ; therefore I befeech your Maieftie, doe not caft 597
away an honeft man for a Villaines accufation. 598

King. Vnckle, what fhall we fay to this in law ? 599

Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may iudge : 600
Let *Somerfet* be Regent o're the French, 601
Becaufe in *Yorke* this breedes fufpition ; 602
And let thefe haue a day appointed them 603
For fingle Combat, in conuenient place, 604
For he hath witnesse of his feruants malice : 605
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humfreyes* doome. 606

Som. I humbly thanke your Royall Maieftie. 607

Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly. 608

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight ; for Gods fake 609
pitty my cafe : the fpight of man preuayleth againft me. 610
O Lord haue mercy vpon me , I fhall neuer be able to 611
fight a blow : O Lord my heart. 612

Humf. Sirrha, or you muft fight, or elfe be hang'd. 613

King. Away with them to Prifon : and the day of 614
Combat, fhall be the laft of the next moneth. Come 615
Somerfet, wee'le fee thee fent away. 616

Flourish. Exeunt. 617

Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke. 618

Hume. Come my Mafters, the Ducheffe I tell you ex- 619
pects performance of your promifes. 620

Bulling. Mafter *Hume*, we are therefore prouided : will 621
her Ladyfhip behold and heare our Exorcifmes ? 622

Hume. I, what elfe ? feare you not her courage. 623

Bulling. I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of 624
an inuincible fpirit : but it fhall be conuenient, Mafter 625
Hume, that you be by her aloft, while wee be bufie be- 626
low ; and fo I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs. 627

Exit Hume. 628

463 *Elnor.* Here fir *Iohn*, take this scrole of paper here,
 464 Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
 465 And I will stand vpon this Tower here,
 466 And here the spirit what it saies to you,
 467 And to my questions, write the answeres downe.

631 468 She goes vp to the Tower.

469 *Sir Iohn.* Now firs begin and cast your spels about,
 470 And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
 471 And tell Dame *Elnor* of the thing she askes.

472 *Witch.* Then *Roger Bullinbrooke* about thy taske,
 473 And frame a Circle here vpon the earth,
 474 Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,
 475 Do talke and whisper with the diuels be low,
 476 And coniure them for to obey my will.

477 She lies downe vpon her face.
 478 Bullenbrooke makes a Circle.

635 479 *Bullen.* Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night,

637 480 Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,
 481 Send vp I charge you from *Sofetus* lake,
 482 The spirit *Askalon* to come to me,
 483 To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
 484 And hither come in twinkling of an eye,
 485 *Askalon, Affenda, Affenda.*

644 486 It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit
 487 rifeth vp.

1623	<i>The second Part of Henry the Sixth</i>	51
	Mother <i>Jordan</i> , be you prostrate, and grouell on the Earth ; <i>John Southwell</i> reade you, and let vs to our worke.	629 630
	<i>Enter Elianor aloft.</i>	631
	<i>Elianor.</i> Well faid my Mafters, and welcome all : To this geere, the fooner the better.	632 633
	<i>Bullin.</i> Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times : Deepe Night, darke Night, the filent of the Night, The time of Night when Troy was fet on fire, The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle, And Spirits walke, and Ghofts breake vp their Graues; That time beft fits the worke we haue in hand. Madame, fit you, and feare not : whom wee rayfe, Wee will make faft within a hallow'd Verge.	634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641
	<i>Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,</i> <i>Bullingbrooke or Southwell reades, Coniuro</i> <i>te, &c. It Thunders and Lightens</i> <i>terribly: then the Spirit</i> <i>riseth.</i>	642 643 644 645 646
	<i>Spirit. Ad fum.</i>	647

- 652 488 *Spirit.* Now *Bullenbrooke* what wouldst thou haue me do ?
- 489 *Bullen.* Firft of the *King*, what fhall become of him ?
- 490 *Spirit.* The Duke yet liues that *Henry* fhall depofe,
491 But him out liue, and dye a violent death.
- 492 *Bullen.* What fate awayt the Duke of *Suffolke*.
- 493 *Spirit.* By water fhall he die and take his ende.
- 494 *Bullen.* What fhall betide the Duke of *Somerfet* ?
- 495 *Spirit.* Let him fhun *Castles*, fafer fhall he be vpon the fand
496 plaines, then where *Castles* mounted ftand.
497 Now queftion me no more, for I muft hence againe,
667 498 He finke downe againe.
- 665 499 *Bullen.* Then downe I fay, vnto the damned poule.
500 Where *Pluto* in his firie *Waggon* fits.
501 Ryding amidft the finge and parched fmoakes,
502 The Rode of *Dytas* by the Riuer *Stykes*,
503 There howle and burne for euer in thofe flames,
504 Rife *Iordaine* rife, and ftaiie thy charming Spels.
505 Sonnes, we are betraide.
- 506 Enter the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Duke of
507 *Buckingham*, and others.
- 670 508 *Yorke.* Come fir, laie hands on them, and bind them fure,
509 This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there ?
510 This will be great credit for your husband,
511 That your are plotting Treafons thus with *Cuniurers*,
512 The King fhall haue notice of this thing.

1623	<i>The second Part of Henry the Sixt</i>	53
	<i>Witch. Asmath, by the eternall God,</i>	648
	Whose name and power thou tremblest at,	649
	Answere that I shall aske ; for till thou speake,	650
	Thou shalt not passe from hence.	651
	<i>Spirit.</i> Aske what thou wilt ; that I had sayd, and done.	652
	<i>Bulling.</i> Firft of the King : What shall of him become?	654
	<i>Spirit.</i> The Duke yet liues, that <i>Henry</i> shall depose : But him out-lieue, and dye a violent death.	656
	<i>Bulling.</i> What fates await the Duke of Suffolke ?	658
	<i>Spirit.</i> By Water shall he dye, and take his end.	659
	<i>Bulling.</i> What shall befall the Duke of Somerfet ?	660
	<i>Spirit.</i> Let him fhun Castles, Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines, Then where Castles mounted stand.	661
	Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.	662
	<i>Bulling.</i> Discend to Darknesse, and the burning Lake :	665
	Falfe Fiend auoide.	666
	<i>Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.</i>	667
	<i>Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham</i> <i>with their Guard, and breake in.</i>	668
	<i>Yorke.</i> Lay hands vpon these Traytors, and their trash :	670
	Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch.	671
	What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale	672
	Are deeply indebted for this peece of paines ;	673
	My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,	674
	See you well guerdon'd for these good deferts.	675

513

Exet Elnor aboue.686 514 *Buc.* See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.701 515 *Yorke.* Giue it me my Lord, Ile fhow it to the King.

516 Go firs, fee them fast lockt in prifon.

517

Exet with them.706 518 *Bucking.* My Lord, I pray you let me go poft vnto the King,

519 Vnto S.Albones, to tell this newes.

Elia nor. Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King,
Iniurious Duke, that threateft where's no caufe.

Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them, let them be clapt vp close,
And kept afunder: you Madame shall with vs.
Stafford take her to thee.
Wee'le see your Trinkets here all forth-comming.
All away. *Exit.*

Yorke. Lord *Buckingham*, me thinks you watcht her well:
A pretty Plot, well chofen to build vpon.
Now pray my Lord, let's see the Devils Writ.
What haue we here? *Reades.*
The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:
But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.
Why this is iust, *Aio Æacida Romanos vincere posso,*
Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By Water shall he dye, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerfet?
Let him shunne Castles,
Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines,
Then where Castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my Lords,
These Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly vnderstood.
The King is now in progresse towards Saint *Albones*,
With him, the Husband of this louely Lady:
Thither goes these Newes,
As fast as Horfe can carry them:
A sorry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace shall giue me leaue, my Lord of York,
To be the Poste, in hope of his reward.

520 *Yorke*. Content. Away then, about it straight.

521 *Buck*. Farewell my Lord.

522 *Exet* Buckingham.

523 *Yorke*. Whose within there ?

710 524 Enter one.

525 *One*. My Lord.

526 *Yorke*. Sirrha, go will the Earles of Salsbury and Warwicke, to

527 fup with me to night. *Exet* *Yorke*.

528 *One*. I will my Lord.

529 *Exet*.

714 530 Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist,

531 and Duke *Humphrey* and *Suffolke*, and the *Cardi-*

532 *nall*, as if they came from hawking.

533 *Queene*. My Lord, how did your grace like this last flight ?

534 But as *I* cast her off the winde did rife,

535 And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

722 536 *King*. How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,

537 Euen in these filly creatures of his hands,

538 Vnckle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did fore ?

539 And on a fodaine foust the Partridge downe.

724 540 *Suffolke*. No maruell if it please your Maieftie

541 My Lord Protector's Hawke done towre so well,

542 He knowes his maister loues to be aloft.

728 543 *Humphrey*. Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde

544 That can fore no higher then a Falkons pitch.

545 *Card*. I thought your grace would be about the cloudes.

546 *Humph*. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good

733 547 Your grace could flie to heauen.

548 *Card*. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beat on

549 a Crowne, proude Protector dangerous Peere, to smoothe it thus

550 with King and common-wealth.

1623	<i>The second Part of Henry the Sixt</i>	57
	<i>Yorke.</i> At your pleafure, my good Lord.	708
	Who's within there, hoe ?	709
	<i>Enter a Seruingman.</i>	710
	Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick	711
	To fuppe with me to morrow Night. Away.	712
	<i>Exeunt.</i>	713
	<i>Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and Suffolke, with Faulkners hallowing.</i>	714
	<i>Queene.</i> Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,	716
	I faw not better sport thefe feuen yeeres day :	717
	Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high,	718
	And ten to one, old <i>Ioane</i> had not gone out.	719
	<i>King.</i> But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,	720
	And what a pytch fhe flew about the reft :	721
	To fee how God in all his Creatures workes,	722
	Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.	723
	<i>Suff.</i> No maruell, and it like your Maieftie,	724
	My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre fo well,	725
	They know their Master loues to be aloft,	726
	And beares his thoughts about his Faulcons Pitch.	727
	<i>Gloft.</i> My Lord, 'tis but a bafe ignoble minde,	728
	That mounts no higher then a Bird can fore.	729
	<i>Card.</i> I thought as much, hee would be about the Clouds.	730 731
	<i>Gloft.</i> I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that ?	732
	Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen ?	733
	<i>King.</i> The Treafurie of euerlasting Ioy.	734
	<i>Card.</i> Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts	735
	Beat on a Crowne, the Treafure of thy Heart,	736
	Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere,	737
	That fsmooth't it fo with King and Common-weale.	738

551 *Humphrey*. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs

552 Church-men fo hote. Good vnckle can you doate.

745 553 *Suffolke*. Why not Hauing fo good a quarrell & fo bad a caufe.

554 *Humphrey*. As how, my Lord?

555 *Suffolke*. As you, my Lord, And it like your Lordly

556 Lords Protectorship.

749 557 *Humphrey*. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy infolence.

558 *Queene*. And thy ambition Glofter.

751 559 *King*. Ceafe gentle *Queene*, and whet not on thefe furious

560 Lordes to wrath, for bleffed are the peace-makers on

561 earth .

562 *Card*. Let me be bleffed for the peace I make,

563 Againft this proud Protector with my fword.

564 *Humphrey*. Faith holy vnckle, I would it were come to that.

565 *Cardinall*. Euen when thou darest.

566 *Humphrey*. Dare. I tell rhee Priefte, Plantagenets could neuer

567 brooke the dare.

568 *Card*. I am Plantagenet as well as thou , and fonne to Iohn of

569 Gaunt.

570 *Humph*. In Bastardie.

571 *Cardin*. I fcorne thy words.

572 *Humph*. Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in thine own

759, 573 perfon meete me at the East end of the groue.

574 *Card*. Heres my hand, I will.

763 575 *King*. Why how now Lords?

576 *Card*. Faith Cousin Glofter, had not your man caft off fo foone,

577 we had had more fport to day , Come with thy fword

578 and buckler.

<i>Gloft.</i> What, Cardinall ?	739
Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorie ?	740
<i>Tantæne animis Cœlestibus iræ</i> , Church-men fo hot ?	741
Good Vnckle hide fuch mallice :	742
With fuch Holyneffe can you doe it ?	743
<i>Suff.</i> No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes	744
So good a Quarrell, and fo bad a Peere.	745
<i>Gloft.</i> As who, my Lord ?	746
<i>Suff.</i> Why, as you, my Lord,	747
An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.	748
<i>Gloft.</i> Why <i>Suffolke</i> , England knowes thine insolence.	749
<i>Queene.</i> And thy Ambition, <i>Glofter.</i>	750
<i>King.</i> I prythee peace, good <i>Queene</i> ,	751
And whet not on these furious Peeres,	752
For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.	753
<i>Card.</i> Let me be blessed for the Peace I make	754
Against this prowde Protector with my Sword.	755
<i>Gloft.</i> Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that.	756
<i>Card.</i> Marry, when thou dar'ft.	757
<i>Gloft.</i> Make vp no factious numbers for the matter,	758
In thine owne person answere thy abuse.	759
<i>Card.</i> I, where thou dar'ft not peepe :	760
And if thou dar'ft, this Euening,	761
On the East side of the Groue.	762
<i>King.</i> How now, my Lords ?	763
<i>Card.</i> Beleeue me, Cousin <i>Gloster</i> ,	764
Had not your man put vp the Fowle fo suddenly,	765
We had had more sport.	766
Come with thy two-hand Sword.	767
<i>Gloft.</i> True Vnckle, are ye aduis'd ?	768

579 *Humphrey.* Faith Priest, Ile shaue your Crowne.

580 *Cardinall.* Protector, protect thy selfe well.

778 581 *King.* The wind growes high, fo doth your chollour Lords.

582 Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle,

583 How now, now firrha, what miracle is it ?

789 584 *One.* And it please your grace, there is a man that came blinde
585 to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine.

586 *King.* Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glorifie the Lord
587 with him.

794 588 Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his brethren with
589 Muficke, bearing the man that had bene blind,
590 betweene two in a chaire.

792 591 *King.* Thou happie man, giue God eternall praife,
592 For he it is, that thus hath helped thee.

1623	<i>The second Part of Henry the Sixt</i>	61
The East side of the Groue :		789
Cardinall, I am with you.		770
<i>King.</i> Why how now, Vnckle <i>Gloster</i> ?		771
<i>Gloft.</i> Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.		772
Now by Gods Mother, Priest,		773
Ile shaue your Crowne for this,		774
Or all my Fence shall fayle,		775
<i>Card. Medice teipsum,</i> Protector see to't well, protect		776
your selfe.		777
<i>King.</i> The Windes grow high,		778
So doe your Stomacks, Lords :		779
How irkesome is this Musick to my heart ?		780
When such Strings iarre, what hope of Harmony ?		781
I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.		782
	<i>Enter one crying a Miracle.</i>	783
	<i>Gloft.</i> What means this noyse ?	784
	Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclayme ?	785
	<i>One.</i> A Miracle, a Miracle.	786
	<i>Suffolke.</i> Come to the King, and tell him what Mi-	787
	racle.	788
	<i>One.</i> Forfooth, a blinde man at Saint <i>Albones</i> Shrine,	789
	Within this halfe houre hath receiu'd his sight,	790
	A man that ne're saw in his life before.	791
	<i>King.</i> Now God be prays'd, that to beleeuing Soules	792
	Giues Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.	793

811 593 *Humphrey.* Where waft thou borne ?

594 *Poore man.* At *Barwicke* fir, in the North.

595 *Humph.* At *Barwicke*, and come thus far for helpe.

596 *Poore man.* I fir, it was told me in my sleepe,

597 That sweet faint *Albones*, should giue me my fight againe.

<i>Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.</i>	794 795
<i>Card.</i> Here comes the Townef-men, on Proceffion, To preſent your Highneſſe with the man.	796 797
<i>King.</i> Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale, Although by his fight his finne be multiplied.	798 799
<i>Gloſt.</i> Stand by, my Maſters, bring him neere the King, His Highneſſe pleaſure is to talke with him.	800 801
<i>King.</i> Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumſtance, That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.	802 803
What, haſt thou beene long blinde, and now reſtor'd ?	804
<i>Simp.</i> Borne blinde, and't pleaſe your Grace.	805
<i>Wife.</i> I indeede was he.	806
<i>Suff.</i> What Woman is this ?	807
<i>Wife.</i> His Wife, and't like your Worſhip.	808
<i>Gloſt.</i> Hadſt thou been his Mother, thou could'ſt haue better told.	809 810
<i>King.</i> Where wert thou borne ?	811
<i>Simp.</i> At Barwick in the North, and't like your Grace.	812 813
<i>King.</i> Poore Soule, Gods goodneſſe hath beene great to thee : Let neuer Day nor Night vnhalloved paſſe, But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.	814 815 816 817
<i>Queene.</i> Tell me, good-fellow, Cam'ſt thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion, To this holy Shrine ?	818 819 820
<i>Simp.</i> God knowes of pure Deuotion, Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner, In my fleepe, by good Saint <i>Albon</i> : Who ſaid ; <i>Symon</i> , come ; come offer at my Shrine, And I will helpe thee.	821 822 823 824 825
<i>Wife.</i> Moſt true, forfooth : And many time and oft my ſelfe haue heard a Voyce, To call him ſo.	826 827 828

829 598 *Humphrey.* What art thou lame too?
 599 *Poore man.* I indeed fir, God helpe me.
 600 *Humphrey.* How cam'ft thou lame ?
 601 *Poore man.* With falling off on a plum-tree.

602 *Humph.* Wart thou blind & wold clime plumtrees?
 603 *Poore man.* Neuer but once fir in all my life,

841 604 My wife did long for plums.

605 *Humph.* But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?
 606 *Poore man.* I truly fir.
 607 *Woman.* I indeed fir, he was borne blinde.
 608 *Humphrey.* What art thou his mother ?
 808 609 *Woman.* His wife fir.
 610 *Humphrey.* Hadft thou bene his mother,
 611 Thou couldft haue better told.

612 Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.
 613 *Poore man.* Yes truly maister, as cleare as day.

849 614 *Humphrey.* Saift thou so. What colours his cloake?

615 *Poore man.* Why red maister, as red as blood.
 616 *Humphrey.* And his cloake ?
 617 *Poore man.* Why thats greene.
 618 *Humphrey.* And what colours his hofe ?
 619 *Poore man.* Yellow maister, yellow as gold.
 620 *Humphrey.* And what colours my gowne ?

<i>Card.</i> What, art thou lame ?	829
<i>Simp.</i> I, God Almightye helpe me.	830
<i>Suff.</i> How cam'ft thou fo ?	831
<i>Simp.</i> A fall off of a Tree.	832
<i>Wife.</i> A Plum-tree, Mafter.	833
<i>Gloft.</i> How long haft thou beene blinde ?	834
<i>Simp.</i> O borne fo, Mafter.	835
<i>Gloft.</i> What, and would'ft climbe a Tree ?	836
<i>Simp.</i> But that in all my life, when I was a youth.	837
<i>Wife.</i> Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.	838
<i>Gloft.</i> 'Maffe, thou lou'dft Plummes well, that would'ft venture fo.	839 840
<i>Simp.</i> Alas, good Mafter, my Wife desired fome Damfons, and made me climbe, with danger of my Life.	841 842 843
<i>Gloft.</i> A subtill Knaue, but yet it shall not ferue :	844
Let me fee thine Eyes; winck now, now open them,	845
In my opinion, yet thou feest not well.	846
<i>Simp.</i> Yes Mafter, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint <i>Albones</i> .	847 848
<i>Gloft.</i> Say'ft thou me fo: what Colour is this Cloake of?	849 850
<i>Simp.</i> Red Mafter, Red as Blood.	851
<i>Gloft.</i> Why that's well faid: What Colour is my Gowne of?	852 853

621 *Poore man.* Blacke fir, as blacke as Ieat.

622 *King.* Then belike he knowes what colour Ieat is on.

857 623 *Suffolke.* And yet *I* thinke Ieat did he neuer fee.

624 *Humph.* But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a

625 But tell me firrha, whats my name ? (one.

626 *Poore man.* Alasse maister I know not.

863 627 *Humphrey.* Whats his name?

628 *Poore man.* *I* know not.

629 *Humphrey.* Nor his?

630 *Poore man.* No truly fir.

631 *Humphrey* Nor his name?

866 632 *Poore man* No indeed maister.

633 *Humphrey* Whats thine owne name?

634 *Poore man.* *Sander*, and it please you maister.

869 635 *Humphrey.* Then *Sander* fit there, the lyingest knaue in Chri-

636 stendom. If thou hadst bene born blind, thou mightest aswell haue

637 knowne all our names, as thus to name the feuerall colours we doo

638 weare. Sight may diftinguish of colours, but fodeinly to nominate

639 them all, it is impossibile. My Lords, faint Albones here hath done a

640 Miracle, and would you not thinke his cunning to be great, that

879 641 could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.

642 *Poore man.* Oh maister I would you could.

643 *Humphrey.* My Maisters of faint Albones,

644 Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,

645 And things called whippes?

646 *Mayor.* Yes my Lord, if it please your grace.

647 *Humph.* Then fend for one presently.

886 648 *Mayor.* Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight.

649 *Exet* one.

<i>Simp.</i> Black forfooth, Coale-Black, as Iet.	854
<i>King.</i> Why then, thou know'ft what Colour Iet is of?	855 856
<i>Suff.</i> And yet I thinke, Iet did he neuer see.	857
<i>Gloft.</i> But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.	858 859
<i>Wife.</i> Neuer before this day, in all his life.	860
<i>Gloft.</i> Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?	861
<i>Simp.</i> Alas Master, I know not.	862
<i>Gloft.</i> What's his Name?	863
<i>Simp.</i> I know not.	864
<i>Gloft.</i> Nor his?	865

<i>Simp.</i> No indeede, Master.	866
<i>Gloft.</i> What's thine owne Name?	867
<i>Simp.</i> <i>Saunder Simpcoxe</i> , and if it please you, Master.	868
<i>Gloft.</i> Then <i>Saunder</i> , fit there,	869
The lying'ft Knaue in Christendome.	870
If thou hadst beene borne blinde,	871
Thou might'ft as well haue knowne all our Names,	872
As thus to name the feuerall Colours we doe weare.	873
Sight may distinguisht of Colours :	874
But suddently to nominate them all,	875
It is impossible.	876
My Lords, Saint <i>Albone</i> here hath done a Miracle :	877
And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,	878
That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.	879
<i>Simp.</i> O Master, that you could?	880
<i>Gloft.</i> My Masters of Saint <i>Albones</i> ,	881
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,	882
And Things call'd Whippes?	883
<i>Maior.</i> Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.	884
<i>Gloft.</i> Then fend for one presently.	885
<i>Maior.</i> Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.	886
<i>Exit.</i>	887

650 *Humph.* Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.

651 Now firrha, If you meane to faue your selfe from whipping,

890 652 Leape me ouer this stoole and runne away.

653 Enter Beadle.

654 *Poore man.* Alaffe maister I am not able to stand alone,

655 You go about to torture me in vaine.

656 *Humph.* Well fir, we must haue you finde your legges,

895 657 Sirrha Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that fame stoole,

658 *Beadle.* I will my Lord, come on firrha, off with your doublet

659 quickly.

899 660 *Poore man.* Alas maister what shall I do, I am not able to stand,

661 After the Beadle hath hit him one girke, he leapes ouer

662 the stoole and runnes away, and they run after him,

903 663 crying, A miracle, a miracle.

664 *Hump.* Amiracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, & whipt

909 665 through euery Market Towne til he comes at Barwicke where he

666 was borne.

667 *Mayor.* It shall be done my Lord, *Exet Mayor.*

668 *Suffolke.* My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day,

669 He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to go.

913 670 *Humph.* I but you did greater wonders, when you made whole

671 Dukedomes flie in a day.

672 Witnesse *France* .

673 *King.* Haue done I say, and let me here no more of that .

674 Enter the Duke of *Buckingham*.

918 675 What newes brings Duke Humprey of Buckingham?

Gloſt. Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by. 888
 Now Sirrha, if you meane to faue your ſelfe from Whip- 889
 ping, leape me ouer this Stoole, and runne away. 890

Simp. Alas Maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone : 891
 You goe about to torture me in vaine. 892

Enter a Beadle with Whippes. 893

Gloſt. Well Sir, we muſt haue you finde your Legges. 894
 Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that ſame 895
 Stoole. 896

Beadle. I will, my Lord. 897
 Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly. 898

Simp. Alas Maſter, what ſhall I doe? I am not able to 899
 ſtand. 900

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes ouer 901
the Stoole, and runnes away : and they 902
follow, and cry, A Miracle. 903

King. O God, ſeeſt thou this, and beareſt ſo long ? 904

Queene. It made me laugh, to ſee the Villaine runne. 905

Gloſt. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away. 906

Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need. 907

Gloſt. Let thẽ be whipt through euery Market Towne, 908
 Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came. 909

Exit. 910

Card. Duke *Humfrey* ha's done a Miracle to day. 911

Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away. 912

Gloſt. But you haue done more Miracles then I : 913
 You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye. 914

Enter Buckingham. 915

King. What Tidings with our Couſin *Buckingham* ? 916

- 676 *Buck.* Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,
- 677 That proud dame Elnor our Protectors wife,
- 922 678 Hath plotted Treafons gainst the King and Peeres,
679 By vvichcrafts, forceries, and cuniurings,
- 925 680 Who by such meanes did raife a spirit vp,
681 To tell her what hap should betide the state,
682 But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift,
683 By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprisde,
684 And heres the answere the diuel did make to them.
- 685 *King.* First of the King, what shall become of him?
688 686 *Reads.* The Duke yet liues, that Henry shal depose,
687 Yet him out liue, and die a violent death.
688 Gods will be done in all.
689 What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke ?
690 By water shall he die and take his end.
- 693 691 *Suffolke.* By water must the Duke of Suffolke die?
692 It must be so, or else the diuel doth lie.
- 695 693 *King.* Let Somersfet shun Castles,
694 For safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines,
695 Then where Castles mounted stand.
696 *Card.* Heres good stufte, how novv my Lord Protector
- 931 697 This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,
698 I am in doubt youle scarcely keepe your promise,
699 *Humphrey.* Forbeare ambitious Prelate to vrge my grieffe,

<i>Buck.</i> Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold :	917
A fort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent,	918
Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie	919
Of Lady <i>Elianor</i> , the Protector's Wife,	920
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,	921
Haue practis'd dangerously against your State,	922
Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers,	923
Whom we haue apprehended in the Fact,	924
Rayfing vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground,	925
Demanding of King <i>Henries</i> Life and Death,	926
And other of your Highnesse Priuie Councell,	927
As more at large your Grace shall vnderstand.	928

<i>Card.</i> And fo my Lord Protector, by this meanes	929
Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London.	930
This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge ;	931
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.	932
<i>Gloſt.</i> Ambitious Church-man, leaue to afflict my heart :	933
Sorrow and grieffe haue vanquiſht all my powers ;	934
And vanquiſht as I am, I yeeld to thee,	935
Or to the meanest Groome.	936
<i>King.</i> O God, what miſchiefes work the wicked ones?	937
Heaping confuſion on their owne heads thereby.	938

700 And pardon me my gracious Soueraigne,
 701 For here I fvyveare vnto your Maieftie,
 702 That I am guiltleffe of thefe hainous crimes
 703 Which my ambitious vvife hath fallly done,

704 And for the vvould betraie her foueraigne Lord,

705 I here renounce her from my bed and boord,
 949 706 And leaue her open for the lavv to iudge,
 707 Vnleffe the cleare her felfe of this foule deed.
 708 *King.* Come my Lords this night vveele lodge in S.Albones,
 709 And to morrov vve vvill ride to London,

954 710 And trie the vtmost of thefe Treafons forth,
 711 Come vnckle Glofter along vvith vs,
 712 My mind doth tell me thou art innocent.

713

Exet omnes.

714 Enter the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Earles of
 715 *Salsbury* and *VVarwicke*.

960 716 *Yorke.* My Lords our fimple fupper ended, thus,
 717 Let me reueale vnto your honours here,
 718 The right and title of the houfe of *Yorke*,
 963 719 To Englands Crovvne by liniall defent.

720 *VVar* Then *Yorke* begin, and if thy claime be good,
 721 The Neuils are thy fubiefts to command.

967 722 *Yorke.* Then thus my Lords.

Queene. Gloster, see here the Taincture of thy Nest, 939
And looke thy selfe be faultlesse, thou wert best. 940

Gloft. Madame, for my selfe, to Heauen I doe appeale, 941
How I haue lou'd my King, and Common-weale : 942

And for my Wife, I know not how it stands, 943

Sorry I am to heare what I haue heard. 944

Noble shee is : but if shee haue forgot 945

Honor and Vertue, and conuers't with such, 946

As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie ; 947

I banish her my Bed, and Companie, 948

And giue her as a Prey to Law and Shame, 949

That hath dis-honored *Glosters* honest Name. 950

King. Well, for this Night we will repose vs here : 951

To morrow toward London, back againe, 952

To looke into this Bufineffe thorowly, 953

And call these foule Offenders to their Answeres ; 954

And poyse the Cause in Iustice equal Scales, 955

Whose Beame stands sure, whose rightful cause preuailes 956

Flourish. Exeunt. 957

Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick. 958

Yorke. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick, 959

Our simple Supper ended, giue me leaue, 960

In this close Walke, to satisfie my selfe, 961

In crauing your opinion of my Title, 962

Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne. 963

Salish. My Lord, I long to heare it at full. 964

Warw. Sweet *Yorke* begin : and if thy clayme be good, 965

The *Newills* are thy Subiects to command, 966

Yorke. Then thus : 967

723 Edward the third had seven sonnes,
 724 The first was Edward the blacke Prince,
 725 Prince of Wales.

- 973 726 The second was Edmund of Langly,
 727 Duke of Yorke.
 728 The third was Lyonell Duke of Clarence.
 729 The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,
 730 The Duke of Lancafter.
 731 The fifth was Roger Mortemor, Earle of March.
 732 The sixt was fir Thomas of Woodstocke.
 733 William of Winfore was the seventh and last.
- 976 734 Now, Edward the blacke Prince he died before his father, and left
 735 behinde him Richard, that afterwards was King, Crownde by
 736 the name of Richard the second, and he died without an heire.
 737 Edmund of Langly Duke of Yorke died, and left behind him two
 738 daughters, Anne and Elinor.
 739 Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice, Anne,
 740 and Elinor, that was after married to my father, and by her I
 741 claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke
 742 of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third. Now fir. In the
- 743 time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire
 744 to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancafter fourth sonne to Edward
 745 the third, he claime the Crowne, depofde the Merthfull King, and
- 746 as both you know, in Pomphret Castle harmeleffe Richard was
 747 shamefully murdered, and so by Richards death came the house of
 748 Lancafter vnto the Crowne.

1623	<i>The second Part of Henry the Sixt</i>	75
	<i>Edward</i> the third, my Lords, had feuen Sonnes :	968
	The first, <i>Edward</i> the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales ;	969
	The second, <i>William</i> of Hatfield ; and the third,	970
	<i>Lionel</i> , Duke of Clarence ; next to whom,	971
	Was <i>Iohn</i> of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster ;	972
	The fift, was <i>Edmond Langley</i> , Duke of Yorke ;	973
	The sixt, was <i>Thomas</i> of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;	974
	<i>William</i> of Windfor was the feuenth, and laft.	975
	<i>Edward</i> the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,	976
	And left behinde him <i>Richard</i> , his onely Sonne,	977
	Who after <i>Edward</i> the third's death, raign'd as King,	978
	Till <i>Henry Bullingbrooke</i> , Duke of Lancaster,	979
	The eldest Sonne and Heire of <i>Iohn</i> of Gaunt,	980
	Crown'd by the Name of <i>Henry</i> the fourth,	981
	Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,	982
	Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came,	983
	And him to Pumfret ; where, as all you know,	984
	Harmelesse <i>Richard</i> was murthered traiterously.	985
	<i>Warw.</i> Father, the Duke hath told the truth ;	986
	Thus got the House of <i>Lancaster</i> the Crowne.	987
	<i>Yorke.</i> Which now they hold by force, and not by right :	988
	For <i>Richard</i> , the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,	989

999 749 *Sal.* Sauing your tale my Lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne
 750 of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and
 751 but for Owin Glendor, had bene King.

752 *Yorke.* True. But so it fortun'd then, by meanes of that mon-
 753 strous rebel Glendor, the noble Duke of York was done to death,
 754 and so euer since the heires of Iohn of Gaunt haue possessed the

755 Crowne. But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the if-
 756 sue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

757 *Warwicke.* What plaine proceedings can be more plaine, hee
 758 claimes it from Lyonel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to Ed-
 759 ward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth sonne.
 1019 760 So that till Lyonels issue failes, his should not raigne. It failes not

761 yet, but flourisheth in thee & in thy sons, braue slips of such a stock.
 762 Then noble father, kneele we both together, and in this puiuate

The Iffue of the next Sonne should haue reign'd.	990
<i>Salisb.</i> But <i>William</i> of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.	991
<i>Yorke.</i> The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,	992
From whose Line I clayme the Crowne,	993
Had Iffue <i>Phillip</i> , a Daughter,	994
Who marryed <i>Edmond Mortimer</i> , Earle of March:	995
<i>Edmond</i> had Iffue, <i>Roger</i> , Earle of March ;	996
<i>Roger</i> had Iffue, <i>Edmond</i> , <i>Anne</i> , and <i>Elleanor</i> .	997
<i>Salisb.</i> This <i>Edmond</i> , in the Reigne of <i>Bullingbrooke</i> ,	998
As I haue read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne,	999
And but for <i>Owen Glendour</i> , had beene King ;	1000
Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed.	1001
But, to the rest.	1002

<i>Yorke.</i> His eldest Sifter, <i>Anne</i> ,	1004
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,	1005
Marryed <i>Richard</i> , Earle of Cambridge,	1006
Who was to <i>Edmond Langley</i> ,	1007
<i>Edward</i> the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne ;	1008
By her I clayme the Kingdome :	1009
She was Heire to <i>Roger</i> , Earle of March,	1010
Who was the Sonne of <i>Edmond Mortimer</i> ,	1011
Who marryed <i>Phillip</i> , sole Daughter,	1012
Vnto <i>Lionel</i> , Duke of Clarence.	1013
So, if the Iffue of the elder Sonne	1014
Succeed before the younger, I am King.	1015
<i>Warw.</i> What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?	1016
<i>Henry</i> doth clayme the Crowne from <i>John</i> of Gaunt,	1017
The fourth Sonne, <i>Yorke</i> claymes it from the third :	1018
Till <i>Lionels</i> Iffue fayles, his should not reigne.	1019
It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,	1020
And in thy Sonnes, faire flippes of such a Stock,	1021
Then Father <i>Salisbury</i> , kneele we together,	1022

763 place, be we the first to honor him with birthright to the Crown.
764 *Both.* Long liue Richard Englands royall King.

1028 765 *Yorke.* I thanke you both, But Lords I am not your King, vntil
766 this sword be sheathed euen in the hart blood of the houfe of Lan-
767 cafter.

768 *VVar.* Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy time
769 Claime thou the Crowne, and fet thy standard vp,
770 And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose,
771 And then to gard it, will I rouse the Beare,
772 Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-ftaues
773 To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right,
774 Maugre the proudest Lord of Henries blood,
775 That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke,
776 For why my minde presageth I shall liue
777 To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a King.
778 *Yorke.* Thankes noble Warwicke, and Yorke doth hope to see,
1048 779 The Earle of Warwicke liue, to be the greatest man in England,
780 but the King, Come lets goe.

Exet omnes.

And in this priuate Plot be we the first,	1023
That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne	1024
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.	1025
<i>Both.</i> Long liue our Soueraigne <i>Richard</i> , England's	1026
King.	1027
<i>Yorke.</i> We thanke you Lords :	1028
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,	1029
And that my Sword be stayn'd	1030
With heart-blood of the House of <i>Lancaster</i> :	1031
And that's not suddently to be perform'd,	1032
But with aduice and silent secrecie.	1033
Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,	1034
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,	1035
At <i>Beaufords</i> Pride, at <i>Somersets</i> Ambition,	1036
At <i>Buckingham</i> , and all the Crew of them,	1037
Till they haue snar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,	1038
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke <i>Humfrey</i> :	1039
'Tis that they seeke ; and they, in seeking that,	1040
Shall finde their deaths, if <i>Yorke</i> can prophecie.	1041
<i>Salisb.</i> My Lord, breake we off ; we know your minde	1042
at full.	1043

Warw. My heart affures me, that the Earle of Warwick 1044
 Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King. 1045

Yorke. And *Neuill*, this I doe assure my selfe, 1046
Richard shall liue to make the Earle of Warwick 1047
 The greatest man in England, but the King. 1048

Exeunt. 1049

781 Enter King *Henry*, and the Queene, Duke *Humphrey*, the Duke o
 782 *Suffolke*, and the Duke of *Buckingham*, the *Cardinall*, and Dam
 783 *Elnor Cobham*, led with the Officers, and then enter to them th
 784 Duke of *Yorke*, and the Earles of *Salsbury* and *VVarwicke*.

1052 785 *King*. Stand fourth Dame *Elnor Cobham* Duches of Glofter

786 and here the fentence pronounced againft thee for thefe Treafons,
 787 that thou haft committed gainft vs, our States and Peeres.

788 Firft for thy hainous crimes, thou fhalt two daies in London do
 1068 789 penance barefoote in the ftreetes, with a white fheete about thy
 790 bodie, and a waxe Taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou
 791 fhalt be banifhed for euer into the Ile of Man, there to ende thy
 792 wretched daies, and this is our fentence erreuocable. Away with
 793 her.

1066 794 *Elnor*. Euen to my death, for I haue liued too long.

795 *Exet* fome with *Elnor*.

796 *King*. Greeue not noble vnckle, but be thou glad,
 797 In that thefe Treafons thus are come to light,
 798 Leaft God had pourde his vengeance on thy head,
 799 For her offences that thou heldft fo deare.

1073 800 *Humph*. Oh gracious *Henry*, giue me leaue awhile,

1623	<i>The second Part of Henry the Sixt</i>	81
	<i>Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State,</i>	1050
	<i>with Guard, to banish the Duchesse.</i>	1051
	<i>King. Stand forth Dame Elianor Cobham,</i>	1052
	<i>Glosters Wife :</i>	1053
	In fight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,	1054
	Receiue the Sentence of the Law for sinne,	1055
	Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.	1056
	You foure from hence to Prifon, back againe;	1057
	From thence, vnto the place of Execution :	1058
	The Witch in Smithfield fhall be burnt to ashes,	1059
	And you three fhall be frangled on the Gallowes.	1060
	You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,	1061
	Defpoyled of your Honor in your Life,	1062
	Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,	1063
	Liue in your Countrey here, in Banifhment,	1064
	With Sir <i>Iohn Stanly</i> , in the Ile of Man.	1065
	<i>Elianor.</i> Welcome is Banifhment, welcome were my	1066
	Death.	1067
	<i>Gloft. Elianor,</i> the Law thou feest hath iudged thee,	1068
	I cannot iuftifie whom the Law condemnes :	1069
	Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.	1070
	Ah <i>Humfrey</i> , this dishonor in thine age,	1071
	Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.	1072
	I befeech your Maieftie giue me leaue to goe ;	1073

801 To leaue your grace, and to depart away,
 802 For forrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,
 803 And makes the fountaines of mine eyes to fwell,
 804 And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.
 805 *King.* With all my hart good vnkle, when you please,
 806 Yet ere thou goest, *Humphrey* refigne thy staffe,
 807 For Henry will be no more protected,
 1078 808 The Lord shall be my guide both for my land and me.

1086 809 *Humph.* My staffe, I noble Henry, my life and all,
 810 My staffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine,
 811 As erst thy noble father made it mine,
 • 812 And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it,
 813 As others would ambitiously receiue it,
 814 And long hereafter when I am dead and gone,
 1092 815 May honourable peace attend thy throne.

816 *King.* Vnkle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,
 817 No lesse beloued of vs, then when
 818 Thou weart Protector ouer my land. *Exet Gloster.*

819 *Queene.* Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,
 820 Where should it be, but in King Henries hand?

821 *Yorke.* Please it your Maieftie, this is the day
 1108 822 That was appointed for the combating

Sorrow would follace, and mine Age would ease. 1074

King. Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloster, 1075
 Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe, 1076
Henry will to himselfe Protector be, 1077
 And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide, 1078
 And Lanthorne to my feete: 1079
 And goe in peace, *Humfrey*, no lesse belou'd, 1080
 Then when thou wert Protector to thy King. 1081

Queene. I see no reason, why a King of yeeres 1082
 Should be to be protected like a Child, 1083
 God and King *Henry* gouerne Englands Realme: 1084
 Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme. 1085

Gloft. My Staffe? Here, Noble *Henry*, is my Staffe: 1086
 As willingly doe I the same resigne, 1087
 As ere thy Father *Henry* made it mine; 1088
 And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it, 1089
 As others would ambitiously receiue it. 1090
 Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone, 1091
 May honorable Peace attend thy Throne. 1092

Exit Gloster. 1093

Queene. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queen, 1094
 And *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloster, scarce himselfe, 1095
 That beares so shrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once; 1096
 His Lady banisht, and a Limbe lopt off. 1097
 This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand, 1098
 Where it best fits to be, in *Henries* hand. 1099

Suff. Thus droupes this loftie Pyne, & hangs his sprayes, 1100
 Thus *Elians* Pride dyes in her youngest dayes. 1101

Yorke. Lords, let him goe. Please it your Maiestie, 1102
 This is the day appointed for the Combat, 1103

823 Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
1105 824 And they are readie when your grace doth please.

825 *King.* Then call them forth, that they may trie their rightes.

826 Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinkin
827 to him so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drun
828 before him, and his staffe with a sand-bag fastened to it, an
829 at the other doore, his man with a drum and sand-bagge, an
1118 830 Prentifes drinking to him.

831 1. *Neighbor.* Here neighbor Hornor, I drink to you in a cup o
832 And feare not neighbor, you shall do well inough. (Sacke

833 2. *Neigh.* And here neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.

834 3. *Neigh.* Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke
835 And be merry, and feare not your man.

1126 836 *Armourer.* Let it come, yfaith ile pledge you all,
837 And a figge for Peter.

838 1. *Prentise.* Here Peter I drinke to thee, and be not affeard.

839 2. *Pren.* Here Peter, heres a pinte of Claret-wine for thee.

840 3. *Pren.* And heres a quart for me, and be merry Peter,
841 And feare not thy maister, fight for credit of the Prentifes.

842 *Peter.* I thanke you all, but ile drinke no more,

843 Here Robin, and if I die, here I giue thee my hammer,
1135 844 And Will, thou shalt haue my aterne, and here Tom,
845 Take all the mony that I haue.

And ready are the Appellant and Defendant, 1104
 The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lifts, 1105
 So please your Highnesse to behold the fight. 1106

Queene. I, good my Lord: for purpofely therefore 1107
 Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'de. 1108

King. A Gods Name see the Lyfts and all things fit, 1109
 Here let them end it, and God defend the right. 1110

Yorke. I neuer saw a fellow worfe bestead, 1111
 Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant, 1112
 The feruant of this Armorer, my Lords, 1113

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking 1114
to him so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a 1115
Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge 1116
fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a 1117
Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him. 1118

1. *Neighbor.* Here Neighbour *Horner*, I drinke to you 1119
 in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe 1120
 well enough. 1121

2. *Neighbor.* And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of 1122
 Charneco. 1123

3. *Neighbor.* And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere 1124
 Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man. 1125

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all, 1126
 and a figge for *Peter*. 1127

1. *Prent.* Here *Peter*, I drinke to thee, and be not a 1128
 fraid. 1129

2. *Prent.* Be merry *Peter*, and feare not thy Master, 1130
 Fight for credit of the Prentices. 1131

Peter. I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray 1132
 you, for I thinke I haue taken my last Draught in this 1133
 World. Here *Robin*, and if I dye, I giue thee my Aporne; 1134
 and *Will*, thou shalt haue my Hammer: and here *Tom*, 1135
 take all the money that I haue. O Lord bleffe me, I pray 1136

846 O Lord bleffe me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with
847 my maister, he hath learnt so much fence alreadie.

1139 848 *Salb.* Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.

849 *Sirrha,* whats thy name ?

850 *Pettr.* Peter forfooth.

851 *Salbury.* Peter, what more ?

852 *Peter.* *Thumpe.*

1144 853 *Salsbury.* Thumpe, then see that thou thumpe thy maister.

854 *Armour.* Heres to thee neighbour, fill all the pots again, for be
855 fore we fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde, for I am com
856 hither as it were of my mans infligation, to proue my selfe an he

857 nest man, and Peter a knaue, and so haue at you Peter with down
1151 858 right blowes, as Beuys of South-hampton fell vpon Askapart.

859 *Peter.* Law you now, I told you hees in his fence alreadie.

860 Alarmes, and Peter hits him on the head and fels him.

1155 861 *Armou.* Hold Peter, I confesse, Treafon, treafon. He dies

862 *Peter.* O God I giue thee praife. He kneeles downe

863 *Pren.* Ho well done Peter. God faue the King.

1161 864 *King.* Go take hence that Traitor from our fight,

865 For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,

866 And God in iustice hath reuealde to vs,

867 The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,

868 Which he had thought to haue murdered wrongfully.

1166 869 Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. *Exet omnis*

God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Maſter, hee 1137
hath learnt ſo much fence already. 1138

Salisb. Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes. 1139
Sirrha, what's thy Name? 1140

Peter. *Peter* forſooth. 1141

Salisb. *Peter?* what more? 1142

Peter. *Thumpe.* 1143

Salisb. *Thumpe?* Then ſee thou thumpe thy Maſter 1144
well. 1145

Armorer. Maſters, I am come hither as it were vpon 1146
my Mans inſtigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my ſelfe 1147
an honeſt man : and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will 1148
take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King, 1149
nor the Queene : and therefore *Peter* haue at thee with a 1150
downe-right blow. 1151

Yorke. Diſpatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double. 1152
Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants. 1153

They fight, and Peter ſtrikes him downe. 1154

Armorer. Hold *Peter*, hold, I confeſſe, I confeſſe Trea- 1155
ſon. 1156

Yorke. Take away his Weapon : Fellow thanke God, 1157
and the good Wine in thy Maſters way. 1158

Peter. O God, haue I ouercome mine Enemies in this 1159
prefence? O *Peter*, thou haſt preuayl'd in right. 1160

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our fight, 1161
For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt, 1162

And God in Iuſtice hath reueal'd to vs 1163

The truth and innocence of this poore fellow, 1164

Which he had thought to haue murther'd wrongfully. 1165

Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward. 1166

Sound a flouriſh. *Exeunt.* 1167

1168 870 Enter Duke *Humphrey* and his men, in
871 mourning cloakes.

872 *Humph* Sirrha, whats a clocke?

1175 873 *Seruing*. Almost ten my Lord,

874 *Humph*. Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,

875 That my poore Lady should come by this way,

876 In shamefull penance wandring in the freetes,

877 Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke,

878 The abiect people gazing on thy face,

879 With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,

880 That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,

881 When thou didst ride in tryumph through the freetes.

1187 882 Enter Dame *Elnor Cobham* bare-foote, and a white sheete about
883 her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verses written on
884 her backe and pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes
885 of London, and Sir *Iohn Standly*, and Officers, with billes and
886 holbards.

887 *Seruing*. My gracious Lord, see where my Lady comes,

888 Pleafe it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?

889 *Humph*. I charge you for your liues flir not a foote,

890 Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,

891 But let them do their office as they should.

1194 892 *Elnor*. Come you my Lord to see my open shame?

893 Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,

894 See how the giddie people looke at thee,

895 Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes. 1168
1169

Gloſt. Thus ſometimes hath the brighteſt day a Cloud : 1170
And after Summer, euermore ſucceedes 1171
Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold ; 1172
So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seaſons fleet. 1173
Sirs, what's a Clock ? 1174

Seru. Tenne, my Lord. 1175

Gloſt. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me, 1176
To watch the coming of my puniſht Ducheffe : 1177
Vnneath may ſhee endure the Flintie Streets, 1178
To treade them with her tender-feeling feet. 1179
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke 1180
The abieſt People, gazing on thy face, 1181
With eniuous Lookes laughing at thy ſhame, 1182
That erſt did follow thy proud Chariot-Wheelles, 1183
When thou didſt ride in triumph through the ſtreets. 1184
But ſoft, I thinke ſhe comes, and Ile prepare 1185
My teare-ſtain'd eyes, to ſee her Miſeries. 1186

Enter the Ducheffe in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sherife and Officers. 1187
1188
1189

Seru. So pleaſe your Grace, wee'le take her from the 1190
Sherife. 1191

Gloſter. No, ſtirre not for your liues, let her paſſe 1192
by. 1193

Elleanor. Come you, my Lord, to ſee my open ſhame ? 1194
Now thou do'ſt Penance too. Looke how they gaze, 1195
See how the giddy multitude doe point, 1196
And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. 1197

896 Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
 897 And in thy pent vp studie rue my shame,
 1200 898 And ban thine enemies, Ah mine and thine.
 899 *Hum.* Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief.
 900 And beare it patiently to ease thy heart,
 901 *Elnor.* Ah Gloster teach me to forget my selfe,
 1203 902 For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
 903 Then thought of this, doth kill my wofull heart.

1209 904 The ruthlesse flints do cut my tender feete,
 905 And when I start the cruell people laugh,
 906 And bids me be aduised how I tread,
 907 And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
 908 Malde vp in shame with papers on my backe,
 909 Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and liue.

1217 910 Sometime ile say I am Duke *Humphreys* wife,
 911 And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
 912 But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,
 913 As he stood by, whilst I his forelorne Duches
 914 Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,
 915 To every idle rascald follower.
 916 *Humphrey.* My louely Nell, what wouldst thou haue me do?
 917 Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,
 1241 918 I should incurre the danger of the law,
 919 And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so.
 920 *Elnor.* Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,
 1224 921 Vntill the axe of death hang ouer thy head,

1623	<i>The second Part of Henry the Sixt</i>	91
	Ah <i>Gloster</i> , hide thee from their hatefull lookes,	1198
	And in thy Clofet pent vp, rue my shame,	1199
	And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.	1200
	<i>Gloft.</i> Be patient, gentle <i>Nell</i> , forget this grieffe.	1201
	<i>Elianor.</i> Ah <i>Gloster</i> , teach me to forget my selfe :	1202
	For whilest I thinke I am thy married Wife,	1203
	And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land;	1204
	Me thinkes I should not thus be led along,	1205
	May'd vp in shame, with Papers on my back,	1206
	And follow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce	1207
	To see my teares, and heare my deepe-fet groanes.	1208
	The ruthlesse Flint doth cut my tender feet,	1209
	And when I start, the enuious people laugh,	1210
	And bid me be aduised how I treade.	1211
	Ah <i>Humfrey</i> , can I beare this shamefull yoake ?	1212
	Trowest thou, that ere Ile looke vpon the World,	1213
	Or count them happy, that enioyes the Sunne ?	1214
	No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day.	1215
	To thinke vpon my Pompe, shall be my Hell.	1216
	Sometime Ile say, I am Duke <i>Humfreyes</i> Wife,	1217
	And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land :	1218
	Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,	1219
	As he stood by, whilest I, his forlorne Duchesse,	1220
	Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock	1221
	To euery idle Rascall follower.	1222
	But be thou milde, and blush not at my shame,	1223
	Nor stirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death	1224
	Hang ouer thee, as sure it shortly will.	1225

922 As shortly fure it will. For Suffolke he,
 923 The new made Duke, that may do all in all
 924 With her that loues him fo, and hates vs all,
 925 And impious Yorke and Bewford that falſe Prieſt.
 926 Haue all lymde buſhes to betraie thy wings,
 1230 927 And flie thou how thou can they will intangle thee.

1245 928 Enter a Herald of Armes.

929 *Herald.* I ſummon your Grace, vnto his highneſſe Parliament
 930 holden at ſaint Edmunds-Bury, the firſt of the next month.
 931 *Humphrey.* A Parliament and our conſent neuer craude
 932 Therein before. This is fodeine.
 1249 933 Well, we will be there.
 934 *Exet. Herald.*

1250 935 Maſter Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further againſt my
 936 Lady, then the courſe of law extends.
 937 *Sheriffe.* Pleaſe it your grace, my office here doth end,
 938 And I muſt deliuer her to ſir Iohn Standly,
 939 To be conducted into the Ile of Man.
 940 *Humphrey.* Muſt you ſir Iohn conduct my Lady?
 941 *Standly.* I my gracious Lord, for ſo it is decreede,
 942 And I am ſo commanded by the King.

For *Suffolke*, he that can doe all in all 1226

With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all, 1227

And *Yorke*, and impious *Beauford*, that false Priest, 1228

Haue all lym'd Bushes to betray thy Wings, 1229 *2r 5*

And flye thou how thou canst, they'le tangle thee. 1230

But feare not thou, vntill thy foot be snar'd, 1231

Nor neuer seeke preuention of thy foes. 1232

Gloft. Ah *Nell*, forbear: thou aymest all awry. 1233

I must offend, before I be attainted : 1234

And had I twentie times so many foes, 1235

And each of them had twentie times their power, 1236

All these could not procure me any scathe, 1237

So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse. 1238

Would'st haue me rescue thee from this reproach ? 1239

Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away, 1240

But I in danger for the breach of Law. 1241

Thy greatestt helpe is quiet, gentle *Nell* : 1242

I pray thee fort thy heart to patience, 1243

These few dayes wonder will be quickly worne: 1244

Enter a Herald. 1245

Her. I summon your Grace to his Maiesties Parliament, 1246

Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth. 1247

Gloft. And my consent ne're ask'd herein before ? 1248

This is close dealing. Well, I will be there. 1249

My *Nell*, I take my leaue : and Master Sherife, 1250

Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission. 1251

Sh. And't please your Grace, here my Commission stayes: 1252

And Sir *John Stanly* is appointed now, 1253

To take her with him to the Ile of Man. 1254

Gloft. Must you, Sir *John*, protect my Lady here ? 1255

Stanly. So am I giuen in charge, may't please your 1256

Grace. 1257

943 *Humph.* I pray you fir Iohn, vse her neare the worfe,
 944 In that I intreat you to vse her well.
 945 The world may smile againe and I may liue,
 946 To do you fauour if you do it her,
 947 And so fir Iohn farewell.

1262 948 *Elnor.* What gone my Lord, and bid not me farewell.

949 *Humph.* Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speake.

950 *Exet Humphrey* and his men,

951 *Elnor.* Then is he gone, is noble Closter gone,
 952 And doth Duke Humphrey now forsake me too ?

953 Then let me haste from out faire Englands boundes,

954 Come Standly come, and let vs haste away.

1284 955 *Standly.* Madam lets go vnto some house hereby,
 956 Where you may shift your selfe before we go.

957 *Elnor.* Ah good fir Iohn, my shame cannot be hid,

958 Nor put away with casting off my sheete:

1242 959 But come let vs go, maister Sheriffe farewell,

1290 960 Thou hast but done thy office as thou shoulst.

961

Exet omnes.

Gloſt. Entreat her not the worſe, in that I pray 1258
 You uſe her well : the World may laugh againe, 1259
 And I may liue to doe you kindneſſe, if you doe it her. 1260

And fo Sir *John*, farewell. 1261

Elleanor. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not fare- 1262
 well ? 1263

Gloſt. Witneſſe my teares, I cannot ſtay to ſpeake. 1264

Exit Gloſter. 1265

Elleanor. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee, 1266
 For none abides with me : my Ioy, is Death ; 1267
 Death, at whoſe Name I oft haue beene afear'd, 1268
 Becauſe I wiſh'd this Worlds eternitie, 1269

Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence, 1270
 I care not whither, for I begge no fauor ; 1271
 Onely conuey me where thou art commanded. 1272

Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man, 1273
 There to be vs'd according to your State. 1274

Elleanor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach : 1275
 And ſhall I then be vs'd reproachfully ? 1276

Stanley. Like to a Ducheffe, and Duke *Humfreyes* Lady, 1277
 According to that State you ſhall be vs'd. 1278

Elleanor. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare, 1279
 Although thou haſt beene Conduct of my ſhame. 1280

Sherife. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me. 1281

Elleanor. I, I, farewell, thy Office is diſcharg'd : 1282
 Come *Stanley*, ſhall we goe ? 1283

Stanley. Madame, your Penance done, 1284
 Throw off this Sheet, 1285

And goe we to attyre you for our Iourney. 1286

Elleanor. My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my Sheet : 1287

No, it will hang vpon my richeſt Robes, 1288

And ſhew it ſelfe, attyre me how I can. 1289

Goe, leade the way, I long to ſee my Priſon. *Exeunt* 1290

1291 962 Enter to the Parliament,
 963 Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of *Buckingham*, and th
 964 Duke of *Suffolke*, and then the Duke of *Yorke*, and the *Caro*
 965 *nall* of *VVinchester*, and then the King and the *Queene*, and the
 966 the Earle of *Salisbury*, and the Earle of *VVarwicke*.

1294 967 *King*. I wonder our vnkle Glofter staies fo long.

968 *Queene*. Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,
 969 How that ambitious Duke doth vse himselfe ?
 970 The time hath bene, but now that time is past,

1305 971 That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was:
 972 But now let one meete him euen in the morne,
 973 When euery one will giue the time of day,
 974 And he will neither moue nor speake to vs.
 975 See you not how the Commons follow him
 976 In troupes, crying, God faue the good Duke Humphrey,
 977 And with long life, Iefus preferue his grace,
 978 Honouring him as if he were their King.

1313 979 Glofter is no litle man in England,

Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, 1291
Yorke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke, 1292
to the Parliament. 1293

King. I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come: 1294
 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man, 1295
 What e're occasion keeps him from vs now. 1296

Queene. Can you not see? or will ye not obserue 1297
 The strangeness of his alter'd Countenance? 1298
 With what a Maiestie he beares himselfe, 1299
 How insolent of late he is become, 1300
 How proud, how peremptorie, and vnlike himselfe. 1301
 We know the time since he was milde and affable, 1302
 And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke, 1303
 Immediately he was vpon his Knee, 1304
 That all the Court admir'd him for submission. 1305
 But meet him now, and be it in the Morne, 1306
 When euery one will giue the time of day, 1307
 He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye, 1308

And passeth by with stiffe vnbowed Knee, 1309
 Disdaining dutie that to vs belongs. 1310
 Small Curses are not regarded when they grynne, 1311
 But great men tremble when the Lyon rores, 1312
 And *Humfrey* is no little Man in England. 1313
 First note, that he is neere you in descent, 1314
 And should you fall, he is the next will mount. 1315
 Me seemeth then, it is no Pollicie, 1316
 Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares, 1317
 And his aduantage following your decease, 1318
 That he should come about your Royall Person, 1319

980 And if he list to stir commotions,
 981 Tys likely that the people will follow him.

982 My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,
 983 Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare.

1332 984 My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
 985 Disproue my Alligations if you can,
 986 And by your speeches, if you can reproue me,
 987 I will subscribe and fay, I wrong'd the Duke.
 1335 988 *Suffol.* Well hath your grace foreseen into that Duke,
 989 And if I had bene licenst first to speake,
 1337 990 I thinke I should haue told your graces tale.

991 Smooth runs the brooke whereas the streame is deepest.

992 No, no, my foueraigne, Gloster is a man
 993 Vnfounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councell. 1320
 By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts : 1321
 And when he please to make Commotion, 1322
 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him. 1323
 Now'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted, 1324
 Suffer them now, and they'le o're-grow the Garden, 1325
 And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry. 1326
 The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord, 1327
 Made me collect these dangers in the Duke. 1328

If it be fond, call it a Womans feare : 1329
 Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant, 1330
 I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke. 1331
 My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke, 1332
 Reproue my allegation, if you can, 1333
 Or else conclude my words effectuell. 1334

Suff. Well hath your Highnesse feene into this Duke: 1335
 And had I first beene put to speake my minde, 1336
 I thinke I should haue told your Graces Tale. 1337
 The Duchesse, by his subornation, 1338
 Vpon my Life began her diuellish practises : 1339
 Or if he were not priuie to those Faults, 1340
 Yet by reputed of his high discent, 1341
 As next the King, he was succeffiue Heire, 1342
 And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie, 1343
 Did instigate the Bedlam braine-sick Duchesse, 1344
 By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall. 1345
 Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe, 1346
 And in his simple shew he harbours Treason. 1347
 The Fox barkes not, when he would steale the Lambe. 1348
 No, no, my Soueraigne, *Glouster* is a man 1349
 Vnfounded yet, and full of deepe deceit. 1350

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law, 1351
 Deuise strange deaths, for small offences done ? 1352

Yorke. And did he not, in his Protectorship, 1353

1375 994 Enter the Duke of *Somerfet*.

995 *King*. Welcome Lord *Somerfet*, what newes from France?

996 *Somer*. Cold newes my Lord, and this it is,
 997 That all your holds and Townes within thofe Territores
 998 Is ouercome my Lord, all is loft.

999 *King*. Cold newes indeed Lord *Somerfet*,
 1382 1000 But Gods will be done.

1001 *York*. Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
 1002 Euen as I haue of fertill England.

Leuie great fummes of Money through the Realme,	1354
For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer sent it ?	1355
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuolted.	1356
<i>Buck.</i> Tut, these are petty faults to faults vnknowne,	1357
Which time will bring to light in smoothe Duke <i>Humfrey.</i>	1358
<i>King.</i> My Lords at once : the care you haue of vs,	1359
To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,	1360
Is worthy prayfe: but shall I speake my conscience,	1361
Our Kinfman <i>Gloster</i> is as innocent,	1362
From meaning Treason to our Royall Perfon,	1363
As is the sucking Lambe, or harmeleffe Doue :	1364
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,	1365
To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall,	1366
<i>Qu.</i> Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?	1367
Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd,	1368
For hee's disposed as the hatefull Rauens,	1369
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him,	1370
For hee's enclin'd as is the rauinous Wolues.	1371
Who cannot steale a shape, that meanes deceit?	1372
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,	1373
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.	1374

Enter Somerset. 1375

<i>Som.</i> All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.	1376
<i>King.</i> Welcome Lord <i>Somerset</i> : What Newes from France ?	1377 1378
<i>Som.</i> That all your Intereft in those Territories,	1379
Is vtterly bereft you : all is lost.	1380
<i>King.</i> Cold Newes, Lord <i>Somerset</i> : but Gods will be done.	1381 1382
<i>Yorke.</i> Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,	1383
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.	1384
Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,	1385
And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away :	1386

1003

Enter Duke *Humphrey*.

- 1391 1004 *Hum.* Pardon my liege, that I haue staid fo long.
 1005 *Suffol.* Nay, Gloster know, that thou art come too foone,
 1006 Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,
 1007 We do arrest thee on high treason here.
 1008 *Humph.* Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt not see me blush
 1009 Nor change my countenance for thine arrest,
- 1010 Whereof am I guiltie, who are my accusers ?
 1011 *York.* Tis thought my lord, your grace tooke bribes from Fran
- 1403 1012 And stopt the foldiers of their paie,
 1013 By which his Maiestie hath lost all France.
 1014 *Humph.* Is it but thought so, and who are they that thinke f
- 1015 So God helpe me, as I haue watcht the night
 1016 Euer intending good for England still,
 1017 That penie that euer I tooke from France,
- 1018 Be brought against me at the iudgement day.
 1407 1019 I neuer robd the foldiers of their paie,
 1020 Many a pound of mine owne propper coft
 1021 Haue I sent ouer for the foldiers wants,
 1022 Because I would not racke the needie Commons.

But I will remedie this geare ere long, 1387
Or fell my Title for a glorious Graue, 1388

Enter Gloucester. 1389

Gloft. All happineffe vnto my Lord the King : 1390
Pardon, my Liege, that I haue stay'd so long. 1391

Suff. Nay *Gloster*, know that thou art come too foone, 1392
Vnlesse thou wert more loyall then thou art : 1393
I doe arrest thee of High Treason here. 1394

Gloft. Well *Suffolke*, thou shalt not see me blush, 1395
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest : 1396
A Heart vnspotted, is not easily daunted. 1397
The purest Spring is not so free from mudde, 1398
As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne. 1399
Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guiltie ? 1400

Yorke. 'Tis thought, my Lord, 1401
That you tooke Bribes of France, 1402
And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay, 1403
By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France. 1404

Gloft. Is it but thought so ? 1405
What are they that thinke it ? 1406
I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay, 1407
Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France. 1408
So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night, 1409
I, Night by Night, in studying good for England. 1410
That Doyt that ere I wrested from the King, 1411
Or any Groat I hoorded to my vse, 1412
Be brought against me at my Tryall day. 1413

No : many a Pound of mine owne proper store, 1414

Because I would not tax the needie Commons, 1415
Haue I dif-purged to the Garrifons, 1416
And neuer ask'd for restitution. 1417

Card. It serues you well, my Lord, to say so much. 1418

Gloft. I say no more then truth, so helpe me God. 1419

1023 *Car.* In your Protectorship you did deuife
 1024 Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes
 1025 England hath bene defamde by tyrannie.

1428 1026 *Hum.* Why tis wel knowne that whilst I was protector
 1027 Pitie was all the fault that was in me,

1028 A murtherer or foule felonous theefe,
 1029 That robs and murthers filly passengers,

1030 I tortord aboute the rate of common law.

1031 *Suffolk.* Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,
 1433 1032 But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,

1033 I do arrest thee on high treason here,
 1034 And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,
 1035 Vntill such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.

1036 *King.* Good vnkle obey to his arrest,
 1037 I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,
 1038 My conscience tels me thou art innocent.

1441 1039 *Hump.* Ah gracious Henry these daies are dangerous,

1040 And would my death might end these miferies,
 1041 And staie their moodes for good King Henries sake,

1042 But I am made the Prologue to their plaie,
 1043 And thousands more must follow after me,
 1044 That dreads not yet their liues destruction.

1045 Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his harts malice,
 1046 Bewfords fire eyes shoves his enuious minde,

Yorke. In your Protectorship, you did deuife 1420
 Strange Tortures for Offendors, neuer heard of, 1421
 That England was defam'd by Tyrannie. 1422
Gloft. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector, 1423
 Pittie was all the fault that was in me : 1424
 For I should melt at an Offendors teares, 1425
 And lowly words were Ransome for their fault : 1426
 Vnlesse it were a bloody Murtherer, 1427
 Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poore passengers, 1428
 I neuer gaue them condigne punishment. 1429
 Murther indeede, that bloodie sinne, I tortur'd 1430
 Aboute the Felon, or what Trefpas elfe. 1431
Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd : 1432
 But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge, 1433
 Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe. 1434
 I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name, 1435
 And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall 1436
 To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall. 1437
King. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my speciall hope, 1438
 That you will cleare your selfe from all suspençe, 1439
 My Conscience tells me you are innocent. 1440
Gloft. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous : 1441
 Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition, 1442
 And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand ; 1443
 Foule Subornation is predominant, 1444
 And Equitie exil'd your Highnesse Land. 1445
 I know, their Complot is to haue my Life : 1446
 And if my death might make this Iland happy, 1447
 And proue the Period of their Tyrannie, 1448
 I would expend it with all willingnesse. 1449
 But mine is made the Prologue to their Play : 1450
 For thousands more, that yet suspect no perill, 1451
 Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie. 1452
Beaufords red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice, 1453
 And *Suffolks* cloudie Brow his stormie hate ; 1454

1047 Buckingham proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,

1457 1048 And dogged Yorke that levels at the Moone

1049 Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe.

1050 All you haue ioynd to betraie me thus:

1051 And you my gracious Lady and foueraigne mistresse,

1052 Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,

1053 I shall not want false witness enough,

1054 That so amongst you, you may haue my life.

1055 The Prouerbe no doubt will be well performde,

1470 1056 A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

1477 1057 *Suffolke.* Doth he not twit our foueraigne Lady here,

1058 As if that she with ignomious wrong,

1059 Had fobornde or hired some to sweare against his life.

1060 *Queene.* I but I can giue the lofer leaue to speake.

1061 *Humph.* Far truer spoke then ment, I loose indeed,

1062 Behrovv the vwinners hearts, they plaie me false.

1063 *Buck.* Hele vvrest the fence and keep vs here all day,

1064 My Lord of Winchester, see him sent avway.

1065 *Car.* Who's vvithin there? Take in Duke Humphrey.

1066 And see him garded sure vvithin my house.

1488 1067 *Humph.* O! thus King Henry casts avway his crouch,

1068 Before his legs can beare his bodie vp,

Sharpe <i>Buckingham</i> vnburthens with his tongue,	1455
The enuious Load that lyes vpon his heart :	1456
And dogged <i>Yorke</i> , that reaches at the Moone,	1457
Whofe ouer-weening Arme I haue pluckt back,	1458
By falſe accuſe doth leuell at my Life.	1459
And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the reſt,	1460
Caufeleſſe haue lay'd diſgraces on my head,	1461
And with your beſt endeouour haue ſtirr'd vp	1462
My liefeſt Liege to be mine Enemie :	1463
I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together,	1464
My ſelfe had notice of your Conuenticles,	1465
And all to make away my guiltleſſe Life.	1466
I ſhall not want falſe Witneſſe, to condemne me,	1467
Nor ſtore of Treafons, to augment my guilt :	1468
The ancient Prouerbe will be well effected,	1469
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.	1470
<i>Card.</i> My Liege, his rayling is intollerable.	1471
If thoſe that care to keepe your Royall Perſon	1472
From Treafons ſecret Knife, and Traytors Rage,	1473
Be thus vpbrayded, chid, and rated at,	1474
And the Offendor graunted ſcope of ſpeech,	1475
'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.	1476
<i>Suff.</i> Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here	1477
With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht?	1478
As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſweare	1479
Falſe allegations, to o'rethrow his ſtate.	1480
<i>Qu.</i> But I can giue the loſer leaue to chide.	1481
<i>Gloſt.</i> Farre truer ſpoke then meant : I loſe indeede,	1482
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me falſe,	1483
And well ſuch loſers may haue leaue to ſpeake.	1484
<i>Buck.</i> Hee'le wreſt the fence, and hold vs here all day.	1485
Lord Cardinall, he is your Priſoner.	1486
<i>Card.</i> Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him ſure.	1487
<i>Gloſt.</i> Ah, thus King <i>Henry</i> throwes away his Crutch,	1488
Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.	1489

1069 And puts his vvatchfull shepheard from his fide,
 1070 Whilft vvolumes stand fnarring vvho shall bite him firft.
 1071 Farvvell my foueraigne, long maift thou enioy,
 1072 Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.
 1073 *Exet Humphrey, vvith the Cardinals men.*
 1074 *King.* My Lords what to your vvifdoms fhall feem beft,
 1075 Do and vndo as if our felfe were here.
 1076 *Queen.* What wil your highneffe leaue the Parliament ?

1498 1077 *King.* I Margaret. My heart is kild with grieffe,

1078 Where I may fit and figh in endleffe mone,
 1522 1079 For who's a Traitor, Glofter he is none.
 1080 *Exet King, Salsbury, and VVarwi*
 1081 *Queene.* Then fit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,

Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy side, 1490
 And Wolues are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first. 1491
 Ah that my feare were false, ah that it were ; 1492
 For good King *Henry*, thy decay I feare. *Exit Gloster.* 1493

King. My Lords, what to your wifdomes seemeth best, 1494
 Doe, or vndoe, as if our selfe were here. 1495

Queene. What, will your Highnesse leaue the Parlia- 1496
 ment? 1497

King. I *Margaret*: my heart is drown'd with grieve, 1498
 Whose floud begins to flowe within mine eyes ; 1499
 My Body round engyrt with miserie : 1500
 For what's more miserable then Discontent? 1501
 Ah Vnckle *Humfrey*, in thy face I see 1502
 The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie : 1503
 And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the houre to come, 1504
 That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith. 1505
 What lowring Starre now enuies thy estate? 1506
 That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene, 1507
 Doe seeke subuersion of thy harmeleffe Life. 1508
 Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong : 1509
 And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe, 1510
 And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it straves, 1511
 Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-houfe ; 1512
 Euen so remorselesse haue they borne him hence : 1513
 And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe, 1514
 Looking the way her harmeleffe young one went, 1515
 And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse ; 1516
 Euen so my selfe bewayles good *Glosters* case 1517
 With sad vnhelpefull teares, and with dimn'd eyes ; 1518
 Looke after him, and cannot doe him good : 1519
 So mightie are his vowed Enemies. 1520
 His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane, 1521
 Say, who's a Traytor? *Gloster* he is none. *Exit.* 1522

1082 Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somerfet.
1083 Let vs consult of proud Duke Humphries fall.

1084 In mine opinion it were good he dide,
1085 For safetie of our King and Common-wealth.

1086 *Suffolke.* And so thinke I Madame, for as you know,
1087 If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,
1088 Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King:
1089 And it may be by pollicie he workes,

<i>Queene.</i> Free Lords :	1523
Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames :	1524
<i>Henry</i> , my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,	1525
Too full of foolish pittie : and <i>Glosters</i> shew	1526
Beguiles him, as the mournfull Crocodile	1527
With sorrow snares relenting passengers ;	1528
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowring Banke,	1529
With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child,	1530
That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.	1531
Beleeue me Lords, were none more wise then I,	1532
And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good ;	1533
This <i>Gloster</i> should be quickly rid the World,	1534
To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.	1535
<i>Card.</i> That he should dye, is worthie pollicie,	1536
But yet we want a Colour for his death :	1537
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.	1538
<i>Suff.</i> But in my minde, that were no pollicie :	1539
The King will labour still to saue his Life,	1540
The Commons haply rise, to saue his Life ;	1541
And yet we haue but triuiall argument,	1542
More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.	1543
<i>Yorke.</i> So that by this, you would not haue him dye.	1544
<i>Suff.</i> Ah <i>Yorke</i> , no man aliue, so faine as I.	1545
<i>Yorke.</i> 'Tis <i>Yorke</i> that hath more reason for his death.	1546
But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,	1547
Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules :	1548
Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were fet,	1549
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,	1550
As place Duke <i>Humfrey</i> for the Kings Protector ?	1551
<i>Queene.</i> So the poore Chicken should be fure of death.	1552
<i>Suff.</i> Madame 'tis true : and wer't not madnesse then,	1553

1090 To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,
 1348 1091 The Foxe barkes not when he would steale the Lambe,
 1092 But if we take him ere he do the deed,
 1093 We should not question if that he should liue.

1094 No. Let him die, in that he is a Foxe,
 1095 Least that in liuing he offend vs more.

1574 1096 *Car.* Then let him die before the Commons know,
 1097 For feare that they do rise in Armes for him.

1098 *Yorke.* Then do it fodainly my Lords.
 1099 *Suffol.* Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.
 1100 *Car.* Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

To make the Fox furueyor of the Fold?	1554
Who being accus'd a craftie Murtherer,	1555
His guilt should be but idly pofsted ouer,	1556
Becaufe his purpofe is not executed.	1557
No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,	1558
By nature prou'd an Enemie to the Flock,	1559
Before his Chaps be ftayn'd with Crimfon blood,	1560
As <i>Humfrey</i> prou'd by Reafons to my Liege.	1561
And doe not ftand on Quillets how to flay him :	1562
Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subtletie,	1563
Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,	1564
So he be dead ; for that is good deceit,	1565
Which mates him firft, that firft intends deceit.	1566
<i>Queene.</i> Thrice Noble <i>Suffolke</i> , 'tis refolutely fpoke.	1567
<i>Suff.</i> Not refolute, except fo much were done,	1568
For things are often fpoke, and feldome meant,	1569
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,	1570
Seeing the deed is meritorious,	1571
And to preferue my Soueraigne from his Foe,	1572
Say but the word, and I will be his Prieft.	1573
<i>Card.</i> But I would haue him dead, my Lord of <i>Suffolke</i> ,	1574
Ere you can take due Orders for a Prieft :	1575
Say you confent, and cenfure well the deed,	1576
And Ile prouide his Executioner,	1577
I tender fo the fafetie of my Liege.	1578
<i>Suff.</i> Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.	1579
<i>Queene.</i> And fo fay I.	1580
<i>Yorke.</i> And I : and now we three haue fpoke it,	1581
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.	1582

1583 1101

Enter a Messenger.

1102 *Queene.* How now firrha, what newes?1103 *Messen.* Madame I bring you newes from Ireland,

1104 The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in Armes,
 1105 With troupes of Irish Kernes that vncontrolld,
 1106 Doth plant themfelues within the English pale.

1107 *Queene.* What redresse shal we haue for this my Lords?1592 1108 *Yorke.* Twere very good that my Lord of Somerfet

1109 That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,

1110 And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe.

1111 To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,

1112 He did so much good when he was in France.

1595 1113 *Somer.* Had Yorke bene there with all his far fetcht

1114 Pollices, he might haue lost as much as I.

1115 *Yorke.* I, for Yorke would haue lost his life before

1116 That France should haue reuolted from Englands rule.

1117 *Somer.* I so thou might'ft, and yet haue gouernd worfe ther1118 *Yorke.* What worfe then nought, then a shame take all.1611 1119 *Somer.* Shame on thy selfe, that wiseth shame.1613 1120 *Queene.* Somerfet forbear, good Yorke be patient,

Enter a Poste.

1583

Post. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine, 1584
To fignifie, that Rebels there are vp, 1585

And put the Englishmen vnto the Sword, 1586
Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime, 1587
Before the Wound doe grow vncurable; 1588
For being greene, there is great hope of helpe. 1589

Card. A Breach that craues a quick expedient stoppe. 1590
What counsaile giue you in this weightie cause? 1591

Yorke. That *Somerjet* be sent as Regent thither: 1592
'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be employ'd, 1593

Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France. 1594

Som. If *Yorke*, with all his farre-fet pollicie, 1595
Had beene the Regent there, in stead of me, 1596
He neuer would haue stay'd in France so long. 1597

Yorke. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done. 1598
I rather would haue lost my Life betimes, 1599
Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home, 1600
By staying there so long, till all were lost. 1601
Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne, 1602
Mens flesh prefer'd so whole, doe feldome winne. 1603

Qu. Nay then, this sparke will proue a raging fire, 1604
If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with: 1605
No more, good *Yorke*; fweet *Somerjet* be still. 1606
Thy fortune, *Yorke*, hadst thou beene Regent there, 1607
Might happily haue prou'd farre worfe then his. 1608

Yorke. What, worfe then naught? nay, then a flame 1609
take all. 1610

Somerjet. And in the number, thee, that wishest 1611
shame. 1612

Card. My Lord of *Yorke*, trie what your fortune is: 1613

1121 And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,
 1122 With troupes of Armed men to quell the pride
 1618 1123 Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.

1124 *Yorke.* Well Madame sith your grace is so content,
 1623 1125 Let me haue some bands of chosen soldiars,
 1126 And Yorke shall trie his fortune against those kernes.
 1127 *Queene.* Yorke thou shalt. My Lord of Buckingham,
 1128 Let it be your charge to muster vp such fouldiers
 1129 As shall suffice him in these needfull warres.
 1130 *Buck.* Madame I will, and leaue such a band
 1131 As soone shall ouercome those Irish Rebels,
 1132 But Yorke, where shall those soldiars staie for thee?

1631 1133 *Yorke.* At Bristow, I wil expect them ten daies hence.

1134 *Buc.* Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.
 1135 *Exet Buckingham.*
 1136 *Yorke.* Adieu my Lord of Buckingham,
 1137 *Queene.* Suffolke remember what you haue to do.
 1138 And you Lord Cardinall concerning Duke Humphrey,
 1139 Twere good that you did see to it in time,
 1140 Come let vs go, that it may be performde.
 1635 1141 *Exet omnis, Manet Yorke.*
 1142 *York.* Now York bethink thy self and rowse thee vp,

Th'vniciull Kernes of Ireland are in Armes, 1614
 And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen. 1615
 To Ireland will you leade a Band of men, 1616
 Collected choycely, from each Countie some, 1617
 And trie your hap against the Irishmen? 1618
Yorke. I will, my Lord, so please his Maiestie. 1619
Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his consent, 1620
 And what we doe establish, he confirmes : 1621
 Then, Noble *Yorke*, take thou this Taske in hand. 1622
Yorke. I am content : Prouide me Souldiers, Lords, 1623

Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires. 1624
Suff. A charge, Lord *Yorke*, that I will see perform'd. 1625

But now returne we to the false Duke *Humfrey*. 1626
Card. No more of him : for I will deale with him, 1627
 That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more : 1628
 And so breake off, the day is almost spent, 1629
 Lord *Suffolke*, you and I must talke of that euent. 1630
Yorke. My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteene dayes 1631
 At Bristow I expect my Souldiers, 1632
 For there Ile shippe them all for Ireland. 1633
Suff. Ile see it truly done, my Lord of *Yorke*. *Exeunt.* 1634

Manet Yorke. 1635

Yorke. Now *Yorke*, or neuer, steele thy fearfull thoughts, 1636
 And change misdoubt to resolution ; 1637

1143 Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,
1144 Least when thou wouldst, thou canst it not attaine,

1650 1145 Twas men I lackt, and now they giue them me,

1146 And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,

1661 1147 I haue seduste a headstrong Kentishman,
1662 1148 Iohn Cade of Ashford,

1664 1149 Vnder the title of Iohn Mortemer,
1663 1150 To raise commotion, and by that meanes

Be that thou hop'ft to be, or what thou art ;	1638
Refigne to death, it is not worth th'enioying :	1639
Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,	1640
And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.	1641
Faster thē Spring-time showres, comes thoght on thoght,	1642
And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.	1643
My Brayne, more bufie then the laboring Spider,	1644
Weaues tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.	1645
Well Nobles, well : 'tis politikely done,	1646
To fend me packing with an Hoaft of men :	1647
I feare me, you but warme the starued Snake,	1648
Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts.	1649
'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me ;	1650
I take it kindly : yet be well affur'd,	1651
You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.	1652
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,	1653
I will stirre vp in England some black Storme,	1654
Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell :	1655
And this fell Tempest shall not ceafe to rage,	1656
Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,	1657
Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames,	1658
Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.	1659
And for a minifter of my intent,	1660
I haue feduc'd a head-ftrong Kentifhman,	1661
<i>John Cade</i> of Ashford,	1662
To make Commotion, as full well he can,	1663
Vnder the Title of <i>John Mortimer</i> .	1664
In Ireland haue I feene this stubborne <i>Cade</i>	1665
Oppofe himfelfe againft a Troupe of Kernes,	1666
And fought fo long, till that his thighes with Darts	1667
Were almoft like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine :	1668
And in the end being refcued, I haue feene	1669
Him capre vpright, like a wilde Morifco,	1670
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.	1671
Full often, like a fhag-hayr'd craftie Kerne,	1672

1151 I shall perceiue how the common people
1152 Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,

1153 Then if he haue successe in his affaires,
1154 From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,
1686 1155 To reape the haruest which that coystrill sowed,
1156 Now if he should be taken and condemd,
1157 Heele nere confesse that I did set him on,
1158 And therefore ere I go ile send him word,
1159 To put in practife and to gather head,
1160 That so soone as I am gone he may begin
1161 To rise in Armes with troupes of country fwaines,
1162 To helpe him to performe this enterpise.
1687 1163 And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,
1164 None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne,
1165 But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe
1166

Exet Yo:

1167 Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke *Humphrey* is discou
1168 in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering l
1169 in his bed. And then enter the Duke of *Suffolke* to them.

1170 *Suffolk.* How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him ?
1697 1171 *One.* I my Lord, hees dead I warrant you.

Hath he conuerfed with the Enemie, 1673
 And vndifcouer'd, come to me againe, 1674
 And giuen me notice of their Villanies. 1675
 This Deuill here fhall be my fubftitute ; 1676
 For that *Iohn Mortimer*, which now is dead, 1677
 In face, in gate, in fpeech he doth refemble. 1678
 By this, I fhall perceiue the Commons minde, 1679
 How they affect the Houfe and Clayme of *Yorke*. 1680
 Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured ; 1681
 I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him, 1682
 Will make him fay, I mou'd him to thofe Armes. 1683
 Say that he thriue, as 'tis great like he will, 1684
 Why then from Ireland come I with my ftrength, 1685
 And reape the Harueft which that Rascal fow'd. 1686

For *Humfrey* ; being dead, as he fhall be, 1687

And *Henry* put apart : the next for me. *Exit.* 1688

Enter two or three running ouer the Stage, from the 1689
Murther of Duke Humfrey. 1690

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke : let him know 1691
 We haue difpatcht the Duke, as he commanded. 1692

2. Oh, that it were to doe : what haue we done ? 1693
 Didft euer heare a man fo penitent ? *Enter Suffolke.* 1694

1. Here comes my Lord. 1695

Suff. Now Sirs, haue you difpatcht this thing ? 1696

1. I, my good Lord, hee's dead. 1697

1172 *Suffolke.* Then see the cloathes laid smoothe about him still,
 1173 That when the King comes, he may perceiue
 1174 No other, but that he dide of his owne accord
 1175 2. All things is hanfome now my Lord.

1176 *Suffolke.* Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gone
 1177 And you shall haue your firme reward anon.

1704 1178

Exet murther

1179 Then enter the King and Queene, the Duke of *Buckingham,*
 1180 the Duke of *Somerfet,* and the Cardinall.

1708 1181 *King.* My Lord of Suffolke go call our vnkle Gloster,
 1182 Tell him this day we will that he do cleare himselfe.

1183 *Suffolke.* I will my Lord. *Exet Suffolke.*

1184 (Glost

1185 *King.* And good my Lords proceed no further against our vnkle

1186 Then by iust prooffe you can affirme,

1364 1187 For as the sucking childe or harmlesse lambe,

1188 So is he innocent of treason to our state,

1189

Enter *Suffolke.*

1723 1190 How now Suffolke, where's our vnkle ?

1191 *Suffolke.* Dead in his bed, my Lord Gloster is dead.

1728 1192

The King falles in a found.

1193 *Queen.* Ay-me, the King is dead: help, help, my Lords.

<i>Suff.</i> Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my Houfe,	1698
I will reward you for this venturous deed :	1699
The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.	1700
Haue you layd faire the Bed ? Is all things well,	1701
According as I gaue directions ?	1702
1. 'Tis, my good Lord.	1703
<i>Suff.</i> Away, be gone.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 1704

*Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene,
Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerset, with
Attendants.* 1705
1706
1707

King. Goe call our Vnckle to our preface straight: 1708
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day, 1709
If he be guiltie, as 'tis published. 1710
Suff. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.* 1711

King. Lords take your places : and I pray you all 1712
Proceed no ftraiter 'gainst our Vnckle *Gloster*, 1713
Then from true euidence, of good esteeme, 1714
He be approu'd in practife culpable. 1715

Queene. God forbid any Malice should preuayle, 1716
That faultleffe may condemne a Noble man : 1717
Pray God he may acquit him of fuspition. 1718

King. I thanke thee *Nell*, these wordes content mee 1719
much. 1720

Enter Suffolke. 1721

How now? why look'ft thou pale? why tremblest thou? 1722
Where is our Vnckle? what's the matter, *Suffolke* ? 1723

Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Gloster* is dead. 1724

Queene. Marry God forfend. 1725

Card. Gods secreet Iudgement : I did dreame to Night, 1726
The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word. 1727

King sounds. 1728

Qu. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is 1729
dead. 1730

1736 1194 *Suffolke.* Comfort my Lord, gracious Henry comfort.

1195 *Kin.* What doth my Lord of Suffolk bid me comfort?

1739 1196 Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,

1197 And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,

1198 By crying comfort through a hollow voice,

1743 1199 Can fatisfie my griefes, or ease my heart:

1747 1200 Thou balefull messenger out of my fight,

1201 For euen in thine eye-bals murther fits,

1751 1202 Yet do not goe, Come Bafaliske

1203 And kill the filly gazer with thy lookes.

1755 1204 *Queene.* Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,

1205 As if that he had caufde Duke Humphreys death?

1765 1206 The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,

<i>Som.</i> Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nose,	1731
<i>Qu.</i> Runne, goe, helpe, helpe : Oh <i>Henry</i> ope thine eyes,	1732
<i>Suff.</i> He doth reuiue againe, Madame be patient.	1733
<i>King.</i> Oh Heauenly God,	1734
<i>Qu.</i> How fares my gracious Lord ?	1735
<i>Suff.</i> Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious <i>Henry</i> com- fort.	1737
<i>King.</i> What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me ?	1738
Came he right now to sing a Rauens Note,	1739
Whose difmall tune bereft my Vitall powres :	1740
And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,	1741
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,	1742
Can chafe away the first-conceiued found ?	1743
Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,	1744
Lay not thy hands on me : forbear I say,	1745
Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.	1746
Thou balefull Messenger, out of my sight :	1747
Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie	1748
Sits in grim Maiestie, to fright the World.	1749
Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding ;	1750
Yet doe not goe away : come Basiliske,	1751
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight :	1752
For in the shade of death, I shall finde ioy ;	1753
In life, but double death, now <i>Gloster's</i> dead.	1754
<i>Queene.</i> Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus ?	1755
Although the Duke was enemie to him,	1756
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death :	1757
And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me,	1758
Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,	1759
Or blood-confuming sighes recall his Life ;	1760
I would be blinde with weeping, sicke with grones,	1761
Looke pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking sighes,	1762
And all to haue the Noble Duke aliue.	1763
What know I how the world may deeme of me?	1764
For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends :	1765

1766 1207 And you had best fay that I did murther him.

1771 1208 *King.* Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death.

1209 *Queene.* Be woe for me more wretched then he was,

1210 What doeft thou turne away and hide thy face?

1774 1211 I am no loathfome leoper looke on me,

1781 1212 Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the fea,

1213 And thrife by aukward winds driuen back from Englands bound

1214 What might it bode, but that well foretelling

1785 1215 Winds, faid, feeke not a fcorpions neaft.

It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away,	1766
So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,	1767
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach :	1768
This get I by his death : Aye me vnhappy,	1769
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.	1770
<i>King.</i> Ah woe is me for Glofter, wretched man.	1771
<i>Queen.</i> Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.	1772
What, Dost thou turne away, and hide thy face ?	1773
I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.	1774
What ? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe ?	1775
Be poyfounous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.	1776
Is all thy comfort shut in Glosters Tombe ?	1777
Why then Dame <i>Elianor</i> was neere thy ioy.	1778
Erect his Statue, and worship it,	1779
And make my Image but an Ale-houfe figne.	1780
Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,	1781
And twice by aukward winde from Englands banke	1782
Droue backe againe vnto my Natiue Clime.	1783
What boaded this ? but well fore-warning winde	1784
Did seeme to say, feeke not a Scorpions Nest,	1785
Nor set no footing on this vnkinde Shore.	1786
What did I then ? But curst the gentle gusts,	1787
And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Cauces,	1788
And bid them blow towards Englands blessed shore,	1789
Or turne our Sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke :	1790
Yet <i>Æolus</i> would not be a murtherer,	1791
But left that hatefull office vnto thee.	1792
The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,	1793
Knowing that thou wouldst haue me drown'd on shore	1794
With teares as salt as Sea, through thy vnkindnesse.	1795
The splitting Rockes cower'd in the sinking sands,	1796
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,	1797
Because thy flinty heart more hard then they,	1798
Might in thy Pallace, perish <i>Elianor</i> .	1799
As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,	1800
When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate vs backe,	1801

1821 1216 Enter the Earles of *Warwicke* and *Salisbury*.

1217 *War.* My Lord, the Commons like an angrie hiue of bees,
 1218 Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,
 1219 For good Duke Humphreys death, whom they report
 1825 1220 To be murdered by Suffolke and the Cardinall here.

1221 *King.* That he is dead good Warwick, is too true,
 1222 But how he died God knowes, not Henry.

I stood vpon the Hatches in the storme: 1802
 And when the duskie sky, began to rob 1803
 My earnest-gaping-fight of thy Lands view, 1804
 I tooke a costly Jewell from my necke, 1805
 A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds, 1806
 And threw it towards thy Land : The Sea receiu'd it, 1807
 And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart : 1808
 And euen with this, I lost faire Englands view, 1809
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart, 1810
 And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles, 1811
 For loosing ken of *Albions* wished Coast. 1812
 How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue 1813
 (The agent of thy foule inconstancie) 1814
 To sit and watch me as *Arcanius* did, 1815
 When he to madding *Dido* would vnfold 1816
 His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy. 1817
 Am I not wight like her ? Or thou not false like him ? 1818
 Aye me, I can no more : Dye *Elinor*, 1819
 For *Henry* weepes, that thou dost liue so long. 1820

Noyse within. Enter Warwicke, and many 1821
Commons. 1822

War. It is reported, mighty Soueraigne, 1823
 That good Duke *Humfrey* Traiterously is mured 1824
 By Suffolke, and the Cardinall *Beaufords* meanes : 1825
 The Commons like an angry Hiue of Bees 1826
 That want their Leader, scatter vp and downe, 1827

And care not who they sling in his reuenge. 1828
 My selfe haue calm'd their spleenfull mutinie, 1829
 Vntill they heare the order of his death. 1830

King. That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true, 1831
 But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry* : 1832

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1223 *War.* Enter his priuie chamber my Lord and view the bod:

1835 1224 Good father staie you with the rude multitude, till I returne.

1225 *Salb.* I will fonne. *Exet Salbury.*

1848 1226 *VVarwicke* drawes the curtaines and showes Duke
1227 *Humphrey* in his bed.

1228 *King.* Ah vnkle Gloster, heauen receiue thy foule.

1229 Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thouart gone.

1230 *VVar.* Now by his foule that tooke our shape vpon him,

1231 To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curfe,

1232 I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,

1233 Vpon the life of this thrife famous Duke.

1234 *Suffolk.* A dreadfull oth sworne with a solemne toong,

1235 What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these words?

1864 1236 *VVar.* Oft haue I feene a timely parted ghost,

1237 Of ahie femblance, pale and bloodlesse,

1868 1238 But loe the blood is fetled in his face,

Enter his Chamber, view his breathleffe Corpes, 1833
 And comment then vpon his sodaine death. 1834

War. That shall I do my Liege ; Stay Salsburie 1835
 With the rude multitude, till I returne. 1836

King. O thou that iudgeth all things, stay my thoughts : 1837
 My thoughts, that labour to perswade my foule, 1838
 Some violent hands were laid on *Humfries* life : 1839
 If my suspect be false, forgiue me God, 1840
 For iudgement onely doth belong to thee : 1841
 Faine would I go to chafe his palie lips, 1842
 With twenty thousand kisses, and to draine 1843
 Vpon his face an Ocean of salt teares, 1844
 To tell my loue vnto his dumbe deafe trunkes, 1845
 And with my fingers feele his hand, vnfeeling : 1846
 But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies, 1847
Bed put forth. 1848

And to suruey his dead and earthy Image : 1849
 What were it but to make my sorrow greater ? 1850

Warw. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this 1851
 body. 1852

King. That is to see how deepe my graue is made, 1853
 For with his foule fled all my worldly solace : 1854
 For seeing him, I see my life in death. 1855

War. As surely as my foule intends to liue 1856
 With that dread King that tooke our state vpon him, 1857
 To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curse, 1858
 I do beleue that violent hands were laid 1859
 Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke. 1860

Suf. A dreadfull Oath, sworne with a solemne tongue : 1861
 What instance giues Lord Warwicke for his vow, 1862

War. See how the blood is fetled in his face. 1863
 Oft haue I seene a timely-parted Ghost, 1864
 Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodlesse, 1865

1871 1239 More better coloured then when he liu'd,

1878 1240 His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,

1241 His fingers spred abroad as one that graspt for life,

1881 1242 Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable,

1880 1243 It cannot chuse but he was murthered.

1244 *Queene.* Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge,

1245 And they *I* trust fir, are no murtherers.

1246 *VVar.* I, but twas well knowne they were not his friends,

1888 1247 And tis well seene he found some enemies.

1248 *Card.* But haue you no greater proofes then these?

1891 1249 *VVar.* Who sees a hefer dead and bleeding fresh,

1250 And sees hard-by a butcher with an axe,

1251 But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter?

1252 Who findes the partridge in the puttocks neast,

1253 But will imagine how the bird came there,

1254 Although the kyte soare with vnbloodie beake?

1255 Euen so suspitious is this Tragidie.

Being all defcended to the labouring heart, 1866
 Who in the Conflict that it holds with death, 1867
 Attracts the fame for aydance 'gainst the enemy, 1868
 Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth, 1869
 To blufh and beautifie the Cheeke againe. 1870
 But fee, is face his blacke, and full of blood : 1871
 His eye-balles further out, than when he liued, 1872
 Staring full gantly, like a strangled man : 1873
 His hayre vprear'd, his noftrils stretcht with ftugling : 1874

His hands abroad difplay'd, as one that grafpt 1875
 And tugg'd for Life, and was by ftrength fubdude. 1876
 Looke on the fheets his haire (you fee) is fticking, 1877
 His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged, 1878
 Like to the Summers Corne by Tempeft lodged : 1879
 It cannot be but he was murdred heere, 1880
 The leaft of all thefe fignes were probable. 1881

Suf. Why Warwicke, who fhould do the D .to death? 1882
 My felfe and *Beauford* had him in protection, 1883
 And we I hope fir, are no murtherers. 1884

War. But both of you were vowed D. Humfries foes, 1885
 And you (forfooth) had the good Duke to keepe : 1886
 Tis like you would not feaft him like a friend, 1887
 And 'tis well feene, he found an enemy. 1888

Queen. Than you belike fufpect thefe Noblemen, 1889
 As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timeleffe death. 1890

Warw. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding fresh, 1891
 And fees faft-by, a Butcher with an Axe, 1892
 But will fufpect, 'twas he that made the flaugter ? 1893
 Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Nef, 1894
 But may imagine how the Bird was dead, 1895
 Although the Kyte foare with vnbloudied Beake ? 1896
 Euen fo fufpitious is this Tragedie. 1897

- 1899 1256 *Queene.* Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your talants?
 1257 Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his knife ?
 1258 *Suffolke.* I weare no knife to slaughte sleeping men,
 1259 But heres a vengefull fword rufted with cafe,
 1260 That fhall be fcoured in his rankorous heart,
 1903 1261 That flanders me with murthers crimfon badge,
 1904 1262 Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
 1263 That I am guiltie in Duke Humphreys death.
 1264 *Exet Cardinall.*
- 1906 1265 *VVar.* What dares not Warwicke, if falfe Suffolke dare him?
- 1266 *Queene.* He dares not calme his contumelious fpirit,
 1267 Nor ceafe to be an arrogant controwler,
 1268 Though Suffolke dare him twentie hundreth times.
 1269 *VVar.* Madame be ftill, with reuerence may I fay it,
 1270 That euery word you fpeake in his defence,
 1271 Is flaunder to your royall Maieftie,
- 1914 1272 *Suffolke.* Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,
 1273 If euer Lady wrongd her Lord fo much,
 1274 Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
 1275 Some fterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke
 1276 Was graft with crabtree flip, whofe frute thou art,
 1277 And neuer of the Neuels noble race.
 1278 *VVar.* But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
- 1921 1279 And I fhould rob the deaths man of his fee,
 1280 Quitting thee thereby of ten thoufand flames,
 1281 And that my foueraignes prefence makes me mute,
 1282 I would falfe murtherous coward on thy knees
 1283 Make thee craue pardon for thy paffed fpeech,
 1284 And fay it was thy mother that thou meant,
 1927 1285 That thou thy felfe was borne in bastardie,
 1286 And after all this fearefull homage done,
 1287 Giue thee thy hire and fend thy foule to hell,
 1930 1288 Pernituous blood-fucker of sleeping men.
 1289 *Suffol.* Thou fhouldft be waking whilft I fhead thy blood,
 1290 If from this prefence thou dare go with me.

Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk*? where's your Knife? 1898
Is *Beauford* tearm'd a Kyte? where are his Tallons? 1899

Suff. I weare no Knife, to slaught'ring sleeping men, 1900
But here's a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease, 1901
That shall be scowred in his rancorous heart, 1902
That flanders me with Murthers Crimfon Badge. 1903
Say, if thou dar'ft, prowde Lord of Warwickshire, 1904
That I am faultie in Duke *Humfryes* death. 1905

Warw. What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolke* dare 1906
him? 1907

Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit, 1908
Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller, 1909
Though *Suffolke* dare him twentie thousand times. 1910

Warw. Madame be still: with reuerence may I say, 1911
For euery word you speake in his behalfe, 1912
Is slander to your Royall Dignitie. 1913

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor, 1914
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much, 1915
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed 1916
Some sterne vntutur'd Churle; and Noble Stock 1917
Was graft with Crab-tree slippe, whose Fruit thou art, 1918
And neuer of the *Neuils* Noble Race. 1919

Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee, 1920
And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee, 1921
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand flames, 1922
And that my Soueraignes prefence makes me milde, 1923
I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee 1924
Make thee begge pardon for thy passed speech, 1925
And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'ft, 1926
That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie; 1927
And after all this fearefull Homage done, 1928
Giue thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell, 1929
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men. 1930

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood, 1931
If from this prefence thou dar'ft goe with me. 1932

1933 1291 *VVar.* Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence,

1936 1292 Warwicke puls him out,

1941 1293 *Exet Warwicke* and *Suffolke*, and then all the Commons
 1294 within, cries, downe with *Suffolke*, downe with *Suffolk*.
 1943 1295 And then enter againe, the Duke of *Suffolke* and *VVar-*
 1296 *wicke*, with their weapons drawne.

1297 *King.* Why how now Lords?

1298 *Suf.* The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of Berry,
 1950 1299 Set all vpon me mightie foueraigne i

1300 The Commons againe cries, downe with *Suffolke*, downe
 1301 with *Suffolke*. And then enter from them, the Earle of
 1302 *Salbury*.

1954 1303 *Salb.* My Lord, the Commons fends you word by me,
 1304 That vnleffe false *Suffolke* here be done to death,
 1305 Or banished faire Englands Territories,
 1306 That they will erre from your highnesse perfon,

1307 They fay by him the good Duke *Humphrey* died,
 1308 They fay by him they feare the ruine of the realme.
 1309 And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,

1623	<i>The second Part of Henry the Sixt</i>	137
	<i>Warw.</i> Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence :	1933
	Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,	1934
	And doe some seruice to Duke <i>Humfreyes</i> Ghost.	1935
	<i>Exeunt.</i>	1936
	<i>King.</i> What stronger Brest-plate then a heart vntainted ?	1937
	Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iust;	1938
	And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,	1939
	Whose Conscience with Iniustice is corrupted.	1940
	<i>A noyse within.</i>	1941
	<i>Queene.</i> What noyse is this ?	1942
	 <i>Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their Weapons drawne.</i>	1943 1944
	 <i>King.</i> Why how now Lords ?	1945
	Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,	1946
	Here in our presence ? Dare you be so bold ?	1947
	Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here ?	1948
	<i>Suff.</i> The trayt'rous <i>Warwick</i> , with the men of Bury,	1949
	Set all vpon me, mightie Soueraigne.	1950
	 <i>Enter Salisbury.</i>	1951
	 <i>Salisb.</i> Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your minde.	1952 1953
	Dread Lord, the Commons fend you word by me,	1954
	Vnlesse Lord <i>Suffolke</i> straight be done to death,	1955
	Or banished faire Englands Territories,	1956
	They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,	1957
	And torture him with grieuous lingring death.	1958
	They say, by him the good Duke <i>Humfrey</i> dy' de :	1959
	They say, in him they feare your Highnesse death;	1960
	And meere instinct of Loue and Loyaltie,	1961

1904 1310 They wish you to banish him from forth the land.

1988 1311 *Suf.* Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolisht hinds
 1312 Would fend such message to their foueraigne,
 1313 But you my Lord were glad to be imployd,
 1314 To trie how quaint an Orator you were,
 1315 But all the honour Salisbury hath got,
 1316 Is, that he was the Lord Embassador
 1317 Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King,
 1990 1318 The Commons cries, an answere from the King,
 1319 my Lord of *Salisbury*.
 1320 *King.* Good Salisbury go backe againe to them,
 1321 Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care,
 1322 And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,
 1323 My selfe had done it. Therefore here I fweare,

Free from a stubborne opposite intent, 1962
 As being thought to contradict your liking, 1963
 Makes them thus forward in his Banishment. 1964
 They say, in care of your most Royall Person, 1965
 That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe, 1966
 And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest, 1967
 In paine of your dislike, or paine of death ; 1968
 Yet notwithstanding such a strait Ediēt, 1969
 Were there a Serpent feene, with forked Tongue, 1970
 That slyly glyded towards your Maiestie, 1971
 It were but necessarie you were wak't : 1972
 Least being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber, 1973
 The mortall Worme might make the sleepe eternall. 1974
 And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid, 1975
 That they will guard you, where you will, or no, 1976
 From such fell Serpents as false *Suffolke* is ; 1977
 With whose inuenomed and fatall sting, 1978
 Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth, 1979
 They say is shamefully bereft of life. 1980

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord 1981
 of Salisbury. 1982

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpolitht Hindes, 1983
 Could fend such Message to their Soueraigne : 1984
 But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd, 1985
 To shew how queint an Orator you are. 1986
 But all the Honor *Salisbury* hath wonne, 1987
 Is, that he was the Lord Embassador, 1988
 Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King. 1989

Within. An answer from the King, or wee will all 1990
 breake in. 1991

King. Goe *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me, 1992
 I thanke them for their tender louing care ; 1993
 And had I not beene cited fo by them, 1994
 Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat : 1995
 For sure, my thoughts doe hourelly prophecie, 1996
 Mischance vnto my State by *Suffolkes* meanes. 1997

1324 If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,
 1325 Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.

1326 *Exet Salisbury.*

2002 1327 *Queene.* Oh Henry , reuerſe the doome of gentle Suffolkes b
 1328 niſhment,

1329 *King.* Vngentle Queene to call him gentle Suffolke,

2004 1330 Speake not for him, for in England he ſhall not reſt,

2007 1331 If I fay, I may relent, but if I ſweare, it is erreuocable.

1332 Come good Warwicke and go thou in with me,

2012 1333 For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

1334 *Exet King and VVarwicke, Manet Queer*
 1335 *and Suffolke.*

1336 *queene.* Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,

1337 Therſ two of you, the diuell make the third,

2020 1338 Fie womanifh man, canſt thou not curſe thy enemies ?

1339 *Suffolke.* A plague vpon them, wherefore ſhould I curſe them

2024 1340 Could curſes kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,

1341 I would inuent as many bitter termes

1342 Deliuered frongly through my fixed teeth,

1343 With twiſe ſo many ſignes of deadly hate,

1344 As leaue faſt enuy in her loathſome caue,

1623	<i>The second Part of Henry the Sixth</i>	141
And therefore by his Maiestie I sweare,		1998
Whose farre-vnworthie Deputie I am,		1999
He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,		2000
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.		2001
<i>Qu.</i> Oh <i>Henry</i> , let me pleade for gentle <i>Suffolke</i> .		2002
<i>King.</i> Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle <i>Suffolke</i> ,		2003
No more I say : if thou do'ft pleade for him,		2004
Thou wilt but adde encrease vnto my Wrath.		2005
Had I but sayd, I would haue kept my Word ;		2006
But when I sweare, it is irreuocable :		2007
If after three dayes space thou here bee'ft found,		2008
On any ground that I am Ruler of,		2009
The World shall not be Ranfome for thy Life.		2010
Come <i>Warwicke</i> , come good <i>Warwicke</i> , goe with mee,		2011
I haue great matters to impart to thee.	<i>Exit.</i>	2012
<i>Qu.</i> Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you,		2013
Hearts Discontent, and fowre Affliction,		2014
Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie :		2015
There's two of you, the Deuill make a third,		2016
And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your steps.		2017
<i>Suff.</i> Cease, gentle Queene, these Execrations,		2018
And let thy <i>Suffolke</i> take his heauie leaue.		2019
<i>Queen.</i> Fye Coward woman, and soft harted wretch,		2020
Haft thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.		2021
<i>Suf.</i> A plague vpon them : wherefore should I curse		2022
them ?		2023
Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,		2024
I would inuent as bitter searching termes,		2025
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,		2026
Deliuier'd strongly through my fixed teeth,		2027
With full as many signes of deadly hate,		2028
As leane-fac'd enuy in her loathfome caue.		2029

1345 My toong should stumple in mine earnest words,
 2031 1346 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
 1347 My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,
 1348 And euery ioynt should seeme to curfe and ban,
 1349 And now me-thinks my burthened hart would breake,
 1350 Should *I* not curfe them. Poifon be their drinke,
 1351 Gall worfe then gall, the daintiest thing they taste.
 2037 1352 Their sweetest shade a groue of fypris trees.

1353 Their softest tuch as smart as lizards stings.
 1354 Their musicke frightfull, like the serpents hys.
 1355 And boding srike-oules make the confort full.
 1356 All the foule terrors in darke seated hell. (I selfe.
 2043 1357 *Queene.* Inough sweete Suffolke, thou torments thy

1358 *Suffolke.* You bad me ban, and will you bid me feafe?
 1359 Now by this ground that I am banisht from,
 1360 Well could I curfe away a winters night,
 1361 And standing naked on a mountaine top,
 1362 Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
 2052 1363 And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.
 2121 1364 *Queene.* No more. Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to *France*,
 1365 Or liue where thou wilt vwithin this vvorlde's globe,
 2123 1366 Ile haue an Irish that shall finde thee out,
 1367 And long thou shalt not staie, but ile haue thee repelde,
 2064 1368 Or venture to be banished my selfe.

2057 1369 Oh let this kiffe be printed in thy hand,
 1370 That when thou seest it, thou maist thinke on me.

2060 1371 Avvay, I say, that I may feele my grieffe,

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,	2030
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,	2031
Mine haire be fixt an end, as one diftract :	2032
I, euey ioynt should feeme to curfe and ban,	2033
And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake	2034
Should I not curfe them. Poyfon be their drinke.	2035
Gall, worfe then Gall, the daintiest that they taste :	2036
Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypresse Trees :	2037
Their cheefest Prospect, murd'ring Basiliskes :	2038
Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards stings :	2039
Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,	2040
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Confort full.	2041
All the foule terrors in darke feated hell——	2042
<i>Q</i> . Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'ft thy selfe,	2043
And these dread curfes like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,	2044
Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,	2045
And turnes the force of them vpon thy selfe.	2046
<i>Suf</i> . You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue ?	2047
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,	2048
Well could I curfe away a Winters night,	2049
Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,	2050
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,	2051
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.	2052

<i>Qu</i> . Oh, let me intreat thee cease, giue me thy hand,	2053
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares :	2054
Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,	2055
To wash away my wofull Monuments.	2056
Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,	2057
That thou might'ft thinke vpon these by the Seale,	2058
Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for-thee.	2059
So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,	2060

1372 For it is nothing vvhilft thou standest here.

2071 1373 *Suffolke*. Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten times banished,
1374 Once by the King, but three times thrife by thee.

2081 1375

Enter *Vawfe*.

1376 *Queene*. Howv novv, vvhither goes Vavvfe fo fast ?

1377 *Vawfe*. To fignifie vnto his Maieftie,

2085 1378 That Cardinall Bevvford is at point of death,

1379 Sometimes he raues and cries as he vvere madde,

2089 1380 Sometimes he cals vpon Duke Humphries Ghost,

1381 And vvhifpers to his pillovv as to him,

1382 And fometime he calles to fpeake vnto the King,

1383 And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,

1384 That euen novv he cald aloude for him.

'Tis but furmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by, 2061
 As one that furfets, thinking on a want : 2062
 I will repeale thee, or be well affur'd, 2063
 Aduenrure to be banished my selfe : 2064
 And banished I am, if but from thee. 2065
 Go, speake not to me ; euen now be gone. 2066
 Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd, 2067
 Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaues, 2068
 Loather a hundred times to part then dye ; 2069
 Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee. 2070
Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished, 2071
 Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee. 2072
 'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou thence, 2073
 A Wilderneffe is populous enough, 2074
 So Suffolke had thy heauenly company : 2075
 For where thou art, there is the World it selfe, 2076
 With euery feuerall pleafure in the World : 2077
 And where thou art not, Defolation. 2078
 I can no more : Liue thou to ioy thy life ; 2079
 My selfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu'ft. 2080

Enter Vaux. 2081

Queene. Whether goes *Vaux* fo fast? What newes I 2082
 prethee ? 2083
Vaux. To signifie vnto his Maiesty, 2084
 That Cardinall *Beauford* is at point of death : 2085
 For fodainly a greuous fickneffe tooke him, 2086
 That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire, 2087
 Blafpheming God, and cursing men on earth. 2088
 Sometime he talkes, as if Duke *Humfries* Ghost 2089
 Were by his side : Sometime, he calles the King, 2090
 And whifpers to his pillow, as to him, 2091
 The secrets of his ouer-charged foule, 2092
 And I am sent to tell his Maiestie, 2093
 That euen now he cries alowd for him. 2094

2095 1385 *Queene.* Go then good Vawvfe and certifie the King.

1386 *Exet Vawvfe.*

1387 Oh vvhat is vvorldly pompe, all men must die,

1388 And vvoe am I for Bevvfords heauie ende.

2097 1389 But vvhy mourne I for him, vvhilft thou art here ?

2102 1390 Svveete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,

1391 For if the King do come, thou fure must die.

1392 *Suff.* And if I go I cannot liue:but here to die,

1393 What vvere it else, but like a pleafant flumber

2106 1394 In thy lap?

1395 Here could I, could I, breath my foule into the aire,

1396 As milde and gentle as the nevv borne babe,

1397 That dies vvith mothers dugge betvveene his lips,

1398 Where from thy fight I should be raging madde,

2111 1399 And call for thee to clofe mine eyes,

1400 Or vvith thy lips to stop my dying foule,

1401 That *I* might breathe it fo into thy bodie,

1402 And then it liu'd in fvveete Elyziam,

1403 By thee to die, vvere but to die in ieaft,

1404 From thee to die, vvere torment more then death,

2118 1405 O let me staie, befall, vvhat may befall.

1406 *Queen.* Oh mightft thou staie vvith fafetie of thy life,

1407 Then shouldft thou staie, but heauens deny it,

1408 And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde.

1409 *Suff.* *I* goe.

1410 *Queene.* And take my heart vvith thee.

- Qu.* Go tell this heauy Meffage to the King. *Exit* 2095
- Aye me! What is this World? What newes are thefe? 2096
- But wherefore greeue I at an houres poore loffe, 2097
 Omitting Suffolkes exile, my foules Treasure? 2098
 Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee? 2099
 And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares? 2100
 Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my forrowes. 2101
 Now get thee hence, the King thou know'ft is comming, 2102
 If thou be found by me, thou art but dead. 2103
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot liue, 2104
 And in thy fight to dye, what were it elfe, 2105
 But like a pleafant flumber in thy lap? 2106
 Heere could I breath my foule into the ayre, 2107
 As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe, 2108
 Dying with mothers dugge betweene it's lips. 2109
 Where from thy fight, I fhould be raging mad, 2110
 And cry out for thee to clofe vp mine eyes: 2111
 To haue thee with thy lippes to ftop my mouth: 2112
 So fhould'ft thou eyther turne my flying foule, 2113
 Or I fhould breathe it fo into thy body, 2114
 And then it liu'd in sweete Elizium. 2115
 To dye by thee, were but to dye in ieft, 2116
 From thee to dye, were torture more then death: 2117
 Oh let me ftay, befall what may befall. 2118
- Queen.* Away: Though parting be a fretfull corofiuē, 2119
 Ir is applyed to a deathfull wound. 2120
 To France fweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee: 2121
 For wherefoere thou art in this worlds Globe, 2122
 Ile haue an *Iris* that fhall finde thee out. 2123
Suf. I go. 2124
Qu. And take my heart with thee. 2125

1411 She kiffeth him.

1412 *Suff.* A ievvell lockt into thevvofult caske,

2127 1413 That euer yet containde a thing of vvoorth,

1414 Thus like a splitted barke fo funder we.

1415 This way fall I to death.

Exet Suffolke.

1416 *Queene.* This way for me.

Exet Queene.

2131 1417 Enter King and *Salsbury*, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and

1418 the Cardinall is difcouered in his bed, rauing and ftaring as if he

1419 were madde.

2135 1420 *Car.* Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,

1421 Ile giue thee as much gold as will purchafe fuch another Iland.

1422 *King.* Oh fee my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled,

1423 Lord Cardinall, remember Christ muft faue thy foule.

2142 1424 *Car.* Why died he not in his bed?

1425 What would you haue me to do then ?

1426 Can I make men liue whether they will or no?

2151 1427 Sirra, go fetch me the ftrong poifon which the Pothicary fent me,

1428 Oh fee where duke Humphreys ghoaft doth ftand,

2148 1429 And ftares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,

1430 So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

Suf. A Jewell lockt into the wofulft Caske, 2126
 That euer did containe a thing of worth, 2127
 Euen as a splitted Barke, fo funder we : 2128
 This way fall I to death. 2129
Qu. This way for me. *Exeunt* 2130

Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the 2131
Cardinal in bed. 2132

King. How fare's my Lord ? Speake *Beauford* to thy 2133
 Soueraigne. 2134

Ca. If thou beest death, Ile giue thee Englands Treasure, 2135
 Enough to purchase such another Island, 2136
 So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine. 2137

King. Ah, what a signe it is of euill life, 2138
 Where death's approach is feene fo terrible. 2139

War. Beauford, it is thy Soueraigne speakes to thee. 2140

Beau. Bring me vnto my Triall when you will. 2141
 Dy'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye ? 2142

Can I make men liue where they will or no ? 2143

Oh torture me no more, I will confesse. 2144

Aliue againe? Then shew me where he is, 2145

Ile giue a thousand pound to looke vpon him. 2146

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them. 2147

Combe downe his haire ; looke, looke, it stands vpright, 2148

Like Lime-twigs fet to catch my winged foule : 2149

Giue me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie 2150

Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him. 2151

King. Oh thou eternall mouer of the heauens, 2152

Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch, 2153

2157 1431 *Sal.* See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.

1432 *King.* Lord Cardinall, if thou dieft assured of heavenly bliffe,
2161 1433 Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.

1434 *The Cardinall dies.*

2162 1435 Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.

1436 Oh God forgiue his foule.

1437 *Salb.* So bad an ende did neuer none behold,

1438 But as his death, so was his life in all.

2164 1439 *King.* Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,

1440 For God will iudge vs all.

1441 Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.

2166 1442 *Exet omnes.*

2167 1443 Alarmes within, and the chambers be discharged, like as

1444 were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of the sh

1445 and the Maister, and the Maisters Mate, & the Duke of S

1446 folke disguised, and others with him, and Water Whic

2168 1447 more.

2176 1448 *Cap.* Bring forward these prifoners that scorn'd to yeeld,

1449 Vnlade their goods with speed and sincke their ship,

1623	<i>The second Part of Henry the Sixt</i>	151
	Oh beate away the bufie medling Fiend,	2154
	That layes ftrong fiege vnto this wretches foule,	2155
	And from his bofome purge this blacke difpaire.	2156
	<i>War.</i> See how the pangs of death do make him grin.	2157
	<i>Sal.</i> Difturbe him not, let him paffe peaceably.	2158
	<i>King.</i> Peace to his foule, if Gods good pleafure be.	2159
	Lord Card'nall, if thou think'ft on heauens bliffe,	2160
	Hold vp thy hand, make fignall of thy hope.	2161
	He dies and makes no figne : Oh God forgiue him.	2162
	<i>War.</i> So bad a death, argues a monftrous life.	2163
	<i>King.</i> Forbeare to iudge, for we are finners all.	2164
	Clofe vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine clofe,	2165
	And let vs all to Meditation. <i>Exeunt.</i>	2166
	<i>Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.</i>	2167
	<i>Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.</i>	2168
	<i>Lieu.</i> The gaudy blabbing and remorfefull day,	2169
	Is crept into the bofome of the Sea :	2170
	And now loud houling Wolues aroufe the Iades	2171
	That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night :	2172
	Who with their drowfie, flow, and flagging wings	2173
	Cleape dead-mens graues, and from their mifty Iawes,	2174
	Breath foule contagious darkneffe in the ayre :	2175
	Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,	2176
	For whilft our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,	2177
	Heere fhall they make theit ranfome on the fand,	2178
	Or with their blood ftaine this difcoloured fhore.	2179

2180 1450 Here Maister, this prisoner I giue to you,
 1451 This other, the Maisters Mate shall haue,
 2182 1452 And Water Whickmore thou shalt haue tills man,
 1453 And let them paie their ranfomes ere they passe.

2200 1454 *Suffolke.* Water! He starteth.
 1455 *Water.* How now, what doest feare me ?
 1456 Thou shalt haue better cause anon.
 2201 1457 *Suf.* It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe.
 1458 I do remember well, a cunning Wyffard told me,
 1459 That by Water I should die :
 1460 Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded.
 2205 1461 Thy name being rightly founded,
 1462 Is Gualter, not Water.
 2206 1463 *Water.* Gualter or Water, als one to me,
 1464 I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

Maister, this Prifoner freely giue I thee, 2180
 And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this : 2181
 The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy share. 2182

1. *Gent.* What is my ranfome Mafter, let me know. 2183
Ma. A thoufand Crownes, or elfe lay down your head 2184
Mate. And fo much fhall you giue, or off goes yours. 2185
Lieu. What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes, 2186
 And beare the name and port of Gentlemen ? 2187
 Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you fhall : 2188
 The liues of thofe which we haue loft in fight, 2189
 Be counter-poy's'd with fuch a pettie fumme. 2190
 1. *Gent.* Ile giue it fir, and therefore fpare my life. 2191
 2. *Gent.* And fo will I, and write home for it ftraight. 2192
Whitm. I loft mine eye in laying the prize aboard, 2193
 And therefore to reuenge it, fhalt thou dye, 2194
 And fo fhould thefe, if I might haue my will. 2195
Lieu. Be not fo rash, take ranfome, let him liue. 2196
Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman, 2197
 Rate me at what thou wilt, thou fhalt be payed. 2198
Whit. And fo am I : my name is *Walter Whitmore.* 2199

How now? why farts thou? What doth death affright? 2200

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose found is death: 2201
 A cunning man did calculate my birth, 2202
 And told me that by Water I fhould dye : 2203
 Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded, 2204
 Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly founded. 2205

Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not, 2206

Neuer yet did bafe difhonour blurre our name, 2207
 But with our fword we wip'd away the blot. 2208
 Therefore, when Merchant-like I fell reuenge, 2209
 Broke be my fword, my Armes torne and defac'd, 2210

1465 *Suf.* I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,
 1466 Ranfome me at what thou wilt, it shalbe paid.
 1467 *VWater.* I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,
 1468 And therefore ere I marchantlike fell blood for gold,
 1469 Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.
 1470 2. *Priso.* But what shall our ranfomes be ?
 1471 *Mai.* A hundreth pounds a piece, either paie that or die.
 1472 2. *Priso.* Then faue our liues, it shall be paid.
 1473 *VWater.* Come firrha, thy life shall be the ranfome
 1474 I will haue.

2212 1475 *Suff.* Staie villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,
 1476 The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poull.

2214 1477 *Cap.* The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.
 1478 *Suf.* I fir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,
 1479 Ioue sometime went disguised, and why not I ?

1480 *Cap.* I but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be.

2217 1481 *Suf.* Base Iadie groome, King Henries blood

1482 The honourable blood of Lancafter,

2219 1483 Cannot be shed by such a lowly swaine,

2280 1484 I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,

1485 I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.

1486 *Cap.* Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him hence,

2235 1487 And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

2236 1488 *Suf.* Thou darste not for thine owne.

2237 1489 *Cap.* Yes Poull.

1490 *Suffolke.* Poull.

1491 *Cap.* I Poull, puddle kennell, finke and durt,

1492 Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,

1493 Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the

1494 Queene, shall sweepe the ground, and thou that

1495 Smildste at good Duke Humphreys death,

1496 Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

2274 1497 *Suffolke.* This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,

1498 Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas,

1499 The great Masadonian Pyrate,

1500 Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.

1623	<i>The second Part of Henry the Sixt</i>	155
	And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.	2211
	<i>Suf.</i> Stay <i>Whitmore</i> , for thy Prifoner is a Prince,	2212
	The Duke of Suffolke, <i>William de la Pole</i> .	2213
	<i>Whit.</i> The Duke of Suffolke, muffled vp in ragges ?	2214
	<i>Suf.</i> I, but thefe ragges are no part of the Duke.	2215
	<i>Lieu.</i> But Ioue was neuer flaine as thou fhalt be,	2216
	Obscure and lowfie Swaine, King <i>Henries</i> blood.	2217
	<i>Suf.</i> The honourable blood of Lancafter	2218
	Must not be fhed by fuch a iaded Groome :	2219

1501 *Cap.* I but my deeds shall staie thy fury soone.

2223 1502 *Suffolke.* Haft not thou waited at my Trencher,

1503 When we haue feasted with Queene Margret ?

2220 1504 Haft not thou kift thy hand and held my stirrope ?

1505 And barehead plodded by my footecloth Mule,

1506 And thought thee happie when I smilde on thee ?

1507 This hand hath writ in thy defence,

2231 1508 Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish toong.

Haft thou not kift thy hand, and held my stirrop ?	2220
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,	2221
And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.	2222
How often haft thou waited at my cup,	2223
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,	2224
When I haue feasted with Queene <i>Margaret</i> ?	2225
Remember it, and let it make thee Crest-falne,	2226
I, and alay this thy abortiue Pride :	2227
How in our voyding Lobby haft thou stood,	2228
And duly wayted for my comming forth ?	2229
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,	2230
And therefore shall it charme thy riotous tongue,	2231
<i>Whit.</i> Speak Captaine, shall I stab the forlorn Swain.	2232
<i>Lieu.</i> First let my words stab him, as he hath me.	2233
<i>Suf.</i> Bafe flauie, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.	2234
<i>Lieu.</i> Conuey him hence, and on our long boats side,	2235
Strike off his head. <i>Suf.</i> Thou dar'ft not for thy owne.	2236
<i>Lieu.</i> <i>Poole</i> , Sir <i>Poole</i> ? Lord,	2237
I kennell, puddle, finke, whose filth and dirt	2238
Troubles the filuer Spring, where England drinkes :	2239
Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,	2240
For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme.	2241
Thy lips that kift the Queene, shall sweepe the ground :	2242
And thou that smil'dst at good Duke <i>Humfries</i> death,	2243
Against the fenselesse windes shall grin in vaine,	2244
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee againe.	2245
And wedded be thou to the Haggies of hell,	2246
For daring to affye a mighty Lord	2247
Vnto the daughter of a worthlesse King,	2248
Hauing neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem :	2249
By diuellish policy art thou growne great,	2250
And like ambitious Sylla ouer-gorg'd,	2251

2283 1509 *Cap.* Away with him Water, I fay, and off with his hed.

2287 1510 1.*Priso.* Good my Lord, intreat him mildly for your life.

With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.	2252
By thee <i>Aniou</i> and <i>Maine</i> were fold to France.	2253
The false reuolting Normans thorough thee,	2254
Disdain to call vs Lord, and <i>Piccardie</i>	2255
Hath flaine their Governors, surpriz'd our Forts,	2256
And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.	2257
The Princely Warwicke, and the <i>Neuils</i> all,	2258
Whose dreadfull fwords were neuer drawne in vaine,	2259
As hating thee, and rising vp in armes.	2260
And now the House of Yorke thrust from the Crowne,	2261
By shamefull murder of a guiltlesse King,	2262
And lofty proud inroaching tyranny,	2263
Burnes with reuenging fire, whose hopefull colours	2264
Aduance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, striuing to shine ;	2265
Vnder the which is writ, <i>Inuitis nubibus.</i>	2266
The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,	2267
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,	2268
Is crept into the Pallace of our King,	2269
And all by thee : away, conuey him hence.	2270
<i>Suf.</i> O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder	2271
Vpon these paltry, seruile, abiect Drudges :	2272
Small things make base men proud. This Villaine heere,	2273
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more	2274
Then <i>Bargulus</i> the strong Illyrian Pyrate.	2275
Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues :	2276
It is impossible that I should dye	2277
By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.	2278
Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me :	2279
I go of Message from the Queene to France :	2280
I charge thee waite me safely crosse the Channell.	2281
<i>Lieu.</i> Water : W. Come Suffolke, I must waite thee	2282
to thy death.	2283
<i>Suf.</i> <i>Pine gelidus timor occupat artus</i> , it is thee I feare.	2284
<i>Wal.</i> Thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leaue thee.	2285
What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope.	2286
<i>i. Gent.</i> My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair.	2287

2291 1511 *Suffolke.* Firft let this necke ftoupe to the axes edge,
 1512 Before this knee do bow to any,
 1513 Saue to the God of heauen and to my King:
 1514 Suffolkes imperiall toong cannot pleade .

2295 1515 To fuch a Iadie groome.

2298 1516 *Water.* Come, come, why do we let him fpeake,
 1517 I long to haue his head for raunfome of mine eye.

2302 1518 *Suffolk.* A Swordar and bandeto flauē,
 1519 Murthered fweete Tully.

1520 Brutus baftard-hand ftabde Iulius Cæfar,
 2305 1521 And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the feas.

1522 *Exet Suffolke, and VWater.*

2313 1523 *Cap.* Off with his head, and fend it to the Queene,

1524 And ranfomeleffe this prifoner fhall go free,

1525 To fee it fafe deliuered vnto her.

1526 Come lets goe. *Exet omnes.*

Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough : 2288
 Vs'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour, 2289
 Farre be it, we should honor such as these 2290
 With humble fuite : no, rather let my head 2291
 Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any, 2292
 Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King : 2293

And fooner dance vpon a bloody pole, 2294
 Then stand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome. 2295
 True Nobility, is exempt from feare : 2296
 More can I beare, then you dare execute. 2297

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talke no more : 2298
 Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can. 2299

Suf. That this my death may neuer be forgot. 2300
 Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions. 2301
 A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto slaue 2302
 Murder'd sweet *Tully.* *Brutsn* Bastard hand 2303
 Stab'd *Iulius Cæsar.* Sauage Islanders 2304
Pompey the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats. 2305

Exit Water with Suffolke. 2306

Lieu. And as for these whose ranfome we haue fet, 2307
 It is our pleasure one of them depart : 2308
 Therefore come you with vs, and let him go. 2309

Exit Lieutenant, and the rest. 2310

Manet the first Gent. *Enter Walter with the body.* 2311

Wal. There let his head, and liueleffe bodie lye, 2312
 Vntill the Queene his Mistris bury it. *Exit Walter.* 2313

1. Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle, 2314
 His body will I beare vnto the King : 2315
 If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends, 2316
 So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere. 2317

2318 1527 Enter two of the Rebels with long staffes.

1528 *George.* Come away Nick, and put a long staffe in thy pike, and
1529 prouide thy selfe, for I Can tell thee, they haue bene vp this tw
1530 daies.

2321 1531 *Nicke.* Then they had more need to go to bed now,
1532 But firrha George whats the matter?

1533 *George.* Why firrha, Iack Cade the Diar of Ashford here,
1534 He meanes to turne this land, and fet a new nap on it.

2325 1535 *Nick.* I marry he had need fo, for tis growne threedbare,
1536 T was neuer merry world with vs, since these gentle men came v

1537 *George.* I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a Lord weare a le
2330 1538 ther aperature now a-daies.

1539 *Nick.* But firrha, who comes more beside Iacke Cade?

1540 *George.* Why theres Dicke the Butcher, and Robin the Sadle
1541 and Will that came a wooing to our Nan laft Sunday, and Har
1542 and Tom, and Gregory that should haue your Parnill, and a gre
1543 fort more is come from Rochester, and from Maydfstone, and Ca
1544 terbury, and all the Townes here abouts, and we muft all be Lord
1545 or quires, affoone as Iacke Cade is King.

1623	<i>The second Part of Henry the Sixt</i>	163
	<i>Enter Beuis, and Iohn Holland.</i>	2318
	<i>Beuis.</i> Come and get thee a sword, though made of a Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.	2319 2320
	<i>Hol.</i> They haue the more neede to sleepe now then.	2321
	<i>Beuis.</i> I tell thee, <i>Iacke Cade</i> the Cloathier, meanes to dresse the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new nap vpon it.	2322 2323 2324
	<i>Hol.</i> So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say, it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen came vp.	2325 2326 2327
	<i>Beuis.</i> O miserable Age : Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.	2328 2329
	<i>Hol.</i> The Nobilitie thinke forne to goe in Leather Aprons.	2330 2331
	<i>Beuis.</i> Nay more, the Kings Councill are no good Workemen.	2332 2333
	<i>Hol.</i> True : and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocati- on : which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be la- bouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.	2334 2335 2336
	<i>Beuis.</i> Thou hast hit it : for there's no better signe of a braue minde, then a hard hand.	2337 2338
	<i>Hol.</i> I see them, I see them : There's <i>Befts</i> Sonne, the Tanner of Wingham.	2339 2340
	<i>Beuis.</i> Hee shall haue the skinned of our enemies, to make Dogges Leather of.	2341 2342
	<i>Hol.</i> And Dicke the Butcher.	2343

- 2348 1546 *Nicke.* Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be comming.
- 2349 1547 Enter *Iacke Cade, Dicke Butcher, Robin, VWill, Tom,*
1548 *Harry* and the rest, with long staues.
- 1549 *Cade.* Proclaime filence.
1550 *All.* Silence.
- 2351 1551 *Cade.* I Iohn Cade fo named for my valiancie.
- 1552 *Dicke.* Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprats.
- 2358 1553 *Cade.* My father was a Mortemer.
1554 *Nicke.* He was an honest man and a good Brick-laier.
1555 *Cade.* My mother came of the Brafes.
- 2363 1556 *VWill.* She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, and fold many laf
- 1557 *Robin.* And now being not able to occupie her furd packe,
1558 She washeth buckes vp and downe the country.
- 2367 1559 *Cade.* Therefore I am honourably borne.
1560 *Harry.* I for the field is honourable, for he was borne
1561 Vnder a hedge, for his father had no house but the Cage.
- 2373 1562 *Cade.* I am able to endure much,
1563 *George.* Thats true I know he can endure any thing,
1564 For I haue seene him whipt two market daies together.

Beuis. Then is sin strucke downe like an Oxe, and ini- 2344
quities throate cut like a Calfe. 2345

Hol. And Smith the Weauer. 2346

Beu. Argo, their thred of life is fpun. 2347

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them. 2348

Drumme. Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer, 2349
and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers. 2350

Cade. Wee *John Cade*, fo tearm'd of our supposed Fa- 2351
ther. 2352

But. Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings. 2353

Cade. For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired 2354
with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Com- 2355
mand filence. 2356

But. Silence. 2357

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer*. 2358

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer. 2359

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*. 2360

Butch. I knew her well, she was a Midwife, 2361

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies*. 2362

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many 2363
Laces. 2364

Weauer. But now of late, not able to trauell with her 2365
furr'd Packe, she washes buckes here at home. 2366

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house. 2367

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there 2368
was he borne, vnder a hedge : for his Father had neuer a 2369
house but the Cage. 2370

Cade. Valiant I am. 2371

Weauer. A must needs, for beggery is valiant. 2372

Cade. I am able to endure much. 2373

But. No question of that : for I haue seene him whipt 2374
three Market dayes together. 2375

2376 1565 *Cade*. I feare neither fword nor fire
 1566 *VWill*. He need not feare the fword, for his coate is of proof
 1567 *Dicke*. But mee thinkes he fhould feare the fire, being fo ofte
 1568 burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe,
 1569 *Cade*. Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, and vow
 1570 reformation: you fhall haue feuen half-penny loaues for a penn
 2383 1571 and the three hoopt pot, fhall haue ten hoopcs, and it fhall be fel

1572 ny to drinke fmall beere, and if I be king, as king I will be,

2388 1573 *All*. God faue your maieftie.

1574 *Cade*. I thanke you good people, you fhall all eate and drinke
 1575 my fcore, and go all in my liuerie, and weele haue no writing, bu
 1576 the fcore & the Tally, and there fhall be no lawes but fuch as come
 1577 from my mouth,

1578 *Dicke*. We fhall haue fore lawes then, for he was thruft into th
 1579 mouth the other day.

1580 *George*. I and finking law too, for his breath finks fo, that or
 1581 cannot abide it.

2401 1582 Enter *VWill* with the Clarke of *Chattam*.

1583 *Will*. Oh Captaine a pryze,

1584 *Cade*. Whofe that Will ?

1585 *VWill*. The Clarke of *Chattam*, he can write and reade and ca

2405 1586 account, I tooke him fetting of boyes coppies, and hee has a book

- Cade.* I feare neither fword, nor fire. 2376
- Wea.* He neede not feare the fword, for his Coate is of 2377
 proofe. 2378
- But.* But me thinks he fhould ftand in feare of fire, be- 2379
 ing burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe. 2380
- Cade.* Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and 2381
 Vowes Reformation. There fhall be in England, feuen 2382
 halfe peny Loaues fold for a peny : the three hoop'd pot, 2383
 fhall haue ten hoopes, and I wil make it Fellony to drink 2384
 fmall Beere. All the Realme fhall be in Common, and in 2385
 Cheapfide fhall my Palfrey go to graffe: and when I am 2386
 King, as King I will be. 2387
- All.* God faue your Maiefty. 2388
- Cade.* I thanke you good people. There fhall bee no 2389
 mony, all fhall eate and drinke on my fcore, and I will 2390
 apparrell them all in one Liuary, that they may agree like 2391
 Brothers, and worfhip me their Lord. 2392

But. The firft thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers. 2393

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamenta- 2394
 ble thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe fhould 2395
 be made Parchment; that Parchment being fcribeld ore, 2396
 fhould vndoe a man. Some fay the Bee ftings, but I fay, 2397
 'tis the Bees waxe : for I did but feale once to a thing, and 2398
 I was neuer mine owne man fince. How now? Who's 2399
 there? 2400

Enter a Clarke. 2401

Weauer. The Clarke of Chartam : hee can write and 2402
 reade, and caft accompt. 2403

Cade. O monftrous. 2404

Wea. We tooke him fetting of boyes Copies. 2405

2407 1587 in his pocket with red letters.

1588 *Cade.* Sonnes, hees a coniurer bring him hither.

1589 Now fir, whats your name ?

2415 1590 *Clarke.* Emanuell fir, and it shall please you.

1591 *Dicke.* It will go hard with you, I can tell you,

1592 For they vse to write that oth top ofletters.

1593 *Cade.* And what do you vse to write your name ?

1594 Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done,

1595 Vse the score and the Tally ?

2421 1596 *Clarke.* Nay, true fir, I praise God I haue bene so well broug

1597 vp, that I can write mine owne name.

2423 1598 *Cade.* Oh hes confest, go hang him with his penny-inckhor

2425 1599 about his necke. *Exet* one with the Clarke.

2428 1600

Enter *Tom.*

1601 *Tom.* Captaine, Newes, newes, fir Humphrey Stafford and h

1602 brother are comming with the kings power, and mean to kil vs a

1603 *Cade.* Let them come, hees but a knight is he ?

1604 *Tom.* No, no, hees but a knight,

2437 1605 *Cade.* Why then to equall him, ile make my felse knight.

1606 Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,

2438 1607 Rife vp fir Iohn Mortemer.

1608 Is there any more of them that be Knights ?

- Cade.* Here's a Villaine. 2406
- Wea.* Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't 2407
- Cade.* Nay then he is a Coniurer. 2408
- But.* Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court 2409
hand. 2410
- Cade.* I am forry for't: The man is a proper man of 2411
mine Honour: vnlesse I finde him guilty, he shall not die. 2412
Come hither firrah, I must examine thee : What is thy 2413
name ? 2414
- Clearke. Emanuell.* 2415
- But.* They vse to writ it on the top of Letters: 'Twill 2416
go hard with you. 2417
- Cade.* Let me alone : Dost thou vse to write thy name? 2418
Or hast thou a marke to thy felfe, like a honest plain dea- 2419
ing man ? 2420
- Clearke.* Sir I thanke God, I haue bin so well brought 2421
vp, that I can write my name. 2422
- All.* He hath confest : away with him : he's a Villaine 2423
and a Traitor. 2424
- Cade.* Away with him I say : Hang him with his Pen 2425
and Inke-horne about his necke. 2426
- Exit one with the Clearke* 2427
- Enter Michael.* 2428
- Mich.* Where's our Generall ? 2429
- Cade.* Heere I am thou particular fellow. 2430
- Mich.* Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother 2431
are hard by, with the Kings Forces. 2432
- Cade.* Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe : he 2433
shall be encountred with a man as good as himselfe. He 2434
is but a Knight, is a ? 2435
- Mich.* No. 2436
- Cade.* To equall him I will make my felfe a knight pre- 2437
fently; Rife vp Sir *John Mortimer.* Now haue at him. 2438

1609 *Tom.* I his brother.

1610 He Knights Dicke Butcher.

1611 *Cade.* Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,

1612 Rife vp fir Dicke Butcher.

1613 Now found vp the Drumme.

2439 1614 Enter fir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother, with

1615 Drumme and fouldiers.

2447 1616 *Cade.* As for these filken coated flaues I passe not a pinne,

1617 Tis to you good people that I speake.

1618 *Stafford.* Why country-men, what meane you thus in troopes,

1619 To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?

17) 2451 1620 Why his father was but a Brick-laier.

2453 1621 *Cade.* Well, and Adam was a Gardner, what then?

1622 But I come of the Mortemers.

17) 1623 *Stafford.* I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

1624 *Cade.* The Duke of York, nay, I learnt it my felfe,

1625 For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,

1626 Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

1627 *Stafford.* Well, thats true : But what then?

2458 1628 *Cade.* And by her he had two children at a birth.

1629 *Stafford.* Thats false.

1630 *Cade.* I, but I fay, tis true.

1631 *All.* Why then tis true.

1632 *Cade.* And one of them was stolne away by a begger-woman,

- Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother,
with Drum and Soldiers.* 2439
2440
- Staf.* Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, 2441
Mark'd for the Gallowes : Lay your Weapons downe, 2442
Home to your Cottages : forsake this Groome. 2443
The King is mercifull, if you reuolt. 2444
- Bro.* But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood, 2445
If you go forward : therefore yeeld, or dye. 2446
- Cade.* As for these filken-coated flaues, I passe not, 2447
It is to you good people, that I speake, 2448
Ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne : 2449
For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne. 2450
- Staff.* Villaine, thy Father was a Playfterer, 2451
And thou thy felfe a Sheareman, art thou not ? 2452
Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardiner. 2453
- Bro.* And what of that ? 2454
- Cade.* Marry, this *Edmund Mortimer* Earle of March, 2455
married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not ? 2456
Staf. I fir. 2457
Cade. By her he had two children at one birth. 2458
Bro. That's false. 2459
Cade. I, there's the question ; But I fay, 'tis true : 2460
- The elder of them being put to nurfe, 2461

1633 And that was my father, and I am his sonne,
 2465 1634 Deny it and you can.
 1635 *Nicke.* Nay looke you, I know twas true,
 1636 For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,
 1637 And the brickes are aliue at this day to testifie.

1638 *Cade.* But doest thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his
 1639 fathers sake, in whose time boyes plaide at spanne-counter with
 2477 1640 Frenche Crownes, I am content that hee shall be King as long
 1641 as he liues Marry alwaies prouided, ile be Protector ouer him.

1642 *Stafford.* O monstrous simplicitie.
 1643 *Cade.* And tell him, weele haue the Lorde Sayes head, and the
 1644 Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of Anioy
 1645 and Mayne, and selling the Townes in France, by which meanes
 2481 1646 England hath bene maimde euer since, and gone as it were with a

1647 crouch, but that my puiffance held it vp. And besides, they can
 2485 1648 speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

1649 *Stafford.* As how I prethie?

1650 *Cade.* Why the French men are our enemies be they not ?

1651 And then can hee that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a
 1652 good subiect ?

1653 Answere me to that.

1654 *Stafford,* Well firrha, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings
 1655 mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebel-
 1656 lious deeds ?

Was by a begger-woman stolne away, 2462
 And ignorant of his birth and parentage, 2463
 Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age. 2464

His sonne am I, deny it if you can. 2465

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King. 2466

Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, & 2467
 the bricke are aliue at this day to testify it : therefore 2468
 deny it not. 2469

Staf. And will you credit this base Drudges Wordes, 2470
 that speaks he knowes not what. 2471

All. I marry will we : therefore get ye gone. 2472

Bro. Iacke Cade, the D. of York hath taught you this. 2473

Cade. He lyes, for I inuented it my selfe. Go too Sir- 2474
 rah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake *Hen-* 2475
ry the fift, (in whose time, boyes went to Span-counter 2476
 for French Crownes) I am content he shall raigne, but Ile 2477
 be Protector ouer him. 2478

Butcher. And furthermore, wee'l haue the Lord *Sayes* 2479
 head, for felling the Dukedome of *Maine.* 2480

Cade And good reason : for thereby is England main'd 2481
 And faine to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds 2482
 it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath 2483
 gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch : & 2484
 more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is 2485
 a Traitor. 2486

Staf. O grosse and miserable ignorance. 2487

Cade. Nay answer if you can : The Frenchmen are our 2488
 enemies : go too then, I ask but this : Can he that speaks 2489
 with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councillour, or 2490
 no ? 2491

1657 *Cade.* Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile
 1658 pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be
 1659 long.

2495 1660 *Stafford.* Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes,
 1661 That thofe that will forfake the Rebelle Cade,
 1662 Shall haue free pardon from his Maieftie.

2500 1663

Exet Stafford and his men.

2509 1664 *Cade.* Come fir, faint George for vs and Kent.
 1665 *Exet omnes.*

2510 1666 Alarums to the battaile, and fir *Humphrey Stafford*
 1667 and his brother is flaine. Then enter Iacke
 1668 Cade againe and the rest.

2514 1669 *Cade.* Sir Dicke Butcher, thou haft fought to day moft valianly,
 1670 And knockt them down as if thou hadft bin in thy slaughter houfe.
 2516 1671 And thus I will reward thee. The Lent fhall be as long againe as
 1672 it was, Thou fhalt haue licence to kil for foure fcore & one a week,

- All.* No, no, and therefore wee'l haue his head. 2492
- Bro.* Well, fecing gentle words will not preuayle, 2493
Affaile them with the Army of the King. 2494
- Staf.* Herald away, and throughout euery Towne, 2495
Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with *Cade*, 2496
That thofe which flye before the battell ends, 2497
May euen in their Wiues and Childrens fight, 2498
Be hang'd vp for example at their doores : 2499
And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. *Exit.* 2500
- Cade.* And you that loue the Commons, follow me: 2501
Now fhew your felues men, 'tis for Liberty. 2502
We will not leaue one Lord, one Gentleman: 2503
Spare none, but fuch as go in clouted shooen, 2504
For they are thrifty honeft men, and fuch 2505
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts. 2506
- But.* They are all in order, and march toward vs. 2507
- Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are moft out 2508
of order. Come, march forward. 2509
- Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are flaine.* 2510
Enter Cade and the rest. 2511
- Cade.* Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford? 2512
- But.* Heere fir. 2513
- Cade.* They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & 2514
thou behaued'ft thy felfe, as if thou hadft beene in thine 2515
owne Slaughte-house: Therefore thus will I reward thee, 2516
the Lent fhall bee as long againe as it is, and thou fhalt 2517
haue a Licenfe to kill for a hundred lacking one. 2518
- But.* I defire no more. 2519

2527 1673 Drumme strike vp, for now weele march to London, for to mor-
 1674 row I meane to fit in the Kings seate at Westminster.

1675 *Exet omnes.*

2529 1676 Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene, with
 1677 the Duke of *Suffolkes* head, and the Lord *Say*,
 1678 with others.

1679 *King.* Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother is flaine,
 1680 And the Rebels march amaine to London,

1681 Go back to them, and tell them thus from me.

1682 Ile come and parley with their generall.

? 1683 *Reade.* Yet staie, ile reade the Letter one againe.

2550 1684 Lord *Say*, Iacke Cade hath folemnelly vowde to haue thy head.

Cade. And to speake truth, thou deseru'ft no leffe. 2520
 This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bo- 2521
 dies shall be dragg'd at my horfe heeles, till I do come to 2522
 London, where we will haue the Maiors fword born be- 2523
 fore vs. 2524
But. If we meane to thriue, and do good, breake open 2525
 the Gaoles, and let out the Prifoners. 2526
Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march 2527
 towards London. *Exeunt.* 2528

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suf- 2529
folkes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the 2530
Lord Say. 2531

Queene. Oft haue I heard that greefe softens the mind, 2532
 And makes it fearefull and degenerate, 2533
 Thinke therefore on reuenge, and ceafe to weepe. 2534
 But who can ceafe to weepe, and looke on this. 2535
 Heere may his head lye on my throbbing brest : 2536
 But where's the body that I should imbrace ? 2537
Buc. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebels 2538
 Supplication ? 2539

King. Ile fend some holy Bishop to intreat : 2540
 For God forbid, so many simple foules 2541
 Should perish by the Sword. And I my selfe, 2542
 Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short, 2543
 Will parley with *Iacke Cade* their Generall. 2544
 But stay, Ile read it ouer once againe. 2545

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines : Hath this louely face, 2546
 Rul'd like a wandering Plannet ouer me, 2547
 And could it not inforce them to relent, 2548
 That were vnworthy to behold the same. 2549

King. Lord *Say*, *Iacke Cade* hath fworne to huac thy 2550
 head. 2551

1685 *Say.* I, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

1686 *King.* How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suf-

1687 folkes death, I feare my loue, if I had bene dead, thou wouldst not
1688 haue mournde so much for me.

1689 *Queene.* No my loue, I should not mourne, but die for thee.

1690 Enter a Meffenger.

2562 1691 *Messen.* Oh fie my Lord, the Rebels are entered

1692 Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the Bridge,

1693 Calling your grace an vsurper,

1694 And that monstrous Rebell Cade, hath fworne

1695 To Crowne himfelfe King in Westminster,

2574 1696 Therefore fie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.

1697 *King.* Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather

1698 An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels.

2570 1699 Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth.

Say. I, but I hope your Highneffe fhall haue his, 2552
King. How now Madam? 2553
 Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death? 2554
 I feare me (Loue) if that I had beene dead, 2555
 Thou would'ft not haue mourn'd fo much for me. 2556
Qu. No my Loue, I fhould not mourne, but dye for 2557
 thee. 2558

Enter a Meffenger. 2559

King. How now? What newes? Why com'ft thou in 2560
 fuch hafte? 2561

Mef. The Rebels are in Southwatke : Fly my Lord : 2562

Jacke Cade proclaimes himfelfe Lord *Mortimer*, 2563
 Descended from the Duke of *Clarence* houfe, 2564
 And calles your Grace Vfurper, openly, 2565

And vowes to Crowne himfelfe in Weftminfter. 2566
 His Army is a ragged multitude 2567
 Of Hindes and Pezants, rude and mercileffe : 2568
 Sir *Humfrey Stafford*, and his Brothers death, 2569
 Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede : 2570
 All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen, 2571
 They call falfe Catterpillers, and intend their death. 2572

Kin. Oh graceleffe men: they know not what they do. 2573

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth, 2574
 Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe. 2575

Qu. Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now aliue, 2576
 Thefe Kentifh Rebels would be foone appeas'd. 2577

King. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hateth thee, 2578

Therefore away with vs to Killingworth. 2579

Say. So might your Graces perfon be in danger : 2580
 The fight of me is odious in their eyes : 2581
 And therefore in this Citty will I ftay, 2582
 And liue alone as fecret as I may. 2583

1700 Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,
 1701 For feare the Rebelle Cade do finde thee out.

2595 1702 *Say.* My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me.
 1703 And therefore with your highnesse leaue, ile staie behind.

1704 *King.* Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say.

1705 Come Madame, let vs go.

1706 *Exet omnes.*

2597 1707 Enter the Lord *Skayles* vpon the Tower
 1708 walles walking.

1709 Enter three or foure Citizens below.

1710 *Lord Scayles.* How now, is Iacke Cade flaine?

1711 *i. Citizens.* No my Lord, nor likely to be flaine,

1712 For they haue wonne the bridge,

1713 Killing all those that withstand them.

1714 The Lord Mayor craueth ayde of your honor from the Tower,

1715 To defend the Citie from the Rebels.

2605 1716 *Lord Scayles.* Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,

1717 But I am troubled here with them my selfe,

1718 The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,

1719 But get you to Smythfield and gather head,

1720 And thither I will fend you Mathew Goffe,

1721 Fight for your King, your Country, and your liues,

Enter another Messenger.

2584

Mess. Iacke Cade hath gotten London-bridge. 2585
 The Citiz ens flye and forfake their houfes : 2586
 The Rascall people, thirfting after prey, 2587
 Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioyntly fweare 2588
 To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court. 2589
Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horfe. 2590
King. Come *Margaret*, God our hope will succor vs. 2591
Qu. My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceaft. 2592
King. Farewell my Lord, trust not the Kentifh Rebels 2593
Buc. Trust no body for feare you betraid. 2594

Say. The trust I haue, is in mine innocence, 2595
 And therefore am I bold and resolute. *Exeunt.* 2596

Enter Lord Scales vpon the Tower walking. Then enters 2597

two or three Citizens below. 2598

Scales. How now? Is *Iacke Cade* flaine? 2599
i. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be flaine : 2600
 For they haue wonne the Bridge, 2601
 Killing all thofe that withstand them : 2602
 The L. Maior craues ayd of your Honor from the Tower 2603
 To defend the City from the Rebels. 2604
Scales. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command, 2605
 But I am troubled heere with them my selfe, 2606
 The Rebels haue affay'd to win the Tower. 2607
 But get you to Smithfield, and gather head, 2608
 And thither I will fend you *Mathew Goffe.* 2609
 Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Liues, 2610

1722 And so farewell, for I must hence againe,

1723 *Exet omnes.*

2612 1724 Enter *Iacke Cade* and the rest, and strikes his sword
1725 vpon London stone.

1726 *Cade.* Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citie,

1727 And now fitting vpon London stone, We command,

1728 That the first yeare of our raigne,

2617 1729 The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.

1730 And now hence forward, it shall be treason

1731 For any that calles me any otherwise then

1732 Lord Mortemer.

1733 Enter a souldier.

2662 1734 *Sould.* Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

1735 *Cade.* Sounes, knocke him dovn. (They kill him.)

1736 *Dicke.* My Lord, theirs an Army gathered together

1737 Into Smythfield.

1738 *Cade.* Come then, lets go fight with them,

2629 1739 But first go on and fet London bridge a fire,

1740 And if you can, burne dovn the Tover too.

1741 Come lets avay. *Exet omnes.*

1742 Alarmes, and then *Mathew Goffe* is flaine, and all the

1743 rest vvith him. Then enter *Iacke Cade* a-

1744 gain, and his company.

1745 *Cade.* So, firs novv go some and pull dovn the Sauoy,

1746 Others to the Innes of the Court, dovn vvith them all.

1747 *Dicke.* I haue a fute vnto your Lordship.

2637 1748 *Cade.* Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it

1749 For that vvord.

And fo farwell, for I must hence againe. *Exeunt* 2611

*Enter Iacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his
staffe on London stone.* 2612
2613

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City, 2614
And heere fitting vpon London Stone, 2615
I charge and command, that of the Cities cost 2616

The pissing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine 2617
This first yeare of our raigne. 2618
And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any, 2619
That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*. 2620

Enter a Soldier running. 2621

Soul. *Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.* 2622

Cade. Knocke him downe there. *They kill him.* 2623

But. If this Fellow be wife, hee'l neuer call yee *Iacke* 2624
Cade more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning, 2625

Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together 2626
in Smithfield. 2627

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them : 2628

But first, go and fet London Bridge on fire, 2629

And if you can, burne downe the Tower too. 2630

Come, let's away. *Exeunt omnes.* 2631

Alarums. *Mathew Goffe is slain, and all the rest.* 2632

Then enter Iacke Cade, with his Company. 2633

Cade. So firs : now go some and pull down the Sauoy : 2634
Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all. 2635

Hut. I haue a fuite vnto your Lordship. 2636

Cade. Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt haue it for that word. 2637

- 2644 1750 *Dicke.* That vve may go burne all the Records,
 1751 And that all vvrting may be put dovvne,
 1752 And nothing vſde but the ſcore and the Tally.
 1753 *Cade.* Dicke it ſhall be ſo, and henceforvvard all things ſhall be
 1754 in common, and in Cheapeſide ſhall my palphrey go to graffe.
 1755 Why iſt not a miſerable thing, that of the ſkin of an innocent lamb
 1756 ſhould parchment be made, & then with a litle blotting ouer with
 1757 inke, a man ſhould vndo himſelfe.
 1758 Some faies tis the bees that ſting, but I fay, tis their waxe, for I
 1759 am ſure I neuer feald to any thing but once, and I was neuer mine
 1760 owne man ſince.
 1761 *Nicke.* But when ſhall we take vp thoſe commodities
 1762 Which you told vs of,
 1763 *Cade.* Marry he that will luſtily ſtand to it,
 1764 Shall go with me, and take vp theſe commodities following :
 1765 Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a petticoate, and a ſmocke.

1766

Enter *George.*

- 2651 1767 *George.* My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,
 1768 Which ſold the Townes in France,

- But.* Onely that the Lawes of England may come out 2638
of your mouth. 2639
- John.* Masse 'twill be fore Law then, for he was thrust 2640
in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet. 2641
- Smith.* Nay *John*, it wil be stinking Law, for his breath 2642
stinkes with eating toasted cheefe. 2643
- Cade.* I haue thought vpon it, it shall bee so. Away, 2644
burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be 2645
the Parliament of England. 2646
- John.* Then we are like to haue biting Statutes 2647
Vnlesse his teeth be pull'd out. 2648
- Cade.* And hence-forward all things shall be in Com- 2649
mon. *Enter a Messenger.* 2650
- Mef.* My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say*, 2651
which sold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay 2652
one and twenty Fifteenes, and one shilling to the pound, 2653
the last Subsidie. 2654

- 2657 1769 *Cade.* Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord,
 1770 What anfwere canst thou make vnto my mightineffe,
 1771 For deliuering vp the townes in France to Mounfier bus mine cue,
 1772 the Dolphin of France?
- 1773 And more then so, thou haft most traitorously erected a grammer
 1774 schoole, to infect the youth of the realme, and against the Kings
- 2669 1775 Crowne and dignitie, thou haft built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be
 1776 said to thy face, that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reades
 2671 1777 of bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a Verbe, and
 1778 such abhominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it.
 1779 And besides all that, thou haft appointed certaine Iustifes of peace
 1780 in euery shire to hang honest men that steale for their liuing, and
 1781 because they could not reade, thou haft hung them vp: Onely for
 2678 1782 which cause they were most worthy to liue. Thou ridest on a foot-
 1783 cloth doest thou not ?
 1784 *Say.* Yes, what of that ?
 1785 *Cade.* Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a
 2681 1786 cloake, when an honest man then thy selfe, goes in his hose and
 1787 doublet.
- 1788 *Say.* You men of Kent. ?
 2686 1789 *All.* Kent, what of Kent ?
 2687 1790 *Say.* Nothing but *bona, terra,*
 1791 *Cade.* *Bonum terum,* sounds whats that?
 1792 *Dicke.* He speakes French.

Enter George, with the Lord Say.

2655

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times : 2656
 Ah thou Say, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now 2657
 art thou within point-blanke of our Iurisdiction Regall. 2658
 What canst thou answer to my Maiesty, for giuing vp of 2659
 Normandie vnto Mounfieur *Bafimecu*, the Dolphine of 2660
 France? Be it knowne vnto thee by these prefence, euen 2661
 the prefence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beefome 2662
 that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou 2663
 art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of 2664
 the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and where- 2665
 as before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the 2666
 Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd, 2667
 and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou 2668
 hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be prooued to thy Face, 2669
 that thou hast men about thee, that vsually talke of a 2670
 Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable wordes, as 2671
 no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appoin- 2672
 ted Iustices of Peace, to call poore men before them, a- 2673
 bout matters they were not able to answer. Moreouer, 2674
 thou hast put them in prifon, and because they could not 2675
 reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for 2676
 that cause they haue beene most worthy to liue. Thou 2677
 dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not? 2678

Say. What of that? 2679

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horfe weare 2680
 a Cloake, when honefter men then thou go in their Hofe 2681
 and Doublets. 2682

Dicke. And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for ex- 2683
 ample, that am a butcher. 2684

Say. You men of Kent. 2685

Dic. What say you of Kent. 2686

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*. 2687

1793 *VVill.* No tis Dutch.

2688 1794 *Nicke.* No tis outtalian, I know it well inough.

1795 *Say.* Kent, in the Commentaries Cæfar wrote,

1796 Termde it the ciuel'ft place of all this land,

1797 Then noble Country-men, heare me but fpeake, → 1797

2697 1798 I fold not France, I loft not Normandie.

<i>Cade.</i> Away with him, away with him, he speaks La- tine.	2688 2689
<i>Say.</i> Heare me but speake, and beare mee wher'e you will :	2690 2691
Kent, in the Commentaries <i>Cæsar</i> writ,	2692
Is term'd the ciuel'ft place of all this Ile :	2693
Sweet is the Covntry, becaufe full of Riches,	2694
The People Liberall, Valiant, Actiue, Wealthy,	2695
Which makes me hope you are not void of pittie.	2696
I fold not <i>Maine</i> , I loft not <i>Normandie</i> ,	2697
Yet to recouer them would loofe my life :	2698
Iuftice with fauour haue I alwayes done,	2699
Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.	2700
When haue I ought exacted at your hands ?	2701
Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,	2702
Large gifts haue I beftow'd on learned Clearkes,	2703
Becaufe my Booke preferr'd me to the King.	2704
And feeing Ignorance is the curfe of God,	2705
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen.	2706
Vnleffe you be poffeft with diuellifh fpirits,	2707
You cannot but forbear to murther me :	2708
This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings	2709
For your behoofe.	2710
<i>Cade.</i> Tut, when ftruck'ft thou one blow in the field ?	2711
<i>Say.</i> Great men haue reaching hands:oft haue I ftruck	2712
Thofe that I neuer faw, and ftrucked them dead.	2713
<i>Geo.</i> O monftrous Coward! What, to come behinde	2714
Folkes ?	2715
<i>Say.</i> Thefe cheekes are pale for watching for your good	2716
<i>Cade.</i> Giue him a box o'th'eare, and that wil make 'em	2717
red againe.	2718
<i>Say.</i> Long fitting to determine poore mens caufes,	2719
Hath made me full of fickneffe and difeafes.	2720
<i>Cade.</i> Ye fhall haue a hempen Candle then, & the help	2721
of hatchet.	2722

1799 *Cade.* But wherefore doest thou shake thy head fo ?

1800 *Say.* It is the palſie and not feare that makes me.

1801 *Cade.* Nay thou nodſt thy head, as who ſay, thou wilt be euen

1802 with me, if thou getſt away, but ile make the ſure inough, now I

1803 haue thee. Go take him to the ſtanderd in Cheapeſide and chop of

1804 his head, and then go to milende-greene, to ſir James Cromer his

1805 ſonne in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon

2743 1806 two poles preſently. (Away with him. 2738, 2747)

1807 *Exet* one or two, with the Lord *Say.*

2750 1808 There ſhall not a noble man weare a head on his ſhoulders,

1809 But he ſhall paie me tribute for it.

1810 Nor there ſhal not a mayd be married, but he ſhal fee to me for her.

2752 1811 Maydenhead or elfe, ile haue it my ſelfe,

1812 Marry I will that married men ſhall hold of me in capitie,

1813 And that their wiues ſhalbe as free as hart can thinke, or toong can

<i>Dicke.</i> Why dost thou quiuer man ?	2723
<i>Say.</i> The Palfie, and not feare prouokes me.	2724
<i>Cade.</i> Nay, he noddés at vs, as who should say, Ile be euen with you. Ile see if his head will stand steddier on a pole, or no : Take him away, and behead him.	2725 2726 2727
<i>Say.</i> Tell me : wherein haue I offended most ?	2728
Haue I affected wealth, or honor ? Speake.	2729
Are my Chefts fill'd vp with extorted Gold ?	2730
Is my Apparrell sumptuous to behold ?	2731
Whom haue I iniur'd, that ye seeke my death ?	2732
These hands are free from guiltlesse bloodshedding,	2733
This breast from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.	2734
O let me liue.	2735
<i>Cade.</i> I feele remorse in my selfe with his words : but Ile bridle it: he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading fo well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar vn- der his Tongue, he speakes not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir <i>Iames Cromer</i> , and strike off his head, and bring them both vppon two poles hither.	2736 2737 2738 2739 2740 2741 2742 2743
<i>All.</i> It shall be done.	2744
<i>Say.</i> Ah Countrimen : If when you make your prair's, God should be so obdurate as your felues : How would it fare with your departed foules, And therefore yet relent, and faue my life.	2745 2746 2747 2748
<i>Cade.</i> Away with him, and do as I command ye : the proudest Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a head on his shoulders, vnlesse he pay me tribute : there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her Mayden- head ere they haue it : Men shall hold of mee in Capite. And we charge and command, that their wiues be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.	2749 2750 2751 2752 2753 2754 2755
<i>Dicke.</i> My Lord,	2756

1814 Enter *Robin*. (tell,

1815 *Robin*. O Captaine, London bridge is a fire.

1816 *Cade*. Runne to Billingsgate, and fetch pitch and flaxe and
1817 fquench it.

1818 Enter *Dicke* and a Sargiant,

1819 *Sargiant*. Iustice, iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue iustice of this
1820 fellow here.

1821 *Cade*. Why what has he done ?

1822 *Sarg.* Alasse sir he has rauisht my wife.

1823 *Dicke*. Why my Lord he would haue rested me,
1824 And I went and and entred my Action in his wiues paper house.

1825 *Cade*. Dicke follow thy fute in her common place,

1826 You horson villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,

1827 Take any man by the throate for twelue pence,

1828 And rest a man when hees at dinner,

1829 And haue him to prifon ere the meate be out of his mouth.

1830 Go Dicke take him hence, cut out his toong for cogging,

1831 Hough him for running, and to conclude,

1832 Braue him with his owne mace.

1833 *Exet* with the Sargiant.

2761 1834 Enter two with the Lord *Sayes* head, and sir Iames
1835 Cromers, vpon two poles.

1836 So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes ende, let them
1837 kisse together.

When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commo-	2757
ties vpon our billes ?	2758
<i>Cade.</i> Marry presently.	2759
<i>All.</i> O braue.	2760

Enter one with the heads. 2761

<i>Cade.</i> But is not this brauer :	2762
Let them kiffe one another : For they lou'd well	2763
When they were aliuē. Now part them againe,	2764
Least they confult about the giuing vp	2765
Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,	2766
Deferre the spoile of the Citie vntill night :	2767
For with these borne before vs, in steed of Maces,	2768
Will we ride through the streets, & at euery Corner	2769
Haue them kiffe. Away. <i>Exit</i>	2770

2779 1838 Enter the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Lord *Clifford* the
1839 Earle of *Comberland*.

1840 *Clifford*. Why country-men and warlike friends of Kent,
1841 What meanes this mutinous rebellions,
1842 That you in troopes do muster thus your felues,
1843 Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?
1844 To rise against your foueraigne Lord and King,
2783 1845 Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,
1846 If you forsake this monstros Rebelle here?
1847 If honour be the marke whereat you aime,
1848 Then haste to France that our forefathers wonne,
2824 1849 And winne againe that thing which now is lost,
1850 And leaue to seeke your Countries ouerthrow.

1623	<i>The second Part of Henry the Sixth</i>	195
	<i>Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade,</i>	2771
	<i>and all his rabblement.</i>	2772
	<i>Cade.</i> Vp Fish-streete, downe Saint Magnes corner,	2773
	kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames :	2774
	<i>Sound a parley.</i>	2775
	What noife is this I heare ?	2776
	Dare any be so bold to found Retreat or Parley	2777
	When I command them kill ?	2778
	<i>Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.</i>	2779
	<i>Buc.</i> I heere they be, that dare and will disturb thee :	2780
	Know <i>Cade</i> , we come Ambassadors from the King	2781
	Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,	2782
	And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,	2783
	That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.	2784
	<i>Clif.</i> What say ye Countrymen, will ye relent	2785
	And yeeld to mercy, whil't 'tis offered you,	2786
	Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.	2787
	Who loues the King, and will imbrace his pardon,	2788
	Fling vp his cap, and say, God saue his Maiefty.	2789
	Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,	2790
	Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,	2791
	Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by.	2792

2793 1851 *All.* A Clifford, a Clifford.

1852

They forfake *Cade*.

2798 1853 *Cade.* Why how now, will you forfake your generall,

1854 And ancient freedome which you haue poffest?

1855 To bend your neckes vnder their feruile yokes,

2796 1856 Who if you stir, will straightwaies hang you vp,

1857 But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,

1858 And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

2807 1859 *All.* A Cade, a Cade.

1860 They runne to *Cade* againe.

1861 *Cliff.* Braue warlike friends heare me but speak a word,

2786 1862 Refuse not good whilst it is offered you,

1863 The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,

1864 And I my selfe will go along with you,

1865 To Winfore Castle whereas the King abides,

1866 And on mine honour you shall haue no hurt.

All. God faue the King, God faue the King. 2793

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye fo braue? 2794
 And you bafe Pezants, do ye beleue him, will you needs 2795
 be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath 2796
 my fword therefore broke through London gates, that 2797
 you fould leaue me at the White-heart in Southwarke. 2798
 I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out thefe Armes til 2799
 you had recouered your ancient Fteedome. But you are 2800
 all Recreants and Daftards, and delight to liue in flauerie 2801
 to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with bur- 2802
 thens, take your houfes ouer your heads, rauifh your 2803
 Wiues and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will 2804
 make fhift for one, and fo Gods Curffe light vppon you 2805
 all. 2806

All. Wee'l follow *Cade*, 2807
 Wee'l follow *Cade*. 2808

Clif Is *Cade* the fonne of *Henry* the fift, 2809
 That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him. 2810
 Will he conduct you through the heart of France, 2811
 And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes? 2812
 Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too: 2813
 Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the fpoile, 2814
 Vnleffe by robbing of your Friends, and vs. 2815
 Wer't not a fhame, that whilst you liue at iarre, 2816
 The fearfull French, whom you late vanquifhed 2817
 Should make a start ore-feas, and vanquifh you? 2818
 Me thinkes alreadie in this ciuill broyle, 2819
 I fee them Lording it in London ftreets, 2820

1867 *All.* A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King.

2830 1868 *Cade.* How like a feather is this rascall company
 1869 Blowne euery way,
 1870 But that they may see there want no valiancy in me,

2835 1871 My staffe fhall make way through the midft of you,
 1872 And so a poxe take you all.

1873 He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.

1874 *Buc.* Go some and make after him, and proclaime,

1875 That those that can bring the head of Cade,

2842 1876 Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour.

1877 Come march away. *Exet omnes.*

1878 Enter King *Henry* and the Queene, and *Somerfet.*

1879 *King.* Lord *Somerfet*, what newes here you of the Rebell *Cade*?

1880 *Som.* This, my gratious Lord, that the Lord *Say* is don to death,

1881 And the Citie is almost factt,

1882 *King.* Gods will be done, for as he hath decreede, so must it be:

1883 And be it as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious men.

1884 *Queene.* Had the noble Duke of *Suffolke* bene aliue,

Crying *Villiago* vnto all they meete. 2821

Better ten thousand base-borne *Cades* miscarry, 2822

Then you should stoop vnto a Frenchmans mercy. 2823

To France, to France, and get what you haue lost: 2824

Spare England, for it is your Natiue Coast: 2825

Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly: 2826

God on our side, doubt not of Victorie. 2827

All. A Clifford, a Clifford, 2828

Wee'l follow the King, and Clifford. 2829

Cade. Was euer Feather so lightly blowne too & fro, 2830

as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, haies them 2831

to an hundred misciefes, and makes them leaue mee de- 2832

folate. I see them lay their heades together to surprize 2833

me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying: 2834

in despight of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie 2835

middest of you, and heauens and honor be witnesse, that 2836

no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers 2837

base and ignominious treafons, makes me betake mee to 2838

my heeles. *Exit* 2839

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him, 2840

And he that brings his head vnto the King, 2841

Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his reward. 2842

Exeunt some of them. 2843

Follow me fouldiers, wee'l deuise a meane, 2844

To reconcile you all vnto the King. *Exeunt omnes.* 2845

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and 2846

Somerset on the Tarras. 2847

1885 The Rebell Cade had bene supprett ere this,
1886 And all the rest that do take part with him.

2854 1887 Enter the Duke of *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, with the
2858 1888 Rebels, with halters about their necks.

2855 1889 *Cliff.* Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King,
1890 Loe here my Lord, these Rebels are subdude,
1891 And offer their liues before your highnesse feete,
1892 *King.* But tell me Clifford, is there Captaine here.

2860 1893 *Cliff.* No, my gracious Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations
1894 are sent forth, that he that can but bring his head, shall haue a thou-
1895 sand crownes. But may it please your Maiestie, to pardon these
1896 their faults, that by that traitors meanes were thus misfled,

2865 1897 *King.* Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,
1898 For you did take in hand you know not what,
1899 And go in peace obedient to your King,
2869 1900 And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,
1901 Whilst Henry liues, and weares the English Crowne.

2872 1902 *All.* God faue the King, God faue the King.

King. Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne, 2848
 And could command no more content then I? 2849
 No fooner was I crept out of my Cradle, 2850
 But I was made a King, at nine months olde. 2851
 Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King, 2852
 As I do long and wish to be a Subiect. 2853

Enter Buckingham and Clifford. 2854

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maiefty. 2855

Kin. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd? 2856
 Or is he but retir'd to make him strong? 2857

*Enter Multitudes with Halters about their
 Neckes.* 2858
 2859

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld, 2860
 And humbly thus with halters on their neckes, 2861
 Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death. 2862

King. Then heauen set ope thy euerlasting gates, 2863
 To entertaine my vowes of thankes and praise. 2864
 Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues, 2865
 And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Country: 2866
 Continue still in this so good a minde, 2867
 And *Henry* though he be infortunate, 2868
 Affure your felues will neuer be vnkinde: 2869
 And so with thankes, and pardon to you all, 2870
 I do difmisse you to your feuerall Countries. 2871

All. God faue the King, God faue the King. 2872

2900 1903 *King.* Come let vs haft to London now with speed,
1904 That folemne professions may be fung,
1905 In laud and honour of the God of heauen,
1906 And triumphs of this happie victorie. *(Exet omnes.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Please it your Grace to be aduertifed,
 The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
 And with a puiffant and a mighty power
 Of Gallow-glaffes and stout Kernes,
 Is marching hitherward in proud array,
 And ftill proclaimeth as he comes along,
 His Armes are onely to remoue from thee
 The Duke of Somerfet, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus ftands my ftate, 'twixt Cade and Yorke
 diftreft,
 Like to a Ship, that hauing fcap'd a Tempeft,
 Is ftraight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate.
 But now is Cade driuen backe, his men difpierc'd,
 And now is Yorke in Armes, to fecond him.
 I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
 And afke him what's the reafon of thefe Armes :
 Tell him, Ile fend Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
 And *Somerfet* we will commit thee thither,
 Vntill his Army be difmift from him.

Somerfet. My Lord,
 Ile yeelde my felfe to prifon willingly,
 Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any cafe, be not to rough in termes,
 For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not fo to deale,
 As all things fhall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
 For yet may England curfe my wretched raigne.

Flourifh.

Exeunt. 2902

2903 1907 Enter *Iacke Cade* at one doore, and at the other, maister *Alexander*
 1908 *Eyden* and his men, and *Iack Cade* lies downe picking of hearbes
 1909 and eating them.

2918 1910 *Eyden.* Good Lord how pleafant is this country life,

2921 1911 This litle land my father left me here,
 1912 With my contented minde ferues me as well,
 1913 As all the pleafures in the Court can yeeld,
 1914 Nor would I change this pleafure for the Court.

2927 1915 *Cade.* Sounes, heres the Lord of the foyle, Stand villaine, thou
 1916 wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a thousand crownes for my

2931 1917 head, but ere thou goeft, ile make thee eate yron like an Aftridge,
 1918 and fwallow my fword like a great pinne.

2933 1919 *Eyden.* Why fawcy companion, why fhould I betray thee?

Enter Cade.

2903

Cade. Fye on Ambitions : fie on my felfe, that haue a
 fword, and yet am ready to famifh. Thefe fiue daies haue
 I hid me in thefe Woods, and durft not peepe out, for all
 the Country is laid for me : but now am I fo hungry, that
 if I might haue a Leafe of my life for a thoufand yeares, I
 could ftay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue
 I climb'd into this Garden, to fee if I can eate Graffe, or
 picke a Sallet another while, which is not amiffe to coole
 a mans ftomacke this hot weather : and I think this word
 Sallet was borne to do me good : for many a time but for
 a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill;
 and many a time when I haue beene dry, & brauely mar-
 ching, it hath feru'd me infteede of a quart pot to drinke
 in : and now the word Sallet muft ferue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

2918

Iden. Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court,
 And may enioy fuch quiet walkes as thefe?
 This fmall inheritance my Father left me,
 Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.
 I feeke not to waxe great by others warning,
 Or gather wealch I care not with what enuy :
 Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my ftate,
 And fends the poore well pleafed from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the foile come to feize me
 for a fray, for entering his Fee-fimple without leaue. A
 Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes
 of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make
 thee eate Iron like an Oftridge, and fwallow my Sword
 like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatfoere thou be,
 I know thee not, why then fhould I betray thee?

1920 Ift not inough that thou haft broke my hedges,

1921 And enterd into my ground without the leaue of me the owner,
1922 But thou wilt braue me too.

1923 *Cade.* Braue thee and beard thee too, by the beft blood of the
1924 Realme, looke on me well, I haue eate no meate this fiae dayes, yet

1925 and I do not leaue thee and thy fiae men as dead as a doore nayle, I
1926 pray God I may neuer eate graffe more.

2944 1927 *Eyden.* Nay, it neuer fhall be faide whilft the world doth ftand,
1928 that Alexander Eyden an Efquire of Kent, tooke oddes to combat
1929 with a famifht man, looke on me, my limmes are equall vnto thine,
1930 and euery way as big, then hand to hand, ile combat thee. Srrha
1931 fetch me weopons, and ftand you all afide.

1932 *Cade.* Now fword, if thou doeft not hew this burly-bond churle

1933 into chines of beefe, I befeech God thou maift fal into fome fmiths
1934 hand, and be turnd to hobnailes.

2962 1935 *Eyden.* Come on thy way. (They fight, and *Cade* fals downe.

1936 *Cade.* Oh villaine, thou haft flaine the floure of Kent for chial-
1937 rie, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thou-
1938 fand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fiae
1939 daies, and ile fight with you all, and fo a poxe rot thee, for Iacke

1940 *Cade* muft die. (He dies.)

Is't not enough to breake into my Garden, 2935
 And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds : 2936
 Climbing my walles inspight of me the Owner, 2937
 But thou wilt braue me with these sawcie termes ? 2938

Cade. Braue thee ? I by the best blood that euer was 2939
 broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue 2940
 eate no meate these fiae dayes, yet come thou and thy 2941
 fiae men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore 2942
 naile, I pray God I may neuer eate graffe more. 2943

Iden. Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands, 2944
 That *Alexander Iden* an Esquire of Kent, 2945
 Tooke oddes to combate a poore famisht man. 2946
 Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine, 2947
 See if thou canst out-face me with thy lookes : 2948
 Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser : 2949
 Thy hand is but a finger to my fist, 2950
 Thy legge a sticke compared with this Truncheon, 2951
 My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast, 2952
 And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre, 2953
 Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth : 2954
 As for words, whose greatnesse answer's words, 2955
 Let this my sword report what speech forbears. 2956

Cade. By my Valour : the most compleate Champi- 2957
 on that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or 2958
 cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe, 2959
 ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Ioue on my knees 2960
 thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnailes. 2961

Heere they Fight. 2962

O I am flaine, Famine and no other hath flaine me, let ten 2963
 thousand diuelles come against me, and giue me but the 2964
 ten meales I haue lost, and I'de defie them all. Wither 2965
 Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do 2966
 dwell in this house, because the vnconquered soule of 2967
Cade is fled. 2968

2969 1941 *Eyden*, Iack Cade, & was it that monstros Rebelle which I haue
1942 slaine. Oh fword ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber shalt
1943 thou hang as a monument to after age, for this great seruice thou

1944 haft done to me. Ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his

2986 1945 head, and beare it to the King. *Exet.*

2988 1946 Enter the Duke of *Yorke* with Drum and fouldiers,

1947 *Yorke*. In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,

1948 Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,

2993 1949 To entertaine faire Englands royall King.

2994 1950 Ah *Sancta Maiesta*, who would not buy thee deare?

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I haue slain, that monstrous traitor ? 2969
 Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede, 2970
 And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead. 2971
 Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point, 2972
 But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate, 2973
 To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got. 2974

Cade. *Iden* farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell 2975
 Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all 2976
 the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any, 2977
 am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour. *Dyes.* 2978

Id. How much thou wrong'ft me, heauen be my iudge ; 2979
 Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee : 2980
 And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, 2981
 So with I, I might thrust thy foule to hell. 2982
 Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles 2983
 Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy graue, 2984
 And there cut off thy most vngracious head, 2985
 Which I will beare in triumph to the King, 2986
 Leauing thy trunke for Crowes to feed vpon. *Exit.* 2987

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Irish, with 2988
Drum and Colours. 2989

Yor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right, 2990
 And plucke the Crowne from feeble *Henries* head. 2991
 Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright 2992
 To entertaine great Englands lawfull King. 2993
 Ah *Sancta Maieſtas!* who would not buy thee deere ? 2994
 Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule. 2995
 This hand was made to handle nought but Gold. 2996
 I cannot giue due action to my words, 2997
 Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it. 2998
 A Scepter shall it haue, haue I a foule, 2999
 On which Ile tosse the Fleure-de-Luce of France. 3000

1951 Enter the Duke of *Buckingham*.

3002 1952 But soft, who comes here *Buckingham*, what newes with him ?

1953 *Buc.* Yorke, if thou meane well, I greeete thee so.

1954 *Yorke.* Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I fveare :

1955 What comes thou in loue or as a Messenger ?

3007 1956 *Buc.* I come as a Messenger from our dread Lord and foueraign

1957 Henry. To knowv the reafon of these Armes in peace?

1958 Or that thou being a subiect as I am,

1959 Shouldst thus approach so neare vvith colours fped,

1960 Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?

1961 *Yorke.* A subiect as he is.

1962 Oh hovv I hate these spitefull abiect termes,

1963 But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy fonnes,

1964 Who novv in Armes expect their fathers fight,

1965 And not farre hence I knowv they cannot be.

3022 1966 Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,

3024 1967 That I anvvearde not at first, my mind vvas troubled,

3053 1968 I came to remoue that monstrous Rebell Cade,

3052 1969 And heave proud Somersset from out the Court,

1970 That safely yeelded vp the Tovvnes in France.

1971 *Buc.* Why that vvas presumption on thy behalfe,

1972 But if it be no othervvife but so,

1973 The King doth pardon thee, and grant to thy request,

3031 1974 And Somersset is sent vnto the Tover.

1975 *Yorke.* Vpon thine honour is it so ?

1976 *Buc.* Yorke, he is vpon mine honour.

3034 1977 *York.* Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troopes,

Enter Buckingham.

3001

Whom haue we heere ? Buckingham to disturbe me ? 3002

The king hath sent him sure : I must dissemble. 3003

Buc. Yorke, if thou meanest wel, I greet thee well. 3004

Yor. *Humfrey* of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting. 3005
Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure. 3006

Buc. A Messenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege, 3007
To know the reason of these Armes in peace. 3008

Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am, 3009

Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworn, 3010

Should raise so great a power without his leave ? 3011

Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court ? 3012

Yor. Scarfe can I speake, my Choller is so great. 3013

Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint, 3014

I am so angry at these abiect tearmes. 3015

And now like *Aiæx Telamonius*, 3016

On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my furie. 3017

I am farre better borne then is the king : 3018

More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts. 3019

But I must make faire weather yet a while, 3020

Till *Henry* be more weake, and I more strong. 3021

Buckingham, I prethee pardon me, 3022

That I haue giuen no answer all this while: 3023

My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly. 3024

The cause why I haue brought this Armie hither, 3025

Is to remoue proud Somersfet from the King, 3026

Seditious to his Grace, and to the State. 3027

Buc. That is too much presumption on thy part : 3028

But if thy Armes be to no other end, 3029

The King hath yeelded vnto thy demand : 3030

The Duke of Somersfet is in the Tower. 3031

Yorke. Vpon thine Honor is he Prisoner ? 3032

Buck. Vpon mine Honor he is Prisoner. 3033

Yorke. Then Buckingham I do dismisse my Powres. 3034

1978 Sirs, meete me to morrovv in faint Georges fields,
 3037 1979 And there you fhall receiue your paie of me.

1980 *Exet* fouldiers.
 1981 *Buc.* Come York, thou fhalt go fpeake vnto the King,
 1982 But fee, his grace is comming to meete vvith vs.

3046 1983 *Enter King Henry.*

1984 *King.* How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with vs,
 1985 That thus thou bringft him hand in hand with thee?

1986 *Buc.* He is my Lord, and hath difchargde his troopes
 1987 Which came with him, but as your grace did fay,

1988 To heaue the Duke of Somerfet from hence,
 1989 And to fubdue the Rebels that vvere vp.

1990 *King.* Then vvelcome coufin Yorke, giue me thy hand,
 1991 And thanks for thy great feruice done to vs,
 1992 Againft thofe traitorous Irifh that rebeld.

3055 1993 *Enter maifter Eyden vvith Iacke Cades head.*

1994 *Eyden.* Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,
 1995 Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,
 1996 I here prefent the traitorous head of Cade,
 1997 That hand to hand in fingle fight I flue.

3060 1998 *King.* Firft thanks to heauen, & next to thee my friend,
 1999 That haft fubdude that vvicked traitor thus.

2000 Oh let me fee that head that in his life,

3062 2001 Did vvorke me and my land fuch cruell fpight,

2002 A vifage fterne, cole blacke his curled locks,

Souldiers, I thanke you all : disperse your felues : 3035
 Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field, 3036
 You shall haue pay, and euery thing you wish. 3037
 And let my Soueraigne, vertuous *Henry*, 3038
 Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes, 3039
 As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue, 3040
 Ile fend them all as willing as I liue : 3041
 Lands, Goods, Horfe, Armor, any thing I haue 3042
 Is his to vse, so Somersset may die. 3043

Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde submission, 3044
 We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent. 3045

Enter King and Attendants. 3046

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs 3047
 That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme? 3048

Yorke. In all submission and humility, 3049
 Yorke doth present himselfe vnto your Highnesse. 3050

K. Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring? 3051

Yor. To heaue the Traitor Somersset from hence, 3052
 And fight against that monstrous Rebell *Cade*, 3053
 Who since I heard to be discomfited. 3054

Enter Iden with Cades head. 3055

Iden. If one so rude, and of so meane condition 3056
 May passe into the presence of a King : 3057

Loe, I present your Grace a Traitors head, 3058
 The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat slew. 3059

King. The head of *Cade*? Great God, how iust art thou? 3060

Oh let me view his Visage being dead, 3061
 That liuing wrought me such exceeding trouble. 3062

2003 Deepe trenched furrovves in his frovning brovv,
 2004 Prefageth vvarlike humors in his life.

2005 Here take it hence and thou for thy revvard,
 2006 Shalt be immediatly created Knight.
 2007 Kneele dovvn my friend, and tell me vvhat's thy name?
 2008 *Eyden.* Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,
 3067 2009 A poore Esquire of *Kent*.

2010 *King.* Then rife vp fir Alexander Eyden knight,
 2011 And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
 2012 A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,
 2013 Beside the firme revvard that vvas proclaimde,
 2014 For those that could performe this vvorthie act,
 3072 2015 And thou shalt vvaight vpon the person of the king.
 2016 *Eyden.* I humbly thank your grace, and I no longer liue,
 2017 Then I proue iust and loyall to my king, (*Exet.*)

3075 2018 Enter the Queene vvith the Duke of *Somerfet*.
 2019 *King.* O Buckingham fee vvhere *Somerfet* comes,
 2020 Bid him go hide himselfe till *Yorke* be gone.
 2021 *Queene.* He shall not hide himselfe for feare of *Yorke*,
 2022 But beard and braue him proudly to his face.
 3080 2023 *Yorke.* Whofe that, proud *Somerfet* at libertie?

2024 Base fearefull Henry that thus dishonor'ft me,
 2025 By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me:
 2026 I cannot brooke that Traitors prefence here,

2027 Nor will I subiect be to such a King,
 2028 That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,

- Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that flew him? 3063
Iden. I was, an't like your Maiefty. 3064
- King.* How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree? 3065
Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name, 3066
 A poore Esquire of Kent, that loues his King. 3067
Buc. So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amisse 3068
 He were created Knight for his good seruice. 3069
King. *Iden,* kneele downe, rise vp a Knight : 3070
 We giue thee for reward a thousand Markes, 3071
- And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs. 3072
Iden. May *Iden* liue to merit such a bountie, 3073
 And neuer liue but true vnto his Liege. 3074
- Enter Queene and Somersfet.* 3075
K. See Buckingham, Somersfet comes with th'Queene, 3076
 Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke. 3077
Qu. For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head, 3078
 But boldly stand, and front him to his face. 3079
Yor. How now? is Somersfet at libertie? 3080
 Then Yorke vnloofe thy long imprifoned thoughts, 3081
 And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart. 3082
 Shall I endure the fight of Somersfet? 3083
 Falsse King, why hast thou broken faith with me, 3084
- Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse? 3085
 King did I call thee? No; thou art not King : 3086
 Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes, 3087
 Which dar'ft not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor. 3088

2029 Refigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,
 2030 That thou vsurped haft so long by force,
 2031 For now is Yorke refolu'd to claime his owne,
 2032 And rife aloft into faire Englands Throane.
 3099 2033 *Somer.* Proud Traitor, I areft thee on high treafon,
 2034 Againft thy foueraigne Lord, yeeld thee falfe Yorke,

 2035 For here I fweare, thou fhalt vnto the Tower,
 2036 For thefe proud words which thou haft giuen the king.

3113 2037 *Yorke.* Thou art deceiued, my fonnes fhall be my baile,
 2038 And fend thee there in difpight of him.

2039 Hoe, where are you boyes?
 2040 *Queene.* Call Clifford hither prefently.
 3115 2041 Enter the Duke of *Yorkes* fonnes, *Edward* the Earle of *March*, and
 2042 crook-backe *Richard*, at the one doore, with Drumme and fol-
 3117 2043 diers, and at the other doore, enter *Clifford* and his fonne, with

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne : 3089
 Thy Hand is made to graspe a Palmers staffe, 3090
 And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter. 3091
 That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine, 3092
 Whose Smile and Frowne, like to *Achilles* Speare 3093
 Is able with the change, to kill and cure. 3094
 Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter vp, 3095
 And with the same to acte controlling Lawes : 3096
 Giue place : by heauen thou shalt rule no more 3097

O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler. 3098

Som. O monstrous Traitor ! I arrest thee Yorke 3099
 Of Capitall Treason 'gainst the King and Crowne : 3100
 Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace. 3101

York. Wold'ft haue me kneele? First let me ask of thee, 3102
 If they can brooke I bow a knee to man : 3103
 Sirrah, call in my fonne to be my bale : 3104
 I know ere they will haue me go to Ward, 3105
 They'l pawne their fwords of my infranchisement. 3106

Qu. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amaine, 3107
 To say, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke 3108
 Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father. 3109

Yorke. O blood-bespotted Neopolitan, 3110
 Out-cast of *Naples*, Englands bloody Scourge, 3111
 The fannes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth, 3112
 Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those 3113
 That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes. 3114

Enter Edward and Richard. 3115

See where they come, Ile warrant they'l make it good. 3116

Enter Clifford. 3117

2044 Drumme and fouldiers, and *Clifford* kneeles to *Henry*,
2045 speakes.

3119 2046 *Cliff.* Long liue my noble Lord, and foueraigne King.

2047 *Yorke.* We thanke thee *Clifford*.

2048 Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,

2049 If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.

2050 *Cliff.* Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King.

2051 What is he mad?to Bedlam with him.

2052 *King.* I, a bedlam frantike humor driues him thus

2053 To leauy Armes against his lawfull King.

2054 *Clif.* Why doth not your grace send him to the Tower?

2055 *Queene.* He is arested, but will not obey,

2056 His sonnes he faith, shall be his baile.

3133 2057 *Yorke.* How say you boyes, will you not?

2058 *Edward.* Yes noble father, if our words will ferue.

2059 *Richard.* And if our words will not, our swords shall.

2060 *Yorke.* Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.

2061 *King.* Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme himselfe.

2062 *Yorke.* Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,

2063 Both thou and they, shall curse this fatall houre.

3143 2064 Enter at one doore, the Earles of *Salsbury* and *VVarwicke*, with

3144 2065 Drumme and fouldiers. And at the other, the Duke of *Bucking-*

2066 *ham*, with Drumme and fouldiers.

3145 2067 *Cliff.* Are these thy beares? weele bayte them foone,

2068 Dispight of thee and all the friends thou hast.

<i>Qu.</i> And here comes <i>Clifford</i> to deny their baile.	3118
<i>Clif.</i> Health, and all happineffe to my Lord the King.	3119
<i>Yor.</i> I thanke thee <i>Clifford</i> : Say, what newes with thee?	3120
Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke :	3121
We are thy Soueraigne <i>Clifford</i> , kneele againe ;	3122
For thy mistaking fo, We pardon thee.	3123
<i>Clif.</i> This is my King <i>Yorke</i> , I do not mistake,	3124
But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,	3125
To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.	3126
<i>King.</i> I <i>Clifford</i> , a Bedlem and ambitious humor	3127
Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.	3128
<i>Clif.</i> He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,	3129
And chop away that factious pate of his.	3130
<i>Qu.</i> He is atrested, but will not obey :	3131
His fonnnes (he fayes) shall giue their words for him.	3132
<i>Yor.</i> Will you not Sonnes ?	3133
<i>Edw.</i> I Noble Father, if our words will ferue.	3134
<i>Rich.</i> And if words will not, then our Weapons shal.	3135
<i>Clif.</i> Why what a brood of Traitors haue we heere ?	3136
<i>Yorke.</i> Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image fo.	3137
I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor :	3138
Call hither to the stake my two braue Beares,	3139
That with the very shaking of their Chaines,	3140
They may astonish these fell-lurking Curses,	3141
Bid <i>Salsbury</i> and <i>Warwicke</i> come to me.	3142

Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and 3143
Salisbury. 3144

Clif. Are these thy Beares? Wee'l bate thy Bears to death, 3145

And manacle the Berard in their Chaines,	3146
If thou dar'ft bring them to the bayting place.	3147
<i>Rich.</i> Oft haue I feene a hot ore-weening Curre,	3148
Run backe and bite, becaufe he was with-held,	3149
Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,	3150
Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,	3151
And fuch a peece of feruice will you do,	3152
If you oppofe your felues to match Lord Warwicke.	3153
<i>Clif.</i> Hence heape of wrath, foule indigefted lumpe,	3154
As crooked in thy manners, as thy fhape.	3155
<i>Yor.</i> Nay we fhall heate you thorowly anon.	3156
<i>Clif.</i> Take heede leaft by your heate you burne your felues :	3157 3158
<i>King.</i> Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow ?	3159
Old Salsbury, fhame to thy filuer haire,	3160
Thou mad mifleader of thy brain-ficke fonne,	3161
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian ?	3162
And feeke for forrow with thy Spectacles ?	3163
Oh where is Faith ? Oh, where is Loyalty ?	3164
If it be banifht from the froftie head,	3165
Where fhall it finde a harbour in the earth ?	3166
Wilt thou go digge a graue to finde out Warre,	3167
And fhame thine honourable Age with blood ?	3168
Why art thou old, and want'ft experience ?	3169
Or wherefore doeft abufe it, if thou haft it ?	3170
For fhame in dutie bend thy knee to me,	3171
That bowes vnto the graue with mickle age.	3172
<i>Sal.</i> My Lord, I haue confidered with my felfe	3173
The Title of this moft renowned Duke,	3174
And in my confcience, do repute his grace	3175
The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall feate.	3176
<i>King.</i> Haft thou not fworne Allegeance vnto me ?	3177
<i>Sal.</i> I haue.	3178
<i>Ki.</i> Canft thou difpenfe with heauen for fuch an oath ?	3179
<i>Sal.</i> It is great finne, to fweare vnto a finne	3180
But greater finne to keepe a finfull oath :	3181

- 3194 2069 *War.* You had best go dreame againe,
 2070 To keepe you from the tempest of the field,
 2071 *Clif.* I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
 2072 Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,
 2073 And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
 2074 Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
- 3200 2075 *VVar.* Now by my fathers age, old Neuels crest,
 2076 The Rampant *Beare* chaine to the ragged staffe,
 2077 This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,
 2078 As on a mountaine top the *Cædar* shoves,
 2079 That keepe his leaues in spight of any storme,
 2080 Euen to affright the with the view thereof.
- 3206 2081 *Clif.* And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
 2082 And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,
 2083 Dispight the *Beare*-ward that protects him so.
 2084 *Yoong Clif.* And so renowned foueraigne to Armes,
 2085 To quell these Traitors and their compleases,
 2086 *Richard.* Fie, Charitie for shame, speake it not in spight,
- 3212 2087 For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night,
 2088 *Yoong Clif.* Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell.
- 3215 2089 *Rich.* No, for if not in heauen, youle surely sup in hell.
 2090 *Exet omnes.*

Who can be bound by any folemne Vow	3182
To do a murd'rous deede, to rob a man,	3183
To force a spotleffe Virgins Chastitie.	3184
To reauē the Orphan of his Patrimonie,	3185
To wring the Widdow from her custom'd right,	3186
And haue no other reafon for this wrong,	3187
But that he was bound by a folemne Oath?	3188
<i>Qu.</i> A fubtle Traitor needs no Sophifter,	3189
<i>King.</i> Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himfelfe.	3190
<i>Yorke.</i> Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou haft,	3191
I am refolu'd for death and dignitie.	3192
<i>Old Clif.</i> The firft I warrant thee, if dreames proue true	3193
<i>War.</i> You were beft to go to bed, and dreame againe,	3194
To keepe thee from the Tempeft of the field.	3195
<i>Old Clif.</i> I am refolu'd to beare a greater ftorme,	3196
Then any thou canft coniure vp to day :	3197
And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,	3198
Might I but know thee by thy houfed Badge,	3199
<i>War.</i> Now by my Fathers badge, old <i>Neuils</i> Crefte,	3200
The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged ftaffe,	3201
This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,	3202
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar fhewes,	3203
That keeps his leaues in fpight of any ftorme,	3204
Euen io affright thee with the view thereof.	3205
<i>Old Clif.</i> And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,	3206
And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,	3207
Defpight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.	3208
<i>Yo. Clif.</i> And fo to Armes victorious Father,	3209
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices,	3210
<i>Rich.</i> Fie, Charitie for fhame, fpeake not in fpight,	3211
For you fhall fup with Iefu Chrift to night.	3212
<i>Yo Clif.</i> Foule ftygmaticke that's more then thou	3213
canft tell.	3214
<i>Ric.</i> If not in heauen, you'l furely fup in hell. <i>Exeunt</i>	3215

2091 Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of *Somerfet*
 2092 and *Richard* fighting, and *Richard* kills him vnder the signe of
 2093 the Castle in faint *Albones*.

2094 *Rich.* So Lie thou there, and breathe thy laft.

2095 Whats here, the signe of the Castle?

2096 Then the prophesie is come to passe,

2097 For *Somerfet* was forewarned of Castles,

2098 The which he alwaies did obserue.

2099 And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-houfe signe,

2100 The Castle in faint *Albones*,

2101 *Somerfet* hath made the *Wiffard* famous by his death.

2102 *Exct.*

2103 Alarme again, and enter the Earle of

2104 *Warwicke* alone.

3217 2105 *VVar.* Clifford of Comberland, tis *Warwicke* calles,

2106 And if thou doest not hide thee from the Beare,

2107 Now whilst the angry Trompets found Alarmes,

2108 And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aire:

2109 Clifford I fay, come forth and fight with me,

2110 Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,

3223 2111 *Warwicke* is hoarse with calling thee to Armes.

2112 Clifford speakes within.

2113 *Warwicke* stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes with

2114 his murthering Curtelaxe, through the fainting troopes to finde

2115 thee out.

2116 *Warwicke* stand still, and stir not till I come.

2117 Enter *Yorke*.

3225 2118 *VVar.* How now my Lord, what a foote?

2119 Who kild your horse?

2120 *Yorke.* The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,

2121 Fiue horse this day flaine vnder me,

2122 And yet braue *Warwicke* I remaine aliuie,

2123 But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well,

2124 The boniest gray that ere was bred in North.

Enter Warwicke. 3216

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles : 3217
 And if thou doft not hide thee from the Beare, 3218
 Now when the angrie Trumpet founds alarum, 3219
 And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre, 3220
 Clifford I fay, come forth and fight with me, 3221
 Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland, 3222
 Warwicke is hoarfe with calling thee to armes. 3223

Enter Yorke. 3224

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot. 3225

Yor. The deadly handed Clifford flew my Steed : 3226

But match to match I haue encountred him, 3227
 And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes 3228
 Euen of the bonnie beaft he loued fo well. 3229

B

3230 2125 Enter *Clifford*, and *Warwicke* offers to
2126 fight with him.

2127 Hold *Warwicke*, and seeke thee out some other chafe,
3233 2128 My selfe will hunt this deare to death.

2129 *VVar*. Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,

3235 2130 *Clifford* farewell, as I entend to prosper well to day,

2131 It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnaffaild.

3236 2132 *Exet VVarwicke*.

2133 *Yorke*. Now *Clifford*, since we are singled here alone,

2134 Be this the day of doome to one of vs,

2135 For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate

2136 To thee and all the house of Lancafter.

3237 2137 *Clifford*. And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,

2138 Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine.

2139 For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,

2140 Till I haue spoyld the hatefull house of *Yorke*.

3278 2141 Alarmes, and they fight, and *Yorke* kills *Clifford*.

2142 *Yorke*. Now Lancafter sit sure, thy finowes shrinke,

2143 Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face,

2144 Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of *Yorke*.

2145 *Exet Yorke*.

Enter Clifford. 3230

War. Of one or both of vs the time is come. 3231

Yor. Hold Warwick: seek thee out some other chace 3232
For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death. 3233

War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightst: 3234
As I intend Clifford to thrive to day, 3235
It grieues my foule to leaue thee vnaffail'd. *Exit War.* 3236

Clif. What feest thou in me Yorke? 3237
Why dost thou pause? 3238

Yorke. With thy braue bearing should I be in loue, 3239
But that thou art so fast mine enemy. 3240

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise & esteeme, 3241
But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason. 3242

Yorke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword, 3243
As I in iustice, and true right expresse it. 3244

Clif. My foule and bodie on the action both. 3245

Yor. A dreadful lay, adresse thee instantly. 3246

Clif. *La fin Corrone les eumenes.* 3247

Yor. Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for y^e art still, 3248
Peace with his soule, heauen if it be thy will. 3249

3250 2146 Alarmes, then enter yoong *Clifford* alone.

2147 *Yoong Clifford.* Father of Comberland,

2148 Where may I seeke my aged father forth?

2149 O! dismall fight, see where he breathlesse lies,

2150 All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,

2151 Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,

3269 2152 Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,

2153 Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,

2154 Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,

2155 Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,

2156 And left not one of them to breath on earth.

Enter yong Clifford.

3250

<i>Clif.</i> Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,	3251
Feare frames diforder, and diforder wounds	3252
Where it shoud guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,	3253
Whom angry heauens do make their minifter,	3254
Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,	3255
Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.	3256
He that is truly dedicate to Warre,	3257
Hath no selfe-loue : nor he that loues himfelfe,	3258
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance	3259
The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,	3260
And the premised Flames of the Last day,	3261
Knit earth and heauen together.	3262
Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,	3263
Particularities, and pettie sounds	3264
To cease. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)	3265
To loofe thy youth in peace, and to atcheeue	3266
The Siluer Liurey of aduised Age,	3267
And in thy Reuerence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus	3268
T o die in Ruffian battell ? Euen at this fight,	3269
My heart is turn'd to stone : and while 'tis mine,	3270
It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares :	3271
No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,	3272
Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire,	3273
And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,	3274
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax :	3275
Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pittie.	3276
Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,	3277
Into as many gobbits will I cut it	3278
As wilde <i>Medea</i> yong <i>Abfirtis</i> did.	3279

2157 He takes him vp on his backe,
 2158 And thus as old Ankyfes fonne did beare
 3283 2159 His aged father on his manly backe,
 2160 And fought with him againft the bloodie Greeks,
 2161 Euen fo will I. But ftiae, heres one of them,
 2162 To whom my foule hath fworne immortall hate.

2163 Enter *Richard*, and then *Clifford* laies downe his father,
 2164 fights with him, and *Richard* flies away againe.
 2165 Out crookbacke villaine, get thee from my fight,
 2166 But I will after thee, and once againe
 2167 When I haue borne my father to his Tent,
 2168 Ile trie my fortune better with thee yet.
 2169 *Exet* yoong *Clifford* with his
 2170 father.

3293 2171 Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the Duke
 2172 of *Buckingham* wounded to his Tent.

In cruelty, will I feeke out my Fame. 3280
 Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords houfe : 3281

As did *Aeneas* old *Anchyfes* beare, 3282
 So beare I thee vpon my manly shoulders : 3283

But then, *Aeneas* bare a liuing load ; 3284
 Nothing fo heauy as thefe woes of mine. 3285

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight. 3286

Rich. So lye thou there : 3287
 For vnderneath an Ale-houfe paltry figne, 3288
 The Castle in *S. Albons*, Somerset 3289
 Hath made the Wizard famous in his death : 3290
 Sword, hold thy temper ; Heart, be wrathfull fill : 3291
 Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill. 3292
 Fight. *Excursions.* 3293

3294 2173 Alarmes ftill, and then enter the King and Queene.

2174 *Queene.* Avvay my Lord, and flie to London ftraight,
 2175 Make haft, for vengeance comes along vvith them,
 2176 Come ftand not to expoftulate, lets go,

3306 2177 *King.* Come then faire Queene to London let vs haft,

3345 2178 And fommon a Parliament vvith speede,

2179 To ftop the fury of thefe dyre euent.

2180

Exet King and Queene.

3317 2181 Alarmes, and then a flourifh, and enter the Duke of
 2182 *Yorke and Richard.*

2183 *Yorke.* Hovv novv boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,

2184 I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,

2185 *And* our great honour, that fo long vve loft,

2186 Whilft faint-heart Henry did vfurpe our rights:

1623 *The second Part of Henry the Sixt* 233

Enter King, Queene, and others. 3294

Qu. Away my Lord, you are flow, for fhame away. 3295

King. Can we outrun the Heauens? Good *Margaret* 3296
ftay. 3297

Qu. What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly: 3298
Now is it manhood, wifedome, and defence, 3299
To giue the enemy way, and to fecure vs 3300
By what we can, which can no more but flye. 3301

Alarum a farre off. 3302

If you be tane, we then fhould fee the bottome 3303
Of all our Fortunes : but if we haply fcape, 3304
(As well we may, if not through your neglect) 3305
We fhall to London get, where you are lou'd, 3306
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made 3307
May readily be ftopt. 3308

Enter Clifford. 3309

Clif. But that my hearts on future mifcheefe fet, 3310
I would fpeake blaſphemy ere bid you flye : 3311
But flye you muſt : Vncureable difcomfite 3312
Reignes in the hearts of all our preſent parts. 3313
Away for your releefe, and we will liue 3314
To fee their day, and them our Fortune giue. 3315
Away my Lord, away. *Exeunt* 3316

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwicke, 3317
and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours. 3318

3319 2187 But did you see old Salisbury, since we
 2188 With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe,

2189 I would not for the losse of this right hand,
 2190 That ought but well betide that good old man.

3326 2191 *Rich.* My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
 2192 Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,
 2193 And thrife I saw him beaten from his horse,
 2194 And thrife this hand did fet him vp againe,

2195 And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,

2196 The boldest spirited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

3334 2197 Enter *Salisbury* and *Warwicke*.

2198 *Edward.* See noble father, where they both do come,
 2199 The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.

2200 *Sal.* Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,
 2201 And thou braue bud of Yorkes encreasing house,
 2202 The small remainder of my weary life,
 2203 I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
 2204 Three times this day thou hast preferu'd my life.

3344 2205 *Yorke.* What say you Lords, the King is fled to London?
 2206 There as I here to hold a Parliament.

2207 What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

3348 2208 *War.* After them, nay before them if we can.
 2209 Now by my faith Lords, twas a glorious day,
 2210 Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke,
 3351 2211 Shall be eternest in all age to come

Yorke. Of Salsbury, who can report of him, 3319
 That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets 3320
 Aged contusions, and all bruise of Time : 3321
 And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth, 3322
 Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day 3323
 Is not it selfe, nor haue we wonne one foot, 3324
 If Salsbury be lost. 3325
Rich. My Noble Father : 3326

Three times to day I holpe him to his horse, 3327
 Three times befri'd him : Thrice I led him off, 3328
 Perswaded him from any further act : 3329
 But still where danger was, still there I met him, 3330
 And like rich hangings in a homely house, 3331
 So was his Will, in his old feeble body, 3332
 But Noble as he is, looke where he comes. 3333
Enter Salisbury. 3334

Sal. Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day : 3335
 By'th'Masse so did we all. I thanke you *Richard.* 3336
 God knowes how long it is I haue to liue : 3337
 And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day 3338
 You haue defended me from imminent death. 3339
 Well Lords, we haue not got that which we haue, 3340
 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled, 3341
 Being opposites of such repaying Nature. 3342

Yorke. I know our safety is to follow them, 3343
 For (as I heare) the King is fled to London, 3344
 To call a present Court of Parliament : 3345
 Let vs pursue him ere the Writs go forth. 3346
 What sayes Lord Warwicke, shall we after them ? 3347

War. After them : nay before them if we can : 3348
 Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day. 3349
 Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke, 3350
 Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come. 3351

2212 Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and to London all,

2213 And more such daies as these to vs befall.

3353 2214

Exet omnes.

FINIS.



Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all, 3352
And more such dayes as these, to vs befall, *Exeunt.* 3353

FINIS.



THE SECOND PART OF "HENRY THE SIXT"
AND THE FIRST PART OF "THE CONTEN-
TION."

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE 1594 QUARTO AND THE FIRST FOLIO.¹

SIGNATURE.	THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.	
	AT QUARTO LINE (CONTENTION).	AT FOLIO LINE (II. HENRY VI.).
A 2	22	21
A 3	94	110
A 3 (v.) or blank.	-	-
B	234	343
B 2	301	414
B 3	371	508
B 3 (v.) or blank.	-	-
C	515	701
C 2	591	792
C 3	667	910
C 3 (v.) or blank.	-	-
D	814	1091
D 2	888	1191
D 3	963	1291
D 3 (v.) or blank.	-	-
E	1110	1593
E 2	-	-
E 3	1261	1903
E 3 (v.) or blank.	-	-
F	-	-
F 2	1488	2283
F 3	1564	2374
F 3 (v.) or blank.	-	-
G	1716	2605
G 2	1792	2689
G 3	1868	2330
G 3 (v.) or blank.	-	-
H	2020	2579
H 2	2096	None corresponding.
H 3	2170	2785
H 3 (v.) or blank.	-	-

¹ Much of this Collation is to be regarded as approximate only (the Quarto having been mainly rewritten), and as indicating a corresponding point in the two Plays, rather than identical lines.

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE FIRST FOLIO.

FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.	FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.
1st column, page 120	44	2d column, page 133	1760
2d " " 120	89	1st " " 134	1824
1st " " 121	155	2d " " 134	1890
2d " " 121	221	1st " " 135	1933
1st " " 122	287	2d " " 135	2019
2d " " 122	353	1st " " 136	2083
1st " " 123	415	2d " " 136	2147
2d " " 123	481	1st " " 137	2211
1st " " 124	544	2d " " 137	2277
2d " " 124	606	1st " " 138	2341
1st " " 125	667	2d " " 138	2405
2d " " 125	729	1st " " 139	2469
1st " " 126	793	2d " " 139	2532
2d " " 126	857	1st " " 140	2595
1st " " 127	919	2d " " 140	2654
2d " " 127	983	1st " " 141	2718
1st " " 128	1049	2d " " 141	2778
2d " " 128	1113	1st " " 142	2843
1st " " 129	1175	2d " " 142	2902
2d " " 129	1239	1st " " 143	2963
1st " " 130	1304	2d " " 143	3025
2d " " 130	1370	1st " " 144	3088
1st " " 131	1434	2d " " 144	3152
2d " " 131	1500	1st " " 145	3218
1st " " 132	1576	2d " " 145	3284
2d " " 132	1630	1st " " 146	3316
1st " " 133	1695	2d " " 146	3353

