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Mr. *William Shakespear.*

V O L U M E *the* T H I R D.

C O N T A I N I N G

King JOHN.

King RICHARD II.

HENRY IV. Part I.

HENRY IV. Part II.

King HENRY V.

King HENRY VI.
Part I.

King HENRY VI.
Part II.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at *Grays-Inn*
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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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THE
L I F E

A N D

D E A T H

O F

King J O H N.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

King John.
Prince Henry, *Son to the King.*
Arthur, *Duke of Bretaign, and Nephew to the King.*

Pembroke,
Essex,
Salisbury,
Hubert,
Bigot, } *English Lords.*

Faulconbridge, *Bastard-Son to Richard the First.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *suppos'd Brother to the Bastard.*

James Gurney, *Servant to the Lady Faulconbridge.*
Peter of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of France.*

Lewis, *the Dauphin.*

Arch-Duke of Austria.

Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*

Melun, *a French Lord.*

Chattilion, *Ambassador from France to King John.*

Elinor, *Queen-Mother of England.*

Constance, *Mother to Arthur.*

Blanch, *Daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and Neice to King John.*

Lady Faulconbridge, *Mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge.*

Citizens of Angiers, Heralds, Executioners, Messengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.



THE
LIFE *and* DEATH
OF
King JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex,
and Salisbury, with Chattilion.*

King JOHN.



O W say, *Chattilion*, what would *France* with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of *France*

In my Behaviour to the Majesty,
The borrow'd Majesty of *England* here.

Eli. A strange Beginning; borrow'd Majesty!

K. John. Silence, good Mother, hear the Embassie.

Chat. *Philip* of *France*, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased Brother *Geffrey's* Son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful Claim
To this fair Island, and the Territories:

To *Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Tomaine, Maine,*

Drawing thee to lay aside the Sword
Which sways usurpingly these several Titles,
And put the same into young *Arthur's* Hand,
Thy Nephew, and right Royal Sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud Control of fierce and bloody War,
To enforce these Rights so forcibly with-held.

K. John. Here have we War for War, and Blood for Blood,
Controlment for Controlment; so answer *France*.

Chat. Then take my King's Defiance from my Mouth,
The farthest limit of my Embassie.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in Peace.

Be thou as Lightning in the Eyes of *France*;

For e'er thou canst report, I will be there,

The Thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.

So hence; be thou the Trumpet of our Wrath,

And sullen Prefage of your own decay:

An honourable Conduct let him have,

Pembroke look to't; farewell *Chattilion*. [*Exit Chat. and Pem.*]

Eli. What now, my Son, have I not ever said

How that Ambitious *Constance* would not cease

'Till she had kindled *France* and all the World,

Upon the Right and Party of her Son?

This might have been prevented, and made whole

With very easie Arguments of Love,

Which now the Manage of two Kingdoms must

With fearful bloody Issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong Possession and our Right for us.

Eli. Your strong Possession much more than your Right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me,

So much my Conscience whispers in your Ear,

Which none but Heav'n, and you and I shall hear.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest Controversie

Come from the Country to be judg'd by you

That e'er I heard, shall I produce the Men?

K. John. Let them approach:

Our Abbies and our Pories shall pay

This Expedition's Charge. What Men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge and the Bastard.

Bast. Your faithful Subject, I, a Gentleman,

Born in *Northamptonshire*, and eldest Son,

As I suppose, to *Faulconbridge*,
A Soldier, by the Honour-giving-hand
Of *Cordelion*, Knighted in the Field.

K. John. What art thou ?

Robert. The Son and Heir to that same *Faulconbridge*.

K. John. Is that the Elder, and art thou the Heir?
You came not of one Mother, then it seems ?

Bast. Most certain of one Mother, mighty King,
That is well known, and, as I think, one Father:
But for the certain Knowledge of that Truth,
I put you o'er to Heav'n, and to my Mother ;
Of that I doubt, as all Mens Children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude Man, thou dost shame thy Mother,
And wound her Honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, Madam ? No : I have no Reason for it ;
That is my Brother's Plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, a pops me out,
At least from fair five hundred pound a Year:
Heav'n guard my Mother's Honour, and my Land.

K. John. A good blunt Fellow ; why being younger Born
Doth he lay claim to thine Inheritance ?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the Land ;
But once he slander'd me with Bastardy :
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my Mother's Head,
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
Fair fall the Bones that took the Pains for me,
Compare our Faces, and be judge your self.
If o'd Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our Father, and this Son like him :
O old Sir *Robert* Father, on my Knees
I give Heav'n thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why what a mad-cap hath Heav'n lent us here ?

Eli. He hath a trick of *Cordelion's* Face,
The accent of his Tongue affecteth him :
Do you not read some Tokens of my Son
In the large Composition of this Man ?

K. John. Mine Eye hath well examined his Parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard* : Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your Brother's Land ?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my Father,
With half that Face would he have all my Lands.
A half-fac'd Groat, five hundred Pound a Year?

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my Father liv'd,
Your Brother did employ my Father much——

Bast. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my Land,
Your Tale must be how he employ'd my Mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor
To treat of high Affairs touching that time:
Th' Advantage of his Absence took the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my Father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth, large lengths of Seas and Shores
Between my Father and my Mother lay,
As I have heard my Father speak himself,
When this same lusty Gentleman was got.
Upon his Death-bed he by Will bequeath'd
His Lands to me, and took it on his Death
That this my Mother's Son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the World
Full fourteen Weeks before the Course of time:
Then good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My Father's Land, as was my Father's Will.

K. John. Sirrah, your Brother is Legitimate,
Your Father's Wife did after Wedlock bear him:
And if she did play false, the Fault was hers,
Which Fault lyes on the hazards of all Husbands
That marry Wives. Tell me, how if my Brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this Son,
Had of your Father claim'd this Son for his,
In sooth, good Friend, your Father might have kept
This Calf, bred from his Cow, from all the Worlds:
In sooth he might; then if he were my Brother's,
My Brother might not claim him; nor your Father,
Being none of his, refuse him; this concludes,
My Mother's Son did get your Father's Heir,
Your Father's Heir must have your Father's Land.

Rob. Shal then my Father's Will be of no force.
To dispossess that Child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, Sir,
Then was his Will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And, like thy Brother, to enjoy thy Land :
Or the reputed Son of *Cordelion*,
Lord of thy Presence, and no Land beside?

Bast. Madam, and if my Brother had my Shape,
And I had his, Sir *Robert's* his, like him,
And if my Legs were two such riding Rods,
My Arms such Eel-skins stuf't, my Face so thin,
That in mine Ear I durst not stick a Rose,
Lest Men should say, look where three Farthings goes,
And to his Shape were Heir to all this Land,
Would I might never stir from off this Place,
I would give it every Foot to have this Face :
I would not be Sir *Nobbe* in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forsake thy Fortune,
Bequeath thy Land to him, and follow me?
I am a Soldier, and now bound to *France*.

Bast. Brother, take you my Land, I'll take my Chance ;
Your Face hath got five hundred Pound a Year,
Yet sell your Face for five Pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the Death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our Country manners give our Betters way.

K. John. What is thy Name?

Bast. *Philip*, my Liège, so is my Name begun,
Philip, good old Sir *Robert's* Wife's eldest Son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his Name
Whose Form thou bearest :
Kneel thou down *Philip*, but rise more great,
Arise Sir *Richard* and *Plantagenet*.

Bast. Brother by th'Mother's side, give me your Hand,
My Father gave me Honour, yours gave Land.
Now blessed be the Hour, by Night or Day,
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.

Eli. The very Spirit of *Plantagenet* :
I am thy Grandam, *Richard*, call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth, what tho' ;
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the Window, or else o'er the Hatch :

Who dares not stir by Day, must walk by Night;
 And have is have, however Men do catch;
 Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
 And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,
 A Landlef Knight, makes thee a Landed Squire:
 Come *Madam*, and come *Richard*, we must speed
 For *France*, for *France*, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu, good Fortune come to thee,
 For thou wast got i' th' way of honesty. [*Ex. all but Bastard.*]
 A Foot of Honour better than I was,
 But many a many Foot of Land the worse.
 Well, now can I make any *Joan* a Lady;
 Good-denn, Sir *Richard*, Godamercy Fellow,
 And if his Name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter*;
 For new made Honour doth forget Mens Names:
 'Tis too respective, and too sociable
 For your Conversion, now your Traveller,
 He and his Tooth-pick, at my Worship's Mess,
 And when my Knightly Stomach is suffic'd,
 Why then I suck my Teeth, and Catechise
 My picked Man of Countrys; My Dear Sir,
 Thus leaning on mine Elbow I begin,
 I shall beseech you; that is Question now,
 And then comes Answer like an Absy-Book:
 O Sir, says Answer, at your best Command,
 At your Employment, at your Service, Sir:
 No, Sir, says Question, I, sweet Sir, at yours,
 And so e'er Answer knows what Question would,
 Saving in Dialogue of Compliment,
 And talking of the *Alpes* and *Appenines*,
 The *Pyrennean* and the River *Po*,
 It draws towards Supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful Society,
 And fits the mounting Spirit like my self;
 For he is but a Bastard to the time
 That do'h not smook of Observaion,
 And so am I whether I smack or no;
 And not alone in Habit and Device,
 Exteri r Form, outward Acoutrement;
 But from the inward Motion to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet Poison for the Ages Tooth,
 Which though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the Footsteps of my Rising:
 But who comes in such haste in riding Robes?
 What Woman-post is this? Hath she no Husband
 That will take Pains to blow a Horn before her,
 O me, 'tis my Mother; how now, good Lady?
 What brings you here to Court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that Slave, thy Brother? Where is he?
 That holds in chase mine Honour up and down.

Bast. My Brother Robert, old Sir Robert's Son,
 Colbrand the Giant, that same mighty Man,
 Is it Sir Robert's Son that you seek for?

Lady. Sir Robert's Son! ay, thou unreverend Boy,
 Sir Robert's Son, why scornest thou at Sir Robert?
 He is Sir Robert's Son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip, Sparrow, James,

There's Toys abroad, anon I'll tell thee more. [*Exit James.*]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's Son,
 Sir Robert might have eat his Part in me
 Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his Fast:
 Sir Robert could do well, marry, to confess!
 Could get me! Sir Robert could not do it;
 We know his Handy-work, therefore good Mother
 To whom am I beholding for these Limbs?
 Sir Robert never help to make this Leg.

Lady. Hast thou conspir'd with thy Brother too,
 That for thine own gain should'st defend mine Honour?
 What means this Scorn, thou most untoward Knave?

Bast. Knight, Knight, good Mother, Basilisco-like.
 What, I am dub'd, I have it on my Shoulder:
 But Mother, I am not Sir Robert's Son,
 I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my Land,
 Legitimation, Name, and all is gone;
 Then, good my Mother, let me know my Father,
 Some proper Man, I hope; who was it, Mether?

Lady. Hast thou deny'd thy self a *Faulconbridge*?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the Devil.

Lady. King *Richard Cordelion* was thy Father;
By long and vehement Suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my Husband's Bed.
Heav'n lay not my Transgression to my charge;
Thou art the Issue of my dear Offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd past my Defence.

Bast. Now, by this Light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not with a better Father.
Some Sins do bear their Privilege on Earth,
And so doth yours; your Fault was not your Folly;
Needs must you lay your Heart at his Dispose,
Subjected Tribute to commanding Love,
Against whose Fury and unmatched Force,
The awless Lyon could not wage the Fight,
Nor keep his princely Heart from *Richard's* Hands,
He that per Force robs Lyons of their Hearts,
May easily win a Woman's; ay, my Mother,
With all my Heart I thank thee for my Father,
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his Soul to Hell.
Come, Lady, I will shew thee to my Kin,
And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been Sin;
Who says it was, he lyes; I say 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

SCENE, before the Walls of Angiers.

Enter Philip King of France, Lewis the Dauphin, Austria, Constance, and Arthur.

Lewis. Before *Angiers*, well met brave *Austria*,
Arthur, that great Fore-runner of thy Blood,
Richard that robb'd the Lion of his Heart,
And fought the holy Wars in *Palestine*,
By this brave Duke came early to his Grave;
And for amends to his Posterity,
At our Importance hither is he come,
To spread his Colours, Boy, in thy behalf;

And to rebuke the Usurpation
Of thy unnatural Uncle, *Englisch John*.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you *Cordelion's* Death,
The rather that you give his Offspring Life,
Shadowing their Right under your Wings of War;
I give you welcome with a powerless Hand,
But with a Heart full of unstained Love,
Welcome before the Gates of *Angiers*, Duke.

Lewis. A noble Boy, who would not do thee right?

Anst. Upon thy Cheek lay I this zealous Kiss,
As Seal to this Indenture of my Love;
That to my home I will no more return,
'Till *Angiers*, and the Right thou hast in *France*;
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd Shore,
Whose Foot spurns back the Ocean's roaring Tides,
And coops from other Lands her Islanders,
Even 'till that *England*, hedg'd in with the Main,
That water-walled Bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign Purposes,
Even 'till that outmost Corner of the West
Salute thee for her King; 'till then, fair Boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow Arms.

Const. O take his Mother's Thanks, a Widow's Thanks,
'Till your strong Hand shall help to give him Strength,
To make a more Requital to your Love.

Anst. The Peace of Heav'n is theirs, who lift their Swords
In such a just and charitable War.

K, Philip. Well, then, to work, our Cannon shall be bent
Against the Brows of this resisting Town;
Call for our chiefest Men of Discipline,
To cull the Plots of best Advantages.
We'll lay before this Town our Royal Bones,
Wade to the Market-Place in *Frenchmens* Blood,
But we will make it subject to this Boy.

Const. Stay for an Answer to your Embassie,
Lest unadvjs'd you stain your Swords with Blood,
My Lord *Chartilion* may from *England* bring
That Right in Peace which here we urge in War,
And then we shall repent each Drop of Blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed,

Enter Chattilion.

K. Philip. A Wonder, Lady! lo! upon thy Wish
Our Messenger *Chattilion*, is arriv'd;
What *England* says, say briefly, gentle Lord,
We coldly pause for thee. *Chattilion* speak.

Chat. Then turn your Forces from this pawkry Siege,
And stir them up against a mightier Task.
England, impatient of your just Demands,
Hath put himself in Arms, the adverse Winds,
Whose Leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his Legions all as soon as I.
His Marches are expedient to this Town,
His Forces strong, his Soldiers confident.
With him along is come the Mother-Queen;
An *Ate* stirring him to Blood and Strife.
With her her Neice, the Lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;
With them a Bastard of the King deceas'd,
And all th' unsettled Humours of the Land;
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery Volunteers,
With Ladies Faces, and fierce Dragons Spleens,
Have sold their Fortunes at their native Homes,
Bearing their Birthright proudly on their Backs,
To make a Hazard of new Fortunes here;
In brief, a braver Choice of dauntless Spirits
Than now the *English* Bottoms have wast o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling Tide,
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.
The Interruption of their churlish Drums
Cuts off more Circumstance; they are at hand,

[*Drums beat.*]

To parly or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. Philip. How much unlook'd for is this Expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake, endeavour for Defence,
For Courage mounteth with Occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King of England, Bastard, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke,
and others.*

K. John. Peace be to *France*, if *France* in Peace permit
Our just and lineal Entrance to our own;
If, not bleed *France*, and Peace ascend to Heav'n.

Whilst we, God's wrathful Agent, do correct
Their proud Contempt that beats his Peace to Heav'n.

K. Philip. Peace be to *England*, if that War return
From *France* to *England*, there to live in Peace.
England we love, and for that *England's* sake
With burthen of our Armour here we sweat;
This Toil of ours should be a Work of thine;
But thou from loving *England* art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought its lawful King,
Cut off the Sequence of Posterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a Rape
Upon the Maiden-Virtue of the Crown.
Look here upon thy Brother *Geffrey's* Face,
These Eyes, these Brows, were moulded out of his;
This little Abstract doth contain that large
Which dy'd in *Geffrey*; and the Hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as large a Volume.
That *Geffrey* was thy elder Brother born,
And this his Son, *England* was *Geffrey's* Right,
And this is *Geffrey's*; in the Name of God,
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When living Blood doth in these Temples beat,
Which owe the Crown that thou o'er-maisterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great Commission
To draw my Answer from thy Articles?

K. Phil. From that supernal Judge that stirs good Thoughts
In any Breast of strong Authority,
To look into the Blots and Stains of Right,
That Judge hath made me Guardian to this Boy,
Under whose Warrant I impeach thy Wrong,
And by whose Help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp Authority.

K. Philip. Excuse it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it that thou dost call Usurper, *France*?

Const. Let me make Answer: Thy usurping Son.

Eli. Out Insolent, thy Bastard shall be King,
That thou may'st be a Queen, and check the World!

Const. My Bed was ever to thy Son as true,
As thine was to thy Husband, and this Boy,
Liker in Feature to his Father *Geffrey*,
Than thou and *John*, in Manners being as like

As Rain to Water, or Devil to his Dam.
 My Boy a Bastard! By my Soul I think
 His Father never was so true begot;
 It cannot be, and if thou wert his Mother.

Eli. There's a good Mother, Boy, that blots thy Father.

Const. There's a good Grandam, Boy,
 That would blot thee.

Aust. Peace.

Bast. Hear the Crier.

Aust. What the Devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the Devil, Sir, with you,
 And a may catch your Hide and you alone.
 You are the Hare, of whom the Proverb goes,
 Whose Valour plucks dead Lions by the Beard,
 I'll smoak your Skin-Coat, and I catch you right;
 Sirrah, look to't, i'faith I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O well did he become that Lion's Robe,
 That did disrobe the Lion of that Robe.

Bast. It lyes as lightly on the Back of him,
 As great *Alcide's* Shoes upon an Ass;
 But, Ass, I'll take that Burthen from your Back,
 Or lay on that shall make your Shoulders crack.

Aust. What Cracker is this same that deafs our Ears
 With this abundance of superfluous Breath?
 King *Lewis*, determine what we shall do streight.

Lewis. Women and Fools break off your Conference.
 King *John*, this is the very Sum of all;
England, and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Tourain*, *Main*,
 In right of *Arthur* do I claim of thee:

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy Arms?

K. John. My Life as soon. I do defie thee, *France*.
Arthur of *Britain*, yield thee to my Hand,
 And out of my dear Love I'll give thee more,
 Than e'er the Coward-Hand of *France* can win;
 Submit thee, Boy.

Eli. Come to thy Grandam, Child.

Const. Do, Child, go to it Grandam, Child,
 Give Grandam Kingdom, and it Grandam will
 Give it a Plum, a Cherry and a Fig.
 There's a good Grandam.

Arth. Good my Mother, Peace,

I would that I were low laid in my Grave,
I am not worth this Coil that's made for me.

Eli. His Mother shames him so, poor Boy he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you where she does or no.
His Grandam's Wrong, and not his Mother's Shames,
Draws those Heav'n-moving Pearls from his poor Eyes,
Which Heav'n shall take in nature of a Fee;
Ay, with these sad Chrystal Beads Heav'n shall be brib'd
To do him Justice, and Revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous Slanderer of Heav'n and Earth.

Const. Thou monstrous Injurer of Heav'n and Earth,
Call me not Slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The Domination, Royalties and Rights
Of this oppressed Boy; this is thy eldest Son's Son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy Sins are visited in this poor Child,
The Canon of the Law is laid on him,
Being but the second Generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving Womb.

K. John. Bedlam have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her Sin,
But God hath made her Sin and her, the Plague
On this removed Issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her Plague her Sin; his Injury
Her Injury, the Beadle to her Sin,
All punish'd in the Person of this Child,
And all for her; a Plague upon her.

Eli. Thou unadvised Scold, I can produce
A Will that bars the Title of thy Son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a Will; a wicked Will;
A Woman's Will; a canker'd Grandam's Will.

K. Philip. Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate;
It ill beseems this Presence to cry ay me
To these ill turned Repetitions.

Some Trumpet summon hither to the Walls
These Men of *Angiers*; let us hear them speak,
Whose Title they admit, *Arthur's* or *John's*

[Trumpet sounds.]

Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Citi. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the Walls?

Digitized by Google *K. Philip.*

K. Philip. 'Tis France for England.

K. John. England for it self;

You Men of *Angiers*, and my loving Subjects.—

K. Phil. You loving Men of *Angiers*, *Arthur's* Subjects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle Parle—

K. John. For our Advantage; therefore hear us first;
These Flags of *France*, that are advanced here
Before the Eye and Prospect of your Town,
Have hither march'd to your Endamagement.
The Cannons have their Bowels full of Wrath;
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their Iron Indignation 'gainst your Walls:
All Preparation for a bloody Siege,
And merciless Proceeding, by these *French*,
Confront your Cities Eyes, your winking Gates;
And but for our Approach, those sleeping Stones,
That as a Waste do girdle you about,
By the Compulsion of their Ordinance
By this time from their fixed Beds of Lime
Had been dishabited, and wide Havock made
For bloody Power to rush upon your Peace.
But on the Sight of us your lawful King,
Who painfully with much expedient March,
Have brought a counter-check before your Gates,
To save unscratch'd your Cities threatned Checks:
Behold the *French* amaz'd vouchsafe a Parle;
And now instead of Bullets wrap'd in Fire,
To make a shaking Feaver in your Walls,
They shoot but calm Words, folded up in Smoak,
To make a faithless Error in your Ears;
Which trust accordingly, kind Citizens,
And let us in. Your King, whose labour'd Spirits
Fore-weary'd in this Action of swift Speed,
Craves Harbourage within your City Walls.

K. Philip. When I have said, make Answer to us both:
Loe in this right Hand, whose Protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young *Plantagenet*,
Son to the elder Brother of this Man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden Equity, we tread

In warlike March, these Greens before your Town,
 Being no further Enemy to you
 Than the constraint of Hospitable Zeal,
 In the relief of this oppressed Child,
 Religiously provokes. Be pleas'd then
 To pay that Duty which you truly owe,
 To him that owes it, namely, this young Prince;
 And then our Arms, like to a muzzled Bear,
 Save in Aspect, hath all Offence scal'd up:
 Our Cannons Malice vainly shall be spent
 Against th' invulnerable Clouds of Heav'n;
 And with a blessed, and un-vev't retire,
 With unhack'd Swords, and Helmets all unbruis'd,
 We will bear home that lusty Blood again,
 Which here we came to spout against your Town,
 And leave your Children, Wives, and you in Peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd Offer,
 'Tis not the Rounder of your old-fac'd Walls
 Can hide you from our Messengers of War;
 Though all these *English*, and their Discipline,
 Were harbour'd in their rude Circumference:
 Then tell us, shall your City call us Lord,
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
 Or shall we give the Signal to our Rage,
 And stalk in Blood to our Possession?

Citi. In brief, we are the King of *England's* Subjects,
 For him, and in his Right, we hold this Town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Citi. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
 To him will we prove Loyal; 'till that time
 Have we ramm'd up our Gates against the World.

K. John. Doth not the Crown of *England* prove the King!
 And if not that, I bring you Witnesses,
 Twice fifteen thousand Hearts of *England's* Breed——

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verifie our Title with their Lives.

K. Philip. As many, and as well born Bloods as those——

Bast. Some Bastards too.

K. Philip. Stand in his Face to contradict his Claim.

Citi. 'Till you compound whose Right is worthiest,
 We for the worthiest hold the Right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the Sin of all those Souls,
That to their everlasting Residence,
Before the Dew of Evening fall, shall flie:
In dreadful Trial of our Kingdom's King.

K. Philip. Amen, Amen. Mount Chevaliers to Arms.

Bast. Saint George that swing'd the Dragon,
And e'er since sits on's Horseback at mine Hostess Door,
Teach us some Fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your Den, Sirrah, with your Lioness,
I would set an Ox-Head to your Lion's Hide,
And make a Monster of you.

Aust. Peace, no more.

Bast. O tremble; for you hear the Lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the Plain, where we'll set forth,
In best Appointment, all our Regiments.

Bast. Speed then to take Advantage of the Field.

K. Philip. It shall be so; and at the other Hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right. [*Exeunt.*

*Here, after Excursions, enter the Herald of France with
Trumpets to the Gates.*

F. Her. You Men of *Angiers*, open wide your Gates,
And let young *Arthur*, Duke of *Britain*, in;
Who by the Hand of *France*, this Day hath made
Much Work for Tears in many an *English* Mother,
Whose Sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding Ground:
Many a Widow's Husband groveling lyes,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd Earth,
And Victory with little Loss doth play
Upon the dancing Banners of the *French*,
Who are at hand triumphantly display'd
To enter Conquerors; and to proclaim
Arthur of Britain, England's King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoyce, you Men of *Angiers*; ring your Bells;
King *John*, your King, and *England's*, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious Day.
Their Armour, that march'd hence so Silver bright,
Hither return all gilt in *Frenchmens* Blood.
There stuck no Plume in any *English* Crest,
That is removed by a Staff of *France*.
Our Colours do return in those same Hands

That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
 And like a jolly Troop of Huntsmen come
 Our lusty *English*, all with purpled Hands,
 Dy'd in the dying Slaughter of their Foes.
 Open your Gates, and give the Victors Way.

Citi. Heralds, from off our Towers we might behold
 From first to last, the Onset and Retire
 Of both your Armies, whose Equality
 By our best Eyes cannot be censured ;
 Blood hath bought Blood, and Blows have answer'd Blows ;
 Strength match'd with Strength, and Power confronted
 Both are alike, and both alike we like ; [Power,
 One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
 We hold our Town for neither ; yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their Powers at several Doors.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more Blood to cast away ?
 Say, shall the Current of our Right run on ;
 Whose Passage, vext with thy Impediment,
 Shall leave his native Channel, and o'er-swell,
 With Course disturb'd, even thy confining Shores ;
 Unless thou let his Silver Water keep
 A peaceful Progress to the Ocean.

K. Philip. England, thou hast not sav'd one Drop of Blood
 In this hot Trial, more than we of France ;
 Rather lost more. And by this Hand I swear,
 That sways the Earth this Climate overlook,
 Before we will lay down our just-born Arms,
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these Arms we bear,
 Or add a Royal Number to the dead ;
 Gracing the Scroul that tells of this War's loss,
 With Slaughter coupled to the Name of Kings.

Bast. Ha ! Majesty ; how high thy Glory towers,
 When the rich Blood of Kings is set on Fire.
 Oh now doth Death line his dead Chaps with Steel ;
 The Swords of Soldiers are his Teeth, his Phangs,
 And now he feasts, mousing the Flesh of Men
 In undetermin'd Differences of Kings.
 Why stand these Royal Fronts amazed thus ?
 Cry Havock, Kings, back to the stained Field
 You equal Potents, fiery kindled Spirits :

Then let Confusion of one Part confirm

The other's Peace; 'till then, Blows, Blood, and Death.

K. John. Whose Party do the Townsmen yet admit?

K. Philip. Speak Citizens, for *England*, who's your King?

Citi. The King of *England*, when we know the King.

K. Philip. Know him in us, that here hold up his Right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great Deputy,

And bear Possession of our Person here,

Lord of our Presence, *Angiers*, and of you.

Citi. A greater Power than we denies all this;

And 'till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former Scruple in our strong barr'd Gates:

Kings of our Fear; until our Fears resolv'd

Be by some certain King purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By Heav'n, these Scroyles of *Angiers* flout you Kings,

And stand securely on their Battlements,

As in a Theatre, whence they gape and point

At your industrious Scenes, and Acts of Death.

You Royal Presences be rul'd by me;

Do like the Mutiners of *Jerusalem*,

Be Friends a while, and both conjointly bend

Your sharpest Deeds of Malice on this Town.

By East and West let *France* and *England* mount

Their battering Cannon charged to the Mouths,

'Till their Soul-fearing Clamours have braul'd down

The flinty Ribs of this contemptuous City.

I'd play incessantly upon these Jades;

Even 'till unfenced Desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar Air:

That done, dissever your united Strengths,

And part your mingled Colours once again.

Turn Face to Face, and bloody Point to Point;

Then in a Moment Fortune shall cull forth,

Out of one Side, her happy Minion,

To whom in favour she shall give the Day,

And kiss him with a glorious Victory.

How like you this wild Counsel, mighty States;

Smacks it not something of the Policy?

K. John. Now by the Sky that hangs above our Heads;

I like it well. *France*, shall we knit our Powers,

And lay this *Angiers* even with the Ground,

Then

Then after fight who shall be King of it?

Bast. And if thou hast the Mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish Town,
Turn thou the Mouth of thy Artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy Walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the Ground,
Why then desie each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon our selves for Heav'n or Hell.

K. Philip. Let it be so; say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the West will send Destruction
Into this City's Bosom.

Aust. I from the North.

K. Philip. Our Thunder from the South,
Shall rain their Drift of Bullers on this Town.

Bast. O prudent Discipline! From North to South;
Austria and *France* shoot in each others Mouth,
I'll stir them to it; come away, away.

Citi. Hear us great Kings, vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall shew you Peace, and fair-fac'd League.
Win you this City without Stroak or Wound;
Rescue those breathing Lives to die in Beds,
That here come Sacrifices for the Field;
Persevere not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. John. Speak on; with Favour we are bent to hear.

Citi. That Daughter there of *Spain*, the Lady *Blanch*,
Is near to *England*, look upon the Years
Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely Maid,
If lusty Love should go in quest of Beauty,
Where could he find it fairer, than in *Blanch*?
If zealous Love should go in search of Virtue,
Where could he find it purer than in *Blanch*?
If Love ambitious, sought a Match of Birth,
Whose Veins bound richer Blood than Lady *Blanch*?
Such as she is, in Beauty, Virtue, Birth,
Is the young *Dauphin* every way compleat;
If not compleat of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If Want it be not, that she is not he.
He is the half Part of a blessed Man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided Excellence.

Whose fulness of Perfection lyes in him.

O two such Silver Currents, when they join,

Do glorifie the Banks that bound them in:

And two such Shores, to two such Streams made one,

Two such controlling Bounds shall you be, Kings,

To these two Princes, if you marry them:

This Union shall do more than Battery can,

To our fast clos'd Gates: For at this Match,

With swifter Spleen than Powder can enforce,

The Mouth of Passage shall we sling wide ope,

And give you entrance; but without this Match,

The Sea enraged is not half so deaf,

Lions more confident, Mountains and Rocks

More free from Motion, no not Death himself

In mortal Fury half so peremptory,

As we to keep this City.

Bast. Here's a Stay,

That shakes the rotten Carcass of old Death

Out of his Rags. Here's a large Mouth indeed,

That spits forth Death, and Mountains, Rocks, and Seas;

Talks as familar of roaring Lions,

As Maids of thirteen do of Puppy-dogs.

What Cannoneer begot this lusty Blood,

He speaks plain Cannon fire, and smoak, and bounce,

He gives the Bastinado with his Tongue:

Our Ears are cudgel'd, not a Word of his

But buffets better than a Fist of *France*;

Zounds I was never so bethump't with Words,

Since I first call'd my Brother's Father Dad.

Eli. So, list to this Conjunction, make this Match,

Give without Neice a Dowry large enough;

For by this Knot, thou shalt so surely tie

Thy now unsur'd Assurance to the Crown,

That yon green Boy shall have no Sun to ripe

The Bloom that promiseth a mighty Fruit:

I see a yielding in the Looks of *France*;

Mark how they whisper, urge them while their Souls

Are capable of this Ambition,

Lest Zeal now melted by the windy breath

Of soft Petitions, Pity and Remorse,

Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Citi. Why answer not the double Majesties,
This friendly Treaty of our threatned Town ?

K. Philip. Speak *England* first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this City : What say you ?

K. John. If that the *Dauphin* there, thy Princely Son,
Can in this Book of Beauty read I love;
Her Dowry shall weigh equal with the Queen,
For *Angiers*, and fair *Tourain*, *Main*, *Poyctiers*,
And all that we upon this side the Sea,
Except this City now by us besieg'd,
Find liable to our Crown and Dignity,
Shall gild her Bridal Bed, and make her rich
In Titles, Honours, and Promotions ;
And she in Beauty, Education, Blood,
Holds Hands with any Princess of the World.

K. Philip. What say'st thou, Boy ? Look in the Lady's Face.

Lewis. I do, my Lord, and in her Eye I find
A Wonder, or a wondrous Miracle,
The Shadow of my self form'd in her Eye,
Which being but the Shadow of your Son,
Becomes a Son, and makes your Son a Shadow:
I do protest I never lov'd my self
'Till now, infix'd I beheld my self,
Drawn in the flattering Table of her Eye.

[*Whispering with Blanch.*

Bast. Drawn in the flattering Table of her Eye,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her Brow,
And quarter'd in her Heart, he doth espie
Himself Love's Traitor ; this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd there should be,
In such a Love, so vile a Lout as he.

Blanch. My Uncle's Will in this respect is mine,
If he see ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees which moves his liking
I can with ease translate it to my Will:
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my Love.
Further I will not flatter you my Lord,
That all I see in you is worthy Love,
Than this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish Thoughts themselves should be your Judge,

That I can find, should merit any Hate. [Niece?

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my

Blanch. That she is bound in Honour still to do

What you in Wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love this Lady?

Lewis. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from Love,

For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give *Volquessen, Tourain, Main,*

Poytiers, and *Anjou*, these five Provinces

With her to thee, and this addition more,

Full thirty thousand Marks of *English* Coin.

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,

Command thy Son and Daughter to join Hands.

K. Philip. It likes us well; young Princes, close your Hands:

Anst. And your Lips too, for I am well assur'd,

That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. Philip. Now Citizens of *Angiers* ope your Gates,

Let in that amity which you have made,

For at *Saint Marie's* Chappel presently,

The Rites of Marriage shall be solemniz'd.

Is not the Lady *Constance* in this Troop?

I know she is not, for this Match made up,

Her presence would have interrupted much,

Where is she and her Son, tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She is sad and passionate at your Highness Tent.

K. Philip. And by my Faith, this League that we have made

Will give her Sadness very little cure:

Brother of *England*, how may we content

This Widow Lady? In her Right we came,

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,

To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all,

For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*,

And Earl of *Richmond*, and this rich fair Town

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Constance*,

Some speedy Messenger bid her repair

To our Solemnity: I trust we shall,

If not fill up the Measure of her Will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,

That we shall stop her Exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
 To this unlook'd for, unprepared Pomp. [*Ex. all but Bast.*
Bast. Mad World, mad Kings, mad Composition;
John to stop *Arthur's* Title in the whole,
 Hath willingly departed with a part;
 And *France*, whose Armour Conscience buckled on,
 Whom Zeal and Charity brought to the Field,
 As God's own Soldier, rounded in the Ear
 With that same Purpose-changer, that fly Devil,
 That Broker, that still breaks the pate of Faith,
 That daily Break-Vow, he that wins of all,
 Of Kings, of Beggars, old Men, young Men, Maids,
 Who having no external thing to lose,
 But the word Maid, cheats the poor Maid of that,
 That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling Commodity,
 Commodity, the Bias of the World,
 The World, who of it self is poised well,
 Made to run even, upon even Ground;
 'Till this Advantage, this vile drawing Bias,
 This sway of Motion, this Commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent;
 And this same Bias, this Commodity,
 This Bawd, this Broker, that all changing-world,
 Clapt on the outward Eye of fickle *France*,
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
 From a resolv'd and honourable War,
 To a most base and vile concluded Peace.
 And why rail I on this Commodity?
 But for because he hath not wooed me yet:
 Not that I have the power to clutch my Hand,
 When his fair Angels would salute my Palm,
 But for my Hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor Beggar, raileth on the Rich.
 Well, whiles I am a Beggar, I will rail,
 And say there is no Sin but to be rich:
 And being rich, my Virtue then shall be,
 To say there is no Vice, but Beggary,
 Since Kings break Faith upon Commodity,
 Gain be my Lord, for I will worship thee.

[*Exit.*

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

Enter Constance, Arthur and Salisbury.

Const. **G**ONE to be marry'd! Gone to swear a Peace!
False Blood to false Blood join'd! Gone to be-
Friends!

Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* those Provinces!
It is not so, thou hast mispoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy Tale again,
It cannot be, thou dost but say 'tis so,
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy Word
Is but the vain Breath of a common Man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee Man,
I have a King's Oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of Fears,
Opprest with Wrongs, and therefore full of Fears;
A Widow, husbandless, subject to Fears,
A Woman naturally born to Fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vext Spirits I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this Day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy Head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my Son?
What means that Hand upon that Breast of thine?
Why holds thine Eye that lamentable Rheum,
Like a proud River peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad Signs confirmers of thy Words?
Then speak again; not all thy former Tale,
But this one word, whether thy Tale be true.

Sal. As true, as I believe you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. Oh if thou teach me to believe this Sorrow,
Teach thou this Sorrow how to make me dye,
And let Belief and Life encounter so,
As doth the Fury of two desperate Men,
Which in the very meeting fall and dye.

Lewis marry *Blanch*! O Boy, then where art thou?
France Friend with *England*, what becomes of me?

Fellow be gone, I cannot brook thy sight ;
This News hath made thee a most ugly Man.

Sal. What other Harm have I, good Lady, done,
But spoke the Harm that is by others done?

Const. Which Harm within it self so hainous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, Madam, be content.

Const. If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy Mother's Womb,
Full of unpleasing Blots, and sightless Stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul Moles, and Eye-offending Marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I would not love thee : No, nor thou
Become thy great Birth, nor deserve a Crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy Birth, dear Boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of Nature's Gifts thou may'st with Lillies boast,
And with the half blown Rose. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee,
Shadulterates hourly with thy Unkle *John*,
And with her golden Hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair respect of Sovereignty,
And made his Majesty the Bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and King *John*,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping *John* :
Tell me, thou Fellow, is not *France* forsworn?
Envenom him with Words, or get thee gone,
And leave these Woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,
I will instruct my Sorrow to be proud,
For Grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop ;
To me and to the State of my great Grief,
Let Kings assemble : For my Grief's so great
That no Supporter but the huge firm Earth
Can hold it up : Here I and Sorrows sit,
Here is my Throne, bid Kings come bow to it.

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

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Philip the Bastard, Austria, and Constance,

K. Philip. **T**HIS true, fair Daughter; and this blessed Day,
Ever in *France* shall be kept Festival:

To solemnize this Day the glorious Sun
Stays in his Course, and plays the Alchymist,
Turning with splendour of his precious Eye
The meager cloddy Earth to glittering Gold:
The yearly course that brings this Day about,
Shall never see it, but a Holy-day.

Const. A wicked Day, and not a holy Day.
What hath this Day deserv'd? What hath it done,
That it in golden Letters should be set
Among the high Tides in the Kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this Day out of the Week,
This Day of Shame, Oppression, Perjury..
Or if it must stand still, let Wives with Child
Pray that their Burthens may not fall this Day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But, on this Day, let Seamen fear no Wrack,
No Bargains break that are not this Day made;
This Day all things begun, come to ill End,
Yea, Faith it self, to hollow Falshood change.

K. Philip. By Heav'n, Lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair Proceedings of this Day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a Counterfeit
Resembling Majesty, which being touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn,
You came in Arms to spill my Enemies Blood,
But now in Arms, you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling Vigour, and rough frown of War
Is cold in Amity and painted Peace,
And our Oppression hath made up this League:
Arm, Arm, you Heav'ns, against these perjur'd Kings,
A Widow cries, be Husband to me, Heav'ns,
Let not the Hours of this ungodly Day

Wear

Wear out the Days in Peace; but e'er Sun-set,
Set armed Discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings.
Hear me, oh, hear me.

Aust. Lady Constance, Peace.

Const. War, War, no Peace, Peace is to me a War:
O *Lymoges*, O *Austria*, thou dost shame
That bloody Spoil: Thou Slave, thou Wretch, thou Coward,
Thou little Valiant, great in Villany:
Thou ever strong upon the stronger Side;
Thou Fortune's Champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous Ladyship is by
To teach thee safety; thou art perjur'd too,
And looth'st up Greatness. What a Fool art thou,
A ramping Fool, to brag, to stamp, and swear,
Upon my Party; thou cold-blooded Slave,
Hast thou not spoke like Thunder on my side,
Been sworn my Soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy Stars, thy Fortune, and thy Strength?
And dost thee now fall over to my Foes?
Thou wear'st a Lion's Hide? Doff it for shame,
And hang a Calves-skin on those recreant Limbs.

Aust. O that a Man should speak those words to me.

Bast. And hang a Calves-skin on those recreant Limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, Villain, for thy Life.

Bast. And hang a Calves-skin on those recreant Limbs.

K. John. We like not this, thou dost forget thy self.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Philip. Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed Deputies of Heav'n;
To thee, King *John*, my holy Errand is;
I *Pandulph* of fair *Milain* Cardinal,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
Do in his Name religiously demand
Why you against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully do st spurn, and force perforce
Keep *Stephen Langton*, chosen Archbishop
Of *Canterbury*, from that holy See?
This in our foresaid holy Father's Name,
Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthy Name to Interrogatories
Can taste the Free-breath of a sacred King?

Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a Name
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous
 To charge me to an answer, as the Pope:
 Tell him this Tale, and from the Mouth of *England*,
 Add thus much more, that no *Italian Priest*
 Shall tithe or toll in our Dominions:
 But as we, under Heav'n, are supream Head,
 So under him that great Supremacy
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold
 Without th' Assistance of a mortal Hand:
 So tell the Pope, all Reverence set apart
 To him and his usurp'd Authority.

K. Philip. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
 Are led so grossly by this meddling Priest,
 Dreading the Curse that Money may buy out,
 And, by the Merit of vile Gold, dross, dust,
 Purchase corrupted Pardon of a Man,
 Who in that sale sells Pardon from himself:
 Though you, and all the rest so grossly led,
 This juggling Witch-craft with Revenue cherish,
 Yet I alone, alone, do me oppose
 Against the Pope, and count his Friends my Foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful Power that I have,
 Thou shalt stand Curst, and Excommunicate,
 And-blessed shall he be that doth revolt
 From his Allegiance to an Heretick,
 And meritorious shall that Hand be call'd,
 Canonized and worshipp'd as a Saint,
 That takes away by any secret Course
 Thy hateful Life.

Const. O lawful! let it be
 That I have room with *Rome* to curse a while.
 Good Father Cardinal, cry thou *Amen*
 To my keen Curses; for without my Wrong
 There is no Tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's Law and Warrant, Lady, for my Curse:

Const. And for mine too, when Law can do no right,
 Let it be lawful, that Law bar no wrong:
 Law cannot give my Child his Kingdom here;
 For he that holds his Kingdom, holds the Law.

Therefore since Law it self is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my Tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on Peril of a Curse,
Let go the Hand of that Arch-heretick,
And raise the Power of France upon his Head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? Do not let go thy Hand.

Const. Look to that Devil, lest that France repent,
And by disjoining Hands Hell lose a Soul.

Anst. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

Bast. And hang a Calves-skin on his recreant Limbs.

Anst. Well, Ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

Bast. Your Breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the Cardinal,

Const. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

Lewis. Bethink you Father, for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy Curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a Friend;
Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That is the Curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast, the Devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed Bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her Faith:
But from her Need.

Const. Oh, if thou grant my Need,
Which only lives but by the Death of Faith,
That Need, must needs infer this Principle,
That Faith would live again by Death of Need:
O then tread down my Need, and Faith mounts up:
Keep my Need up, and Faith is trodden down.

K. John. The King is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Anst. Do so, King Philip, hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a Calves-skin, most sweet Lour.

K. Philip. I am perplext, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand Excommunicate, and Curst?

K. Philip. Good reverend Father, make my Person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow your self?
This Royal Hand and mine are newly knit,

And the Conjunction of our inward Souls
 Marry'd in League, coupled and link'd together
 With all religious Strength of sacred Vows:
 The latest Breath, that gave the sound of words,
 Was deep sworn Faith, Peace, Amity, true Love
 Between our Kingdoms and our Royal selves,
 And even before this Truce, but new before,
 No longer than we well could wash our Hands,
 To clap this Royal Bargain up in Peace,
 Heav'n knows they were besmear'd and over stain'd
 With Slaughter's Pencil; where Revenge did paint
 The fearful difference of incensed Kings:
 And shall these Hands, so lately purg'd of Blood,
 So newly join'd in Love, so strong in both,
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
 Play fast and loose with Faith? So jest with Heav'n,
 Make such unconstant Children of our selves,
 As now again to snatch our Palm from Palm?
 Un-swear Faith sworn, and on the Marriage-bed
 Of smiling Peace to march a bloody Hoast,
 And make a Riot on the gentle Brow
 Of true Sincerity? O holy Sir,
 My reverend Father, let it not be so;
 Out of your Grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle Order, and then we shall be blest
 To do your Pleasure, and continue Friends.

Pand. All Form is formless, Order orderless,
 Give what is opposite to *England's* Love.
 Therefore to Arms, be Champion of our Church,
 Or let the Church our Mother breathe her Curse,
 A Mother's Curse, on her revolting Son.
France, thou may'st hold a Serpent by the Tongue,
 A cased Lion by the mortal Paw,
 A fasting Tyger safer by the Tooth,
 Than keep in Peace that Hand which thou dost hold.

K. Philip. I may dis-join my Hand, but not my Faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou Faith an Enemy to Faith,
 And like a Civil War set'st Oath to Oath,
 Thy Tongue against thy Tongue. O let thy Vow
 First-made to Heav'n, first be to Heav'n perform'd,
 That is, to be the Champion of our Church.

What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thy self;
 And may not be performed by thy self;
 For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 Is not amiss when it is truly done:
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The Truth is then most done, not doing it:
 The better Act of Purposes mistook,
 Is to mistake again, though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And Falshood, Falshood cures, as Fire cools Fire
 Within the scorching Veins of one new burn'd.
 It is Religion that doth make Vows kept,
 But thou hast sworn against Religion:
 By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st:
 And mak'st an Oath the surety for thy Truth:
 Against an Oath the Truth, thou art unsure
 To swear, swears, only not to be forsworn;
 Else what a Mockery should it be to swear?
 But thou dost swear, only to be forsworn,
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear;
 Therefore thy latter Vows, against thy first,
 Is in thy self Rebellion to thy self:
 And better Conquest never canst thou make,
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler Parts
 Against these giddy loose Suggestions:
 Upon which better Part, our Pray'rs come in
 If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
 The Peril of our Curses light on thee
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off;
 But in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat Rebellion.

Bast. Will't not be?

Will not a Calves-skin stop that Mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to Arms.

Blanch. Upon thy Wedding-day?

Against the Blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our Feast be kept with slaughter'd Men?

Shall braying Trumpets, and loud churlish Drums;

Clamours of Hell, be measures to our Pomp?

O Husband, hear me: Ay, alack, how new

Is Husband in my Mouth? Even for that Name

Which 'till this time my Tongue did ne'er pronounce;
Upon my Knee I beg, go not to Arms
Against mine Uncle.

Const. O, upon my Knee, made hard with kneeling,
I do pray to thee, thou virtuous *Dauphin*,
Alter not the Doom fore-thought by Heav'n.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy Love, what Motive may
Be stronger with thee than the Name of Wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His Honour. Oh thine Honour, *Lewis*, thine Honour.

Lewis. - I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound Respects do pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a Curse upon his Head. [thee.]

K. Philip. Thou shalt not need. *England*, I will fall from

Const. O fair return of banish'd Majesty.

Eli. O foul revolt of *French* Inconstancy.

K. John. *France*, thou shalt rue this Hour within this Hour.

Bast. Old Time the Clock-Setter, that bald Sexton, Time,
Is it as he will? Well then, *France* shall rue.

Blanch. The Sun's o'ercast with Blood: Fair Day adieu.

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both, each Army hath a Hand,
And in their Rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl afunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win:

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose:

Father, I may not wish the Fortune thine:

Grandam, I will not wish thy Wishes thrive:

Who ever wins, on that side shall I lose:

Affured loss, before the match be plaid.

Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy Fortune lyes.

Blanch. There where my Fortune lives, there my Life dies:

K. John. Cousin, go draw our Puissance together.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming Wrath,

A Rage, whose heat hath this condition;

That nothing can allay, nothing but Blood,

The Blood and dearest valu'd Blood of *France*.

K. Philip. Thy Rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To Ashes, e'er our Blood shall quench that Fire:

Look to thy self, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens. To Arms let's hie.

S C E N E II.

Alarms, Excursions: Enter Bastard with Austria's Head.

Bast. Now by my Life, this Day grows wondrous hot,
Some airy Devil hovers in the Sky,
And pours down mischief. *Austria's Head* lye there,

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

While *Philip* breathes.

K. John. *Hubert*, keep this Boy. *Philip*, make up;
My Mother is assailed in our Tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My Lord, I rescued her:
Her Highness is in safety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege, for very little Pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarms, Excursions, Retreat. Enter King John, Elinor,
Arthur, Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.*

K. John. So shall it be; your Grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded: Cousin, look not sad,
Thy Grandam loves thee, and thy Uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy Father was.

Arth. O this will make my Mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, away for *England*, haste before,
And e'er our coming see thou shake the Bags
Of hoarding Abbots, imprisoned Angels
Set at liberty: The fat ribs of Peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our Commission in its utmost force.

Bast. Bell, Book, and Candle, shall not drive me back;
When Gold and Silver beeks me to come on.
I leave your Highness: Grandam, I will pray,
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your Hand.

Eli. Farewel, gentle Cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.

Eli. Come hither little Kinsman, hark, a word.

K. John. Come hither, *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*;
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a Soul counts thee her Creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good Friend, thy voluntary Oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy Hand, I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better tune.

By Heav'n, *Hubert*, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.

K. John. Good Friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say, but let it go:

The Sun is in the Heav'n, and the proud Day,
Attended with the Pleasure of the World,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,

To give me Audience: If the midnight Bell

Did, with his iron Tongue and brazen Mouth,

Sound on into the drowsie Race of Night;

If this same were a Church-yard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand Wrongs;

Or if that surly Spirit, Melancholy,

Had bak'd thy Blood, and made it heavy, thick,

Which else runs trickling up and down the Veins,

Making that idiot Laughter keep Mens Eyes,

And strain their Cheeks to idle Merriment,

A Passion hateful to my Purposes;

Or if that thou couldst see me without Eyes,

Hear me without thine Ears, and make reply

Without a Tongue, using Conceit alone,

Without Eyes, Ears, and harmful sound of words;

Then, in despite of brooded watchful Day,

I would into thy Bosom pour my Thoughts:

But, ah, I will nor, yet I love thee well,

And by my troth I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my Death were adjunct to my Age,
By Heav'n I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?

Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine Eye

On yon young Boy: I'll tell thee what, my Friend,

He is a very Serpent in my way,

And wheresoe'er this Foot of mine doth tread,

He lyes before me; dost thou understand me?

Thou art his Keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,

That he shall not offend your Majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My Lord?

K. John. A Grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. *Hubert*, I love thee,

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:

Remember: Madam, fare you well.

I'll send those Powers o'er to your Majesty.

Eli. My Blessing go with thee.

K. John. For *England*, Cousin, go.

Hubert shall be your Man, to attend on you

With all true Duty; on toward *Callice*, ho.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, and Attendants.

K. Philip. So by a roaring Tempest on the Flood,
A whole Armado of convicted Sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.

K. Philip. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?

Arthur's ta'en Prisoner? Divers dear Friends slain?

And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
O'er-bearing Interruption, spight of *France*.

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a Speed, with such Advice dispos'd,
Such temperate Order in so fierce a Cause,
Doth want Example; who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-Action like to this?

K. Philip. Well could I bear that *England* had this Praise,
So we could find some Pattern of our Shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here? A Grave unto a Soul,
Holding th'eternal Spirit against her Will,

In the vile Prison of afflicted Breath;

I prithee, Lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now; now see the issue of your Peace.

K. Philip. Patience, good Lady; comfort, gentle *Constance*.

Const. No, I defie all Counsel, all Redress,

But that which ends all Counsel, true Redress;

Death, Death, oh amiable, lovely Death,

Thou odoriferous Stench; sound Rottenness,

Arise forth from the Couch of lasting Night,

Thou Hate and Terror to Prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable Bones;

And put my Eye-Balls in thy vaulty Brows,

And ring these Fingers with thy household Worms,

And stop this Gap of Breath with fulsome Dust,

And be a Carrion Monster like thy self.

Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,

And buss thee as thy Wife; Miseries Love,

O come to me.

K. Philip. O fair Affliction, Peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having Breath to cry;

O that my Tongue were in the Thunder's Mouth.

Then with a Passion I would shake the World,

And rouse from Sleep that fell Anatomy

Which cannot hear a Lady's feedle Voice,

Which scorns a modern Invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter Madness, and not Sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belye me so;

I am not mad; this Hair I tear is mine,

My Name is *Constance*, I was *Geffrey's* Wife:

Young *Arthur* is my Son, and he is lost:

I am not mad, I would to Heav'n I were,

For then 'tis like I should forget my self.

O, if I could, what Grief should I forget?

Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;

For, being not mad, but sensible of Grief,

My reasonable Part produces Reason

How I may be deliver'd of these Woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang my self.

If I were mad, I should forget my Son,

Or madly think a Babe of Clouts were he:

I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different Plague of each Calamity.

K. Philip. Bind up those Tresses; O what Love I note
In the fair multitude of those her Hairs;
Where but by chance a silver Drop hath fall'n,
Even to that Drop ten thousand wiewy Friends
Do glew themselves in sociable Grief,
Like true, inseparable faithful Loves,
Sticking together in Calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Philip. Bind up your Hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefote will I do it?
I tore them from their Bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O, that these Hands could so redeem my Son,
As they have given these Hairs their Liberty;
But now I envy at their Liberty,
And will again commit them to their Bonds,
Because my poor Child is a Prisoner.
And Father Cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our Friends in Heav'n;
If that be true, I shall see my Boy again.
For since the Birth of *Cain*, the first Male-Child
To him that did but Yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious Creature born.
But now will Canker-Sorrow eat my Bud,
And chase the native Beauty from his Cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a Ghost,
As dim and meaget as an Agues Fit,
And so he'll die; and rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the Court of Heav'n
I shall not know him; therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too hainous a respect of Grief,

Const. He talks to me that never had a Son.

K. Philip. You are as fond of Grief, as of your Child,

Const. Grief fills the Room up of my absent Child:
Lyes in his Bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty Looks, repeats his Words,
Remembers me of all his gracious Parts;
Stuffs out his vacant Garments with his Form,
Then have I Reason to be fond of Grief.

Fare you well; had you such a Loss as I,
 I could give better Comfort than you do
 I will not keep this Form upon my Head,
 When there is such Disorder in my Wit.
 O Lord, my Boy, my *Arthur*, my fair Son;
 My Life, my Joy, my Food, my all the World,
 My Widow-Comfort, and my Sorrow's Cure.

[Exit.

K. Philip. I fear some Outrage, and I'll follow her.

[Exit.

Lewis. There's nothing in this World can make me joy.
 Life is as tedious as a twice told Tale,
 Vexing that dull Ear of a drowsie Man;
 A bitter Shame hath spoil'd the sweet Words taste,
 That it yields nought but Shame and Bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong Disease,
 Even in the Instant of repair and health,
 The Fit is strongest: Evils that take Leave,
 On their Departure, most of all shew evil.
 What have you lost by losing of this Day?

Lewis. All Days of Glory, Joy, and Happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no; when Fortune means to Men most good,
 She looks upon them with a threatening Eye.
 'Tis strange to think how much King *John* hath lost
 In this, which he accounts so clearly won.

Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his Prisoner?

Lewis. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your Mind is all as youthful as your Blood.
 Now hear me speak with a prophetick Spirit;
 For even the Breath of what I mean to speak
 Shall blow each Dust, each Straw, each little rub
 Out of the Path which shall directly lead
 Thy Foot to *England's* Throne: And therefore mark.
John hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
 That whilst warm Life plays in that Infant's Veins,
 The misplac'd *John* should entertain an Hour,
 A Minute, nay one quiet Breath of Rest.
 A Scepter snatch'd with an unruly Hand,
 Must be as boystrously maintain'd as gain'd.
 And he that stands upon a slippery Place,
 Makes nice of no vile Hold to stay him up.

That *John* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lewis. But what shall I gain by young *Arthur's* fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your Wife,
May then make all the Claim that *Arthur* did.

Lewis. And lose it, Life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old World?

John lays you Plots; the Times conspire with you;

For he that steeps his Safety in true Blood,

Shall find but bloody Safety and untrue.

This Act so evilly born shall cool the Hearts

Of all his People, and freeze up their Zéal,

That none so small Advantage shall step forth

To check his Reign, but they will cherish it,

No natural Exhalation in the Sky,

No Scope of Nature, no distemper'd Day,

No common Wind, no custom'd Even,

But they will pluck away his natural Cause,

And call them Meteors, Prodigies, and Signs,

Abortives, Presages, and Tongues of Heav'n,

Plainly denouncing Vengeance upon *John*.

Lewis. May be he will not touch young *Arthur's* Life,
But hold himself safe in his Prisonment.

Pand. O, Sir, when he shall hear of your Approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,

Even at this News he dies; and then the Hearts

Of all his People shall revolt from him,

And kiss the Lips of unacquainted Change,

And pick strong Matter of Revolt and Wrath,

Out of the bloody Fingers Ends of *John*.

Methinks I see this Hurley all on foot;

And O, what better matter breeds for you,

Than I have nam'd. The Bastard *Paulconbridge*

Is now in *England*, ransacking the Church,

Offending Charity. If but a dozen *French*

Were there in Arms, they would be as a Call

To train ten thousand *English* to their side;

Or, as a little Snow, tumbled about,

Anon becomes a Mountain. O noble *Dauphin*,

Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderful,

What may be wrought out of their Discontent.

Now that their Souls are top full of Offence,
For *England* go; I will whet on the King.

Lewis. Strong Reason makes strong Actions; let us go,
If you say ay, the King will not say no. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Hubert and Executioner.

Hub. **H**EAT me these Irons hot, and look you stand
Within the Arras; when I strike my Foot
Upon the Bosom of the Ground, rush forth
And bind the Boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the Chair: Be heedful; hence, and watch.

Exe. I hope your Warrant will bear out the Deed!

Hub. Uncleanly Scruples, fear not you; look to't.
Young Lad come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good Morrow, *Hubert*.

Hub. Good Morrow, little Prince.

Arth. As little Prince, having so great a Title,
To be more Prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me;

Mcthinks no Body should be sad but I;

Yet I remember when I was in *France*,

Young Gentlemen would be as sad as Night,

Only for Wantonnefs; by my Christendom,

So I were out of Prison, and kept Sheep,

I should be as merry as the Day is long:

And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My Uncle practises more Harm to me.

He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my Fault that I was *Geffrey's* Son?

No indeed is't not, and I would to Heav'n

I were your Son, so you would love me, *Hubert*.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his Innocent Prate

He will awake try Mercy, which lyes dead;

Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

[*Aside.*

Arth.

Arth. Are you sick, *Hubert*? you look pale to Day;
Insooth I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all Night and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His Words do take Possession of my Bosom;
Read here, young *Arthur*. How now foolish Rheume?
Turning dispitious Torture out of Door?
I must be brief, lest Resolution drop
Out at mine Eyes in tender Womanish Tears.
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for so soul Effect.
Must you with hot Irons burn out both mine Eyes?

Hub. Young Boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the Heart? When your Head did but ake,
I knit my Handkerchief about your Brows,
(The best I had, a Princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my Hand, at Midnight held your Head;
And like the watchful Minutes, to the Hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy Time,
Saying, what lack you? and, where lyes your Grief?
Or what good Love may I perform for you?
Many a poor Man's Son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving Word to you:
But you, at your sick Service had a Prince:
Nay, you may think my Love was crafty Love,
And call it Cunning. Do, and if you will,
If Heav'n be pleas'd, that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine Eyes?
These Eyes that never did, nor never shall
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot Irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this Iron Age would do it,
The Iron of it self, though heat red hot,
Approaching near these Eyes, would drink my Tears,
And quench their fiery Indignation,
Even in the Matter of mine Innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in Rust,

But for containing Fire to harm mine Eye.
 Are you more stubborn hard, than hammer'd Iron?
 And if an Angel should have come to me,
 And told me *Hubert* should put out mine Eyes,
 I would not have believ'd him; no Tongue but *Hubert's*.

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you do.

Arth. O save me, *Hubert*, save me; my Eyes are out
 Even with the fierce Looks of these bloody Men.

Hub. Give me the Iron I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous rough?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For Heav'n sake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound:
 Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive these Men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a Lamb.
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a Word,
 Nor look upon the Iron angrily:
 Thrust but these Men away and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever Torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

Exc. I am best pleas'd to be from such a Deed.

Arth. Alas, I then have chide away my Friend,
 He hath a stern Look, but a gentle Heart;
 Let him come back, that his Compassion may
 Give Life to yours.

Hub. Come, Boy, prepare your self.

Arth. Is there no Remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your Eyes.

Arth. O Heav'n, that there were but a Moth in yours,
 A Grain, a Dust, a Gnat, a wandring Hair,
 Any Annoyance in that precious Sense:
 Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
 Your vile Intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go too, hold your Tongue.

Arth. *Hubert*, the Utterance of a brace of Tongues,
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of Eyes:
 Let me not hold my Tongue, let me not, *Hubert*;
 Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my Tongue,
 So I may keep mine Eyes. O spare mine Eyes,
 Though to no use, but still to look on you.
 Lo, by my troth, the Instrument is cold,
 And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, Boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth, the Fire is dead, with Grief.
Being create for Comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd Extreame; see else your self,
There is no Malice in this burning Coal,
The Breath of Heav'n hath blown his Spirit out,
And strew'd repentant Ashes on his Head.

Hub. But with my Breath I can revive it, Boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush;
And glow with shame of your Proceedings, *Hubert* :
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your Eyes;
And, like a Dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Master that doth set him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their Office; only you do lack
That Mercy which fierce Fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for Mercy, lacking Uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine Eye
For all the Treasure that thine Uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, Boy,
With this same very Iron to burn them out.

Arth. O now you look like *Hubert*. All this while
You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace: No more. Adieu,
Your Uncle must not know but you are dead.
I'll fill these dogged Spies with false Reports:
And, pretty Child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That *Hubert*, for the Wealth of all the World,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heav'n! I thank you, *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with me.
Much Danger do I undergo for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheaful Eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your Highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous; you were crown'd before,

And that high Royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
 The Faiths of Men, ne'er stained with Revolt:
 Fresh Expectation troubled not the Land
 With any long'd-for Change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore to be possess'd with double Pomp,
 To guard a Title that was rich before;
 To gild refined Gold, to paint the Lilly,
 To throw a Perfume on the Violet,
 To smooth the Ice, or add another Hew
 Unto the Rainbow, or with Taper-Light
 To seek the beauteous Eye of Heav'n to garnish,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous Excess.

Pemb. But that your royal Pleasure must be done,
 This Act is as an ancient Tale new told,
 And in the last repeating troublesome,
 Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the antick and well noted Face
 Of plain old Form is much disfigured,
 And like a shifted Wind unto a Sail,
 It makes the course of Thoughts to fetch about,
 Startles and frights Consideration:
 Makes sound Opinion sick, and Truth suspected,
 For putting on to new a fashion'd Robe.

Pemb. When Workmen strive to do better than well,
 They do confound their Skill in Covetousness,
 And oftentimes excusing of a Fault,
 Doth make the Fault the worse by the Excuse:
 As Patches set upon a little Breach,
 Discredit more in hiding of the Fault,
 Than did the Fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this Effect, before you were new crown'd,
 We breath'd our Counsel; but it pleas'd your Highness
 To over-bear it, and we are all well pleas'd,
 Since all, and every part of what we would
 Do make a stand, at what your Highness will.

K. John. Some Reasons of this double Coronation
 I have possess't you with, and think them strong,
 And more, more strong, then less is my Fear
 I shall endue you with: Mean time, but ask
 What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
 And well shall you perceive, how willingly

I will both hear and grant you your Requests.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the Tongue of these
To sound the Purposes of all their Hearts,
Both for my self, and them; but chief of all,
Your Safety; for the which, my self and them
Bend their best Studies; heartily request
The Infranchisement of *Arthur*, whose Restraint
Doth move the murmuring Lips of Discontent
To break into this dangerous Argument.
If what in Rest you have, in Right you hold,
Why then your Fears, which as they say, attend
The Steps of Wrong, should move you to mew up,
Your tender Kinsman, and to choke his Days
With barbarous Ignorance, and deny his Youth
The rich Advantage of good Exercise,
That the Times Enemies may not have th's
To grace Occasions: Let it be our Suit,
That you have bid us ask his Liberty,
Which for our Goods we do no further ask,
Than, whereupon our Weal on you depending,
Counts it your Weal; he have his Liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his Youth
To your Direction. *Hubert*, what News with you?

Pemb. This is the Man should do the bloody Deed:
He shew'd his Warrant to a Friend of mine.
The Image of a wicked heinous Fault
Lives in his Eye; that close Aspect of his
Does shew the Mood of a much troubled Breast,
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a Charge to do.

Sal. The Colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his Purpose and his Conscience,
Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadful Battels set:
His Passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul Corruption of a sweet Child's Death.

K. John. We cannot hold Mortality's strong Hand.
Good Lords, although my Will to give is living,
The Suit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us *Arthur* is deceas'd to Night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his Sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed we heard how near his Death he was,
Before the Child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn Brows on me?
Think you I bear the Shears of Destiny?
Have I Commandment on the Pulse of Life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis shame
That Greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your Game, and so farewell.

Pemb. Stay yet, Lord *Salisbury*, I'll go with thee,
And find th' Inheritance of this poor Child,
His little Kingdom of a forced Grave.
That Blood which ow'd the Breath of all this Isle;
Three Foot of it doth hold; bad World the while,
This must not be thus born, this will break out
To all our Sorrows, and e'er long I doubt. [Exeunt.

Enter Messenger.

K. John. They burn in Indignation; I repent:
There is no sure Foundation set on Blood;
No certain Life atchiev'd by others Death.
A fearful Eye thou hast; where is that Blood
That I have seen inhabit in those Cheeks?
So foul a Sky clears not without a Storm;
Pour down thy Weather: How goes all in *France*?

Mes. From *France* to *England* never such a Power,
For any Foreign Preparation,
Was levy'd in the Body of a Land.
The Copy of your Speed is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The Tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. Oh where hath our Intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my Mother's Care?
That such an Army should be drawn in *France*,
And she not hear of it?

Mes. My Liege, her Ear
Is stopt with Dust: The first of *April* dy'd
Your noble Mother; and, as I hear, my Lord,
The Lady *Constance* in a frenzie dy'd
Three Days before; but this from Rumours Torgue
I idely heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. With-hold thy Speed, dreadful Occasion; O

O make a League with me, 'till I have pleas'd
My discontented Peers. What? Mother dead?
How wildly then walks my Estate in *France*?
Under whose Conduct came those Powers of *France*,
That thou for Truth giv'st out are landed here?

Mef. Under the *Dauphin*.

Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill Tidings. Now, What says the World
To your Proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My Head with more ill News, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your Head.

K. John. Bear with me, Cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the Tide; but now I breath again
Aloft the Flood, and can give Audience
To any Tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the Clergy-men,
The Sums I have collected shall express:
But as I travell'd hither through the Land,
I find the People strangely fantastied;
Possess'd with Rumours, full of idle Dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of Fear.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the Streets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his Heels:
To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding Rhimes,
That e'er the next *Ascension-Day* at Noon,
Your Highness should deliver up your Crown.

K. John. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Fore-knowing that the Truth will fall out so.

K. John. *Hubert*, away with him; imprison him,
And on that Day at Noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my Crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to Safety, and return,
For I must use thee. O my gentle Cousin,
Hear'st thou the News abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The *French*, my Lord; Mens Mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord *Bigor* and Lord *Salisbury*,
With Eyes as red as new enkindled Fire,
And others more, going to seek the Grave

Of *Arthur*, whom they say is kill'd to Night, on your
K. John. Gentle Kinsman, go (Suggestion,
 And thrust thy self into their Companies,
 I have a Way to win their Loves again:
 Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better Foot before.
 O, let me have no Subjects Enemies,
 When adverte Foreigners affright my Towns
 With dreadful Pomp of stout Invasion.
 Be *Mercury*, set Feathers to thy Heels,
 And flie, like Thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The Spirit of the Time shall teach me Speed. [*Exit.*]

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful Noble Gentleman.
 Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
 Some Messenger betwixt me and the Peers,
 And be thou he.

Mes. With all my Heart, my Liege. [*Exit.*]

K. John. My Mother dead!

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they say five Moons were seen to Night:
 Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
 The other four, in wondrous Motion.

K. John. Five Moons?

Hub. Old Men and Beldams, in the Streets,
 Do prophesie upon it dangerously:
 Young *Arthur's* Death is common in their Mouths,
 And when they talk of him, they shake their Heads,
 And whisper one another in the Ear.
 And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's Wrist,
 Whilst he that hears makes fearful Action
 With wrinkled Brows, with Nods, with rolling Eyes:
 I saw a Smith stand with his Hammer, thus,
 The whilst his Iron did on th' Anvil cool,
 With open Mouth swallowing a Taylor's News;
 Who with his Shears, and Measure in his Hand,
 Standing on Slippers, which his nimble Haste
 Had falsly thrust upon contrary Feet,
 Told of a many thousand warlike *French*,
 That were embatteled, and rank'd in *Kent*,
 Another lean, unwash'd Artificer,

Cuts off his Tale, and talks of *Arthur's* Death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these Fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young *Arthur's* Death?
Thy Hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty Cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had, my Lord? why did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the Curse of Kings, to be attended
By Slaves that take their Humours for a Warrant,
To break the bloody House of Life,
And on the winking of Authority
To understand a Law; to know the Meaning
Of dangerous Majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon Humour, than advis'd Respect.

Hub. Here is your Hand and Seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last Account 'twixt Heav'n and
Is to be made, then shall this Hand and Seal [Earth
Witness against us to Damnation.
How oft the Sight of Means to do ill Deeds,
Make Deeds ill done? Hadst not thou been by,
A Fellow by the Hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a Deed of Shame,
This Murder had not come into my Mind.
But taking Note of thy abhorred Aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody Villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in Darger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur's* Death:
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Made it no Conscience to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord.

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy Head, or made a Pause
When I spake darkly, what I purposed:
Or turn'd an Eye of Doubt upon my Face;
As bid me tell my Tale in express Words,
Deep Shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy Fears, might have wrought Fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my Signs,
And didst in Signs again parley with Sin,
Yea, without stop didst let thy Heart consent,
And consequently thy rude Hand to act
The Deed, which both our Tongues held vile to name.
Out of my Sight, and never see me more.

My Nobles leave me, and my State is brav'd,
 Even at my Gates, with Ranks of foreign Powers;
 Nay, in the Body of this fleshy Land,
 This Kingdom, this Confine of Blood, and Breath,
 Hostility and civil Tumult reigns,
 Between my Conscience, and my Cousin's Death.

Hub. Arm you against your other Enemies,
 I'll make a Peace between your Soul, and you.
 Young *Arthur* is alive: This Hand of mine
 Is yet a Maiden, and an innocent Hand,
 Not painted with the Crimson Spots of Blood:
 Within this Bosom, never entred yet
 The dreadful Motion of a murderous Thought,
 And you have slander'd Nature in my Form,
 Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the Cover of a fairer Mind,
 Than to be Butcher of an Innocent Child.

K. John. Doth *Arthur* live? O haste thee to the Peers,
 Throw this Report on their incens'd Rage,
 And make them tame to their Obedience.
 Forgive the Comment that my Passion made
 Upon thy Feature, for my Rage was blind,
 And foul Imaginary Eyes of Blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 Oh, answer not; but to my Closet bring
 The angry Lords, with all expedient Haste.
 I conjure thee but slowly: Run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Prison.*

Enter Arthur on the Walls.

Artb. The Wall is high, and yet will I leap down,
 Good Ground be pitiful, and hurt me not:
 There's few or none do know me, if they did,
 This Ship-Boy's Semblance hath disguis'd me quite;
 I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my Limbs,
 I'll find a thousand Shifts to get away;
 As good to die, and go; as die, and stay.

[*Leaps down.*]

Oh

Oh me, my Uncle's Spirit is in these Stones;
Heav'n take my Soul, and *England* take my Bones. [Dies.]

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at *St. Edmondsbury*;
It is our Safety, and we must embrace
This gentle Offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinal?

Sal. The Count *Meun*, a noble Lord of *France*,
Whose private with me of the *Dauphin's* Love,
Is much more general than these Lines import.

Bigot. To Morrow Morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long Days Journey, Lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Once more to Day well met, distemper'd Lords,
The King by me requests your Presence straight.

Sal. The King hath dispossest himself of us,
We will not line his thin bestained Clake
With our pure Honours; nor attend the Foot
That leaves the Print of Blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him so: We know the worst. [Exit.]

Bast. What e'er you think, good Words I think were

Sal. Our Grievs, and not our Manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little Reason in your Grief,
Therefore 'twere Reason you had Manners now.

Pemb. Sir, Sir, Impatience hath his Privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his Master, no Man else.

Sal. This is the Prison: What is he lyes here? (Beauty;

Pemb. Oh Death, made proud with pure and princely
The Earth had not a hole to hide this Deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on Revenge.

Bigot. Or when he doom'd this Beauty to the Grave,
Found it too precious princely for a Grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That do you see? Could Thought, without this Object,
Form such another? This is the very Top,
The Height, the Crest, or Crest unto the Crest
Of Murders Arms; this is the bloodiest Shame.

The wildest Savagery, the vilest Streak
That ever wall-ey'd Wrath, or staring Rage
Presented to the Tears of soft Remorse.

Pemb. All Murders past, do stand excus'd in this;
And this so sole, and so uncharitable,
Shall give a Holiness, a Purity,
To the yet unbegotten Sin of times;
And prove a deadly blood-shed, but a Jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous Spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned, and a bloody Work,
The graceless Action of a heavy Hand,
If that it be the Work of any Hand.

Sal. If that it be the Work of any Hand,
We had a kind of Light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful Work of *Hubert's* Hand,
The Practice, and the Purpose of the King:
From whose Obedience I forbid my Soul,
Kneeling before this Ruin of sweet Life,
And breathing to this breathless Excellence,
The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow;
Never to taste the Pleasures of the World,
Never to be infected with Delight,
Nor conversant with Ease, and Idleness,
'Till I have set a Glory to this Hand,
By giving it the Worship of Revenge.

Pemb. Bigo. Our Souls religiously confirm thy Words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with Haste, in seeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at Death;
Avant thou hateful Villain, get thee gone.

Hub. I am no Villain.

Sal. Must I rob the Law?

Bast. Your Sword is bright, Sir, put it up again.

Sal. Not 'till I sheath it in a Murderer's Skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord *Salisbury*, stand back, I say,
By Heav'n, I think my Sword's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, Lord, forget your self,
Nor tempt the Danger of my true Defence;
Lest I, by marking of your Rage, forget
Your Worth, your Greatness, and Nobility.

Bigot. Out Dunghil, dar'st thou brave a Nobleman?

Hub. Not for my Life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent Life against an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a Murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none. Whose Tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to Pieces.

Bast. Keep the Peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you *Falconbridge*.

Bast. Thou wert better gaul the Devil, *Salisbury*.
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy Floor,
Or teach thy hasty Spleen to do me Shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy Sword betime,
Or I'll so maul you, and your toasting-Iron,
That you shall think the Devil is come from Hell.

Bigot. What will you do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
Second a Villain, and a Murderer?

Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an Hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My Date of Life out, for his sweet Life's Loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning Waters of his Eyes,
For Villany is not without such Rheume;
And he long traded in it, makes it seem
Like Rivers of Remorse and Innocency.
Away with me, all you whose Souls abhor
Th' uncleanly Savour of a Slaughter-House,
For I am stifled with the Smell of Sin.

Bigot. Away toward *Bury*, to the *Dauphin* there.

Pemb. There tell the King he may enquire us out. [*Ex. Lords.*]

Bast. Here's a good World; knew you of this fair Work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless Reach of Mercy,
If thou didst this Deed of Death, thou art damn'd, *Hubert*.

Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.

Bast. Ha? I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd as black, nay nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince *Lucifer*.
There is not yet so ugly a Fiend of Hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this Child.

Hub. Upon my Soul.

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel Act, do but despair,
And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest Thread
That ever Spider twisted from her Womb
Will serve to strangle thee: A Rush will be a Beam
To hang thee on: Or would'st thou drown thy self,
Put but a little Water in a Spoon,
And it shall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to stifle such a Villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in Act, Consent, or Sin of Thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet Breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous Clay,
Let Hell want Pain enough to torture me.
I kiss him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine Arms.
I am amaz'd methinks, and lose my Way
Among the Thorns, and Dangers of this World.
How easie dost thou take all *England* up,
From forth this Morfel of dead Royalty?
The Life, the Right, and Truth of all this Realm
Is fled to Heav'n, and *England* now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by th' Teeth
The unow'd Interest of proud swelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt Bone of Majesty,
Doth dogged War bristle his angry Crest,
And snarleth in the gentle Eyes of Peace:
Now Powers from home, and Discontents at home
Meet in one Line; and vast Confusion waits,
As doth a Raven on a sick-fallen Beast,
The imminent Decay of wrested Pomp.
Now happy he, whose Cloak and Center can
Hold out this Tempest. Bear away that Child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the King:
A thousand Businesses are brief at Hand,
And Heav'n it self doth frown upon the Land. [Exeunt.]

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

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. John. **T**HUS I have yielded up into your Hand
The Circle of my Glory.

Pand. Take again
From this my Hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your Sovereign Greatness and Authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy Word, go meet the *French*,
And from his Holiness use all your Power
To stop their Marches 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented Counties do revolt;
Our People quarrel with Obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the love of Soul
To stranger-Blood, to foreign Royalty;
This Inundation of distemper'd Humour,
Rests by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pause not; for the present Time's so sick,
That present Med'cine must be ministred,
Or Overthrow incurably insues.

Pand. It was my Breath that blew this Tempest up,
Upon your stubborn Usage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle Convertite,
My Tongue shall hush again this Storm of War,
And make fair Weather in your blustering Land.
On this *Ascension-Day*, remember well,
Upon your Oath of Service to the Pope,
Go I to make the *French* lay down their Arms. [*Exit.*]

K. John. Is this *Ascension-Day*? Did not the Prophet
Say, that before *Ascension-Day* at Noon,
My Crown I should give off? even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on Constraint,
But, Heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But *Dover-Castle*: *London* hath receiv'd,
Like a kind Host, the *Dauphin* and his Powers.

Your

Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer Service to your Enemy;
 And wild Amazement hurries up and down
 The little Number of your doubtful Friends.

K. John. Would not my Lords return to me again,
 After they heard young *Arthur* was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the Streets,
 An empty Casket, where the Jewel of Life
 By some damn'd Hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That Villain *Hubert* told me he did live.

Bast. So on my Soul he did, for ought he knew:
 But wherefore do you droop? Why look you sad?
 Be great in Act, as you have been in Thought:
 Let not the World see Fear and sad Distrust
 Govern the Motion of a Kingly Eye;
 Be stirring as the time, be Fire with Fire;
 Threaten the Threatner, and out-face the Brow
 Of bragging Horror: So shall inferior Eyes,
 That borrow their Behaviours from the Great,
 Grow great by your Example, and put on
 The dauntless Spirit of Resolution.

Away, and glister like the God of War
 When he intendeth to become the Field;
 Shew Boldness and aspiring Confidence.
 What, shall they seek the Lion in his Den,
 And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
 Oh let it not be said: Forage, and run
 To meet Displeasure farther from the Doors,
 And grapple with him e'er he come so nigh.

K. John. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
 And I have made a happy Peace with him;
 And he hath promis'd to dismiss the Powers
 Led by the *Dauphin*.

Bast. Oh inglorious League:
 Shall we upon the footing of our Band,
 Send fair-play-Orders, and make compromise,
 Insinuation, Parly, and base Truce
 To Arms invasive? Shall a beardless Boy,
 A cockred-filken Wanton brave our Fields,
 And flesh his Spirit in a War-like Soil,
 Mocking the Air with Colours idely spread,

And find no check? Let us, my Liege, to Arms:
 Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your Peace;
 Or if he do, let it at least be said
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then with good Courage; yet I know
 Our Party may well meet a prouder Foe. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

*Enter, in Arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke,
 Bigot, and Soldiers.*

Lewis. My Lord *Melun*, let this be copied out,
 And keep it safe for our remembrance:
 Return the President to these Lords again,
 That having our fair Order written down,
 Both they and we, perusing o'er these Notes,
 May know wherefore we took the Sacrament,
 And keep our Faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
 And, noble *Dauphin*, albeit we swear
 A voluntary Zeal, and an un-urg'd Faith
 To your Proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,
 I am not glad that such a Sore of Time
 Should seek a Plaister by contemn'd Revolt,
 And heal the inveterate Canker of one Wound,
 By making many: Oh it grieves my Soul,
 That I must draw this Mettle from my Side
 To be a Widow-maker: Oh, and there
 Where honourable Rescue, and Defence,
 Cries out upon the Name of *Salisbury*.
 But such is the Infection of the time,
 That for the Health and Physick of our Right,
 We cannot deal but with the very Hand
 Of stern Injustice, and confused Wrongs
 And is't not pity, oh my grieved Friends,
 That we, the Sons and Children of this Isle,
 Were born to see so sad an Hour as this,
 Wherein we step after a Stranger, march

Upon

Upon her gentle Bosom, and fill up
 Her Enemies Ranks? I must withdraw and weep
 Upon the spot of this enforced Cause,
 To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
 And follow unacquainted Colours here:
 What here? O Nation that thou couldst remove,
 That *Neptune's* Arms who clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy self,
 And cripple thee unto a Pagan shore,
 Where these two Christian Armies might combine
 The Blood of Malice, in a vein of League,
 And not to spend it so un-neighbourly.

Lewis. A noble Temper dost thou shew in this,
 And great Affections wrestling in thy Bosom
 Doth make an Earthquake of Nobility.
 Oh what a noble Combate hast thou fought,
 Between Compulsion, and a brave Respect:
 Let me wipe off this honourable Dew,
 That silverly doth progress on thy Cheeks:
 My Heart hath melted at a Lady's Tears,
 Being an ordinary Inundation:
 But this Effusion of such Manly Drops,
 This showr blown up by tempest of the Soul,
 Startles mine Eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of Heav'n
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning Meteors,
 Lift up thy Brow, renowned *Salisbury*,
 And with a great Heart heave away this Storm:
 Commend these Waters to those Baby-eyes
 That never saw the Giant-world enrag'd,
 Nor met with Fortune, other than at Feasts,
 Full warm of Blood; of Mirth, of Gossiping.
 Come, come, for thou shalt thrust thy Hand as deep
 Into the Purse of rich Prosperity
 As *Lewis* himself; so, Nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your Sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.

And even there, methinks an Angel spake,
 Look where the holy Legate comes apace,
 To give us Warrant from the Hand of Heav'n,
 And on our Actions set the Name of Right

With holy Breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of *France*.

The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himself to *Rome*, his Spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
That great Metropolis and See of *Rome*:
Therefore thy threatning Colours now wind up,
And tame the Savage Spirit of wild War,
That like a Lion fostered up at Hand,
It may lye gently at the foot of Peace,
And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lewis. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at Controul,
Or useful Serving-man, and Instrument
To any Sovereign State throughout the World:
Your Breath first kindled the dead Coal of Wars,
Between this chastis'd Kingdom and my self,
And brought in Matter that should feed this Fire:
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of Right,
Acquainted me with Interest to this Land,
Yea thrust this Enterprize into my Heart,
And come ye now to tell me *John* hath made
His Peace with *Rome*? What is that Peace to me?
I, by the Honour of my Marriage-bed,
After young *Arthur*, claim this Land for mine;
And now it is half conquer'd, must I back,
Because that *John* hath made his Peace with *Rome*?
Am I *Rome*'s Slave? What Penny hath *Rome* born?
What Men provided? What Munition sent
To under-prop this Action? Is't not I
That under-go this Charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my Claim are liable,
Sweat in this Business, and maintain this War?
Have I not heard these Islanders shout out
Vive le Roy, as I have bank'd their Towns?
Have I not here the best Cards for the Game
To win this easie Match, plaid for a Crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded Set?

No, no, on my Soul it shall never be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this Work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return,
 'Till my Attempt so much be glorified,
 As to my ample Hope was promised,
 Before I drew this gallant head of War,
 And cull'd these fiery Spirits from the World
 To out-look Conquest, and to win Renown
 Even in the Jaws of Danger, and of Death: [*Trumper sounds.*
 What lusty Trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter Bastard.

Bast. According to the fair-play of the World,
 Let me have Audience: I am sent to speak:
 My holy Lord of *Milain*, from the King
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him:
 And as you answer, I do know the Scope
 And warrant limited unto my Tongue.

Pand. The *Dauphin* is too wilful, opposite,
 And will not temporize with my Entreaties:
 He flatly says, he'll not lay down his Arms.

Bast. By all the Blood that ever Fury breath'd,
 The Youth says well. Now hear our *English King*,
 For thus his Royalty doth speak in me:
 He is prepar'd, and Reason too he should.
 This apish and unmannerly Approach.
 This harness'd Mask, and unadvised Revel,
 This unheard Sawciness and boyish Troops,
 The King doth smile at, and is well-prepar'd
 To whip this dwarfish War, these Pigmy Arms
 From out the Circle of his Territories.
 That Hand which had the strength, even at your Door,
 To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch,
 To dive like Buckets in concealed Wells,
 To crouch in Litter of your Stable Planks,
 To lye like Pawns, lock'd up in Chests and Trunks,
 To hug with Swine, to seek sweet safety out
 In Vaults and Prisons, and to thrill and shake
 Even at the crying of our Nation's Crow,
 Thinking his Voice an armed *English Man*;
 Shall that victorious Hand be feeble here,
 That in your Chambers gave you *Chastisement*?

No; know the gallant Monarch is in Arms,
 And like an Eagle, o'er his airy Tower,
 To fouse Annoiance that comes near his Nest;
 And you degenerate, you ingrate Revolts,
 You bloody *Nero's* ripping up the Womb
 Of your dear Mother-*England*, blush for shame:
 For your own Ladies, and pale-visag'd Maids,
 Like *Amazons*, come tripping after Drums:
 Their Thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
 Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle Hearts
 To fierce and bloody Inclination.

Lewis. There end thy Brave, and turn thy Face in Peace.
 We grant thou canst out-scold us; fare thee well:
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a Babler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:
 Strike up the Drums, and let the Tongue of War
 Plead for our Interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed your Drums being beaten, will cry out:
 And so shall you, being beaten; do but start
 An eccho with the Clamour of thy Drum,
 And even at hand, a Drum is ready brac'd,
 That shall reverberate all, as loud as thine.
 Sound but another, and another shall,
 As loud as thine, rattle the Welkin's Ear,
 And mock the deep-mouth'd Thunder; for at hand
 (Not trusting to this halting Legate here,
 Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
 Is warlike *John*; and in his Forehead sits
 A bare-rib'd Death, whose Office is this Day
 To feast upon whole thousands of the *French*.

Lewis. Strike up our Drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Alarms. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the Day with us? Oh tell me, *Hubert.*

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majesty?

K. John. This Fever that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my Heart is sick.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, your valiant Kinsman, *Faulconbridge*,
Desires your Majesty to leave the Field,
And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward *Swinsted*, to the Abby there.

Mess. Be of good Comfort: For the great Supply,
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,
Are wrack'd three Nights ago on *Goodwin* Sands.

This News was brought to *Richard* but even now,
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ay me, this Tyrant Fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good News.
Set on toward *Swinsted*; to my Litter streight,
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the King so stor'd with Friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put Spirit in the *French*:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That mis-begotten Devil, *Faulconbridge*,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the Day.

Pemb. They say King *John*, sore sick, hath left the Field.

Enter Melun wounded.

Melun. Lead me to the Revolts of *England* here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other Names.

Pemb. It is the Count *Melun*.

Sal. Wounded to Death.

Melan. Fly, noble *English*, you are bought and sold,
 Unthread the rude Eye of Rebellion,
 And welcome home again discarded Faith,
 Seek out King *John*, and fall before his Feet:
 For if the *French* be Lords of this loud Day,
 He means to recompence the Pains you take,
 By cutting off your Heads; thus hath he sworn,
 And I with him, and many more with me,
 Upon the Altar at *St. Edmondsbury*,
 Even on that Altar, where we swore to you
 Dear Amity, and everlasting Love.

Sal. May this be possible! May this be true?

Melan. Have I not hideous Death within my View,
 Retaining but a quantity of Life,
 Which bleeds away, even as a Form of Wax
 Resolveth from his Figure 'gainst the Fire?
 What in the World should make me now deceive,
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
 Why should I then be false, since it is true
 That I must die here, and live hence, by truth?
 I say again, if *Lewis* do win the Day,
 He is forsworn if e'er those Eyes of yours
 Behold another Day break in the East:
 But even this Night, whose black contagious Breath
 Already smoaks about the burning Crest
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sun,
 Even this ill Night, your breathing shall expire,
 Paying the Fine of rated Treachery,
 Even with a treacherous Fine of all your Lives;
 If *Lewis*, by your assistance win the Day.
 Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
 The Love of him, and this respect besides,
 For that my Grandfire was an *Englishman*,
 Awakes my Conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumour of the Field,
 Where I may think the remnant of my Thoughts
 In peace; and part this Body and my Soul,
 With Contemplation, and devout Desires.

Sal. We do believe thee, and beshrew my Soul,
 But I do love the favour, and the form

Of this most fair Occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight,
 And like a bated and retired Flood,
 Leaving our Rankness, and irregular Course,
 Stoop low within those Bounds we have o'er-look'd,
 And calmly run on in Obedience,
 Even to our Ocean, to our great King *John*.
 My Arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
 For I do see the cruel Pangs of Death
 Right in thine Eye. Away, my Friends, new flight,
 And happy newness that intends old right. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Lewis and his Train.

Lewis. The Sun of Heav'n, methought, was loth to set;
 But staid, and made the Western Welkin blush,
 When *English* measure backward their own Ground
 In faint retire: Oh bravely came we off,
 When with a Volley of our needless shot,
 After such bloody Toil, we bid good Night,
 And woon'd our tott'ring Colours clearly up,
 Last in the Field, and almost Lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Prince, the Dauphin?

Lewis. Here, what News?

Mess. The Count *Melun* is slain; the *English* Lords
 By his Perswasion are at length fall'n off,
 And your Supply, which you have with'd so long,
 Are cast away, and sunk on *Goodwin* Sands.

Lewis. Ah foul shrewd News. Beshrew thy very Heart;
 I did not think to be so sad to Night
 As this hath made me. Who was he that said
 King *John* did fly an Hour or two before
 The stumbling Night did part our weary Powers?

Mess. Who ever spoke it, it is true, my Lord.

Lewis. Well; keep good Quarter, and good care to Night,
 The Day shall not be up so soon as I,
 To try the fair Adventure of to Morrow. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Bastard and Hubert severally.

Hub. Who's there? Speak, ho, speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of *England*.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine Affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Bast. *Hubert*, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect Thought:
I will upon all Hazards well believe
Thou art my Friend, that know'st my Tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt; and if thou please
Thou may'st be-friend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub. Unkind Remembrance; thou, and endless Night,
Have done me shame; brave Soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy Tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine Ear.

Bast. Come, come; *sans complement*, what News abroad?

Hub. Why here walk I, in the black Brow of Night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief then; and what's the News?

Hub. O my sweet Sir, News fitting to the Night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very Wound of this ill News,
I am no Woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The King I fear is poison'd by a Monk,
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this Evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

Hub. A Monk, I tell you, a resolved Villain,
Whose Bowels suddenly burst out; the King
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? The Lords are all come back,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their Company,
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majesty.

Bast. With-hold thine Indignation, mighty Heav'n,
And tempt us not to bear above our Power.
I'll tell thee, *Hubert*, half my Power this Night
Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide,
These *Lincoln-Washes* have devoured them ;
My self, well mounted, have escap'd.
Away before : Conduct me to the King,
I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury and Bigot.

Henry. It is too late, the Life of all his Blood
Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure Brain,
Which some suppose the Soul's frail dwelling House,
Doth, by the idle Comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of Mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His Highness yet doth speak, and holds belief,
That being brought into the open Air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell Poison which assaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the Orchard here ;
Doth he still rage ?

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him ; even now he sung.

Henry. Oh vanity of Sicknes, fierce Extreams
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts
Leaves them invisible, and her Siege is now
Against the Wind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many Legions of strange Fantasies,
Which in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing :

I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan;
 Who chaunts a doleful Hymn to his own Death,
 And from the Organ-pipe of frailty sings
 His Soul and Body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince, for you are born
 To set a form upon that indigest
 Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King John brought in.

K. John. I marry now my Soul hath Elbow-room,
 It would not out at Windows, nor at Doors,
 There is so hot a Summer in my Bosom,
 That all my Bowels crumble up to Dust:
 I am a scribled Form drawn with a Pen,
 Upon a Parchment, and against this fire do I shrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majesty?

K. John. Poison'd, ill fair: Dead, forsok, cast off,
 And none of you will bid the Winter come
 To thrust his Icy Fingers in my Maw;
 Nor let my Kingdoms Rivers take their course
 Through my burn'd Bosom: Nor intreat the North
 To make his bleak Winds kiss my parched Lips,
 And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
 I beg cold Comfort; and you are so straight
 And so ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh that there were some Virtue in my Tears,
 That might relieve you.

K. John. The Salt of them is hot.
 Within me is a Hell, and there the Poison
 Is, as a Fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
 Or unrepreevable condemned Blood.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Oh, I am scalded with my violent Motion
 And Spleen of Speed to see your Majesty.

K. John. Oh Cousin, thou art come to set mine Eye:
 The tackle of my Heart is crackt and burnt,
 And turned to one Thread, one little Hair:
 My Heart hath one poor String to stay it by,
 Which holds but 'till thy News be uttered,
 And then all this thou seest, is but a Clod,
 And module of confounded Royalty,

Basf. The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where Heav'n he knows how we shall answer him.
For in a Night the best part of my Power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all, unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected Flood. [*The King dies.*]

Sal. You breath these dead News in as dead an Ear:
My Liege, my Lord; but now a King, now thus.

Henry. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the World, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is Clay?

Basf. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the Office for thee, of Revenge,
And then my Soul shall wait on thee to Heav'n,
As it on Earth hath been thy Servant still.
Now, now you Stars, that move in your right Spheres,
Where be your Powers? Shew now your mended Faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push Destruction, and perpetual Shame
Out of the weak Door of our fainting Land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought,
The *Dauphin* rages at our very Heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we:
The Cardinal *Pandolph* is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the *Dauphin*,
And brings from him such Offers of our Peace,
As we with Honour and Respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this War.

Basf. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our leaves well sinewed to our Defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many Carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the Sea-side, and put his Cause and Quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal,
With whom your self, my self, and other Lords,
If you think meet, this Afternoon will post,
To consummate this business happily.

Basf. Let it be so; and you, my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your Father's Funeral.

Henry. At *Worcester* must his Body be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal State, and glory of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my Knee,
I do bequeath my faithful Services,
And true Subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our Love we make,
To rest without a Spot for evermore.

King. I have a kind Soul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with Tears.

Bast. Oh let us pay the Time but needful Wo,
Since it hath been before hand with our Grievs.
This *England* never did, nor never shall
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound it self.
Now, these her Princes are come home again,
Come the three Corners of the World in Arms,
And we shall shock them : Nought shall make us rue,
If *England* to it self do rest but true. [Exeunt omnes.]





THE
L I F E
AND
D E A T H
OF
King *Richard* II.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Richard the Second.

Duke of York,
John of Gaunt, Duke of } Unkles to the King.
Lancaster,

Bullingbroke, Son to John of Gaunt, afterwards
King Henry the Fourth.

Aumerle, Son to the Duke of York.

Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Earl of Salisbury.

Bulshy,

Bagot, } Servants to King Richard.

Green,

Earl of Northumberland,

Percy, Son to Northum-
berland,

Ross,

Willoughby,

Bishop of Carlisle,

Sir Stephen Scroop,

Fitzwater,

Surry,

Abbot of Westminster,

Sir Pierce of Exton.

} Friends to Bullingbroke.

} Friends to King Richard.

} Lords in the Parliament.

Queen to King Richard.


Dutchess of Gloucester.

Dutchess of York.

Ladies attending on the Queen.

Two Gardiners, Keeper, Messenger and other
Attendants.

SCENE, ENGLAND.



THE
LIFE *and* DEATH
OF
King *Richard* II.

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

Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

KING RICHARD.



LD *John of Gaunt*, time honour'd *Lancaster*,
Hast thou, according to thy Oath and Band,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold Son,
Here to make good the boisterous late Ap-
peal,

Which then our Leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I have, my Liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sound'd him,
If he appeal the Duke on ancient Malice,
Or worthily, as a good Subject should,
On some known ground of Treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could fit him on that Argument,

On some apparent Danger seen in him
Aim'd at your Highness, no inveterate Malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our Presence, Face to Face,
And frowning Brow to Brow, our selves will hear
Th' Accuser, and the accused freely speak:
High stomach'd are they both, and full of Ire,
In Rage, deaf as the Sea; hasty as Fire.

Enter Bullingbroke and Mowbray.

Bulling. Many Years of happy Days befall
My gracious Sovereign, my most loving Liege.

Mowb. Each Day still better others Happiness;
Until the Heav'n's envying Earth's good Hap,
Add an immortal Title to your Crown.

K. Rich. We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the Cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high Treason.
Cousin of *Hereford*, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Bulling. First Heav'n be the Record to my Speech,
In the Devotions of a Subject's Love,
Tending the precious Safety of my Prince,
And free from other mis-begotten Hate,
Come I Appealant to this Princely Presence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My Body shall make good upon the Earth,
Or my divine Soul answer it in Heav'n.
Thou art a Traitor and a Miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad too live.
Since the more fair and crystal is the Sky,
The uglier seem the Clouds that in it fly;
Once more, the more to aggravate the Note,
With a foul Traitor's Name stuff I thy Throat,
And wish, so please my Sovereign, e'er I move,
What my Tongue speaks, my right drawn Sword may prove.

Mowb. Let not my cool Words here accuse my Zeal;
'Tis not the Trial of a Woman's War,
The bitter Clamour of too eager Tongues,
Can arbitrate this Cause betwixt us twain;
The Blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame Patience boast,

As to be husht, and nought at all to say.
 First the fair Reverence of your Highness curbs me,
 From giving Reins and Spurs to my free Speech,
 Which else would post, until it had return'd
 These Terms of Treason doubly down his Throat.
 Setting aside his high Blood's Royalty,
 And let him be no Kinsman to my Liege,
 I do defie him, and I spit at him,
 Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villain;
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
 And meet him, were I tide to run a-foot,
 Even to the frozen Ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other Ground inhabitable,
 Where-ever *Englishman* durst set his Foot;
 Mean time, let this defend my Loyalty,
 By all my Hopes most falsely he doth lie.

Bulling. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my Gage,
 Disclaiming here the Kindred of a King,
 And lay aside my high Blood's Royalty,
 Which Fear, not Reverence, makes thee to except;
 If guilty Dread hath left thee so much Strength,
 As to take up mine Honour's Pawn, then stoop.
 By that, and all the Rights of Knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee Arm to Arm,
 What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.

Mowb. I take it up, and by that Sword I swear,
 Which gently laid my Knighthood on my Shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair Degree,
 Or Chivalrous design of knightly Trial;
 And when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be Traitor, or unjustly fight.

K. Rich. What doth our Cousin lay to *Mowbray's* Charge?
 It must be great that can inherit us,
 So much as of a Thought of ill in him.

Bulling. Look what I said, my Life shall prove it true,
 That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thousand Nobles,
 In name of Lendings for your Highness Soldiers,
 The which he hath detain'd for lewd Employments;
 Like a false Traitor and injurious Villain;
 Besides, I say, and will in Battel prove,
 Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest Verge

That ever was survey'd by *English Eye*;
 That all the Treasons for these eighteen Years,
 Complotted and contrived in this Land,
 Fetch from false *Mowbray* their first Head and Spring.
 Further I say, and further will maintain
 Upon his bad Life, to make all this good,
 That he did plot the Duke of *Gloucester's* Death,
 Suggest his soon believing Adversaries,
 And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,
 Sluc'd out his innocent Soul through Streams of Blood;
 Which Blood, like sacrificing *Abel's* cries,
 Even from the tongueless Caverns of the Earth,
 To me for Justice, and rough Chastisement;
 And by the glorious worth of my Descent,
 This Arm shall do it, or this Life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his Resolution soars:
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Mowb. O let my Sovereign turn away his Face,
 And bid his Ears a little while be deaf,
 'Till I have told this Slander of his Blood,
 How God and good Men hate so foul a Liar.

K. Rich. *Mowbray*, impartial are our Eyes and Ears.
 Were he my Brother, nay, our Kingdom's Heir,
 As he is but my Father's Brother's Son;
 Now by my Scepter's awe, I make a Vow,
 Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred Blood,
 Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
 The unstooping Firmness of my upright Soul.
 He is our Subject, *Mowbray*, so art thou,
 Free Speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, *Bullingbroke*, as low as to thy Heart,
 Through the false Passage of thy Throat, thou liest:
 Three parts of that Receipt I had for *Callice*,
 Disburst I to his Highness Soldiers;
 The other part reserv'd I by consent,
 For that my Sovereign Liege was in my Debt,
 Upon remainder of a dear Account,
 Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queen:
 Now swallow down that Lie. For *Gloucester's* Death,
 I slew him not; but, to mine own Disgrace,
 Neglected my sworn Duty in that Case.

For you, my noble Lord of *Lancaster*,
 The honourable Father to my *Foe*,
 Once I did lay an Ambush for your Life,
 A Trespas that doth vex my griev'd Soul;
 But e'er I last receiv'd the Sacrament,
 I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
 Your Grace's Pardon; and I hope I had it.
 This is my Fault; as for the rest appeal'd,
 It issues from the Rancor of a Villain;
 A Recreant and most dangerous Traitor,
 Which in my self I boldly will defend,
 And interchangeably hurle down my Gage,
 Upon this overweening Traitor's Foot,
 To prove my self a loyal Gentleman,
 Even in the best Blood chamber'd in his Bosom.
 In haste whereof most heartily I pray
 Your Highness to assign our Trial-Day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
 Let's purge this Chol'er without letting Blood:
 This we prescribe, though no Physician.
 Deep Malice makes too deep Incision.
 Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed,
 Our Doctors say, this is no time bleed.
 Good Uncle, let this end where it begun,
 We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your Son.

Gaunt. To be a Make-peace shall become my Age;
 Throw down, my Son, the Duke of *Norfolk's* Gage.

K. Rich. And, *Norfolk*, throw down his.

Gaunt. When *Harry*, when? Obedience bids,
 Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. *Norfolk*, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

Mowb. My self I throw, dread Sovereign, at thy Foot.
 My Life thou shalt command, but not my Shame;
 The one my Duty owes; but my fair Name,
 Despight of Death that lives upon my Grave,
 To dark Dishonours use, thou shalt not have.
 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baff'd here,
 Pierc'd to the Soul, with Slanders venom'd Spear.
 The which no Blame can cure, but his Heart Blood
 Which breath'd this Poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:

Give me his Gage: Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change his Spots: Take but my Shame;
And I resign my Gage. My dear, dear Lord,
The purest Treasures mortal times afford,
Is spotless Reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded Loam, or painted Clay.
A Jewel in a ten-times barr'd up Chest,
Is a bold Spirit in a Loyal Breast.
Mine Honour is my Life; both grow in one;
Take Honour from me, and my Life is done.
Then, dear my Liege, mine Honour let me try,
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your Gage; do you begin.

Bulling. Oh Heav'n defend my Soul from such foul Sin.
Shall I seem Crest-fall'n in my Father's Sight,
Or with pale beggar'd Fear impeach my hight
Before this out-dar'd Bastard? E'er my Tongue
Shall wound my Honour with such feeble Wrong,
Or sound so base a Parle, my Teeth shall tear
The slavish Motive of recanting Fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high Disgrace,
Where Shame doth harbour, even in *Mowbray's* Face,

[*Exit Gaunt.*

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot do to make you Friends,
Be ready, as your Lives shall answer it,
At *Coventry*, upon Saint *Lambert's* Day;
There shall your Swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling Difference of your settled Hate:
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Justice design the Victor's Chivalry.
Lord Marshal command our Officers at Arms,
Be ready to direct these home Alarms.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutschefs of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Glo'ster's* Blood,
Doth more sollicit me than your Exclaims,

To stir against the Butchers of his Life.
 But since Correction lyeth in those Hands
 Which made the Fault that we cannot correct,
 Put we our Quarrel to the Will of Heav'n;
 Who when they see the Hours ripe on Earth,
 Will rain hot Vengeance on Offenders Heads.

Dutch. Finds Brotherhood in thee no sharper Spur;
 Hath Love in thy old Blood no living Fire?
Edward's seven Sons, whereof thy self art one,
 Were as seven Vials of his sacred Blood;
 Or seven fair Branches springing from one Root:
 Some of those seven are dry'd by Nature's Course;
 Some of those Branches by the Destinies cut:
 But *Thomas*, my dear Lord, my Life, my *Glo'ster*;
 One Vial full of *Edward's* sacred Blood,
 One flourishing Branch of his most Royal Root,
 Is crack'd, and all the precious Liquor spilt;
 Is hackt down, and his Summer Leaves all faded
 By *Envy's* Hand, and *Murder's* Bloody Axe.
 Ah *Gaunt*! his Blood was thine; that Bed, that Womb,
 That Mettle, that self-Mould that fashion'd thee,
 Made him a Man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
 Yet art thou slain in him; thou dost consent
 In some large Measure to thy Father's Death;
 In that thou seest thy wretched Brother die,
 Who was the Model of thy Father's Life.
 Call it not Patience, *Gaunt*, it is Despair;
 In suffering thus thy Brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou shew'st the naked Pathway to thy Life;
 Teaching stern Murder how to butcher thee.
 That which in mean Men, we intitle Patience,
 Is pale cold Cowardise in noble Breasts.
 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own Life.
 The best way is to venge my *Glo'ster's* Death.

Gaunt. Heav'n's is the Quarrel; for Heav'n's Substitute;
 His Deputy anointed in his Sight,
 Hath caus'd his Death; the which if wrongfully
 Let Heav'n revenge, for I may never lift
 An angry Arm against his Minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas, may I complain my self?

Gaunt. To Heav'n, the Widow's Champion and defence;

Dutch. Why then I will: Farewel; old *Gaunt*;
 Thou go'st to *Coventry*, there to behold
 Our Cousin *Hereford* and fell *Mowbray* fight.
 O fit my Husband's Wrongs on *Hereford's* Spear,
 That it may enter Butcher *Mowbray's* Breast:
 Or if Misfortune miss the first Career,
 Be *Mowbray's* Sins so heavy in his Bosom,
 That they may break his foaming Courser's Back,
 And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,
 A Caytiff recreant to my Cousin *Hereford*.
 Farewel, old *Gaunt*; thy sometimes Brother's Wife,
 With her Companion Grief, must end her Life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to *Coventry*.
 As much good stay with thee, as go with me.

Dutch. Yet one Word more; Grief boundeth where it falls,
 Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
 I take my Leave, before I have begun;
 For Sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
 Commend me to my Brother, *Edward York*.
 Lo, this is all; nay yet depart not so,
 Though this be all, do not so quickly go:
 I shall remember more. Bid him—— oh, what?
 With all good Speed at *Plashie* visit me.
 Alack, and what shall good old *York* there see,
 But empty Lodgings, and unfurnish'd Walls,
 Un-peopl'd Offices, untrodden Stones?
 And what hear there for Welcome, but my Groans?
 Therefore commend me, let him not come there
 To seek out Sorrow that dwells every where;
 Desolate, desolate will I hence, and die;
 The last Leave of thee, takes my weeping Eye. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Marshal and Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all Points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of *Norfolk*, sprightly and bold,
 Stays but the Summons of the Appealant's Trumpet.

Aum.

Aum. Why then the Champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Majesty's Approach. [Flourish]

*Enter King Richard, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green, and
others; then Mowbray in Armour, and an Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder Champion
The Cause of his Arrival here in Arms;
Ask him his Name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the Justice of his Cause.

Mar. In God's Name and the King's, say who thou art?
[To Mowb.]

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in Arms?
Against what Man thou com'st, and what's thy Quarrel;
Speak truly on thy Knighthood, and thine Oath,
And so defend thee Heaven, and thy Valour,

Mowb. My Name is *Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk*,
Who hither come, engaged by my Oath,
Which Heav'n defend a Knight should violate
Both to defend my Loyalty and Truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding Issue,
Against the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeals me;
And by the Grace of God, and this mine Arm,
To prove him, in defending of my self,
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me Heav'n.

A Tucket sounds. Enter Bullingbroke, and an Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal; ask yonder Knight in Arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus placed in Habilliments of War:
And formally according to our Law
Depose him in the Justice of his Cause.

Mar. What is thy Name, and wherefore com'st thou hither
Before King *Richard*, in his Royal Lists? [To Bulling-
Against whom com'st thou? And what's thy Quarrel?
Speak like a true Knight, so defend thee Heav'n.

Bulling. *Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby*,
Am I, who ready here do stand in Arms,
To prove, by Heav'n's Grace, and my Body's Valour,
In Lists on *Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk*,
That he's a Traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of Heav'n, King *Richard*, and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me Heav'n.

Mar. On Pain of Death, no Person be so bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the Lists,
Except the Marshal, and such Officers
Appointed to direct these fair Designs.

Bulling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my Sovereign's Hand,
And bow my Knee before his Majesty:
For *Mowbray* and my self are like two Men
That vow a long and weary Pilgrimage,
Then let us take a ceremonious Leave
And loving Farewel of our several Friends.

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highness,
[To *K. Rich.*]

And craves to kiss your Hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our Arms.
Cousin of *Hereford*, as thy Cause is just,
So be thy Fortune in this Royal Fight:
Farewel, my Blood, which if to Day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not Revenge thee dead.

Bulling. Oh let no noble Eye prophane a Tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray's* Spear:
As confident, as is the Faulcon's flight
Against a Bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you, my noble Cousin, Lord *Aumerle*;
Not sick, although I have to do with Death,
But lusty, young, and chearly drawing breath.
Lo, as at *English* Feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the Earthy Author of my Blood,
Whose youthful Spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at Victory above my Head,
Add proof unto mine Armour with thy Prayers,
And with thy Blessings steel my Lance's Point,
That it may enter *Mowbray's* Wax'n Coat,
And furnish new the Name of *John a Gaunt*
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his Son.

Gaunt. Heav'n in thy good Cause make thee prosperous,
Be swift like Lightning in the Execution,
And let thy Blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing Thunder on the Cask

Of thy amaz'd pernicious Enemy.

Rouze up thy youthful Blood, be valiant, and live.

Bulling. Mine Innocence, and St. *George* to thrive,

Mowb. However Heav'n or Fortune cast my Lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King *Richard's* Throne,

A loyal, just, and upright Gentleman;

Never did Captain with a freer Heart

Cast off his Chains of Bondage, and embrace

His golden uncontroul'd Enfranchisement,

More than my dancing Soul doth celebrate

This feast of Battel, with mine Adversary,

Most mighty Liege, and my Companion Peers,

Take from my Mouth the wish of happy Years;

As gentle, and as jocond, as to jest,

Go I to fight: Truth hath a quiet Breast.

K. Rich. Farewel, my Lord, securely I espy

Virtue with Valour, couched in thine Eye.

Order the Trial, Marthal, and begin.

Mar. *Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,*

Receive thy Launce, and Heav'n defend thy Right.

Bulling. Strong as a Tower, in hope, I cry *Amen.*

Mar. Go bear this Launce to *Thomas Duke of Norfolk,*

1 Her. *Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,*

Stands here for God, his Sovereign, and himself,

On pain to be found false and recreant,

To prove the Duke of *Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,*

A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,

And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 Her. Here standeth *Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,*

On pain to be found false and recreant,

Both to defend himself, and to approve

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

To God, his Sovereign, and to him disloyal:

Couragiously, and with a free Desire,

Attending but the Signal to begin, [A charge sounded.

Mar. Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants.

Stay, the King hath thrown his Warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets, and their Spears,

And both return back to their Chairs again:

Withdraw with us, and let the Trumpets sound,

While we return these Dukes what we decree.

[*A long Flourish.*]

Draw near, and list

What with our Council we have done.

For that our Kingdom's Earth should not be sold

With that dear Blood which it hath fostered,

And for our Eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of civil Wounds plough'd up with Neighbours Swords,

Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd Drums,

With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadful bray,

And grating shock of wrathful Iron Arms,

Might from our quiet Confines fright fair Peace,

And make us wade even in our Kindreds Blood:

Therefore, we banish you our Territories.

You Cousin *Hereford*, upon pain of Death,

'Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our Fields,

Shall not regret our fair Dominions,

But tread the stranger Paths of Banishment,

Bulling. Your will be done: This must my Comfort be,

That Sun that warms you here, shall shine on me:

And those his golden Beams to you here lent,

Shall point on me, and gild my Banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk; for thee remains a heavier Doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce,

The slow Hours shall not determinate

The dateless limit of thy dear Exile:

The hopeless word, of never to return,

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of Life.

Morb. A heavy Sentence, my most Sovereign Liege,

And all unlook'd for from your Highness Mouth:

A dearer Merit, not so deep a Maim,

As to be cast forth in the common Air

Have I deserved at your Highness Hands.

The Language I have learn'd these forty Years,

My native *English*, now I must forgo,

And now my Tongue's use is to me no more,

Than an unstringed Viol, or a Harp,

Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd up,

Or being open, put into his Hands

That knows no touch to tune the Harmony.

Within my Mouth you have engoal'd my Tongue,
 Doubly percullis'd with my Teeth and Lips,
 And dull, unfeeling, barren Ignorance,
 Is made my Goaler to attend on me.
 I am too old to frown upon a Nurse,
 Too far in Years to be a Pupil now:
 What is thy Sentence then, but speechless Death,
 Which robs my Tongue from breathing native Breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;
 After our Sentence, plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my Country's Light,
 To dwell in solemn Shades of endless Night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an Oath with ye.
 Lay on our Royal Sword your banish'd Hands;
 Swear by the Duty that you owe to Heav'n,
 (Our part therein we banish with your selves,)
 To keep the Oath that we administer:
 You never shall, so help you Truth, and Heav'n,
 Embrace each others Love in Banishment,
 Nor ever look upon each others Face,
 Nor ever write, regret, or reconcile
 This lowring Tempest of your home-bred Hate,
 Nor ever by advised purpose meet,
 To plot, contrive, or complot any Ill,
 'Gainst us, our State, our Subjects, or our Land.

Bulling. I swear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Bulling. *Norfolk*, so far, as to mine Enemy,
 By this time, had the King permitted us,
 One of our Souls had wandred in the Air,
 Banish'd this frail Sepulchre of our Flesh,
 As now our Flesh is banish'd from this Land.
 Confess thy Treasons, e'er thou fly this Realm,
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
 The clogging burthen of a guilty Soul.

Mowb. No, *Bullingbroke*; if ever I were Traitor,
 My Name be blotred from the Book of Life,
 And I from Heav'n banish'd, as from hence;
 But what thou art, Heav'n, thou, and I do know,
 And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue.

Farewel, my Liege; now no way can I stray,
Save back to *England*; all the World's my way. [Exit.]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the Glasses of thine Eyes
I see thy grieved Heart; thy sad Aspect,
Hath from the Number of his banish'd Years
Pluck'd four away; six frozen Winters spent,
Return with welcome home from Banishment.

Bulling. How long a time lyes in one little word:
Four lagging Winters, and four wanton Springs
End in a Word, such is the Breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
H: shortens four Years of my Son's Exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For e'er the six Years that he hath to spend,
Can change the Moons, and bring their times about,
My Oil-dry'd Lamp, and time-bewasted Light,
Shall be extinct with Age, and endless Night:
My inch of Taper will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold Death not let me see my Son.

K. Rich. Why Uncle? Thou hast many Years to live.

Gaunt. But not a Minute, King, that thou canst give;
Shorten my Days thou canst with sudden Sorrow,
And pluck Nights from me, but not lend a Morrow:
Thou canst help Time to furrow me with Age,
But stop no Wrinkle in his Pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my Death;
But dead, thy Kingdom cannot buy my Breath.

K. Rich. Thy Son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy Tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our Justice seem'st thou then to lowr?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour:
You urg'd me as a Judge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling Tongue,
Against my will, to do my self this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell; and, Uncle, bid him so:
Six Years we banish him, and he shall go. [Exit.]

Flourish.

Aun. Cousin, farewell, what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let Paper show.

Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As far as Land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy Friends?

Bulling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the Tongue's Office should be prodigal,
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the Heart.

Gaunt. Thy Grief is but thy Absence for a time.

Bulling. Joy absent, Grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six Winters, they are quickly gone?

Bulling. To Men in joy; but grief makes one Hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a Travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Bulling. My Heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced Pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen Passage of thy weary Steps
Esteem a Soil, wherein thou art to set
The precious Jewel of thy home return.

Bulling. Oh who can hold a Fire in his Hand
By thinking on the Frosty *Caucasus*?
Or cloy the hungry edge of Appetite,
By bare imagination of a Feast?
Or wallow naked in *December Snow*
By thinking on fantastick Summer's Heat?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;
Fell Sorrow's Tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my Son, I'll bring thee on thy way;
Had I thy Youth, and Cause, I would not stay.

Bulling. Then *England's* Ground farewell; sweet Soil adieu,
My Mother and my Nurse, which bears me yet:
Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born *Englishman*. [Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Green, and Bagot.

K. Rich. We did observe. Cousin *Aumerle*,
How far brought you high *Hereford* on his way?

Aum. I brought high *Hereford*, if you call him so,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting Tears were shed?

Aum. Faith none by me; except the North-East Wind,
Which then grew bitterly against our Face,
Awak'd the sleepy Rheume, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a Tear.

K. Rich. What said our Cousin when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewel; and for my Heart disdain'd that my
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft [Tongue
To counterfeit Oppression of such Grief,
That word seem buried in my Sorrow's Grave.

Marry, would the word Farewel had lengthen'd Hours,
And added Years to his short Banishment,
He should have had a Volume of Farewels;
But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our Cousin, Cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from Banishment,
Whether our Kinsman come to see his Friends.

Our self, and *Bushby*, *Bagot* here and *Green*
Observ'd his Courtship to the common People:
How he did seem to dive into their Hearts,
With humble, and familiar Courtesie,
What Reverence he did throw away on Slaves;
Wooing poor Crafts-men with the craft of Souls,
And patient under-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to banish their Affects with him.

Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyster-wench,
A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the Tribute of his supple Knee,
With Thanks, my Countrymen, my loving Friends,
As were our *England* in Reversion his,
And he our Subjects next Degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go these Thoughts.
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in *Ireland*,

Expèdient manage must be made, my Liege,
E'er further leisure yield the further means
For their Advantage, and your Highness loss.

K. Rich. We will our self in Person to this War,
And for our Coffers, with two great a Court,
And liberal Largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our Royal Realm,
The Revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our Affairs in hand; if they come short,
Our Substitutes at home shall have blank Charters:
Whereto, when they shall know what Men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large Sums of Gold,
And send them after to supply our Wants:
For we will make for *Ireland* presently.

Enter Bushy.

K. Rich. What News?

Bushy. Old *John* of *Gaunt* is very sick, my Lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post haste
To intreat your Majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lyes he?

Bushy. At *Ely-house*.

K. Rich. Now put it, Heav'n, in his Physician's Mind,
To help him to his Grave immediately:
The lining of his Coffers shall make Coats
To deck our Soldiers for these *Irish* Wars.
Come, Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray Heav'n we may make haste, and come too late. [*Exe.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gaunt sick, with the Duke of York.

Gaunt. WILL the King come, that I may breathe my last
In wholefom Counsel to his unstaied Youth?

York. Vex not your self, nor strive not with your Breath,
For all in vain comes Counsel to his Ear.

Gaunt. Oh but, they say, the Tongues of dying Men
Inforce Attention like deep Harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,

For they breath Truth, that breath their Words in pain.
 He that no more must say, is listen'd more,
 Than they whom Youth and Ease have taught to glose;
 More are Mens ends markt than their lives before,
 The setting Sun, and Musick in the close;
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
 Writ in remembrance, more than things long past;
 Though *Richard* my life's Counsel would not hear,
 My Death's sad Tale may yet undeaf his Ear.

York. No, it is stopt with other flatt'ring Sounds,
 As praises of his State; then there are found
 Lascivious Meeters, to whose venom found
 The open Ears of Youth doth always listen.
 Report of Fashions in proud *Italy*,
 Whose Manners still our tardy apish Nation
 Limpes after in bale Imitation.
 Where doth the World thrust forth a Vanity,
 So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
 That is not quickly buz'd into their Ears?
 That all too late comes Counsel to be heard,
 Where Will doth mutiny with Wits regard:
 Direct not him, whose way himself will chuse,
 'Tis Breath thou lack'st, and that Breath wilt thou lose.

Gannet. Methinks I am a Prophet new inspir'd,
 And thus expiring, do foretel of him,
 His rash fierce Blaze of Riot cannot last;
 For violent Fires soon burn out themselves.
 Small Showers last long, but sudden Storms are short;
 He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
 With eager feeding, food doth choke the Feeder;
 Light Vanity, insatiate Cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon it self.
 This Royal Throne of Kings, this scepter'd Isle,
 This Earth of Majesty, this Seat of *Mars*,
 This other *Eden*, demy Paradise,
 This Fortrefs built by Nature for her self,
 Against Infection, and the Hand of War;
 This happy Breed of Men, this little World,
 This precious Stone set in the Silver Sea,
 Which serves it in the Office of a Wall,
 Or as a Moat defensive to a House,

Against the envy of less happier Lands,
 This blessed Plot, this Earth, this Realm, this *England*,
 This Nurse, this teeming Womb of Royal Kings,
 Fear'd for their Breed, and famous for their Birth,
 Renowned for their Deeds, as far from home,
 For Christian Service, and true Chivalry,
 As is the Sepulchre in stubborn *Jury*
 Of the World's Ransom, blessed *Mary's* Son;
 This Land of such dear Souls, this dear dear Land,
 Dear for her Reputation through the World,
 Is now Leas'd out, I dye pronouncing it,
 Like to a Tenement or pelting Farm;
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
 Whose rocky Shore beats back the envious Siege
 Of watry *Neptune*, is now bound in with shame,
 With Inky Blots, and rotten Parchment Bonds.
 That *England* that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful Conquest of it self.
 Ah! would the Scandal vanish with my Life,
 How happy then were my ensuing Death!
Enter King Richard, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot,
Rest, and Willoughby.

Tork. The King is come, deal mildly with his Youth;
 For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble Uncle, *Lancaster*?

K. Rich. What comfort, Man? How is't with aged *Gaunt*?

Gaunt. Oh how that Name befits my Composition!
 Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
 Within me Grief hath kept a tedious Fast,
 And who abstains from Meat, that is not gaunt;
 For sleeping *England* long time have I watcht,
 Watching breeds leanets, leanets is all gaunt;
 The Pleasure that some Fathers feed upon,
 Is my strict Fast, I mean my Childrens looks,
 And therein fasting thou hast made me gaunt;
 Gaunt am I for the Grave, gaunt as a Grave,
 Whose hollow Womb inherits nought but Bones.

K. Rich. Can sick Men play so nicely with their Names?

Gaunt. No, Misery makes sport to mock it self:
 Since thou dost seek to kill my Name in me,

I mock my Name, great King, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying Men flatter those that live ?

Gaunt. No, no, Men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou now a dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh no, thou dy'st, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now he that made me, knows I see thee ill :

Ill in my self to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy Death-bed is no lesser than the Land,

Wherein thou liest in Reputation sick ;

And thou, too careless Patient as thou art,

Committ'st thy anointed Body to the cure

Of those Physicians that first wounded thee :

A thousand Flatterers sit within thy Crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy Hand,

And yet engaged in so small a Verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy Land.

Oh had thy Grandfire with a Prophet's Eye,

Seen how his Son's Son should destroy his Sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert posselt,

Which art posselt now to depose thy self.

Why, Cousin, wert thou Regent of the World,

It were a shame to let this Land by lease :

But for thy World enjoying but this Land,

Is it not more than shame, to shame it so ?

Landlord of *England* art thou, and not King :

Thy state of Law, is bondslave to the Law,

And——

K. Rich. And thou, a lunatick lean-witted Fool,

Presuming on an Agues privilege,

Dar'st with thy frozen Admonition

Make pale our Cheek, chasing the Royal Blood

With fury, from his Native Residence :

Now by my Seat's right Royal Majesty

Wert thou not Brother to great *Edward's* Son ;

This Tongue that runs so roundly in thy Head,

Should run thy Head from thy unreverent Shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh spare me not, my Brother *Edward's* Son,

For that I was his Farher *Edward's* Son :

That Blood already, like the Pelican,

Thou hast tapt out, and drunkenly carow'd.
 My Brother *Glo'ster*, plain well meaning Soul,
 Whom fair befall in Heav'n 'mongst happy Souls;
 May be a President and Witnesses good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling *Edward's* Blood;
 Join with the present Sicknes that I have,
 And thy unkindness be like crooked Age,
 To crop at once a too long wither'd Flower.
 Live in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee,
 These words hereafter thy Tormentors be.
 Convey me to my Bed, then to my Grave:
 Love they to live, that Love and Honour have. [Exit.]

K. Rich. And let them die, thas Age and Sullens have
 For both hast thou, and both become the Grave.

York. I do beseech your Majesty impute his words
 To wayward sickliness, and age in him:
 He loves you on my Life, and holds you dear
 As *Henry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true; as *Hereford's* love, so his;
 As theirs, so mine; and all beas it is.

Enter Northumberland

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Majesty.

K. Rich. What say's he?

North. Nay nothing, all is said:
 His Tongue is now a stringless Instrument,
 Words, Life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

York. Be *York* the next, that must be Bankrupt so.
 Though Death be poor, it ends a mortal wo.

K. Rich. The ripest Fruit first falls, and so doth he,
 His time is spent, our Pilgrimage must be:
 So much for that. Now for our *Irish* Wars,
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kerns,
 Which live like Venom, where no Venom else
 But only they, have privilege to live.
 And for these great Affairs do ask some charge,
 Towards our Assistance, we do seize to us
 The Plate, Coin, and Revenues, and Moveables,
 Whereof our Uncle *Gaunt* did stand possess.

York. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
 Shall tender Duty make me suffer wrong?
 Not *Glo'ster's* Death, not *Hereford's* Banishment,

Nor *Gaunt's* Rebukes, nor *England's* private Wrongs;
 Nor the prevention of poor *Bullingbroke*,
 About his Marriage, nor my own Disgrace,
 Have ever made me lower my patient Cheek,
 Or bend one Wrinkle on my Sovereign's Face.
 I am the last of noble *Edward's* Sons,
 Of whom thy Father, Prince of *Wales*, was first:
 In Wars was never Lion rag'd more fierce;
 In Peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild,
 Than was that young and princely Gentleman;
 His Face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
 Accomplish'd with the Number of thy Hours:
 But when he frown'd, it was against the *French*,
 And not against his Friends: His noble Hand
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
 Which his triumphant Father's Hand had won.
 His Hands were guilty of no Kindred's Blood,
 But bloody with the Enemies of his Kin;
 Oh *Richard*, *York* is too far gone with Grief,
 Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why Uncle, what's the matter?

York, Oh, my Liege, pardon me if you please; if not,
 I, pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
 Seek you to seize, and gripe into your Hands
 The Royalties and Rights of banish'd *Hereford*?
 Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
 Was not *Gaunt* just, and is not *Harry* true?
 Did not the one deserve to have an Heir?
 Is not his Heir a well-deserving Son?
 Take *Hereford's* Rights away, and take from Time
 His Charters, and his customary Rights.
 Let not to Morrow then ensue to Day,
 Be not thy self. For how art thou a King
 But by fair Sequence and Succession?
 Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
 If you do wrongfully seize *Hereford's* Right,
 Call in his Letters Patents that he hath,
 By his Attorneys-General, to sue
 His Livery, and deny his offer'd Homage,
 You pluck a thousand Dangers on your Head,
 You lose a thousand well disposed Hearts,

And prick my tender Patience to those Thoughts
Which Honour and Allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will ; we seize into our Hands;
His Plate, his Goods, his Mony, and his Lands:

York. I'll not be by the while ; My Liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell.

But by bad Courses may be understood,
That their Events can never fall out good.

[Exit]

K. Rich. Go *Bushie* to the Earl of *Wiltshire* streight,
Bid him repair to us to *Ely-house*,

To see this Business done: To morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time I trow ;

And we create, in absence of our self,
Our Uncle *York* Lord Governor of *England*:

For he is just, and always lov'd us well.

Come on our Queen, to Morrow must we part;

Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[Flourish]

[Exeunt King, Queen, &c.]

Manet *Northumberland*, *Willoughby*, and *Rofs*.

North. Well, Lords, the Duke of *Lancaster* is dead.

Rofs. And living too; for now his Son is Duke

Will. Barely in Title; not in Revenue.

North. Richly in both, if Justice had her Right.

Rofs. My Heart is great; but it must break with silence;
E'r't be disburthen'd with a liberal Tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy Mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy Words again to do thee harm.

Will. Tends that thou'dst speak to the Duke of *Hereford*;
If it be so, out with it boldly, Man:

Quick is mine Ear to hear of good towards him.

Rofs. No good at all that I can do for him;

Unless you call it good to pity him;

Bereft and gelded of his Patrimony.

North. Now afore Heav'n, it's Shame such Wrongs are botn;
In him a Royal Prince, and many more,

Of noble Blood in this declining Land;

The King is not himself, but basely led

By Flatterers; and what they will inform

Meerly in Hate 'gainst any of us all,

That will the King severely prosecute

Gainst us, our Lives, our Children, and our Heirs.

Rofs. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous Taxes,
And quite lost their Hearts; the Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient Quarrels, and quite lost their Hearts.

Willo. And daily new Exactions are devis'd;
As Blanks, Benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what o' God's Name doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for war'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon Compromise,
That which his Ancestors atchiev'd with Blows:
More hath he spent in Peace, than they in Wars.

Rofs. The Earl of *Wiltshire* hath the Realm in Farm.

Willo. The King's grown Bankrupt, like a broken Man.

North. Reproach and Dissolution hangeth over him.

Rofs. He hath not Mony for these *Irish* Wars,
His Burthenous Taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

North. His noble Kinsman—most degenerate King!
But Lords, we hear this fearful Tempest sing,
Yet seek no Shelter to avoid the Storm:
We see the Wind sit fore upon our Sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Rofs. We see the very Wreck that we must suffer,
And unavoided is the Danger now,
For suffering so the Causes of our Wreck.

North. Not so: Even through the hollow Eyes of Death,
I spie Life peering; but I dare not say
How near the Tidings of our Comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Rofs. Be confident to speak, *Northumberland*,
We three are but thy self, and speaking so,
Thy Words are but as Thoughts, therefore be bold.

North. Then thus: I have from *Rort le Blan*,
A Bay in *Britain*, receiv'd Intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, *Rainald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His Brother Archbishop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Rainsfon*,
Sir *John Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Quoint*,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Britain*,
With eight tall Ships, three thousand Men of War,
Are making hither with all due Expedience,

And shortly mean to touch our Northern Shore;
 Perhaps they had e'er this, but that they stay
 The first departing of the King for Ireland.
 If then we shall shake off our slavish Yoke,
 Imp out our drooping Country's broken Wing,
 Redeem from broken Pawn the blemish'd Crown,
 Wipe off the Dust that hides our Scepter's Gilt,
 And make high Majesty look like it self,
 Away with me in haste to Ravensburg;
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
 Stay, and be secret, and my self will go.

Refs. To Horse, to Horse; urge Doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my Horse, and I will first be there. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bsgot.

Bushy. Madam, your Majesty is too much sad:
 You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
 To lay aside self-harming Heaviness,
 And entertain a chearful Disposition.

Queen. To please the King, I did; to please my self
 I cannot do it; yet I know no Cause
 Why I should welcome such a Guest as Grief,
 Save bidding farewell to so sweet a Guest
 As my sweet Richard; yet again methinks
 Some unborn Sorow, ripe in Fortune's Womb,
 Is coming toward, me, and my inward Soul
 Which nothing trembles at, something it grieves,
 More than with parting from my Lord the King.

Rushy. Each Substance of a Grief hath twenty Shadows,
 Which shews like Grief it self, but is not so:
 For Sorrow's Eye, glazed with blinding Tears,
 Divides one thing entire, to many Objects,
 Like Perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
 Shew nothing but Confusion ey'd awry,
 Distinguish Form: So your sweet Majesty,
 Looking away upon your Lord's Departure,
 Find Shapes of Grief, more than himself to wail,

Which look'd on as it is, is nought but Shadows
 Of what it is not; then thrice gracious Queen,
 More than your Lord's Departure weep not, more's not seen:
 Or if it be, 'tis with false Sorrow's Eye,
 Which for things true, weep things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward Soul
 Persuades me it is otherwise: How-e'er it be,
 I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
 As though on thinking on no Thought I think,
 Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but Conceit, my gracious Lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less; Conceit is still deriv'd
 From some fore-father Grief, mine is not so,
 For nothing hath begot my something Grief;
 Or something, hath the nothing that I grieve,
 'Tis in Reversion that I do possess;
 But what it is, that is not yet known, what
 I cannot Name, 'tis nameless Wo I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. Heav'n save your Majesty, and well met Gentlemen:
 I hope the King is not yet shipt for *Ireland*.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'Tis better hope he is:
 For his Designs crave haste, good Hope,
 Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Green. That he, our Hope, might have retir'd his Power,
 And driven into despair an Enemies Hope,
 Who strongly hath set footing in this Land.
 The banish'd *Bullingbroke* repeals himself;
 And with up-listed Arms is safe arriv'd
 At *Ravenspurg*.

Queen. Now God in Heav'n forbid.

Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worse,
 The Lords *Northumberland*, his young Son *Henry Percy*,
 The Lords of *Ross*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,
 With all their powerful Friends are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*,
 And the rest of that revolted Faction, Traitors?

Green. We have: Whereupon the Earl of *Worcester*
 Hath broke his Staff, resign'd his Stewardship,
 And all the Household Servants fled with him to *Bullingbroke*.

Queen. So *Green*, thou art the Midwife of my Woe,

And

And *Bullinbroke* my Sorrows dismal Heir:
 Now hath my Soul brought forth her Prodigy,
 And I a gasping new delivered Mother,
 Have Wo to Wo, and Sorrow to Sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, Madam,

Queen. Who shall hinder me ?

I will despair, and be at enmity
 With cozening Hope ; he is a Flatterer,
 A Parasite, a keeper back of Death,
 Who gently would dissolve the Bands of Life,
 Which false Hopes linger in Extremity,

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of *York*.

Queen. With Signs of War about his aged Neck,
 Oh full of careful Business are his Looks :
 Uncle, for Heav'n sake speak comfortable Words.

York. Comfort's in Heav'n, and we are on the Earth,
 Where nothing lives but Crosses, Care and Grief ;
 Your Husband he is gone to save far off,
 Whilst others come to make him lose at home.
 Here am I left to underprop his Land ;
 Who, weak with Age, cannot support my self ;
 Now comes his sick Hour that his Surfeit made,
 Now shall he try his Friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, your Son was gone before I came.

York. He was ; why so, go all which way it will :
 The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
 An will, I fear, revolt on *Hereford's* side .
 Sirrah, get thee to *Plashie*, to my Sister *Glo'ster* ;
 Bid her send me presently a thousand Pound :
 Hold, take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
 To tell your Lordship, to Day I came by, and call'd there,
 But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is't, Knave ?

Serv. An Hour before I came, the Dutchess dy'd.

York. Heav'n for his Mercy, what a Tide of Woes
 Come rushing on this woful Land at once ?
 I know not what to do : I would to Heav'n,
 So my Untruth had not provok'd him to it.

The King had cut off my Head with my Brother's.
 What, are there Posts dispatch'd for *Ireland*?
 How shall we do for Money for these Wars?
 Come Sister, (Cousin, I would say,) pray pardon me.
 Go Fellow, get thee home, provide some Carts, [*To the Servant.*]
 And bring away the Armour that is there.
 Gentlemen, will you muster Men?
 If I know how, or which way to order these Affairs
 Thus disorderly thrust into my Hands,
 Never believe me. Both are my Kinsmen;
 Th' one is my Sovereign, whom both my Oath
 And Duty bids defend; th' other again
 Is my Kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
 Whom Conscience, and my Kindred bids to right.
 Well, somewhat we must do: Come, Cousin,
 I'll dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster up your Men,
 And meet me presently at *Barkley Castle*:
 I should to *Plashie* too, but time will not permit;
 All is uneven, and every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt York and Queen.*]

Bushy. The Wind sits fair for News to go to *Ireland*,
 But none returns; for us to levy Power
 Proportionable to th' Enemy, is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the King in love,
 Is near the Hate of those love not the King.

Bagot. And that's the wavering Commons, for their Love
 Lies in their Purfes, and who so empties them,
 By so much fills their Hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If Judgment lye in them, then so do we,
 Because we have been ever near the King.

Green. Well; I will for Refuge streight to *Bristol Castle*,
 The Earl of *Wiltshire* is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little Office
 Will the hateful Commons perform for us,
 Except like Curs, to tear us all in Pieces:
 Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No, I will to *Ireland* to his Majesty.
 Farewel: If Heart Presages be not vain,
 We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as *York* thrives to beat back *Ballingbroke*.

Green. Alas poor Duke, the Task he undertakes Is

Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
 Where one on his Side fights, thousands will flye.
Bushy. Farewel at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Green. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me never. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Bullingbroke, and Northumberland.

Bulling. How far is it, my Lord, to *Barkley* now?

North. Believe me, noble Lord,

I am a Stranger here in *Glo'ster shire*.

These high wild Hills, and rough uneven Ways,

Draw out our Miles, and make them wearisome:

And yet our fair Discourse hath been as Sugar,

Making the hard Way sweet and delectable.

But I bethink me what a weary Way

From *Raven'spurge* to *Cottshold* will be found,

In *Rofs* and *Willoughby*, wanting your Company,

Which I protest hath very much beguil'd

The Tediouſneſs and Proceſs of my Travel:

But theirs is sweetned with the Hope to have

The present Benefit that I possess:

And hope to joy, is little less in Joy,

Than Hope enjoy'd: By this, the weary Lords

Shall make their Way seem short, as mine hath done,

By sight of what I have, your noble Company.

Bulling. Of much less Value is my Company,
 Than your good Words: But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

North. It is my Son, young *Harry Percy*,
 Sent from my Brother *Worcester*: Whencesoever,
Harry, how fares your Uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his
 Health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queen?

Percy. No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,
 Broken his Staff of Office, and disperst
 The Household of the King.

North. What was his Reason?

He was not so resolv'd, when we last spake together.

Percy. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.

But he, my Lord, is gone to *Ravenspurge*,
To offer Service to the Duke of *Hereford*,
And sent me over by *Barkley*, to discover
What Power the Duke of *York* had levy'd there,
Then with Direction to repair to *Ravenspurge*.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford*, Boy?

Percy. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember; to my Knowledge,
I never in my Life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my Service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder Days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approv'd Service and Desert.

Bulling. I thank thee, gentle *Percy*, and be sure
I count my self in nothing else so happy,
As in a Soul remembring my good Friends:
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Love,
It shall be still thy true Love's Recompence,
My Heart this Covenant makes, my Hand thus seals it

North. How far is it to *Barkley*? and what stir
Keeps good old *York* there with his Men of War?

Percy. There stands the Castle by yond Tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred Men, as I have heard.
And in it are the Lords of *York*, *Barkley* and *Seymour*;
None else of Name, and noble Estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here comes the Lords of *Ross* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste.

Bulling. Welcome, my Lords; I wot your Love pursues
A banisht Traitor; all my Treasury
Is yet but unselt Thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your Love and Labours Recompence.

Ross. Your Presence makes us rich, most noble Lord.

Will. And far surmounts our Labour to attain it.

Bulling. Evermore Thanks, th' Exchequer of the poor,
Which 'till my infant-fortune comes to Years,
Stand for my Bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Barkley.

North. It is my Lord of *Barkley*, as I guess.

Bark. My Lord of *Hereford*, my Message is to you.

Bulling. My Lord, my Answer is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seek that Name in *England*,
And I must find that Title in your Town,
Before I make reply to ought you say.

Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your Honour out.
To you, my Lord, I come, what Lord you will,
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of *York*, to know what pricks you on
To take Advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native Peace, with self-born Arms.

Enter York,

Bulling. I shall not need transport my Words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Person. My noble Uncle. [*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble Heart, and not thy Knee,
Whose Duty is deceivable and false.

Bulling. My gracious Uncle.

York. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Uncle me,
I am no Traitor's Uncle; and that Word Grace,
In an ungracious Mouth, is but prophane.
Why have these banish'd, and forbidden Legs,
Dar'd once to touch a Dust of *England's* Ground?
But more then, why, why have they dar'd to march
So many Miles upon her peaceful Bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with War,
And Ostentation of despised Arms?
Com'st thou because th' anointed King is hence?
Why, foolish Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal Bosom lyes his Power.
Were I but now the Lord of such hot Youth,
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy Father, and my self
Rescued the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of Men,
From forth the Ranks of many thousand *French*;
Oh then, how quickly should this Arm of mine,
Now Prisoner to the Palsie, chastise thee,
And minister Correction to thy Fault.

Bulling. My gracious Uncle, let me know my Fault,
On what Condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross Rebellion, and detested Treason;
Thou art a banish'd Man, and here art come
Before th' Expiration of thy time,
In braving Arms against thy Sovereign.

Bulling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*;
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.

And, noble Uncle, I beseech your Grace,
Look on my Wrongs with an indifferent Eye:

You are my Father, for methinks in you
I see old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then, my Father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my Arms perforce, and given away
To upstart Unthrifs? Wherefore was I born?
If that my Cousin King; be King of *England*,
It must be granted I am Duke of *Lancaster*.

You have a Son, *Aumerle*, my noble Kinsman,
Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his Uncle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rowze his Wrongs, and chase them to the Bay.
I am deny'd to sue my Livery here,

And yet my Letters Patents give me leave:
My Father's Goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a Subject,
And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me,
And therefore personally I lay my Claim
To mine Inheritance of free Descent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Rofs. It stands your Grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base Men by his Endowments are made great.

York. My Lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Cousin's Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind, to come in braving Arms,
Be his own Carver, and cut out his Way,
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath sworn his coming is

But for his own; and for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him Aid,
And let him ne'er see Joy that breaks that Oath.

Tork. Well, well, I see the issue of these Arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my Power is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me Life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the Sovereign Mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as Neuter. So fare you well,
Unless you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this Night.

Bulling. An Offer, Uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your Grace to go with us.
To *Bristow-Castle*, which they say is held
By *Bushy*, *Bagoz*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillars of the Common-wealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

Tork. It may be I will go with you, but yet I'll pause,
For I am loath to break our Country's Laws:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redress, are now with me past Care. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captain.

Cap. My Lord of *Salisbury*, we have staid ten Days,
And hardly kept your Countrymen together,
And yet we hear no Tidings from the King;
Therefore we all disperse our selves: Farewel.

Salis. Stay yet another Day, thou trusty *Welchman*,
The King reposeth all his Trust in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay,
The Bay-Trees in our Country are all wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Stars of Heav'n;
The pale-fac'd Moon looks bloody on the Earth,
And lean-look'd Prophets whisper fearful Change;
Rich Men look sad, and Ruffians dance and leap;
The one in Fear to lose what they enjoy,

The other to enjoy by Rage and War:
 These Signs forerun the Death of Kings.
 Farewel; our Countrymen are gone and fled;
 As well assur'd, *Richard* their King is dead.

[*Exit.*]

Salis. Ah *Richard*, with Eyes of heavy Mind,
 I see thy Glory like a shooting Star,
 Fall to the base Earth from the Firmament:
 Thy Sun sets weeping in the lowly West,
 Witnessing Storms to come, Wo, and Unrest:
 Thy Friends are fled to wait upon thy Foes,
 And crossly to thy good, all Fortune goes.

[*Exit.*]

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

Enter Bullingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy, Willoughby, with Bushy and Green Prisoners.

Bulling. **B**Ring forth these Men:
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your Souls,
 Since presently your Souls must part your Bodies,
 With too much urging your pernicious Lives,
 For 'twere no Charity; yet to wash your Blood
 From off my Hands, here in the View of Men,
 I will unfold some Causes of your Deaths.
 You have mis-led a Prince, a royal King,
 A happy Gentleman in Blood and Lineaments,
 By you unhappy'd, and disfigur'd clean:
 You have in manner with your sinful Hours
 Made a Divorce betwixt his Queen and him,
 Broke the Possession of a royal Bed,
 And stain'd the Beauty of a fair Queen's Cheeks
 With Tears drawn from her Eyes, with your foul Wrongs.
 My self a Prince, by Fortune of my Birth,
 Near to the King in Blood, and near in Love,
 'Till you did make him mis-interpret me,
 Have stoopt my Neck under your Injuries,
 And sigh'd my *English* Breath in foreign Clouds,
 Eating the bitter Bread of Banishment;
 While you have fed upon my Seigniories,
 Dis-park'd my Parks, and fell'd my Forest Woods;

From mine own Windows torn my Household Coat,
 Raz'd out my Impress, leaving me no Sign,
 Save Mens Opinions, and my living Blood,
 To shew the World I am a Gentleman.

This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
 Condemns you to the Death: She them deliver'd over
 To Execution, and the Hand of Death.

Bussy. More welcome is the Stroak of Death to me,
 Than *Bullingbroke* to England.

Green. My Comfort is, that Heav'n will take our Souls,
 And plague Injustice with the Pains of Hell.

Bulling. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd.
 Uncle, you say the Queen is at your House;
 For Heav'n's sake, fairly let her be intreated;
 Tell her I send to her my kind Commends;
 Take special care my Greetings be deliver'd.

York. A Gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
 With Letters of your Love to her at large.

Bulling. Thanks, gentle Uncle: Come Lords away,
 To fight with *Glendowre*, and his Complices;
 A while to work, and after Holiday.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Flourish: Drums, and Colours.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Bishop of Carlisle, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. *Barkloughly-Castle* call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my Lord; how brooks your Grace the Air,
 After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for Joy
 To stand upon my Kingdom once again.

Dear Earth, I do salute thee with my Hand,
 Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses Hoofs:

As a long parted Mother with her Child,
 Plays fondly with her Tears, and smiles in meeting;

So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,

And do thee Favour with my Royal Hands.

Feed not thy Sovereign's Foe, my gentle Earth,
 Nor with thy Sweets comfort his ravenous Sense:

But

But let thy Spiders that suck up thy Venom,
 And heavy-gated Toads lye in their way,
 Doing Annoyance to the treacherous Feet,
 Which with usurping Steps do trample thee.
 Yield stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
 And when they from thy Bosom pluck a Flower,
 Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder,
 Whose double Tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw Death upon thy Sovereign's Enemies.
 Mock not my senseless Conjurat[i]on, Lords;
 This Earth shall have a feeling, and these Stones
 Prove armed Soldiers, o'er her native King
 Shall falter under foul rebellious Arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my Lord, that Power that made you King
 Hath Power to keep you King, in spite of all.

Ann. He means, my Lord, that we are too remiss
 Whilst *Bullingbroke*, through their Security,
 Grows strong and great, in Substance and in Friends,

K. Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, know'st thou not,
 That when the searching Eye of Heav'n is hid,
 Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
 Then Thieves and Robbers range abroad unseen,
 In Murders, and in Outrage bloody here.
 But when from under this terrestrial Ball
 He fires the proud Tops of the Eastern Pines,
 And darts his Lightning through ev'ry guilty Hole;
 Then Murders, Treasons, and detested Sins,
 The Cloak of Night being pluck'd from off their Backs,
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
 So when this Thief, this Traitor *Bullingbroke*,
 Who all this while hath revell'd in the Night,
 Shall see us rising in our Throne, the East,
 His Treasons will set blushing in his Face,
 Not able to endure the Sight of Day;
 But self-affrighted, tremble at his Sin.
 Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea
 Can wash the Balm from an anointed King;
 The Breath of worldly Men cannot depose
 The Deputy elected by the Lord:
 For every Man that *Bullingbroke* hath prest,
 To lift shrewd Steel against our Golden Crown,

Heav'n for his *Richard* hath in heav'nly Pay
A glorious Angel; then if Angels fight,
Weak Men must fall, for Heav'n still guards the Right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my Lord, how far off lyes your Power?

Salis. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Than this weak Arm; Discomfort guides my Tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but Despair:

One Day too late, I fear, my noble Lord,
Hath clouded all my happy Days on Earth.

Oh call back Yesterday, bid Time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting Men:

To Day, to Day, unhappy Day too late
O'erthrows thy Joys, Friends, Fortune, and thy State:

For all the *Welshmen* hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbroke*, dispers'd and fled.

Ans. Comfort, my Liege; why looks your Grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the Blood of twenty thousand Men
Did triumph in my Face, and they are fled,

And 'till so much Blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale, and dead?

All Souls that will be safe, fly from my Side,
For Time hath set a Blot upon my Pride.

Ans. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot my self: Am I not King?

Awake thou sluggard Majesty, thou sleepest:
Is not the King's Name, forty thousand Names?

Arm, arm my Name; a puny Subject strikes
At thy great Glory. Look not to the Ground,

Ye Favourites of a King; are we not high?

High be our Thoughts: I know my Uncle *York*
Hath Power enough to serve our Turn.

But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More Health and Happiness betide my Liege;
Than can my care-tus'd Tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine Ear is open, and my Heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly Loss, thou canst unfold:

Say, is my Kingdom lost? Why 'twas my Care:

And what loss is it to be rid of Care?

Strives *Bullingbroke* to be as great as we?

Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
 We'll serve him too, and be his Fellow so.
 Revolt our Subjects? That we cannot mend;
 They break their Faith to God as well as us:
 Cry Wo, Destruction, Ruin, Loss, Decay;
 The worst is Death, and Death will have his Day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highness is so arm'd
 To bear the Tidings of Calamity.
 Like an unseasonable stormy Day,
 Which makes the silver Rivers drown their Shores,
 As if the World were all dissolv'd to Tears:
 So high above his Limits, swells the Rage
 Of *Bullingbroke*, covering your fearful Land
 With hard bright Steel, and Hearts harder than Steel:
 White Beans have arm'd their thin and hairless Sealps
 Against thy Majesty, and Boys with Womens Voices;
 Strive to speak big, and clap their female Joints
 In stiff unweildy Arms, against thy Crown;
 The very Beadsmen learn to bend their Bows
 O double fatal Ewe, against thy State;
 Yea distaff-Women manage rusty Bills;
 Against thy Seat both young and old rebel;
 And all goes worse than I have Power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.
 Where is the Earl of *Wiltshire*? Where is *Bagot*?
 What is become of *Bushy*? Where is *Green*?
 That they have let the dangerous Enemy
 Measure our Confines with such peaceful Steps?
 If we prevail, their Hands shall pay for it.
 I warrant they have made Peace with *Bullingbroke*:

Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my Lord:

K. Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without Redemption,
 Dogs, easily won to fawn on any Man,
 Snakes in my Heart-blood warm'd, that sting my Heart,
 Three *Judasses*, each one thrice worse than *Judas*,
 Would they make Peace? Terrible Hell make War
 Upon their spotted Souls for this Offence.

Scroop. Sweet Love, I see, changing his Property,
 Turns to the fowrest, and most deadly Hate:
 Again uncurse their Souls; their Peace is made
 With Heads, and not with Hands: Those whom you curse
 Have

Have felt the worst of Death's destroying Hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow Ground.

Ann. Is *Bushy, Green,* and the Earl of *Wiltshire* dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at *Bristow* lost their Heads.

Ann. Where is the Duke, my Father, with his Power?

K. Rich. No matter where, of Comfort no Man speak:

Let's talk of Graves, of Worms, and Epitaphs,

Make Dust our Paper, and with rainy Eyes

Write Sorrow in the Bosom of the Earth.

Let's chuse Executors, and talk of Wills;

And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,

Save our depos'd Bodies to the Ground?

Our Lands, our Lives, and all are *Ballingbroke's*,

And nothing can we call our own; but Death,

And that small Model of the barren Earth,

Which serves as Paste, and cover to our Bones:

For Heav'n's sake let us sit upon the Ground,

And tell sad Stories of the Death of Kings:

How some have been depos'd, some slain in War;

Some haunted by the Ghosts they have depos'd,

Some poison'd by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd;

All murther'd. For within the hollow Crown,

That rounds the mortal Temples of a King,

Keeps Death his Court, and there the Antique sits

Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp,

Allowing him a Breath, a little Scene,

To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with Looks;

Infusing him with self and vain Conceit,

As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,

Were Brass impregnable: And humour'd thus,

Comes at the last, and with a little Pin

Boars through his Castle Walls, and farewell King!

Cover your Heads, and mock not Flesh and Blood

With solemn Reverence: Throw away Respect,

Tradition, Form, and ceremonious Duty,

For you have but mistook me all this while:

I live with Bread like you, feel Want,

Taste Grief, need Friends; subjected thus,

How can you say to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wise Men ne'er wail their present Woet,

But presently prevent the Ways to wail:

To fear the Foe, since Fear oppresseth Strength,
 Gives in your Weakness, Strength unto your Foe;
 Fear; and be slain, no worse can come to fight,
 And fight and die, is Death destroying Death.
 Where fearing, dying, pays Death servile Breath.
 My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
 And learn to make a Body of a Limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well: Proud *Bullingbroke*, I come
 To change Blows with thee, for our Day of Doom;
 This Ague-fit of Fear is over-blown,
 An easie Task it is to win our own.
 Say, *Scroop*, where lyes our Uncle with his Power?
 Speak sweetly Man, although thy Looks be fower.

Scroop. Men judge by the Complexion of the Sky
 The State and Inclination of the Day;
 So may you by my dull and heavy Eye:
 My Tongue hath but a heavier Tale to say:
 I play the Torturer, by small and small
 To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.
 Your Uncle *Terk* is join'd to *Bullingbroke*,
 And all your northern Castles yielded up,
 And all your southern Gentlemen in Arms
 Upon his Faction.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.
 Beshrew thee, Cousin, which didst lead me forth.
 Of that sweet way I was in to Despair.
 What say you now? what Comfort have we now?
 By Heav'n I'll hate him everlastingly
 That bids me be of comfort any more.
 Go to *Flint-Castle*, there I'll pine away,
 A King, Wo's Slave, shall kingly Wo obey:
 That Power I have, discharge, and let 'em go
 To ear the Land, that hath some Hope to grow.
 For I have none. Let no Man speak again
 To alter this, for Counsel is but in vain.

Aum. My Liege, one Word.

K. Rich. He does me double Wrong,
 That wounds me with the Flatteries of his Tongue.
 Discharge my Followers: let them hence away,
 From *Richard's* Night, to *Bullingbroke's* fair Day.

S C E N E III.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbroke, York, Northumberland, and Attendants.

Bulling. So that by this Intelligence we learn
The *Welchmen* are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private Friends upon this Coast.

North. The News is very fair and good, my Lord,
Richard not far from hence, hath hid his Head.

York. It would beseem the Lord *Northumberland*,
To say King *Richard*. Alack the heavy Day,
When such a sacred King should hide his Head.

North. Your Grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his Title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the Head, your whole Head's length.

Bulling. Mistake not, Uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good Cousin, farther than you should,
Left you mistake; the Heav'ns are o'er your Head.

Bulling. I know it, Uncle, and oppose not my self
Against their Will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome *Harry*; what, will not this Castle yield?

Percy. The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against thy Entrance.

Bulling. Royally? Why, it contains no King?

Percy. Yes, my good Lord,

It doth contain a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the Limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Croop*, besides a Clergy-man
Of holy Reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of *Carlisle*.

Bulling. Noble Lord,

[To North:

Go to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,
Through brazen Trumper send the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Ears, and thus deliver:

Henry Bullingbroke upon his Knees doth kiss
 King *Richard's* Hand, and sends Allegiance
 And true Faith of Heart to his Royal Person; hither come
 Even at his Feet, to lay my Arms and Power,
 Provided, that my Banishment repeal'd,
 And Lands restor'd again, be freely granted ;
 If not, I'll use the Advantage of my Power,
 And lay the Summer's Dust with Showers of Blood,
 Rain'd from the Wounds of slaughter'd *Englishmen* ;
 The which, how far off from the Mind of *Bullingbroke*
 It is, such Crimson Tempest should bedrench
 The fresh green Lap of fair King *Richard's* Land,
 My stooping Duty tenderly shall shew.
 Go signifie as much, while here we march
 Upon the grassie Carpet of this Plain ;
 Let's march without the Noise of threating Drum,
 That from this Castle's tatter'd Battlements
 Our fair Appointments may be well perus'd.
 Methinks King *Richard* and my self should meet
 With no less Terror than the Elements
 Of Fire and Water, when their thundring Smoak
 At meeting tears the cloudy Cheeks of Heav'n :
 Be he the Fire, I'll be the yielding Water :
 The Rage be his, while on the Earth I rain
 My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
 March on and mark King *Richard* how he looks.

*Parle without, and Answer within ; then a Flourish. Enter on
 the Walls, King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumer-
 le, Scroop and Salisbury.*

See, see, King *Richard* doth himself appear
 As doth the blushing discontented Sun,
 From out the fiery Portal of the East,
 When he perceives the envious Clouds are bent
 To dim his Glory, and to stain the Tract
 Of his bright Passage to the Occident.

Tork. Yet looks he like a King; behold his Eye
 As bright as is the Eagle's, lightens forth
 Controlling Majesty; alack, alack, for Wo,
 That any Harm should stain so fair a Show.

K. Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we stood
 To watch the fearful bending of thy Knee, [To North.
 Because

Because we thought our self thy lawful King;
 And if we be, how dare thy Joins forget
 To pay the awful Duty to our Presence?
 If we be not, shew us the Hand of God,
 That hath dismiss'd us from our Stewardship;
 For well we know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
 Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,
 Unless he do prophane, steal or usurp.
 And though you think, that all, as you have done,
 Have torn their Souls, by turning them from us,
 And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
 Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,
 Is mustering in his Clouds on our behalf,
 Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
 Your Children yet unborn, and unbegot,
 That list your Vassal Hands against my Head,
 And threat the Glory of my precious Crown.
 Tell *Bullingbroke*, for yond methinks, he is,
 That every Stride he makes upon the Land
 Is dangerous Treason, he is come to ope
 The purple Testament of a bleeding War;
 But e'er the Crown he looks for, live in Peace,
 Ten thousand bloody Crowns of Mothers Sons
 Shall ill become the Flower of *England's* Face,
 Change the Complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
 To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
 Her Pastors Grass with faithful *English* Blood.

North. The King of Heav'n forbid our Lord the King
 Should so with civil and uncivil Arms
 Be rush'd upon: Thy thrice-noble Cousin,
Harry Bullingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy Hand,
 And by the honourable Tomb he swears
 That stands upon your Royal Grandfire's Bones,
 And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
 Currents that spring from one most gracious Head;
 And by the bury'd Hand of warlike *Gaunt*,
 And by the Worth and Honour of himself,
 Comprising all that may be sworn, or said,
 His coming hither hath no farther Scope,
 Than for his lineal Royalties, and to beg
 Infranchisement immediate on his Knees:

Which on thy Royal party granted once,
His glittering Arms he will commend to Rust;
His barbed Steeds to Stables, and his Heart
To faithful Service of your Majesty:

This swears he, as he is a Prince, is just,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus: The King returns,
His noble Cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the Number of his fair Demands
Shall be accomplish'd without Contradiction;
With all the gracious Utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debase our self, Cousin, do we not, [The Aum.
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send
Defiance to the Traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle Words,
'Till time lend Friends, and Friends their hopeful Swords.

K. Rich. Oh God, oh God that e'er this Tongue of mine,
That laid the Sentence of dread Banishment
On yond proud Man, should take it off again
With Words of sooth; oh that I were as great
As is my Grief, or lesser than my Name;
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now.
Swell'st thou, proud Heart? I'll give thee Scope to beat,
Since Foes have Scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. *Northumberland* comes back from *Ballingbroke*.

K. Rich. What must the King do now? Must he submit?
The King shall do it: Must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented: Must he lose
The Name of King? o' God's Name let it go.
I'll give my Jewels for a Set of Beads;
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage;
My gay Apparel, for an Alms-man's Gown;
My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood;
My Scepter, for a Palmer's walking Staff,
My Subjects, for a Pair of carved Saints,
And my large Kingdom, for a little Grave,
A little little Grave, an obscure Grave.
Or I'll be bury'd in the King's Highway;

Some way of common Trade, where Subjects Feet
 May hourly trample on their Sovereign's Head;
 For on my Heart they tread now, whilst I live;
 And bury'd once, why not upon my Head?
Annerle, thou weep'st, my tender hearted Cousin,
 We'll make foul Weather with despised Tears.
 Our Sighs, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corn,
 And make a Dearth in this revolting Land.
 Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
 And make some pretty Match with shedding Tears?
 As thus, to drop them still upon one Place,
 'Till they have fretted us a Pair of Graves,
 Within the Earth; and therein laid, there lyes
 Two Kinsmen digg'd their Graves with weeping Eyes?
 Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
 I talk but idely, and you mock at me.
 Most mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
 What says King *Bullingbroke*? Will his Majesty
 Give *Richard* leave to live, 'till *Richard* die?
 You make a Leg, and *Bullingbroke* says I.

North. My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend
 To speak with you, may it please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come, like glist'ring *Phaeton*,
 Wanting the Manage of unruly Jades.
 In the base Court? base Court where Kings grow base,
 To come at Traitors Calls, and do them Grace.
 In the base Court come down; down Court, down King,
 For Night-Owls shriek, where mounting Larks should sing.

Bulling. What says his Majesty?

North. Sorrow, and Grief of Heart
 Makes him speak fondly like a frantick Man;
 Yet he is come.

Bulling. Stand all apart,
 And shew fair Duty to his Majesty.
 My gracious Lord.

[*Kneels*]

K. Rich. Fair Cousin,
 You debase your Princely Knee,
 To make the base Earth proud with kissing it.
 Me rather had, my Heart might feel your Love,
 Than my un-pleas'd Eye see your Courtesie.
 Up Cousin, up, your Heart is up, I know,

Thus high at least, although your Knee be low.

Bulling. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bulling. So far be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true Service shall deserve your Love.

K. Rich. Well you deserv'd:

They well deserve to have,

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

Uncle, give me your Hand; nay, dry your Eyes,

Tears shew their Love, but want their Remedies.

Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,

Though you are old enough to be my Heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too,

For do we must, what Force will have us do.

Set on towards London:

Cousin, is it so?

Bulling. Yea, my good Lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no. [*Flourish, Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What Sport shall we devise here in this Garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of Care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at Bow's.

Queen. 'Till make me think the World is full of Rubs,
And that my Fortune runs against the Bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My Legs can keep no Measure in Delight,
When my poor Heart no Measure keeps in Grief.
Therefore no dancing, Girl; some other Sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell Tales.

Queen. Of Sorrow, or of Grief?

Lady. Of either, Madam,

Queen. Of neither, Girl.

For if of Joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow;

Or if of Grief, being altogether had,

It adds more Sorrow to my want of Joy:

For what I have, I need not to repeat:

And what I want, it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast Cause;
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good?

Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any Tear of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

But stay, here comes the Gardiners;
Let's step into the Shadow of these Trees.
My Wretchedness, unto a row of Pines,
They'll talk of State; for every one doth so,
Against a Change; wo is fore-run with wo.

Gard. Go bind thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like unruly Children, make their Syre
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending Twigs.
Go thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the Heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our Commonwealth:
All must be even in our Government.

You thus imploy'd, I will go root away
The noisom Weeds that without profit suck
The Soil's fertility from wholsom Flowers.

Serv. Why should we in the compass of a Pale,
Keep Law and Form, and due Proportion,
Shewing, as in a Model, our firm State?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weeds, her fairest Flowers choakt up,
Her Fruit-trees all uprun'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholsom Herbs
Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy Peace,
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring;
Hath now himself met with the fall of Leaf,
The Weeds that his broad-spreading Leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, Root and all, by *Bullingbroke*;
I mean the Earl of *Wiltshire, Busby, Green*.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbroke* hath seiz'd the wasteful King.

What pity is it, that he had not trimm'd
 And dress'd his Land, as we this Garden at time of Year;
 And wound the Bark, the Skin of our Fruit-trees,
 Left being over proud with Sap and Blood,
 With too much Riches it confound it self?
 Had he done so, to great and growing Men,
 They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
 Their Fruits of Duty. All superfluous Branches
 We lop away, that bearing Boughs may live:
 Had he done so, himself had born the Crown,
 Which waste and idle Hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What think you the King shall be depos'd?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and depos'd
 'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last Night
 To a dear Friend of the Duke of York,
 That tell black Tidings.

Queen. Oh I am prest to Death through want of speaking;
 Thou old *Adam's* likeness, set to dress this Garden,
 How dares thy harsh Tongue sound this unpleasing News?
 What *Eve*? What Serpent hath suggested thee,
 To make a second fall of cursed Man?
 Why dost thou say, King *Richard* is depos'd?
 Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than Earth,
 Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
 Cam'st thou by this ill Tidings? Speak, thou Wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
 To breath these News; yet what I say is true;
 King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
 Of *Bullingbroke*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
 In your Lord's Scale, is nothing but himself,
 And some few Vanities that make him light:
 But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbroke*,
 Besides himself, are all the *English* Peers,
 And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
 Post you to *London*, and you'll find it so;
 I speak no more, than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble Mischance, that art so light of Foot,
 Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?
 And am I last that knows it? Oh thou think'st
 To serve me last, that I may longest keep
 Thy Sorrow in my Breast. Come Ladies, go,

To meet at *London*, *London's* King in wo.
 What, was I born to this! That my sad Look,
 Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbroke!*
Gard'ner, for telling me these News of wo,
 I would the Plants thou graft'st may never grow. [Exit.
Gard. Poor Queen, so that thy State might be no worse,
 I would my Skill were subject to thy Curse.
 Here did she drop a Tear, here in this place
 I'll set a Bank of Rew, sown *Herb of Grace*:
 Rew ev'n for *Rush*, here shortly shall be seen,
 In the remembrance of a weeping Queen. [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter as to the Parliament, *Bullingbroke*, *Aumerle*, *Northumberland*, *Percy*, *Fitzwater*, *Surrey*, *Bishop of Carlisle*,
Abbot of Westminster, *Herald*, Officers, and *Bagot*.

Bulling. CALL forth *Bagot*.

Now *Bagot*, freely speak thy Mind,
 What thou dost know of noble *Glo'ster's* Death;
 Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
 The bloody Office of his timeless End.

Bagot. Then set before my Face the Lord *Aumerle*.

Bulling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that Man.

Bagot. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring Tongue
 Scorns to unsay, what it hath once deliver'd.
 In that dead time when *Glo'ster's* Death was plotted,
 I heard you say, Is not my Arm of length,
 That reacheth from the restless *English* Court
 As far as *Calais* to my Uncle's Head?
 Amongst much other talk, that very time,
 I heard you say that you had rather refuse
 The offer of an hundred thousand Crowns,
 Than *Bullingbroke* return to *England*; adding withal,
 How blest this Land would be in this your Cousin's Death.

Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,
 What answer shall I make to this base Man?
 Shall I so much dishonour my fair Stars,

On

On equal terms to give him chastisement?
 Either I must, or have mine Honour spoil'd
 With the Attainder of his stand'rous Lips.
 There is my Gage, the manual Seal of Death,
 That marks thee out for Hell. Thou liest,
 And I'll maintain what thou hast said, is false,
 In thy Heart Blood, though being all too base,
 To stain the temper of my Knightly Sword.

Bulling. Bago forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Ann. Excepting one, I would he were the best
 In all this Presence that hath moved me so.

Fitzw. If that thy Valour stand on Sympathies:
 There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
 By that fair Sun, that shews me where thou stand'st,
 I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
 That thou wert cause of noble *Glo'ster's* Death.
 If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest,
 And I will turn thy falshood to thy Heart,
 Where it was forged, with my Rapier's point.

Ann. Thou dar'st not, Coward, live to see the Day?

Fitzw. Now, by my Soul, I would it were this Hour.

Ann. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to Hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his Honour is as true
 In this Appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
 To prove it on thee, to th' extreamest point
 Of mortal Breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Ann. And if I do not may my Hands rot off,
 And never brandish more revengeful Steel,
 Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

Surrey. My Lord *Fitzwater*

I do remember well the very time

Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitzw. My Lord,

'Tis very true: You were in Presence then;
 And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by Heav'n,
 As Heav'n it self is true.

Fitzw. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable Boy,
 That Lie shall lye so heavy on my Sword,

That it shall render Vengeance and Revenge,
 'Till thou the Lie-giver, and that Lie, do lye,
 In Earth as quier, as thy Father's Scull.
 In proof whereof, there is mine Honour's Pawn,
 Engage it to the Trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitzw. How fondly do'st thou spur a forward Horse?
 If I dare eat, or drink, or breath, or live,
 I dare meet *Surrey* in a Wilderness,
 And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
 And lies, and lies; there is my Bond of Faith,
 To tie thee to my strong Correction.
 As I intend to thrive in this new World,
Aumerle is guilty of my true Appeal.
 Besides, I heard the banisht *Norfolk* say,
 That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy Men,
 To execute the noble Duke at *Calais*.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage,
 That *Norfolk* lies; here do I throw down this,
 If he may be repeal'd, to try his Honour.

Bulling. These Differences shall all rest under Gage,
 'Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: Repeal'd he shall be;
 And though mine Enemy, restor'd again
 To all his Lands and Seigniories; when he's return'd,
 Against *Aumerle* we will enforce his Trial.

Carl. That honourable Day shall ne'er be seen.
 Many a time hath banisht *Norfolk* fought
 For Jesus Christ, in glorious Christian Field
 Streaming the Ensign of the Christian Cross
 Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
 And toil'd with works of War, retir'd himself
 To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
 His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth,
 And his pure Soul unto his Captain Christ,
 Under whose Colours he had fought so long.

Bulling. Why, Bishop, is *Norfolk* dead?

Carl. As sure as I live, my Lord.

Bulling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soul
 To the Bosom of good old *Abraham*.

Lords Appealants, your Differences shall all rest under gage
 'Till we assign you to your Days of Trial.

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of *Launcester*, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soul
Adopts thee Heir, and his high Scepter yields
To the Possession of thy Royal Hand.

Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.

Bulling. In God's Name, I'll ascend the Regal Throne.

Carl. Marry, Heav'n forbid.

Worst in this Royal Presence may I speak,
Yet best becoming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble Presence
Where enough noble to be upright Judge
Of noble *Richard*, then true Nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a Wrong.
What Subject can give Sentence on his King?
And who sits here that is not *Richard's* Subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent Guilt be seen in them:
And stalk the Figure of God's Majesty,
His Captain, Steward, Deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd and planted many Years,
Be judg'd by Subject and inferior Breath,
And he himself not present? Oh, forbid it, God,
That in a Christian Climate, Souls refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed.
I speak to Subjects, and a Subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by Heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foul Traitor to proud *Hereford's* King.
And if you crown him, let me prophesie,
The Blood of *English* shall manure the Ground,
And future Ages groan for his foul Act.
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Wars
Shall Kin with Kin, and kind with kind confound.
Disorder, Horror, Fear and Muriny
Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
The Field of *Galgoiba*, and dead Men's Skulls.
Oh, if you rear this House, against this House,
It will the wofullest Division prove,

That ever fell upon this cursed Earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest Child, Childs Children cry against you, wo.

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your Pains,
Of Capital Treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of *Westminster*, be it your Charge,
To keep him safely, 'till his Day of Trial.
May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit &
Bulling. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common View
He may surrender: So we shall proceed
Without Suspicion.

York. I will be his Conduct.

[Exit.]

Bulling. Lords, you that are here under our Arrest,
Procure your Sureties for your Days of Answer:
Little are we beholding to your Love,
And little lock'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter King Richard and York.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
Before I have shook off the regal Thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my Knee.
Give Sorrow leave a while, to return me
To this Submission. Yet I will remember
The favours of these Men: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hail to me?
So *Judas* did to Christ: But he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the King: Will no Man say, *Amen*,
And I both Priest and Clark? Well then, *Amen*.
God save the King, although I be not he:
And yet *Amen*, if Heav'n do think him me,
To do what Service, am I sent for hither?

York. To do that Office of thine own good Will,
Which tired Majesty did make thee offer:
The Resignation of thy State and Crown
To *Henry Bullingbroke*.

K. Rich. Give me the Crown; Here Cousin, seize the Crown:
Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.
Now is this Golden Crown like a deep Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the Air,

The other down, unſeen, and full of Water :
That Bucket down, and full of Tears am I,
Drinking my Griefs, whiſt you mount up on high.

Bulling. I thought you had been willing to reſign.

K. Rich. My Crown I am, but ſtill my Griefs are mine :
You may my Glories, and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefs; ſtill am I King of thoſe.

Bulling. Part of your Cares you give me with your Crown.

K. Rich. Your Cares ſet up, do not pluck my Cares down;
My Care, is loſs of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gain of Care, by new Care won.
The Cares I give, I have, though given away,
They tend the Crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.

Bulling. Are you contented to reſign the Crown?

K. Rich. I no; no I, for I muſt nothing be:
Therefore no, no, for I reſign to thee.
Now, mark me how I will undo my ſelf;
I give this heavy Weight from off my Head,
And this unwieldy Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly ſway from out my Heart,
With mine own Tears I waſh away my blame,
With mine own Hands I give away my Crown,
With mine own Tongue deny my ſacred State,
With mine own Breath releaſe all dutious Oaths:
All Pomp and Majeſty I do forſwear:
My Manors, Rents, Revenues, I forgo;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I deny:
God pardon all Oaths that are broke to me,
God keep all Vows unbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all atchiev'd;
Long may'ſt thou live in *Richard's* Seat to ſit,
And ſoon lye *Richard* in an Earthy Pit.
God ſave King *Henry*, un-king'd *Richard* ſays,
And ſend him many Years of Sun-ſhine Days.
What more remains?

North. No more; but that you read
Theſe Accuſations, and theſe grievous Crimes
Committed by your Perſon, and your Followers,
Againſt the State and Profit of this Land:

That by confessing them, the Souls of Men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? And must I ravel out
My weav'd-up Follies? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were upon Record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a Troop,
To read a Lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous Article,
Containing the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the Book of Heav'n,
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait my self,
Though some of you, with *Pilate* wash your Hands,
Shewing an outward Pity: Yet you *Pilates*
Have here delivered me to my sower Cross,
And Water cannot wash away your Sin.

North. My Lord, dispatch, read o'er these Articles:

K. Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Tears, I cannot see:
And yet Salt-water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine Eyes upon my self,
I find my self a Traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my Soul's consent,
T'undeck the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory base; a Sovereign, a Slave;
Proud Majesty, a Subject; State, a Peasant.

North. My Lord.

K. Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-insulting Man;
No, nor no Man's Lord: I have no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was given me at the Font,
But 'tis usurpt. Alack the heavy Day,
That I have worn so many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my self.
Oh, that I were a Mockery, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sun of *Bullingbroke*,
To melt my self away in Water-drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good, [*To Bulling.*
And if my word be Sterling yet in *England*.
Let it command a Mirror hither streight,
That it may shew me what a Face I have,

Since it is Bankrupt of his Majesty.

Bulling. Go some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glass.

North. Read o'er this Paper, while the Glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me, e'er I come to Hell.

Bulling. Urge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland*.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: I'll read enough,

When I do see the very Book indeed,

Where all my Sins are writ, and that's my self.

Enter one with a Glass.

Give me that Glass, and therein will I read.

No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath Sorrow struck

So many blows upon this Face of mine,

And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glass,

Like to my Followers in Prosperity,

Thou dost beguile me. Was this Face, the Face,

That every Day under his Household-roof

Did keep ten thousand Men? Was this the Face;

That like the Sun did make Beholders wink?

Is this the Face, which fac'd so many Follies,

That was at last out-fac'd by *Bullingbroke*?

A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,

As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,

For there it is, crackt in an hundred Shivers.

Mark, silent King, the Moral of this sport,

How soon my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.

Bulling. The Shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd

The Shadow of your Face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The Shadow of my Sorrow! ha, let's see,

'Tis very true, my Grief lyes all within,

And these external Manners of Laments

Are meerly Shadows to the unseen Grief,

That swells with silence in the tortur'd Soul.

There lyes the Substance: And I thank thee, King,

For thy great Bounty, that not only giv'st

Me Cause to wail, but teachest me the way

How to lament the Cause. I'll beg one boon,

And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtain it?

Bulling. Name it, fair Cousin,

K. Rich. Fair Cousin ! I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King, my Flatterers
Were then but Subjects; being now a Subject,
I have a King here to my Flatterer:
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Bulling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have ?

Bulling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Bulling. Whither ?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sight.

Bulling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. Oh good ; convey : Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true King's fall.

Bulling. On *Wednesday* next we solemnly set down
Our Coronation : Lords, prepare your selves.

[*Ex. all but Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle and Aumerle*]

Abbot. A woful Pageant have we here beheld.

Bishop. The wo's to come, the Children yet unborn,
Shall feel this Day as sharp to them as Thorn.

Aum. You holy Clergy-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realm of this pernicious Blot ?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my Mind herein,
You shall not only take the Sacrement,
To bury mine Intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.

I see your Brows are full of Discontent,
Your Hearts of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Tears.
Come home with me to Supper, I'll lay a Plot
Shall shew us all a merry Day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. THIS way the King will come : This is the way
To *Julius Caesar's* ill-erected Tower,
To whose flint Besom, my condemned Lord

Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud *Bullingbroke*.
 Here let us rest, if this *Rebellious Earth*
 Have any resting for her true King's Queen.

Enter King Richard and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
 My fair *Rose* wither; yet look up; behold,
 That you in pity may dissolve to Dew,
 And wash him fresh again with true-love Tears.
 Thou the *Model*, where old *Troy* did stand, [To *K. Rich.*
 Thou, *Map of Honour*, thou *King Richard's Tomb*,
 And not *King Richard*; thou most *beauteous Inn*,
 Why should *hard-favour'd Grief* be lodg'd in thee,
 When *Triumph* is become an *Ale-house Guest*?

K. Rich. Join not with *Grief*, fair *Woman*, do not so,
 To make my *End* too sudden: Learn, good *Soul*,
 To think our former *State* a happy *Dream*,
 From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
 Shews us but this. I am sworn *Brother*, *Sweet*,
 To grim *Necessity*; and he and I
 Will keep a *League*, till death. High thee to *France*,
 And *Cloister* thee in some *Religious House*;
 Our holy *Lives* must win a new *World's Crown*,
 Which our *prophane Hours* here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my *Richard* both in *Shape* and *Mind*
 Transform'd and weakened? Hath *Bullingbroke*
 Depos'd thine *Intellect*? Hath he been in thy *Heart*?
 The *Lion* dying thrusteth forth his *Paw*,
 And wounds the *Earth*, if nothing else, with *rage*
 To be o'er-power'd: And wilt thou, *Pupil-like*,
 Take thy *Correction* mildly, kiss the *Rod*,
 And fawn on *Rage* with base *Humility*,
 Which art a *Lion* and a *King of Beasts*?

K. Rich. A *King of Beasts* indeed; if ought but *Beasts*,
 I had been still a happy *King of Men*.
 Good, sometime, *Queen* prepare thee hence for *France*;
 Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
 As from my *Death-bed*, my last-living leave.
 In *Winters tedious Nights* sit by the *Fire*
 With good old *Folks*, and let them tell thee *Tales*
 Of woful *Ages*, long ago betide:
 And e'er thou bid good-night, to quit their *Grief*,

Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
 And send the Hearers weeping to their Beds:
 For why? The senseless Brands will sympathize
 The heavy accent of thy moving Tongue,
 And in compassion weep the Fire out;
 And some will mourn in Ashes, some coal-black,
 For the deposing of a rightful King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbroke* is chang'd,
 You must to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower*,
 And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you:
 With all swift speed, you must away to *France*.

K. Rich. *Northumberland*, thou Ladder wherewithal
 The mounting *Bullingbroke* ascends my Throne,
 The time shall not be many Hours of Age,
 More than it is, e'er foul Sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into Corruption; thou shalt think,
 Though he divide the Realm, and give the half,
 It is too little, helping him to all:
 And he shall think, that thou which know'st the way
 To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
 Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way,
 To pluck him headlong from th'usurped Throne.
 The Love of wicked Friends converts to Fear;
 That Fear to Hate; and Hate turns one, or both,
 To worthy Danger, and deserved Death.

North. My Guilt be on my Head, and there's an end.
 Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd? Bad Men, ye violate
 A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crown and me:
 And then betwixt me and my married Wife.
 Let me unkick the Oath; 'twixt thee and me: [*To the Queen.*
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
 Part us, *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,
 Where shiveing Cold and Sickness pines the Clime:
 My Queen to *France*; from whence, set forth in Pomp,
 She came adorned hither like sweet *May*,
 Sent back like *Hallowmas*, or shortest Day.

Queen. And must we be divided? Must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, Hand from Hand, my Love, and Heart from

Queen. Banish us both, and send the King with me. [*Heart.*

Norrb. That were some Love, but little Policy;

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two together weeping, make one wo.
Weep thou for me in *France*; I for thee here:
Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.

Go, count thy way with Sighs, I mine with Groans.

Queen. So longest way, shall have the longest Moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy Heart.

Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be brief,
Since wedding it, there is such length in Grief:

One Kiss shall stop our Mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy Heart. [*They kiss.*]

Queen. Give me mine own gain; 'twere no good Part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy Heart.

So, now I have mine own again, be gone, [*Kiss again.*]
That I may strive to kill it with a Gown.

K. Rich. We make *W* wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the rest let Sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E H.

Enter York and his Dutchess.

Dutch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest;
When weeping made you break the Story off,
Of our two Cousins coming into *London*.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that sad stop, my Lord,
Where rude mis-govern'd Hands, from Windows tops,
Threw Dust and Rubbish on King *Richard's* Head.

York. Then, as I said, the Duke, great *Bullingbroke*,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately Pace, kept on his Course:
While all Tongues cry'd, God save thee, *Bullingbroke*.
You would have thought the very Windows spake,
So many greedy Looks of young and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring Eyes
Upon his Visage; and that all the Walls

With painted Imagery had said at once,
 Jesu preserve thee, welcome *Bullingbroke*.
 Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed lower than his proud Steed's Neck,
 Bespoke them thus; I thank you, Country-men;
 And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas! poor *Richard*, where rides he that whilst?

York. As in a Theatre, the Eyes of Men,
 After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
 Even so, or with much more contempt, Mens Eyes,
 Did scowle on *Richard*; no Man cry'd, God save him:
 No joyful Tongue gave him his welcome home,
 But Dust was thrown upon his Sacred Head,
 Which with such gentle Sorrow he shook off,
 His Face still combating with Tears and Smiles,
 The Badges of his Grief and Patience,
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The Hearts of Men, they must perforce have melted,
 And Barbarism it self have pitied him.
 But Heav'n hath a Hand in these Events,
 To whose high Will we bound our calm Contents.
 To *Bullingbroke* are we sworn Subjects now,
 Whose State, and Honour, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my Son *Aumerle*.

York. *Aumerle* that was,
 But that is lost, for being *Richard's* Friend.
 And, Madam, you must call him *Rusland* now:
 I am in Parliament pledge for his Truth,
 And lasting Fealty in the new-made King.

Dutch. Welcome my Son; who are the Violets now,
 That strew the green Lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care,
 God knows I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new-spring of time,
 Least you be cropt before you come to prime.
 What News from *Oxford*? Hold these Justs and Triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know, my Lord, they do.

York. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpose so.

York. What Seal is that that hangs without thy Bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the Writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it.

I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small Consequence,
Which for some Reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some Reasons, Sir, I mean to see;
I fear, I fear.

Dutch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some Bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay Apparel, against the Triumph.

York. Bound to himself? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a Fool.
Boy, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

York. I will be satisfied, let me see it, I say.

[*Snatches it, and reads.*]

Treason! foul Treason! Villain, Traitor, Slave.

Dutch. What's the matter, my Lord?

York. Ho, who's within there? Saddle my Horse.
Heav'n for his Mercy; what Treachery is here?

Dutch. Why, what is't, my Lord?

York. Give me my Boots I say; saddle my Horse
Now by my Honour, my Life, my Troth,
I will appeach the Villain.

Dutch. What is the matter?

York. Peace, foolish Woman.

Dutch. I will not peace: What is the matter, Son?

Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more
Than my poor Life must answer.

Dutch. Thy Life answer!

Enter Servant with Boots.

York. Bring my Boots, I will unto the King.

Duch. Strike him, *Aumerle*. Poor Boy, thou art amaz'd.
Hence Villain, never more come in my Sight.

York. Give me my Boots, I say.

Dutch. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the Trespas of thine own?

Have we more Sons? Or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with Time?
 And wilt thou pluck my fair Son from mine Age,
 And rob me of a happy Mother's Name?
 Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own?

Tork. Thou fond mad Woman,
 Wilt thou conceal this dark Conspiracy?
 A dozen of them here have ta'en the Sacrament,
 And interchangeably have set their Hands
 To kill the King at *Oxford*.

Dutch. He shall be none:
 We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?

Tork. Away fond Woman, were he twenty times my
 Son, I would appeach him.

Dutch. Hadst thou groan'd for him as I have done,
 Thou wouldst be more pitiful:
 But now I know thy Mind; thou dost suspect
 That I have been disloyal to thy Bed,
 And that he is a Bastard, not thy Son:
 Sweet *Tork*, sweet Husband, be not of that mind:
 He is as like thee, as a Man may be,
 Nor like to me, nor any of my Kin,
 And yet I love him.

Tork. Make way, unruly Woman.

[*Exit.*

Dutch. After, *Aumerle*. Mount thee upon his Horse,
 Spur post, and get before him to the King,
 And beg thy Pardon, e'er he do accuse thee.
 I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
 I doubt not but to ride as fast as *Tork*:
 And never will I rise up from the Ground,
 'Till *Bullingbroke* have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone. [*Exe.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Bullingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.

Bulling. Can no Man tell of my unthrifty Son?
 'Tis full three Months since I did see him last.
 If any Plague hang over us, 'tis he:
 I would to Heav'n, my Lords, he might be found.
 Enquire at *London*, 'mongst the Taverns there:

For

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
 With unrestrained loose Companions
 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow Lanes,
 And rob our Watch, and beat our Passengers,
 Which he, young, wanton, and effeminate Boy,
 Takes on the point of Honour, to support
 So dissolute a Crew.

Percy. My Lord, some two Days since I saw the Prince;
 And told him of these Triumphs held at *Oxford*.

Bulling. And what said the Gallant?

Percy. His Answer was; he would unto the Stews,
 And from the common'st Creature pluck a Glove
 And wear it as a Favour, and with that
 He would unhorse the lustiest Challenger.

Bulling. As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both
 I see some sparks of better hope; which elder Days
 May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bulling. What means our Cousin, that he stares
 And looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your Grace. I do beseech your Majesty
 To have some conference with your Grace alone.

Bulling. Withdraw your selves, and leave us here alone:
 What is the matter with our Cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my Knees grow to the Earth, [*Kneels.*]
 My Tongue cleave to my Roof within my Mouth,
 Unless a Pardon, e'er I rise or speak.

Bulling. Intended or committed was this Fault?
 If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
 To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the Key,
 That no Man enter 'till the Tale be done.

Bulling. Have thy desire.

[*York within.*]

York. My Liege beware, look to thy self,
 Thou hast a Traitor in thy Presence there.

Bulling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful Hand, thou hast no cause to fear.

York. Open the Door, secure fool-hardy King:
 Shall I for love speak Treason to thy Face?
 Open the Door, or I will break it open.

Enter York.

Bulling. What is the matter, Uncle, speak, recover breath,
Tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this Writing here, and thou shalt know
The reason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy Promise past:
I do repent me, read not my Name there,
My Heart is not confederate with my Hand.

York. It was, Villain, e'er thy Hand did set it down.
I tore it from the Traitor's Bosom, King.
Fear, and not Love, begets his Penitence;
Forget to pity him, lest thy Pity prove
A Serpent, that will sting thee to the Heart.

Bulling. Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracy!
O loyal Father of a treacherous Son:
Thou sheer, immaculate, and Silver Fountain,
From whence this Stream, through muddy Passages
Hath had his Current, and defil'd himself.
Thy overflow of good, converts to bad,
And thine abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot, in thy digressing Son.

York. So shall my Virtue be his Vice's Bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour with his Shame;
As thriftless Sons their Icraping Father's Gold.
Mine Honour lives when his Dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd Life in his Dishonour lyes:
Thou kill'st me in his Life, giving him breath,
The Traitor lives, the true Man's put to Death.

[*Dutchesss within.*

Dutch. What ho, my Liege! for Heav'n's sake let me in.

Bulling. What shrill-voic'd Suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A Woman, and thine Aunt, great King, 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the Door,
A Beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Bulling. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the Beggar, and the King:
My dangerous Cousin, let your Mother in,
I know she's come to pray for your foul Sin.

York. If thou do pardon, wh' soever pray,
More Sins for this forgiveness, prosper may,

This fester'd Joint cut off the rest rests found,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutchess.

Dutch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted Man,
Love, loving not it self, none other can.

Tork. Thou frantick Woman, what dost thou do here?
Shall thy old Dugs once more a Traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet *Tork* be patient; hear me gentle Liege. [*Kneels.*

Bulling. Rise up, good Aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beseech;

For ever will I kneel upon my Knees,
And never see Day that the happy sees,
'Till thou give Joy, until thou bid me Joy,
By pardoning *Rueland*, my transgressing Boy.

Aunt. Unto my Mother's Prayers, I bend my Knee. [*Kneels.*

Tork. Against them both, my true Joints bended be. [*Kneels.*

Dutch. Pleads he in earnest? Look upon his Face;
His Eyes do drop no Tears, his Prayers are in jest;
His Words come from his Mouth, ours from our Breasts:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with Heart and Soul, and all beside.
His weary Joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our Knees shall kneel, 'till to the Ground they grow.
His Prayers are full of false Hypocrisie,
Ours of true Zeal, and deep Integrity:
Our Prayers do out-pray his, then let them have
That Mercy, which true Prayers ought to have.

Bulling. Good Aunt stand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not say stand up,

But pardon first, and afterwards stand up.
And if I were thy Nurse, thy Tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first Word of thy Speech.
I never long'd to hear a Word 'till now:
Say pardon, King, let pity teach thee how.
The Word is short, but not so short as sweet,
No Word like Pardon, for Kings Mouths so meet.

Tork. Speak it in *French*, King, say *Pardon'ne moy.*

Dutch. Dost thou teach Pardon, Pardon to destroy?
Ah my sowre Husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That set'st the Word it self, against the Word.
Speak Pardon as 'tis currant in our Land,

The chopping *French* we do not understand.

Thine Eye begins to speak, set thy Tongue there:
Or in thy piteous Heart, plant thou thine Ear,
That hearing how our Plaints and Prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee, Pardon to rehearse.

Bulling. Good Aunt stand up.

Dutch. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the Suit I have in hand.

Bulling. I pardon him, as Heav'n shall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy Vantage of a kneeling Knee;
Yet am I sick for Fear; speak it again,
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one Pardon strong.

Bulling. I pardon him with all my Heart.

Dutch. A God on Earth thou art.

Bulling. But for our trusty Brother-in-law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted Crew,
Destruction streight shall dog them at the Heels.
Good Uncle help to order several Powers
To *Oxford*, or where-e'er these Traitors are:
They shall not live within this World, I swear,
But I will have them once know where.
Uncle farewell, and Cousin adieu;
Your Mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come my old Son, I pray Heav'n make thee new.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Exton and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the King what Words he spake?
Have I no Friend will rid me of this living Fear.
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very Words.

Exton. Have I no Friend? quoth he; he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,
As who shall say, I would thou wert the Man
That would divorce this Terror from my Heart;
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, let's go,
I am the King's Friend, and will rid his Foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV. *A Prison.**Enter King Richard.*

K. Rich. I have been studying, how to compare
 This Prison where I live, unto the World;
 And for because the World is populous,
 And here is not a Creature but my self,
 I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer't out.
 My Brain, I'll prove the Female to my Soul,
 My Soul, the Father; and these two beget
 A Generation of still breeding Thoughts;
 And these same Thoughts people this little World
 In Humours, like the People of this World,
 For no Thought is contented. The better Sort,
 As Thoughts of things divine, are intermixt
 With Scruples, and do set the Faith it self
 Against the Faith; as thus; come little ones; and then again;
 It is as hard to come, as for a Camel
 To thread the Postern of a Needle's Eye.
 Thoughts tending to Ambition they do plot
 Unlikely Wonders; how these vain weak Nails
 May tear a Passage through the flinty Ribs
 Of this hard World, my ragged Prison Walls:
 And for they cannot, die in their own Pride.
 Thoughts tending to Content, flatter-themselves;
 That they are not the first of Fortune's Slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,
 Who sitting in the Stocks, refuse their Shame
 That many have, and others must sit there;
 And in this Thought, they find a kind of Ease,
 Bearing their own Misfortune on the Back
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.
 Thus play I in one Prison, many People,
 And none contented. Sometimes am I King,
 Then Treason makes me wish my self a Beggard;
 And so I am. Then crushing Penury
 Persuades me, I was better when a King;
 Then am I king'd again; and by and by,
 Think that I am unking'd by *Bullingbroke*,

And streight am nothing. But what-e'er I am, [*Musick:*
 Nor I, nor any Man, that but Man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, 'till he be eas'd
 With being nothing, Musick do I hear?
 Ha, ha; keep time: How sower sweet Musick is,
 When time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
 So is it in the Musick of Mens Lives;
 And here have I the Daintiness of Ear,
 To hear time broke in a disorder'd String;
 But for the Concord of my State and Time,
 Had not an Ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me.
 For now hath Time made me his numbring Clock:
 My Thoughts are Minutes; and with Sighs they jar,
 Their Watches to mine Eyes, the outward Watch,
 Whereto my Finger, like a Dial's Point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from Tears.
 Now, Sir, the Sound that tells what Hour it is,
 Are clamorous Groans, that strike upon my Heart,
 Which is the Bell; so Sighs, and Tears, and Groans,
 Shew Minutes, Hours, and Times: O but my Time
 Runs posting on, in *Bullingbroke's* proud Joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o'th' Clock.
 This Musick mads me, let it sound no more;
 For though it have help mad Men to their Wits,
 In me it seems, it will make wise Men mad.
 Yet blessing on his Heart that gives it me,
 For 'tis a Sign of Love; and Love to *Richard*,
 Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating World.

Enter Grooms.

Grooms. Hail, royal Prince.

K. Rich. Thanks, noble Peer.

The cheapest of us, is ten Groats too dear.
 What art thou? and how com'st thou hither,
 Where no Man ever comes, but that sad Dog
 That brings me Food, to make Misfortune live?

Grooms. I was a poor Groom of thy Stable, King;
 When thou wert King, who travelling towards *Torks*
 With much ado, at length hav gotten Leave,
 To look upon my, sometimes Royal, Master's Face.

O how it yearn'd my Heart, when I beheld
 In *London* Streets, that Coronation Day;
 When *Bullingbroke* rode on roan Barbary;
 That Horse, that thou so often hast bestride;
 That Horse, that I so carefully have dress'd.

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle Friend,
 How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the Ground.

K. Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbroke* was on his Back;
 That Jade hath eat Bread from my royal Hand.
 This Hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
 Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
 Since Pride must have a fall, and break the Neck
 Of that proud Man, that did usurp his Back?
 Forgiveness, Horse; why do I rail on thee,
 Since thou, created to be aw'd by Man,
 Wast born to bear? I was not made a Horse,
 And yet I bear a Burthen like an Ass,
 Spur-gall'd, and tyr'd by jauncing *Bullingbroke*.

Enter Keeper with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give Place, here is no longer stay.

[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my Tongue dares not, that my Heart shall say.

[*Exit.*

Keep. My Lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My Lord, I dare not; Sir *Pierce of Exton*,
 Who lately came from th' King, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The Devil take *Henry of Lancaster*, and thee;
 Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help.

Enter Exton and Servants.

K. Rich. How now? What means Death in this rude Assault?
 Villain, thine own Hand yields thy Deaths Instrument;
 Go thou and fill another Room in Hell.

[*Exton strikes him down.*

That Hand shall burn in never-quenching Fire,
 That staggers thus my Person. *Exton*, thy fierce Hand,
 Hath with the King's Blood stain'd the King's own Land.
 Mount, mount my Soul, thy Seat is up on high,

Whilst my gross Flesh sinks downward here to die. [Dies.]

Exon. As full of Valour as of Royal Blood,
Both have I spilt: Oh would the Deed were good;
For now the Devil that told me I did well,
Says, that this Deed is chronicled in Hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear,
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Flourish: Enter Bullingbroke, York, with other Lords and Attendants.

Bulling. Uncle York, the latest News we hear,
Is that the Rebels have consum'd with Fire
Our Town of *Cicester* in *Gloucestershire*;
But whether they be ta'en or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the News?

North. First to thy sacred State with I all Happiness;
The next News is, I have to *London* sent
The Heads of *Salisbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt* and *Kent*,
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this Paper here. [Presenting a Paper.]

Bulling. We thank thee, gentle *Percy*, for thy Pains,
And to thy Worth will add right worthy Gains.

Enter Fitz-water.

Fitz. My Lord, I have from *Oxford* sent to *London*
The Heads of *Broccas*, and *Sir Bennet Seely*;
Two of the dangerous consorted Traitors,
That fought at *Oxford* thy dire Overthrow.

Bulling. Thy Pains, *Fitz-water*, shall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy Merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand Conspirator *Abbot of Westminster*,
With clog of Conscience, and sour Melancholly,
Hath yielded up' his Body to the Grave;
But here is *Carlisle*, living to abide
Thy kingly Doom, and Sentence of his Pride.

Bulling. *Carlisle*, this is your Doom:
Chuse out some secret Place, some reverend Room

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy self:
 So as thou liv'st in Peace, die free from Strife.
 For though mine Enemy thou hast ever been,
 High Sparks of Honour in thee I have seen.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

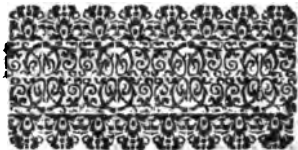
Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
 Thy bury'd Fear. Herein all breathless lyes
 The mightiest of thy greatest Enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux by me hither brought.

Bulling. *Exton* I thank thee not, for thou hast wrought
 A Deed of Slaughter with thy fatal Hand,
 Upon my Head, and all this famous Land.

Exton. From your own Mouth, my Lord, did I this Deed.

Bulling. They love not Poison, that do Poison need;
 Nor do I thee, though I did wish him dead;
 I hate the Murtherer, love him murdered.
 The Guilt of Conscience take thou for thy Labour,
 But neither my good Word, nor princely Favour.
 With *Cain* go wander through the Shades of Night,
 And never shew thy Head by Day, nor Light.
 Lords, I protest my Soul is full of Wo,
 That Blood should sprinkle me, and make me grow.
 Come mourn with me, for that I do lament,
 And put on fullen Black incontinent:
 I'll make a Voyage to the Holy-Land,
 To wash this Blood off from my guilty Hand.
 March sadly after, grace my Mourning here,
 In weeping after this untimely Bier.

[*Exton omnes.*]





The First PART of
HENRY IV.

WITH THE
LIFE *and* DEATH

OF

Henry Sirnam'd Hot-Spur.



Printed in the YEAR 1709. Digitized by Google

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fourth.

Henry, Prince of Wales, }
Prince John of Lancaster, } Sons to the King.

Worcester, }
Northumberland, }
Hot-spur, }
Mortimer, } Enemies to the King.
Archbishop of York, }
Dowglas, }
Owen Glendower, }
Sir Richard Vernon, }
Sir Michell, }

Westmorland, }
Sir Walter Blunt, } of the King's Party.

Lords attending the King.

Sir John Falstaff.

Poins.

Gads-hill.

Peto.

Bardolph.

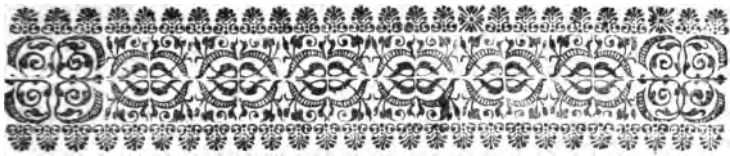
Lady Percy, Wife to Hot-spur.

Lady Mortimer, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife
to Mortimer.

Hostess.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, 2 Car-
riers, Travellers, and Attendants.

Scene ENGLAND.



The First Part of
HENRY IV.

With the Life and Death of
HENRY *Sirnamed* **HOT-SPUR.**

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, and others.

King HENRY.



O shaken as we are, so wan with Care,
Find we a time for frightened Peace to pant,
And breathe short winded accents of new
Broils
To be commenc'd in Stronds afar remote:
No more the thirsty Entrails of this Soil
Shall damb her Lips with her own Childrens Blood:
No more shall trenching War channel her Fields,
Nor bruise her Flowrets with the armed Hoofs
Of Hostile Paces. Those opposed Eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heav'n,
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,

L 3

And

3

And furious close of civil Butchery,
 Shall now in mutual well-beseeming Ranks
 March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
 Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies;
 The edge of War, like an ill-sheathed Knife,
 No more shall cut his Master. Therefore, Friends,
 As far as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
 Whose Soldier now, under whose blessed Cross
 We are impressed, and engag'd to fight,
 Forthwith a Power of *English* shall we levy,
 Whose Arms were moulded in their Mother's Womb
 To chase these Pagans in those holy Fields,
 Over whose Acres walk'd those blessed Feet
 Which fourteen hundred Years ago were nail'd
 For our Advantage on the bitter Cross.
 But this our purpose is a Twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
 Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
 Of you my gentle Cousin *Westmorland*,
 What yesternight our Council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear Expedience.

West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the Charge set down
 But yesternight: When all athwart there came
 A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy News;
 Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
 Leading the Men of *Herefordshire* to fight
 Against the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
 Was by the rude Hands of that *Welshman* taken,
 And a thousand of his People butchered;
 Upon whose dead Corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless Transformation,
 By those *Welshwomen* done, as may not be,
 Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

K. Henry. It seems then, that the tidings of this Broil
 Brake off our Business for the Holy Land,

West. This, matcht with other like; my gracious Lord,
 Far more uneven and unwelcome News
 Came from the North, and thus it did report:
 On Holy-rood Day, the gallant *Hot-spur* there,

Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody Hour:

As by discharge of their Artillery
And shape of likelihood the News was told:
For he that brought them, in the very Heat
And pride of their Contention, did take Horse,
Uncertain of the Issue any way.

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true industrious Friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each Soil,
Betwixt the *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome News.
The Earl of *Dowglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their own Blood did *Sir Walker* see
On *Holmedon's* Plains. Of Prisoners, *Hot-spur* took
Mordake Earl of *Fife*, and eldest Son
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earl of *Ashol*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.

And is not this an Honourable Spoil?
A gallant Prize? Ha, Cousin, is it not? In faith it is.

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin,
In envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the Father of so blest a Son;
A Son, who is the Theam of Honour's Tongue:
Amongst a Grove, the very streightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortune's Minion, and her Pride:
Whilst I by looking on the Praise of him,
See Riot and Dishonour stain the Brow
Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prov'd,
That some Night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd,
In Cradle Cloaths, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my Thoughts. What think you Coz,
Of this young *Percy's* Pride? The Prisoners,
Which he in this Adventure hath surpriz'd,

To his own use he keeps, and sends me Word
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.

West. This is his Uncle's teaching, this is *Worcester*,
Malevolent to you in all Aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of Youth against your Dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this Cause a while we must neglect
Our holy Purpose to *Jerusalem*.

Cousin, on *Wednesday* next, our Council we will hold
At *Windsor*, so inform the Lords,
But come your self with Speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of Anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of Day is it, Lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old
Sack and unbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping up-
on Benches in the Afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to
demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. What
a Devil hast thou to do with the time of the Day? unless
Hours were Cups of Sack, and Minutes Capons, and
Clocks the Tongues of Bawds, and Dials the Signs of
Leaping-Houses, and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot
Wench in Flame-colour'd Taffats, I see no Reason why thou
shouldst be so superfluous, to demand the time of the Day,

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, *Hal*. For we that
take Purfes, go by the Moon and seven Stars, and not
by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring Knight so fair. And I
pray thee, sweet Wag, when thou art King, as God save
thy Grace, Majesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt
have none.

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serve to be Prologue to an
Egg and Butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wag, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the Night's Body, be call'd Thieves of the Day's Beauty. Let us be *Diana's* Foresters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon; and let Men say, we be Men of good Government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste Mistress the Moon, under whose Countenance we steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the Fortune of us that are the Moon's Men, doth ebb and flow like the Sea, being govern'd as the Sea is, by the Moon. As for Proof, now: A Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on *Munday* Night, and most dissolutely spent on *Tuesday* Morning; got with swearing, Laid by; and spent with crying, Bring in: Now in as low an Ebb, as the Foot of the Ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ride of the Gallows.

Fal. Thou say'st true, Lad: And is not my Hostess of the Tavern a most sweet Wench?

P. Henry. As is the Honey, my old Lad of the Castle, and is not a Buff-Jerkin a most sweet Robe of durance?

Fal. How, how? How now mad Wag? What in thy Quips and thy Quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a Buff-Jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a Pox have I to do with my Hostess of the Tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy Part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there:

P. Henry. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my Coin would stretch, and where it would not, I have us'd my Credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it here apparent, that thou art Heir apparent — But I prithee sweet Wag, shall there be Gallows standing in *England* when thou art King? and Resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old Father Antick the Law? Do not thou when thou art a King, hang a Thief.

P. Henry. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave Judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already; I mean thou shalt have

have the hanging of the Thieves, and so become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well; and in some sort it jumps with my Humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of Suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of Suits, whereof the Hangman hath no lean Wardrobe. I am as melancholy as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Bear.

P. Henry. Or an old Lion, or a Lover's Lute.

Fal. Yes, or the Drone of a *Lincolnshire* Bagpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholy of Moor-Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury Similes, and art indeed the most comparative rascaldest sweet young Prince. But, *Hal*, I prithee trouble me no more with Vanity; I would thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good Names were to be bought: An old Lord of the Council rated me the other Day in the Street about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, and in the Street too.

P. Henry. Thou didst well; for no Man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable Iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a Man should speak truly, little better than one of the Wicked. I must give over this Life, and I will give it over; and I do not, I am a Villain. I'll be damned for never a King's Son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a Purse to Morrow, *Jack*?

Fal. Where thou wilt, Lad, I'll make one; and I do not, call me Villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good Amendment of Life in thee, from Praying to Purse-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation, *Hal*. 'Tis no sin for a Man to labour in his Vocation.

Enter Pains.

Pains. Now shall we know if *Gads-hill* have set a Watch. O, if Men were to be saved by Merit; what Hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a true Man.

P. Henry. Good morrow, *Ned*.

Pains. Good morrow, sweet *Hal*. What says Monsieur

Remorse?

Remorse? What says Sir *John Sack and Sugar? Fask!* How agrees the Devil and thee about thy Soul, that thou soldest him on *Good-Friday* last, for a Cup of *Madera*, and a cold Capon's Leg?

P. Henry. Sir *John* stands to his Word, the Devil shall have his Bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of Proverbs; He will give the Devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy Word with the Devil.

P. Henry. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the Devil.

Poins. But, my Lads, my Lads, to morrow Morning, by four a Clock early at *Gads-Hill*, there are Pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat Purfes. I have Vizards for you all; you have Horses for your selves; *Gads-Hill* lyes to Night in *Rechefer*, I have bespoke Supper to morrow in *East-cheap*; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your Purfes full of Crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, Chops.

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a Thief? not I.

Fal. There's neither Honesty, Manhood, nor good Fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the Blood Royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten Shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my Days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. I'll be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I prithee leave the Prince and me alone, I will lay him down such Reasons for this Adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the Spirit of Persuasion, and he the Ears of positing; that what thou speak'st may move, and what he hears may be believ'd; that the true Prince may, for Recreation sake, prove a false Thief; for the poor Abuses of the time, want Countenance. Farewel, you shall find me in *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. Farewel the latter Spring. Farewel allhollown Summer. [Exit Fal.

Poins. Now, my good sweet hony Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a Jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaff, Harvey, Rossil, and Gads-Hill,* shall rob those Men that we have already way-laid; your self and I will not be there; and when they have the Booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this Head from my Shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a Place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they venture upon the Exploit themselves, which they have no sooner atchiev'd, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay but 'tis like that they will know us by our Horses, by our Habits, and by every other Appointment to be our selves.

Poins. Tut, our Horses they shall not see, I'll tye them in the Wood; our Vizards we will change after we leave them; and Sirrah, I have Cases of Buckram for the nonce to immask our noted outward Garments.

P. Henry. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred Cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees Reason, I'll forswear Arms. The virtue of this Jest will be, the incomprehensible Lies that this fat Rogue will tell us, when we meet at Supper; how thirty at least he fought with, what Words, what Blows, what Extremities he endured; and in the Reproof of this, lyes the Jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee, provide us all things necessary, and meet me to morrow Night in *East-cheap*, there I'll sup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my Lord. [Exit Poins.

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoak'd Humour of your Idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious Clouds
To smother up his Beauty from the World;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly Mists

Of Vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
 If all the Year were playing Holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work;
 But when they seldom come, they wisht-for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare Accidents.
 So when this loose Behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the Debt I never promised;
 By how much better than my Word I am,
 By so much shall I falsifie Mens Hopes;
 And like bright Metal on a sullen Ground
 My Reformation glittering o'er my Fault
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more Eyes,
 Than that which hath no Soil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make Offence a Skill,
 Redeeming time, when Men think least I will. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

*Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hot-spur,
 Sir Walter Blunt, and others.*

K. Henry. My Blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these Indignities,
 And you have found me; for accordingly,
 You tread upon my Patience: But be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be my self,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my Condition,
 Which hath been smooth as Oil, soft as young Down,
 And therefore lost the Title of Respect,
 Which the proud never pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our House, my Sovereign Liege, little deserves
 The Scourge of Greatness to be used on it,
 And that same Greatness too, which our own Hands,
 Have help to make so portly.

North. My Lord.—

K. Henry. Worcester get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and Disobedience in thine Eye.
 O Sir, your Presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And Majesty might never yet endure
 The moody Frontier of a Servant Brow,

You have good Leave to leave us. When we need
Your Use and Counsel, we shall send for you. [*Exit Worcester.*]
You were about to speak. [*To Northumberland.*]

North. Yes, my good Lord.

Those Prisoners in your Highness Name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Were, as he says, not with such Strength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majesty;
Who either through Envy, or Misprision,
Was guilty of this Fault, and not my Son.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
But, I remember when the Fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extream Toil,
Breathless, and faint, leaning upon my Sword,
Came there a certain Lord, neat and trimly dress'd;
Fresh as a Bridegroom, and his Chin new reap'd,
Shew'd like a Stubble Land at Harvest home.
He was perfum'd like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumb, he held
A Pouncet Box, which ever and anon
He gave his Nose, and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in Snuff. And still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the Soldiers bare dead Bodies by,
He call'd them untaught Knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome Coarse
Betwixt the Wind, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday and Lady Terms
He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded
My Prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.
I then, all-smarting with my Wounds, being cold,
To be so pestered with a Poppingay,
Out of my Grief, and my Impatience,
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what,
He should or should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, and Drums, and Wounds; God save the Mark;
And telling me, the Sovereign'st thing on Earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward Bruise;
And that it was great Pity, so it was,

The villainous Salt-peter should be digg'd
 Out of the Bowels of the harmless Earth,
 Which many a good tall Fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly. And but for these vile Guns,
 He would himself have been a Soldier.
 This bald, unjointed Chat of his, my Lord,
 Made me to answer indirectly, as I said,
 And I beseech you, let not this Report
 Come currant for an Accusation,
 Betwixt my Love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The Circumstance consider'd, good my Lord,
 What ever *Harry Percy* then had said,
 To such a Person, and in such a Place,
 At such a Time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably die, and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why yet he doth deny his Prisoners;
 But with Proviso and Exception,
 That we at our own Charge, shall ransom streight
 His Brother-in-Law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
 Who, in my Soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The Lives of those, that he did lead to fight,
 Against the great Magician, damn'd *Glendower*,
 Whose Daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*
 Hath lately marry'd. Shall our Coffers then
 Be empty'd, to redeem a Traitor home?
 Shall we buy Treason? and indent with Fears,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
 No; on the barren Mountains let him starve;
 For I shall never hold that Man my Friend,
 Whose Tongue shall ask me for one Penny Cost
 To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revoked *Mortimer*?
 He never did fall off, my Sovereign Liege,
 But by the Chance of War; to prove that true,
 Needs no more but one Tongue, for all those Wounds,
 Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle *Severn's* Sedge Bank,
 In single Opposition Hand to Hand
 He did confound the best part of an Hour

In changing Hardiment with great *Glendower*:
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
 Upon agreement of swift *Severn's Flood*;
 Who then affrighted with their bloody Looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
 And hid his crisped Head in a hollow Bank,
 Blood-stained with these valiant Combatants.
 Never did base, and rotten Policy
 Colour her working with such deadly Wounds;
 Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
 Receive so many, and all willingly;
 Then let him not be slander'd with Revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, *Percy*, thou dost belie him;
 He never did encounter with *Glendower*;
 I tell thee, he durst as well have met the Devil alone,
 As *Owen Glendower* for an Enemy.

Art thou not ashamed? But, Sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*.
 Send me your Prisoners with the speediest Means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease ye. My Lord *Northumberland*
 We license your Departure with your Son.
 Send us your Prisoners, or you'll hear of it. [*Exit K. Henry.*]

Hos. And if the Devil come and roar for them,
 I will not send them. I will after streight
 And tell him so; for I will ease my Heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my Head.

North. What, drunk with Choler? stay and pause a while,
 Here comes your Uncle. [*Enter Worcester.*]

Hos. Speak of *Mortimer*?

Yes, I will speak of him, and let my Soul
 Want Mercy, if I do not join with him.
 In his behalf, I'll empty all those Veins,
 And shed my dear Blood Drop by Drop i'th' Dust,
 But I will lift the downfall'n *Mortimer*
 As high i'th' Air as this unthankful King,
 As this ingrate and canker'd *Bullingbroke*.

North. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.
 [*To Worcester.*]

Wor. ho strook this Heat up after I was gone?

Hos. He will, forsooth, have all my Prisoners:
 And when I urg'd the Ransom once again

Of my Wife's Brother, then his Cheek look'd pale,
And on my Face he turn'd an Eye of Death,
Trembling even at the Name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of Blood?

North. He was: I heard the Proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose Wrongs in us, God pardon) did set forth
Upon his *Irish* Expedition;
From whence, he intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose Death, we in the World's wide Mouth
Live so scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my Brother *Mortimer*
Heir to the Crown?

North. He did; my self did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountains starv'd.

But shall it be, that you that set the Crown
Upon the Head of this forgetful Man,
And for his sake wore the detested Blot
Of murderous Subornations? Shall it be,
That you a World of Curses undergo,
Being the Agents, or base second Means,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?

O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle King.
Shall it for Shame, be spoken in these Days,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That Men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you, God Pardon it, have done,
To put down *Richard*, that sweet lovely Rose,
And plant this Thorn, this Canker *Bullingbroke*?
And shall it in more Shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him, for whom these Shames ye underwent?
No; yet Time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd Honours, and restore your selves

Into the good Thoughts of the World again;
 Revenge the jerring and disdain'd Contempt
 Of this proud King, who studies Day and Night
 To answer all the Debt he owes unto you,
 Even with the bloody Payments of your Deaths
 Therefore I say—

Wor. Peace, Cousin, say no more.
 And now I will unclasp a secret Book,
 And to your quick conveying Discontents;
 I'll read you Matter, deep and dangerous,
 As full of Peril and adventurous Spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a Current, roaring loud,
 On the unstedfast footing of a Spear.

Hor. If he fall in, good Night, or sink or swim:
 Send danger from the East unto the West,
 So Honour cross it from the North to South.
 And let them grapple: The Blood more stirs
 To rowze a Lion, than to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great Exploit,
 Drives him beyond the Bounds of Patience.

Hor. By Heav'n, methinks it were an easie Leap,
 To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
 Or dive into the Bottom of the Deep,
 Where Fathom-line would never touch the Ground,
 And pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks:
 So he that doth redeem her silence, might wear
 Without Co-rival, all her Dignities;
 But out upon this half-fac'd Fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a world of Figures here,
 But not the Form of what he should attend.
 Good Cousin give me Audience for a while,
 And list to me.

Hor. I cry you Mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
 That are your Prisoners—

Hor. I'll keep them all.
 By Heav'n, he shall not have a Scot of them;
 No, if a Scot would save his Soul, he shall not:
 I'll keep them, by this Hand.

Wor. You start away,
 And lend no Ear unto my Purposes.

Those Prisoners you shall keep.

Hos. Nay, I will; that's flat:

He said he would not ransom *Mortimer*:

Forbad my Tongue to speak of *Mortimer*:

But I will find him when he lyes asleep,

And in his Ear I'll holla, *Mortimer*.

Nay, I'll have a Starling shall be taught to speak

Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,

To keep his Anger still in Motion.

Wor. Hear you, Cousin: A Word.

Hos. All Studies here I solemnly desire,

Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbroke*:

And that same Sword and Buckler, Prince of *Wales*,

But that I think his Father loves him not,

And would be glad he met with some Mischaunce,

I would have poison'd him with a Pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewel, Kinsman; I'll talk to you

When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why what a wasp-tongu'd and impatient Fool

Art thou, to break into this Woman's Mood,

Tying thine Ear to no Tongue but thine own?

Hos. Why look you, I am whipt and scourg'd with Rods,

Nettled, and stung with Pismires, when I hear

Of this vile Politician *Bullingbroke*:

In *Richard's* time——what d'ye call the Place?——

A Plague upon't——it is in *Glocestershire*——

'Twas where the Madcap Duke his Uncle kept——

His Uncle *York*——where I first bow'd my Knee

Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbroke*:

When you and he came back from *Ravensturg*.

North. At *Barkley* Castle.

Hos. You say true:

Why what a gaudy deal of Courtesie

This fawning Greyhound then did proffer me!

Look when his infant Fortune came to Age,——

And gentle *Harry Percy*——and kind Cousin——

O, the Devil take such Cozeners——God forgive me——

Good Uncle tell your Tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again,

We'll stay your Leisure.

Hos. I have done, insooth.

Wor. Then once more to your *Scottish* Prisoners.
 Deliver them up without their Ransom freight,
 And make the *Dowglass* Son your only Mean
 For Powers in *Scotland*; which for divers Reasons
 Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
 Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
 Your Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
 Shall secretly into the Bosom creep
 Of that same noble Prelate, well belov'd,
 The Arch-Bishop.

Hot. Of *York*, is't not?

Wor. True, who bears hard
 His Brother's Death at *Bristow*, the Lord *Scroop*:
 I speak not this in Estimation,
 As what I think might be, but what I know
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
 And only stays but to behold the Face
 Of that Occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it.

Upon my Life, it will do wondrous well.

North. Before the Game's a Foot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble Plot,
 And then the Power of *Scotland*, and of *York*
 To join with *Mortimer*; ha!

Wor. And so they shall.

Hit. In faith it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little Reason bids us speed,
 To save our Heads, by raising of a Head:
 For, bear our selves as even as we can,
 The King will always think him in our Debt,
 And think we think our selves unsatisfy'd,
 'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
 And see already, how he doth begin
 To make us Strangers to his Looks of Love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell, No further go in this,
 Than I by Letters shall direct your Course;
 When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
 I'll steal to *Glendower*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
 Where you, and *Dowglass*, and our Powers at once,
 As I will fashion it, shall happily meet.

To bear our Fortunes in our own strong Arms,
Which now hold at much uncertainty,

North. Farewel, good Brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu ; O let the Hours be short,
'Till Fields, and Blows, and Groans applaud our Sport.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

1 *Car.* **H** Eigh ho, an't be not four by the Day I'll
be hang'd. *Charles wain* is over the new
Chimney, and yet our Horse not packt. What, Ostler ?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prithee *Tom*, beat *Cuss* Saddle, put a few
Flocks in the Point: The poor Jade is wrung in the Wi-
thers, out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and Beans are as dank here as a Dog, and
this is the next way to give poor Jades the Bots: This
House is turn'd upside down, since *Robin* the Ostler dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor Fellow never joy'd since the Price of Oats
rose, it was the Death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this is the most villainous House in all
London Road for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1 *Car.* Like a Tench? There's ne'er a King in Christen-
dom, could be better bit, than I have been since the first
Cock.

2 *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne'er a Jourden, and
then we leak in your Chimney: And your Chamberlye
breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1 *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come
away.

2 *Car.* I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two Razes of
Ginger, to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-Cross*.

1 *Car.* The Turkeys in my Panniers are quite starv'd.
What Ostler? A Plague on thee, hast thou never an Eye
in thy Head? Canst not hear? And 'twere not as good a

Deed as drink, to break the Pate of thee, I am a very Villain. Come and be hang'd, hast no Faith in thee?

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gads. Good Morrow, Carriers. What's a Clock?

Car. I think it be two a Clock.

Gads. I prithee lend me thy Lanthorn, to see my Gelding in the Stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft I pray ye, I know a Trick worth two of that.

Gads. I prithee lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when, canst tell? Lend me thy Lanthorn, quoth a I marry I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah, Carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to Bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come Neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the Gentlemen, they will along with Company, for they have great Charge. [*Ex. Carriers.*]

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What ho, Chamberlain?

Chamb. At hand, quoth Pick-Purse.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the Chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of Purfes, than giving Direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'st the Plot, how.

Chamb. Good morrow Master *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold; I heard him tell it to one of his Company last Night at Supper; a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of Charge too, God knows what; they are up already, and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with *S. Nicholas* Clarks, I'll give thee this Neck.

Gamb. No, I'll none of it: I prithee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipp'st *S. Nicholas* as truly as a Man of Falshood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang I'll make a fat Pair of Gallows. For if I hang, old Sir *Jobu* hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no Starveling.

Starveling, Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of, the which, for Sport sake, are content to do the Profession some Grace; that would, if Matters should be look'd into, for their own Credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no Foot-Land-Rakers, no Long-Staff six Penny Strikers, none of those mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd-Malt-worms, but with Nobility and Tranquility; Burgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray; and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their Boots.

Chamb. What, the Common-wealth their Boots? Will she hold out Water in foul Way?

Gads. She will, she will; Justice hath liquor'd her. We steal, as in a Castle, Cock-sure; we have the Receipt of Fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Chamb. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding to the Night, than the Fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy Hand.
Thou shalt have a Share in our Purpose,
As I am a true Man.

Chamb. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false Thief.

Gads. Go to, *Homo* is a common Name to all Men. Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the Stable.
Farewel, ye muddy Knave. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins and Peto.

Poins. Come, Shelter, Shelter, I have removed *Falstaff's* Horse, and he frets like a gumm'd Velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. *Poins, Poins,* and be hang'd *Poins.*

P. Henry. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascal, what a bawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What *Poins, Hal?*

Prince. He is walk'd up to the Top of the Hill, I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Thief's Company: That Rascal hath remov'd my Horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four Foot by the Square further afoot, I shall break my Wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair Death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that Rogue. I have forsworn his Company hourly any time this two and twenty Year, and yet I am bewitcht with the Rogue's Company. If the Rascal have not given me Medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd, it could not be else; I have drunk Medicines. *Poins, Hal,* a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph, Peto;* I'll starve e'er I rob a Foot further. And 'twere not as good a Deed as to drink, to turn True-man, and to leave these Rogues, I am the variest Varlet that ever chew'd with a Tooth. Eight Yards of uneven Ground, is threescore and ten Miles afoot with me; and the stony hearted Villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when Thieves cannot be true one to another.

[*They whistle.*]

Whew, a Plague light upon you all. Give me my Horse; you Rogues, give me my Horse, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace ye fat Guts, lye down, lay thine Ear close to the Ground, and list if you can hear the Tread of Travellers.

Fal. Have you any Leavers to list me up again being down? I'll not bear mine own Flesh so far afoot again, for all the Coin in thy Father's Exchequer. What a Plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince *Hal,* help me to my Horse, good King's Son.

P. Henry. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy self in thy own Heir-apparent Garters; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this; and I have not Ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy Tunes, let a Cup of Sack be my Poison; when a Jest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill and Bardolph.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my Will.

Poins. O 'tis our Setter, I know his Voice:

Bardolph, what News?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your Vizards, there's Mony of the King's coming down the Hill, 'tis going to the King's Exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you Rogue, 'tis going to the King's Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. You four shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned* and I will walk lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What, a Coward, Sir *John Paunch*?

Fal. Indeed I am not *John of Gaunt*, your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, *Hal*.

P. Henry. We'll leave that to the Proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy Horse stands behind the Hedge, when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him; farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hang'd.

P. Henry. *Ned*, where are our Disguises?

Poins. Here hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy Man be his dole say I; every Man to his Business.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, Neighbour; the Boy shall lead our Horses down the Hill: We'll a foot awhile, and ease our Legs.

Thieves. Stay.

Trav. Jesu blefs us.

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the Villains Throats; ah! whorson Caterpillars; Bacon-fed Knaves, they hate us Youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied Knaves, are you undone? No ye Fat Chuffs, I would your store were here. On Bacons on, what ye Knaves? Young Men must live, you are Grand Jurors? We'll jure ye i'faith.

[Here they rob them and bind them.]

Enter Prince Henry and Poins:

P. Henry. The Thieves have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Thieves and go merrily to London, it would be Argument for a Week, Laughter for a Month, and a good Jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come my Masters, let us share, and then to Horse before Day; and the Prince and *Poins* be not two arrant Cowards, there's no equity stirring, There's no more Valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild Duck.

P. Henry. Your Money.

Poins. Villains.

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins sit upon them.

They all run away, leaving the Booty behind them.

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse: The Thieves are scattered, and possess't with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other; each takes his Fellow for an Officer. Away good *Ned*, *Falstaff* sweats to Death, and Lards the lean Earth as he walks along; wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the Rogue roar'd.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Hot-spur solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine own Part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your House. He could be contented: Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our House — He shews in this, he loves his own Barn better than he loves our House. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous. Why that's certain: 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my Lord Fool, out of this Nettle, Danger; we pluck this Flower, Safety. The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertain, the time it self unsorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition. So you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly Hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? I protest, our Plot is

as good a Plot as ever was laid; our Friends true and constant: A good Plot, good Friends, and full of Expectation; An excellent Plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited Rogue is this? Why, my Lord of York commends the Plot, and the general Course of the Action. By this Hand, if I were now by this Rascal, I could brain him with his Lady's Fan. Is there not my Father, my Uncle, and my self, Lord *Edmond Mortimer*, my Lord of York, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides, the *Dowglasse*? Have I not all their Letters, to meet me in Arms by the ninth of the next Moth? And are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascal is this? And Infidel. Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of Fear and cold Heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our Proceedings. O, I could divide my self, and go to buffets, for moving such a Dish of Skim'd-Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards to Night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, *Kate*! I must leave you within these two Hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?

For what Offence have I this Fortnight been

A banish'd Woman from my *Harry's* Bed?

Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy Stomach, Pleasure, and thy golden Sleep?

Why dost thou bend thy Eyes upon the Earth?

And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh Blood in thy Cheeks?

And given my Treasures and my Rights of thee,

To thick-ey'd Musing, and curst Melancholly?

In thy faint Slumbers, I by thee have watcht,

And heard thee murmur Tales of Iron Wars:

Speak terms of manage to thy bounding Steed,

Cry Courage to the Field. And thou hast talk'd

Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,

Of Palisadoes, Frontiers, Parapets;

Of Basilisks, of Canon, Culverin,

Of Prisoners Ransom, and of Soldiers slain,

And all the current of a heady fight.

Thy Spirit within thee hath been so at War,

And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy Sleep,

The Beds of Sweat have stood upon thy Brow,
 Like Bubbles in a late disturbed Stream;
 And in thy Face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when Men restrain their Breath,
 On some great sudden haste. O what Portents are these?
 Some heavy Business hath my Lord in Hand,
 And I must know it; else he loves me not.

Hot. What ho; is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my Lord, an Hour agone.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those Horses from the Sheriff?

Serv. One Horse, my Lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What Horse? A Roan, a Crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my Lord.

Hot. That Roan shall be my Throne. Well, I will back him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Park.

Lady. But hear you, my Lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my Lady?

Lady. What is it that carries you away?

Hot. Why, my Horse, my Love, my Horse.

Lady. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazel hath not such a deal of Spleen, as you are tost with. In sooth I'll know your Business, *Harry*, that I will. I fear my Brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his Title, and hath sent for you to line his Enterprize. But if you go —

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, Love.

Lady. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly unto this Question, that I shall ask. Indeed I'll break thy little Finger; if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away, away, you Trifler: Love! I love thee not,

I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no World
 To play with Mammets, and to tilt with Lips.

We must have bloody Noses, and crack'd Crowns,

And pass them currant too——Gods me, my Horse.

What say'st thou, *Kate*? What would'st thou have with me?

Lady. Do ye not love me? Do you not indeed?

Well, do not then. For since you love me not,

I will not love my self. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me if thou speakest in Jest or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
 And when I am a Horse-back, I will swear
 I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,
 I must not have you henceforth question me,
 Whither I go; nor reason where about.
 Whither I must, I must; and to conclude,
 This Evening must I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
 I know you wise, but yet no further wise
 Than *Harry Percy's* Wife. Constant you are,
 But yet a Woman; and for *Secresie*,
 No Lady closer: For I will believe,
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

Lady. How so far?

Hot. Not an Inch further. But hark you *Kate*,
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too:
 To Day will I set forth, to morrow you.
 Will this content you *Kate*?

Lady. It must of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. Ned, prethee come out of that fat room, and
 lend me thy Hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, *Hal*?

P. Henry. With three or four Loggerheads, amongst three
 or fourscore Hogsheads. I have founded the very base
 string of Humility. Sirrah, I am sworn Brother to a Leash
 of Drawers, and can call them by their Names, as *Tom*,
Dick, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their Con-
 fidence, that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the
 King of *Curtisie*; telling me flatly, I am not proud like
Jack Falstaff, but a *Corinthian*, a Lad of mettle, a good
 Boy, and when I am King of *England*, I shall command
 all the good Lads in *East-cheap*. They call drinking deep,
 dying Scarlet; and when you break in your wating, then
 they cry *Pem*, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I
 am so good a Proficient in one quarter of an Hour, that I
 can drink with any Tinker in his own Language during my
 Life.

Life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much Honour, that thou wert not with me in this Action; but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which Name of *Ned*, I give thee this Pennyworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my Hand by an under Skinker, one that never spake other *English* in his Life, then *Eight Shillings and Six Pence*, and, *You are welcome Sir*: With this shrill Addition, *Anon Sir, Anon Sir, Score a Pint of Bastard in the Half Moon*, or so. But *Ned*, to drive away time 'till *Falstaff* come, I prithe thee do thou stand in some by Room, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: Step aside, and I'll shew thee a *Président*:

Poins. Francis.

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis.

Enter Francis and the Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon Sir; look down into the Pomgranet;
Ralph.

P. Henry. Come hither, *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis*?

Fran. Forsooth five Years, and as much as to——

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon Sir.

P. Henry. Five Years; Berlady, a long Lease for the clinking of Pewter. But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the Coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a fair pair of Heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the Books in England, I could find in my Heart——

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Francis. Let me see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall be——

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon Sir; pray you stay a little, my Lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a Pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I would it had been two:

P. Henry.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand Pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, *Francis*? No, *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*; or *Francis*, on *Thursday*, or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt. But *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern Jerkin, Christal Button, Not-pated, Aga-tring, Puke-stocking, Caddice-Garter, *Spanisb* Pouch.

Fran. O Lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then your brown Bastard is your only Drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white Canvas Doublet will sully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis.

P. Henry. Away you Rogue, dost thou hear them call?

[Here they both call, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the Guest within: My Lord, old Sir *John* with half a Dozen more are at the Door; shall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the Door.

Poins.

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, *Falstaff* and the rest of the Thieves are at the Door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as Crickets my Lad. But hark ye, what cunning Match have you made with this Jest of the Drawer? Come, what's the Issue?

P. Henry. I am now of all Humours, that have shew'd themselves Humours, since the old Days of Goodman *Adam*, to the Pupil Age of this present twelve a Clock at Midnight. What's a Clock, *Francis*?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this Fellow should have fewer Words than a Parrot, and yet the Son of a Woman. His Indu-
Rtry

stry is up Stairs and down Stairs; his Eloquence the parcell of a Reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy's* Mind, the Hot-spur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven Dozen of *Scots* at a Breakfast, washes his Hands and says to his Wife, Pic upon this quiet Life, I want Work. O my sweet *Harry*, says she, how many hast thou kill'd to Day? Give my roan Horse a Drench, says he, and answers, some fourteen, an Hour after; a Trifle, a Trifle. I prithee call in *Falstaff*, I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawn shall play Dame *Mortimer* his Wife. *Rivo*, says the Drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaff.

Poins. Welcome *Jack*, where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards, I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and *Amen*. Give me a Cup of Sack, Boy. E'er I lead this Life long, I'll sow nether Socks, and mend them too. A plague of all Cowards. Give me a Cup of Sack, Rogue. Is there no Virtue extant?

P. Henry. Didst thou never see *Titan* kiss a Dish of Butter, pitiful hearted *Titan*, that melted at the sweet Tale of the Sun? If thou didst, then behold that Compound.

Fal. You Rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too; there is nothing but Roguery to be found in villainous Man; yet a Coward is worse than a Cup of Sack with Lime. A villainous Coward---go thy ways old *Jack*, die when thou wilt, if Manhood, good Manhood be not forgot upon the Face of the Earth, then am I a shotten Herring: There lives not three good Men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help the while, a bad World I say. I would I were a Weaver, I could sing all manner of Songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

P. Henry. How now *Woolfack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's Son? If I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a Dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a Flock of wild Geese, I'll never wear Hair on my Face more. You Prince of *Wales*?

P. Henry. Why you horsen round Man! What's the Matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and *Poins* there?

P. Henry. Ye fat Paunch, and ye call me Coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward! I'll see thee damn'd e'er I call thee Coward; but I would give a thousand Pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are streight enough in the Shoulders, you care not who sees your Back: Call you that backing of your Friends? a plague upon such backing; give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunk to Day.

P. Henry. O Villain, thy Lips as scarce wip'd since thou drunk't last.

Fal. All's one for that.

[*He drinks.*]

A plague on all Cowards, still, say I.

P. Henry. What's the Matter?

Fal. What's the Matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thousand Pound this Morning,

P. Henry. Where is it *Jack*? Where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, Man?

Fal. I am a Rogue, if I were not at half Sword with a Dozen of them two Hours together. I have escap'd by Miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doubler, four through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hack'd like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a Man; all would not do. A Plague on all Cowards—let them speak; if they speak more or less than Truth, they are Villains and the Sons of Darknes.

P. Henry. Speak Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some Dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You Rogue they were bound, every Man of them, or I am a *Jew* else, an *Ebrew Jew*.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh Men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call All; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a Bunch of Radish; if there

were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poins. Pray Heav'n, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have pay'd, two Rogues in Buckram Suits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lie, spit in my Eace, call me Horse; thou know'st my old Word; here I lay, and thus I bore my Point; four Rogues in Buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, Ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more ado, but took all their seven Points in my Target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In Buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in Buckram Suits.

Fal. Seven, by these Hiltz, or I am a Villain else.

P. Henry. Prithce let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, *Hal*?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack*.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listning too: These nine in Buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their Points being broken——

Poins. Down fell his Hose.

Fal. Began to give me Ground; I but follow'd me close, came in Foot and Hand; and with a Thought seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous! Eleven Buckram Men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the Devil would have it, three mis-begotten Knaves, in *Kendal Green*, came at my Back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy Hand.

P. Henry. These Lies are like the Father that begets them, gross as a Mountain, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brain'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Fool, thou Horse on obscene greasie Tallow Catch.

Fal. What, art thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not the Truth, the Truth?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these Men in Kendal Green, when it was so dark, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come tell us your Reason: What say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your Reason, *Jack*, your Reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the Strapado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on Compulsion. Give you a Reason on compulsion! If Reasons were as plenty as Black-Berries, I would give no Man a Reason upon Compulsion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this Sin. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-presser, this Horseback-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

Fal. Away you Starveling, you Elf-skin, you dry'd Neats-Tongue, Bull's-pissel, you Stock-fish: O for Breath to utter. What is like thee? You Tailor's Yard, you Sheath, you Bow-Case, you vile standing Tuck.

P. Henry. Well, breath a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tyr'd thy self in base Comparisons, hear me speak but thus.

Poins. Mark *Jack*.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: Mark now, how a plain Tale shall put you down. Then did we two set ou you four, and with a Word, outfac'd you from your Prize, and have it, yea, and can shew it you in the House. And *Falstaff*, you carry'd your Guts away as nimbly, with as quick Dexterity, and roar'd for Mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard Bull-Calf. What a Slave art thou, to hack thy Sword as thou hast done, and then say 't was in fight. What Trick? What Device? What starting Hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent Shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear *Jack*: What Trick hast thou now?

Fal. I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why hear ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware Instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great Matter.

I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall think the better of my self, and thee, during my Life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the Money. Hostess, clap to the Doors; watch to Night, pray to Morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boys, Hearts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a Play *extempore*?

P. Henry. Content, and the Argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, *Hal*, if thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My Lord the Prince!

P. Henry. How now, my Lady the Hostess, what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my Lord, there is a Nobleman of the Court at Door would speak with you; he says he comes from your Father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal Man, and send him back again to my Mother.

Fal. What manner of Man is he?

Host. An old Man.

Fal. What doth Gravity out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Prithee do, *Jack*.

Fal. Faith and I'll send him packing.

[*Exit.*

P. Henry. Now Sirs, you fought fair; so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardolph*; you are Lions too, you ran away upon Instinct; you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest; how came *Falstaff's* Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said, he would swear Truth out of all *England*; but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yes, and tickle our Noses with Spear-grass, to make them bleed, and then beslobber our Garments with it, and swear it was the Blood of true Men. I did that I did not these seven Years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous Devices.

P. Henry. O Villain, thou stollest a Cup of Sack eighteen Years ago, and wert taken with the Manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd *extempore*; thou hadst Fire and Sword on thy Side, and yet thou rankest away: What Instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you see these Meteors? do you behold these Exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot Livers, and cold Purfes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes Bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't ago, *Jack*, since thou saw'st thine own Knee?

Fal. My own Knee? When I was about thy Years, *Hal*, I was not an Eagle's Talon in the Waste, I could have crept into any Alderman's Thumb-Ring: A plague of Sighing and Grief, it blows a Man up like a Bladder: There's villainous News abroad: Here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father; you must go to the Court in the Morning. That same mad Fellow of the North, *Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and swore the Devil his true Liege-Man upon the Cross of a *Welsh*-hook: What a plague call you him?

Poins. O, *Glendower*.

Fal. *Owen, Owen*; the same, and his Son-in-law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly *Scot* of *Scots, Dowglass*, that runs a Horseback up a Hill perpendicular.

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with a Pistol kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that Rascal hath good Metal in him, he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a Rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. A Horseback, ye Cuckow, but afoot he will not budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, *Jack*, upon Instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon Instinct: Well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blew-Caps more. *Worcester* is stoll'n away by Night: Thy Father's Beard is turn'd white with the News: You may buy Land now as cheap as stinking Mackerel.

P. Henry. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sun, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy Maidenheads as they buy Hob-nails, by the Hundred.

Fal. By the Mass, Lad, thou say'st true, it is like we shall have good trading that Way. But tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horribly afeard? thou being Heir apparent, could the World pick thee out three such Enemies again as that Fiend *Douglasse*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Devil *Glendower*? Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not thy Blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit: I lack some of thy Instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to morrow, when thou com'st to thy Father: If thou do love me, practise an Answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my Father, and examine me upon the Particulars of my Life.

Fal. Shall I? content; This Chair shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crown.

P. Henry. Thy State is taken for a joint-Stool, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crown for a pitiful bald Crown.

Fal. Well, and the Fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be mov'd. Give me a Cup of Sack to make mine Eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King *Chambises* Vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is my Liege

Fal. And here is my Speech; stand aside Nobility.

Host. This is excellent Sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling Tears are vain.

Host. O the Father, how he holds his Countenance?

Fal. For God's sake, Lords, convey my tristful Queen, for Tears do stop the Flood-gates of her Eyes. *Host.*

Hof. O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players, as ever I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-brain. *Harry*, I do not only marvel, where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompany'd: For though the Camomil, the more it is trodden, the faster it grows; yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. Thou art my Son; I have partly thy Mother's Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a villainous Trick of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Son to me, here lyeth the Point; why, being Son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Son of Heav'n prove a Misher, and eat Black-berries? a Question not to be ask'd. Shall the Son of *England* prove a Thief, and take Purfes? a Question to be as'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: This Pitch, as ancient Writers do report, doth defile; so doth the Company thou keep'st; for *Harry*, now I do not speak to thee in Drink, but in Tears; not in Pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words only, but in Woes also; and yet there is a virtuous Man, whom I have often noted in thy Company, but I know not his Name.

P. Henry. What manner of Man, and it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly Man i'faith, and corpulent, of a chearful Look, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I think, his Age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his Name is *Falstaff*; If that Man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for *Harry*, I see Virtue in his Looks. If then the Tree may be known by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is Virtue in that *Falstaff*; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty Varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this Month?

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a King? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my Father.

Fal. Depose me! if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in Word and Matter, hang me up by the Heels for a Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulterers Hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand; judge, my Masters.

P. Henry. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. The Complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. I'faith, my Lord, they are false. Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. Henry. Swarest thou, ungracious Boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me; thou art violently carry'd away from Grace; there's a Devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old Man: a Tun of Man is thy Companion: Why dost thou converse with that Trunk of Humours, that Boulting-Hutch of Beastliness, that swoln Parcel of Drop-sies, that huge Bombard of Sack, that stuf't Cloak-bag of Guts, that rosted Manning-Tree Ox with the Puddings in his Belly, that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that Father Ruffian, that Vanity in Years; wherein is he good, but to taste Sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a Capon and eat it? Wherein cunning, but in Craft? Wherein crafty but in Villany? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: What means your Grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable Mis-leader of Youth, *Falstaff*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the Man I know,

P. Henry. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in my self, were to say more than I know. That he is old the more's the pity, his white Hairs do witness it; But that he is, saving your Reverence, a Whore-master, that I utterly deny. If Sack and Sugar be a Fault, Heav'n help the Wicked: If to be old and merry, be a Sin, then many a Host that I know is damn'd: If to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharoah's* lean Kine are to be lov'd. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poins*; but for sweet *Jack Falstaff*, kind *Jack Falstaff*, true *Jack Falstaff*, valiant *Jack Falstaff*, and therefore more valiant; being as he is old *Jack Falstaff*, banish not him thy *Harry's* Company, banish not him thy *Harry's* Company; banish plump *Jack*, and banish all the World.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a most monstrous Watch, is at the Door.

Fal. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to say in the behalf of that *Falstaff*.

Enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the Devil rides upon a Fiddle-stick: What's the Matter?

Host. The Sheriff and all the Watch are at the Door: they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? never call a true Piece of Gold a Counterfeit: Thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural Coward, without Instinct.

Fal. I deny your *Major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another Man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a Halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go hide thee behind the Arras, the rest walk above. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their Date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.]

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

P. Henry. Now Master Sheriff, what is your Will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath follow'd certain Men unto this House.

P. Henry. What Men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord, a gross fat Man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

P. Henry. The Man, I do assure you is not here, For I my self at this time have employ'd him; And, Sheriff, I will engage my Word to thee, That I will, by to Morrow Dinner time, Send him to answer thee, or any Man,

For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me intreat you leave the House.

Sher. I will, my Lord; there are two Gentlemen
Have in this Robbery lost three hundred Marks.

P. Henry. It may be so; if he have robb'd these Men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good Night, my noble Lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good Morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two a Clock. [*Exit.*]

P. Henry. This oily Rascal is known as well as *Pauls*; go
call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff? Fast asleep behind the Arras, and snoring
like a Horse.

P. Henry. Hark, how hard he fetches his Breath: search his
Pocket's. [*He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certain Papers.*]

P. Henry. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

P. Henry. Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon, 2 s. 2 d.

Item, Sawce, 4 d.

Item, Sack, two Gallons, 5 s. 4 d.

Item, Anchoves and Sack after Supper, 2 s. 6 d.

Item, Bread, ob.

P. Henry. O monstrous, but one half Penny-worth of
Bread to this intolerable deal of Sack? What there is else,
keep close, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him
sleep 'till Day. I'll to the Court in the Morning: We must
all to the Wars, and thy Place shall be honourable. I'll
procure this fair Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his
Death will be a March of Twelvescore. The Money shall
be paid back again with Advantage. Be with me betimes
in the Morning; and so good Morrow, *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

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

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

Mort. These Promises are fair, the Parties sure,
And our Induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and Cousin *Glendower*,

Will you sit down?

And Uncle *Worcester* — A plague upon it;

I have forgot the Map.

Glend. No, here it is;

Sit Cousin *Percy*, sit good Cousin *Hotspur*;

For by that Name, as oft as *Lancaster* doth speak of you,

His Cheeks look pale, and with a rising sigh,

He wisheth you in Heav'n.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he hears *Owen Glendower* spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him; at my Nativity,

The front of Heav'n was full of fiery Shapes,

Of burning Cressets; and at my Birth,

The fram and foundation of the Earth,

Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why so it would have done at the same Season, if your Mother's Cat had but kitten'd, though your self had never been born.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the Earth was not of my Mind;

If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

Glend. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth shook

To see the Heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your Nativity:

Diseas'd Nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange Eruptions; and the teeming Earth

Is with a kind of Cholick pinch'd and vext,

By the imprisoning of unruly Wind

Within her Womb; which for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old Beldam Earth, and tumbles down

Steeple, and moss-grown Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, having this Distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin; of many Men

I do not bear these Crossings: Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my Birth
The front of Heav'n was full of fiery Shapes,
The Goats ran from the Mountains, and the Herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened Fields:
These Signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the Courses of my Life do shew,
I am not it the Roll of common Men.
Where is the Living, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Banks of *England, Scotland and Wales,*
Which calls me Pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Woman's Son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of Art,
And hold me pace in deep Experiments.

Hot. I think there's no Man speaks better *Welsh.*
I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, Cousin *Percy,* you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vasty Deep:

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any Man:

But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the
Devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Devil,
By telling Truth. *Tell Truth, and shame the Devil.*
If thou have Power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have Power to shame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell Truth, and shame the Devil.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbroke* made head
Against my Power; thrice from the Banks of *Wye,*
And Sandy-bottom'd *Severn,* have I sent him,
Bootless home, and Weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home, without Boots,

And in foul Weather too,
How scapes he Agues in the Devil's Name?

Glend. Come, here's the Map:

Shall we divide our Right,

According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath divided it
Into three Limits, very equally:

England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assign'd:
All Westward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* shore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*; and dear Cousin to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*.
And our Indentures Tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed enterchangeably,
A Business that this Night may execute,
To morrow, Cousin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of *Worcester*, will set forth,
To meet your Father, and the *Scottish* Power,
As is appointed us at *Shrewsbury*.

My Father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen Days:
Within that space, you may have drawn together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:
And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,
For there will be a World of Water shed,
Upon the parting of your Wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my Moiety, North from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this River comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge half Moon, a monstrous Cattle out.
I'll have the Current in this place damm'd up:
And here the smug, and Silver *Trent* shall run
In a new Channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep Indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? It shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yes, but mark how he bends his Course,
And runs me up, with like advantage on the other side,
Gelding the opposing Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yes, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North-side win this Cape of Land,
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so, a little Charge will do it.

Glend. I'll not have it alter'd,

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then, speak it in *Welsh*:

Glend. I can speak *English*, Lord, as well as you.

For I was train'd up in the *English* Court:

Where, being but young, I fram'd to the Harp

Many an *English* Ditty, lovely well,

And gave the Tongue a helpful Ornament;

A Virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my Heart.

I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,

Than one of these same Meeter-ballad-mongers,

I had rather hear a Brazen Candlestick tun'd,

Or a dry Wheel grate on the Axel-tree,

And that would set my Teeth on Edge,

Nothing so much as mincing Poetry;

'Tis like the forc'd Gate of a shuffling Nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice so much Land
To any well-deserving Friend;

But in the way of Bargain, mark ye me,

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a Hair.

Are the Indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?

Glend. The Moon shines fair,

You may away by Night:

I'll haste the Writer; and withal,

Break with your Wives, of your departure hence:

And I am afraid my Daughter will run mad.

So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*.

Mort. Fie, Cousin *Percy*, how you cross my Father. [Exit.]

Hot. I cannot chuse; sometime he angers me,

With telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,

Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;

And of a Dragon, and a finless Fish,

A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulted Raven,
 A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble Stuff,
 As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
 He held me last Night, at least nine Hours,
 In reck'ning up the several Devils Names,
 That were his Lackeys:
 I cry'd hum, and well, go too,
 But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
 As a tired Horse, a railing Wife,
 Worse than a smoaky House. I had rather live
 With Cheefe and Garlick in a Windmill far,
 Than feed on Cates, and have him talk to me,
 In any Summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman;
 Exceeding well read, and profited,
 In strange Concealments:
 Valiant as a Lion, and wondrous affable,
 And as bountiful as Mines of *India*.
 Shall I tell you, Cousin,
 He holds your temper in a high respect,
 And curbs himself, even of his natural Scope,
 When you do cross his Humour; 'faith he does.
 I warrant you, that Man is not alive,
 Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger, and reproof:
 But do not use it oft, let me intreat you.

Hor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful blame;
 And since your coming hither, have done enough,
 To put him quite besides his Patience:
 You must needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault;
 Though sometimes it shews Greatness, Courage, Blood,
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you;
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,
 Defect of Manners, want of Government,
 Pride, Haughtiness, Opinion, and Disdain:
 The least of which, hunting a Nobleman,
 Loseth Mens Hearts, and leaves behind a Stain
 Upon the Beauty of all parts besides,
 Beguiling them of Commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd:
 Good-manners be your speed;
 Here come our Wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
 My Wife can speak no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

Glend. My Daughter weeps, she'll not part with you,
 She'll be a Soldier too, she'll to the Wars.

Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt Percy
 Shall follow in your Conduct speedily,

[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*]

Glend. She is desperate here:
 A peevish self-will'd Harlotry,
 One that Perswasion can do no good upon.

[*The Lady speaks in Welsh.*]

Mort. I understand thy Looks; that pretty *Welsh*,
 Which thou pow'r'st down from these swelling Heav'ns,
 I am too perfect in: And but for shame,
 In such a Parly should I answer thee.

[*The Lady again in Welsh.*]

Mort. I understand thy Kisses, and thou mine,
 And that's a feeble Disputation:
 But I will never be a Truant, Love,
 'Till I have learn'd thy Language: For thy Tongue
 Makes *Welsh* as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
 Sung by a fair Queen in a Summer's Bower,
 With ravishing Division to her Lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[*The Lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance it self in this.

Glend. She bids you,
 On the wanton Rushes lay you down,
 And rest your gentle Head upon her Lap,
 And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
 And on your Eye-lids Crown the God of Sleep,
 Charming your Blood with pleasing heaviness;
 Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleep,
 As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
 The Hour before the Heav'nly harness'd Team
 Begins his golden Progress in the East.

Mort. With all my Heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our Book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so:

And those Musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Air a thousand Leagues from hence;
Yet straight they shall be here: Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my Head in thy Lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy Goose. *[The Musick plays.]*

Hot. Now I perceive the Devil understands *Welsh*,
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous:
By'r lady he's a good Musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musical,
For you are altogether governed by Humours:
Lie still ye Thief, and hear the Lady sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather hear, Lady my Brach, howl in *Irish*.

Lady. Would'st have thy Head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a Woman's Fault.

Lady. Now God help thee.

Hot. To the *Welsh* Lady's Bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace, she sings. *[Here the Lady sings a Welsh Song:]*
Come, I'll have your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth!

You swear like a Comfit-maker's Wife,
Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I live;
And, as God shall mend me; and as, sure as Days
And givest such Sarcenet surety for thy Oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than *Finsbury*.
Swear me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath, and leave Insooth,
And such protest of Pepper-Ginger-Bread,
To Velvet-Guards, and *Sunday*-Citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn Tailor, or be Red-
breast Teacher; And the Indentures be drawn, I'll away
within

within these two Hours: And so come in, when ye will.

[Exit.

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to go,
By this our Book is drawn: We'll but seal,
And then to Horse immediately.

Mort. With all my Heart.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords and others.

K. Henry. Lords, give us leave:

The Prince of *Wales*, and I,
Must have some private Conference.

But be near at Hand,

For we shall presently have need of you. [Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether Heav'n will have it so,
For some displeasing Service I have done;
That in his secret Doom, out of my Blood,
He'll breed Revengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou dost in thy Passages of Life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot Vengeance, and the Rod of Heav'n
To punish my *Mis-treadings*. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low Desires,
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean Attempts,
Such barren Pleasures, rude Society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the Greatness of thy Blood,
And hold their level with thy Princely Heart?

P. Henry. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all Offences with as clear excuse,
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
My self of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproof of many Tales devis'd,
Which oft the Ear of Greatness needs must hear,
By smiling Pick-thanks, and base News-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my Youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true Submission.

K. Henry. Heav'n pardon thee:
 Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
 At thy Affections, which do hold a Wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy Ancestors.
 Thy place in Council thou hast rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd;
 And art almost an Alien to the Hearts
 Of all the Court and Princes of my Blood.
 The Hope and Expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd, and the Soul of every Man
 Prophetically does fore-think thy Fall.
 Had I so lavish of my Presence been,
 So common hackney'd in the ways of Men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar Company;
 Opinion, that did help me to the Crown,
 Had still kept loyal to Possession,
 And left me in reputeless Banishment,
 A Fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir;
 But like a Comet, I was wondred at;
 That Men would tell their Children, This is he.
 Others would say, Where? Which is *Bullingbroke*?
 And then I stole all Courtesie from Heav'n,
 And dress'd my self in such Humility,
 That I did pluck Allegiance from Mens Hearts,
 Loud Shouts and Salutation, from their Mouths,
 Even in the Presence of the crown'd King.
 Thus I did keep my Person fresh and new,
 My Presence like a Robe Pontifical,
 Ne'er seen, but wondred at; and so my State,
 Seldom but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,
 And won by rareness such Solemnity.
 The skipping King he ambled up and down,
 With shallow Jesters, and rash Bavin Wits,
 Soon kindled, and soon burnt, carded his State,
 Mingled his Royalty with carping Fools,
 Had his great Name prophaned with their Scorns,
 And gave his Countenance, against his Name,
 To laugh at gybing Boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative:
 Grew a Companion to the common Streets,

Enfeoff'd himself to Popularity :
 That being daily swallowed by Mens Eyes,
 They surfeited with Honey, and began to loath
 The taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little, is by much too much ;
 So when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the Cuckow is in *June*,
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such Eyes,
 As sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on Sun-like Majesty,
 When it shines seldom in admiring Eyes :
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their Eye-lids down,
 Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect
 As cloudy Men use to their Adversaries,
 Being with his Presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
 And in that very Line, *Harry*, standest thou ;
 For thou hast lost thy Princely Privilege,
 With vile Participation. Not an Eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more :
 Which now doth, that I would not have it do.
 Make blind it self with foolish Tenderness.

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
 Be more my self.

K. Henry. For all the World,
 As thou art to this hour, was *Richard* then,
 When I from *France* set forth at *Ravenspurg* ;
 And even as I was then, is *Percy* now :
 Now by my Scepter, and my Soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy Interest to the State
 Than thou the Shadow of Succession ;
 For of no Right, nor Colour like to Right,
 He doth fill Fields with Harness in the Realm,
 Turns Head against the Lion's armed Jaws ;
 And being no more in debt to Years than thou,
 Leads ancient Lords, and reverend Bishops on
 To bloody Battels, and to bruising Arms.
 What never-dying Honour hath he got,
 Against renowned *Dowglass*, whose high Deeds,
 Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Arms,

Holds from all Soldiers chief Majority,
 And Military Title Capital,
 Through all the Kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
 Thrice hath the *Hot-spur Mars*, in swathing Cloaths,
 This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
 Discomfited great *Dowglass*, ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a Friend of him,
 To fill the Mouth of deep Defiance up,
 And shake the Peace and Safety of our Throne.
 And what say you to this? *Percy, Northumberland,*
 The Arch-Bishop's Grace of *York, Dowglass,* and *Mortimer,*
 Capitulate against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell this News to thee?
 Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my Foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest Enemy?
 Thou art like enough, through Vassal Fear,
 Base Inclination, and the start of Spleen,
 To fight against me under *Percy's* Pay,
 To dog his Heels, and courtise at his Frowns,
 To shew how much thou art degenerate,

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
 And Heav'n forgive them, that so much have sway'd
 Your Majesty's good Thoughts away from me:
 I will redeem all this on *Percy's* Head,
 And in the closing of some gracious Day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your Son,
 When I will wear a Garment all of Blood,
 And stain my Favours in a Bloody Mask:
 Which wast away, shall scowre my shame with it,
 And that shall be the Day, when e'er it lights,
 That this same Child of Honour and Renown,
 This gallant *Hot-spur*, this all-praised Knight,
 And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet:
 For every Honour sitting on his Helm,
 Would they were multitudes, and on my Head
 My Shames redoubled. For the time will come,
 That I shall make this Northern Youth exchange
 His glorious Deeds for my Indignities:
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf:
 And I will call him to so strict account,

That he shall render every Glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest Worship of his Time;
 Or I will tear the Reckoning from his Heart.
 This, in the Name of Heav'n, I promise here:
 The which, if I perform, and do survive,
 I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
 The long-grown Wounds of my Intemperature;
 If not, the end of Life cancels all Bonds,
 And I will die a hundred thousand Deaths,
 E'er break the smallest Parcel of this Vow.

P. Henry. A hundred thousand Rebels die in this:
 Thou shalt have Charge, and Sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt*? Thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the Business that I come to speak of.
 Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sent word,
 That *Douglass* and the *English* Rebels met
 The eleventh of this Month, at *Shrewsbury*:
 A mighty and a fearful Head they are,
 If promises be kept on every Hand,
 As ever offered foul play in a State.

K. Henry. The Earl of *Westmorland* set forth to Day:
 With him my Son, Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
 For this Advertisement is five Days old.

On *Wednesday* next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward:
 On *Thursday*, we our selves will march.
 Our meeting is *Bridgenorth*: And *Harry*, you shall march
 Through *Glostershire*: By which account,
 Our Business valued, some twelve Days hence,
 Our general Forces at *Bridgenorth* shall meet.
 Our Hands are full of Business: Let's away,
 Advantage feeds them fat, while We delay. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E . III.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. *Bardolph*, am I not fal'n away vilely, since this
 last Action? Do I not bate? Do I not dwindle? Why
 my Skin hangs about me like an old Lady's loose Gown:
 I am withered like an old Apple *John*. Well I'll repent,
 and suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be
 out

out of Heart shortly, and then I shall have no Strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper Corn, a Brewers Horse; the inside of a Church! Company, villainous Company hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why there is it; come sing me a bawdy Song, to make me merry: I was as virtuously given, as a Gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little, dic'd not above seven times a Week, went to a Bawdy-house not above once in a Quarter of an Hour, paid Mony that I borrow'd three or four times; liv'd well, and in good Compass; and now I live out of all order, out of Compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must needs be out of all Compass, out of all reasonable Compass, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy Face, and I'll amend my Life: Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the Lanthorn in the Poop, but 'tis in the Nole of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my Face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it, as many a Man doth of a Death's Head, or a *Memento Mori*. I never see thy Face, but I think upon Hell Fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning. If thou wert any way given to Virtue, I would swear by thy Face; my Oath should be, *By this Fire*: But thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sun of utter Darkness. When thou ran'st up *Gads-hill* in the Night to catch my Horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Mony. O, thou art a perpetual Triumph, an everlasting Bonfire Light; thou hast saved me a thousand Marks in Links and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tavern and Tavern; but the Sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me light as good cheap, at the dearest Chandlers in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with Fire, any time this two and thirty Years, Heav'n reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in you Belly.

Fal. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd,

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame *Parlet* the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Host. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John*? Do you think I keep Thieves in my House? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my Husband. Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: The tigt of a Hair was never lost in my House before.

Fal. Ye lie, Hostess; *Bardolph* was shav'd, and lost many a Hair; and I'll be sworn my Pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a Woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defie thee; I was never call'd so in mine own House before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir *John*: You do not know me, Sir *John*; I know you, Sir *John*: You owe me Mony, Sir *John*, and now you a pick a Quarrel to beguile me of it; I bought you a Dozen of Shirts to your Back,

Fal. Dowlas, filthy Dowlas: I have given them away to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

Host. Now as I am a true Woman, *Holland* of eight Shillings an Ell: You owe Mony here besides, Sir *John*, for your Diet, and by-Drinkings, and Mony lent you, four and twenty Pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Host. He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poor? Look upon his Face: What call you rich? Let him coin his Nose, let him coin his Cheeks, I'll not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Yonker of me? Shall I not take mine Ease in mine Inn, but I shall have my Pocket pick'd? I have lost a Seal-Ring of my Grand-father's, worth forty Mark.

Host. I have heard the Prince tell him; I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Jack*, a sneak-Cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince Henry marching, and Falstaff meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Fal. How now, Lad? is the Wind in that Door? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate* Fashion.

Host. My Lord, I pray you hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Mistress *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I love him well, he is an honest Man.

Host. Good, my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, *Jack*?

Fal. The other Night I fell asleep here behind the *Ar-ras*, and had my Pocket pickt: This House is turn'd *Bawdy-house*, they pick Pockets:

P. Henry. What didst thou lose, *Jack*?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal*? Three or four Bonds of forty Pound a piece, and a Seal-Ring of my Grandfather's.

P. Henry. A Trifle, some eight-penny Matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: And, my Lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd Man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What, he did not?

Host. There's neither Faith, Truth, nor Woman-Hood in me else.

Fal. There's no more Faith in thee than in a stew'd Prune; nor no more Truth in thee than in a drawn Fox; and for Woman-hood, Maid-Marian may be the Deputy's Wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? What thing?

Fal. What thing? Why a thing to thank Heav'n on.

Host. I am nothing to thank Heav'n on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest Man's Wife; and setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a Knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy Womanhood aside, thou art a Beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what Beast, thou Knave thou?

Fal. What Beast? Why an Otter.

P. Henry. An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither Fish nor Flesh; a Man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust Man in saying so; thou, or any Man knows where to have me, thou Knave thou.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, Hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other Day, you ow'd him a thousand Pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah do I owe you a thousand Pound?

Fal. A thousand Pound, *Hal*? A Million; thy Love is worth a Million: Thou ow'st me thy Love.

Host. Nay, my Lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

P. Henry. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy Word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'st, as thou art but a Man I dare, but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lion's Whelp.

P. Henry. And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be fear'd as the Lion; do'st thou think I'll fear thee, as I fear thy Father? Nay if I do, let my Girdle break.

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy Guts fall about thy Knees. But, Sirrah, there's no room for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this Bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with Guts and Midriff. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy Pocket! Why thou Horson impudent, imboist Rascal, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tavern Reckonings, Memorandums of Bawdy-Houses, and one poor penny-worth of Sugar-Candy to make thee long-winded; if thy Pocket were enrich'd with any other Injuries but these, I am a Villain; and yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket up Wrongs. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*, Thou know'st in the State of Innocency, *Adam* fell; and what would poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the Days of Villainy: Thou seest, I have more Flesh than another Man, and therefore more Frailty, You confess then you pickt my Pocket!

P. Henry. It appears so by the Story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee

Go make ready Breakfast; love thy Husband,
Look to thy Servants, and cherish thy Guests;

Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest Reason :

Thou see'st, I am pacify'd still.

Nay, I prithee be gone.

[Exit Hostess.]

Now, *Hal*, to the News at Court for the Robbery, Lad ?

How is that answer'd ?

P. Henry. O my sweet Beef,

I must still be good Angel to thee.

The Mony is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double Labour.

P. Henry. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with un-wash'd Hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. Henry. I have procured thee, *Jack*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had been of Horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine Thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the virtuous. I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. *Bardolph*.

Bard. My Lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this Letter to Lord *John* of *Lancaster*, To my Brother *John*. This to my Lord of *Westmorland* :

Go *Peto*, to Horse; for thou, and I,

Have thirty Miles to ride yet e'er Dinner time.

Jack, meet me to Morrow in the *Temple-Hall*

At two a Clock in the Afternoon,

There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive

Mony, and Order for their Furniture.

The Land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,

And either they, or we, must lower lye.

Fal. Rare Words; brave World,

Hostess, my Breakfast, come :

Oh, I could wish this Tavern were my Drum.

[Exit.]

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, and Dowglass:

Hot. WELL said, my noble *Scot*, if speaking Truth
In this fine Age, were not thought Flattery,
Such attribution should the *Dowglass* have,
As not a Soldier of this Seasons stamp,
Should go so general currant through the World.
By Heav'n I cannot flatter: I desire
The Tongues of Soothers. But a braver place
In my Heart's love, hath no Man than your self.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honour:
No Man so potent breaths upon the Ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast thou there?
I can but thank you.

Mess. These Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him?

Why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord,
He is grievous sick.

Hot. How! Has he the leisure to be sick now,
In such a juggling time? Who leads his Power;
Under whose Government come they along?

Mess. His Letters bear his Mind, not I his Mind.

Wor. I prithee tell me, doth he keep his Bed?

Mess. He did, my Lord, four Days e'er I set forth:
'And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
E'er he by Sicknes had been visited;
His Health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now? Droop now? This Sicknes doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterprize,
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp.

He

He writes me here, that inward Sickness——
 And that his Friends by deputation
 Could not so soon be drawn; Nor did he think it meet
 To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
 On any Soul remov'd, but on his own.
 Yet doth he give us bold Advertisement,
 That with our small Conjunction we should on,
 To see how Fortune is dispos'd to us,
 For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
 Because the King is certainly possesser
 Of all our Purposes. What say you to it?

Wer. Your Father's Sickness is a maim to us.

Hos. A perillous Gash, a very Limb lopt off:
 And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
 Seems more than we shall find it,
 Were it good, to set the exact Wealth of all our States
 All at one Cast? To set so rich a Mine
 On the nice hazard of one doubtful Hour,
 It were not good; for therein should we read
 The very Bottom, and the Soul of hope,
 The very Lift, the very utmost bound
 Of all our Fortunes.

Dow. Faith, and so we should,
 Where now remains a sweet Reversion.
 We may boldly spend, upon the hope
 Of what is to come in:
 A comfort of Retirement lives in this.

Hos. A Rendezvous, a Home to flie unto,
 If that the Devil and Mischance look big
 Upon the Maidenhead of our Affairs.

Wer. But yet I would your Father had been here:
 The Quality and Heir of our Attempt
 Brooks no Division: It will be thought
 By some, that know not why he is away,
 That Wisdom, Loyalty, and meer Dislike
 Of our Proceedings, kept the Earl from hence:
 And think, how such an Apprehension
 May turn the Tide of fearful Faction,
 And breed a kind of Question in our Cause:
 For well you know, we of the offering side,
 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement.

And stop all light-holes, every loop, from whence
 The Eye of Reason may pry in upon us:
 This absence of your Father draws a Curtain,
 That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
 Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I rather of his Absence make this use:
 It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,
 A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
 Than if the Earl were here: For Men must think,
 If we without his help can make a Head,
 To push against the Kingdom; with his help,
 We shall o'turn it topsie-turvy down.
 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Dow. As Heart can think:

There is no such a word spoke of in Scotland,
 As this Dream of Fear,

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My Cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soul.

Ver. Pray God my News be worth a welcome, Lord.
 The Earl of *Westmorland*, seven thousand strong,
 Is marching hither-wards with Prince *John*.

Hot. No harm; what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
 The King himself in Person hath set forth,
 Or hither-wards intended speedily,
 With strong and mighty Preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too,

Where is his Son?

The nimble-footed Mad-cap, Prince of *Wales*,
 And his Comrades, that cast the World aside,
 And bid it pals?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in Arms,
 All plum'd like *Estridges*, that wing the Wind,
 Baited like *Eagles*, having lately bath'd,
 Glittering in Golden Coats, like Images,
 As full of Spirit as the Mouth of *May*,
 And gorgeous as the Sun at *Midsummer*,
 Wanton as youthful Goats, wild as young Bulls,
 I saw young *Harry* with his Beaver on,
 His Cushes on his Thighs, gallantly arm'd,

Rise from the Ground like feather'd *Mercury*,
 And vaulted with such Ease into his Seat,
 As if an Angel dropt down from the Clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,
 And witch the World with noble Horsemanship;

Hot. No more, no more;

Worse than the Sun in *March*,
 This Praise doth nourish Agues; let them come.

They come like Sacrifices in their trim,

All to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoaky War,

All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them;

The mailed *Mars* shall on his Altar sit

Up to the Ears in Blood. I am on fire,

To hear this rich Reprisal is so nigh,

And yet not ours: Come, let me take my Horse,

Who is to bear me like a Thunder-bolt,

Against the Bosom of the Prince of *Wales*.

Harry to *Harry*, shall not Horse to Horse

Meet, and ne'er part, 'till one drop down a Course?

Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more News:

I learn'd in *Worcesters*, as I rode along,

He cannot draw his Power this fourteen Days.

Dow. That's the worst Tidings that I hear of, yet.

Wor. Ay, by my Faith, that bears a frosty Sound.

Hot. What may the King's whole Battel reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be,

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,

The Power of us may serve so great a Day.

Come, let us take a Muster speedily:

Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Dow. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear

Of Death, or Death's Hand, for this one half Year.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. *Bardolph*, get thee before to *Coventrey*; fill me a
 Borel of Sack, our Soldiers shall march through; We'll to
Sweseh-cop-hill to *Night*.

Bard. Will you give me Mony, Captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottel makes an Angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy Labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the Towns end.

Bard. I will Captain; farewell.

[*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not asham'd of my Soldiers, I am a sow'd Gurnet: I have mis-us'd the King's Press damnably. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty Soldiers, three Hundred and odd Pounds: I press me none but good Housholders, Yeomens Sons; enquire me out contracted Batchelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the Banes: Such a Commodity of warm Slaves, as had as lieve hear the Devil, as a Drum; such as fear the Report of a Caliver, worse than a struck-Fool, or a hurt wild Duck. I prest me none but such Tostes and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellies no bigger than Pins Heads, and they have bought out their Services: And now my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where the Glutton's Dogs licked his Sores; and such as indeed were never Soldiers, but dis-carded unjust Servingmen, younger Sons to younger Brothers: Revolted Tapsters and Oflers, Trade-fall'n, the Cankers of a calm World, and long Peace, ten times more dishonourable, ragged, than an old-fac'd Ancient; and such have I to fill up the Rooms of them that have bought out their Services; that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd Prodigals; lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draff and Husks. A mad Fellow met me on the Way, and told me, I had unloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead Bodies. No Eye hath seen such skar-Crows: I'll not march through *Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villains march wide betwixt the Legs, as if they had Gyves on; for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's but a Shirt and a half in all my Company; and the half Shirt is two Napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the Shoulders like a Herald's Coat, without Sleeves; and the Shirt, to say the Truth,

stol'n from my Host of St. *Albans*; or the Red-Nose Inn-keeper of *Daintry*. But that's all one, they'll find Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, and Westmorland.

P. Henry. How now, blown *Jack*? how now, Quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal*? How now, mad Wag, what a Devil do'st thou in *Warwickshire*? My good Lord of *Westmorland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

West. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to Night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steal Cream.

P. Henry. I think to steal Cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee Butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whose Fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine *Hal*, mine.

P. Henry. I did never see such pitiful Rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to tofs: Food for Powder, food for Powder; they'll fill a Pit, as well as better; tush Man, mortal Men, mortal Men.

West. Ay, but Sir *John*, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their Poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three Fingers on the Ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haste. *Percy* is already in the Field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir *John*, I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull Fighter, and a keen Guest.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Dowglass, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to Night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? Looks he not for Supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good Cousin be advis'd, stir not to Night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Dow. You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear, and cold Heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, *Dowglass*: By my Life,

And I dare well maintain it with my Life,

If well-respected Honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that this Day lives.

Let it be seen to morrow in the Battel,

Which of us fears.

Dow. Yea, or to Night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To Night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being Men of such great Leading as you are,

That you foresee not what Impediments

Drag back our Expedition; certain Horse

Of my Cousin *Vernon's* are not yet come up,

Your Uncle *Worcester's* Horse came but to Day,

And now their Pride and Mettle is asleep,

Their Courage with hard Labour tame and dull,

That not a Horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the Horse of the Enemy

In general, journey-bated, and brought low:

The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:

For God's sake, Cousin, stay 'till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious Offers from the King.
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hos. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*:

And would to God you were of our Determination,
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great Deservings, and good Name,
Because you are not of our Quality,
But stand against us like an Enemy.

Blunt. And Heav'n defend, but still I should stand so;
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anointed Majesty.
But to my Charge.

The King hath sent to know

The Nature of your Grievs, and whereupon
You conjure from the Breast of civil Peace,
Such bold Hostility, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good Deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Grievs; and with all speed
You shall have your Desires, with Interest:
And Pardon absolute for your self, and these,
Herein miss-led by your Suggestion.

Hos. The King is kind:

And well we know, the King
Knows at what time to Promise, when to Pay.
My Father, my Uncle, and my self,
Did give him that same Royalty he wears:
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the World's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the Shore:
And when we heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *LANCASTER*,
To sue out his Livery, and beg his Peace,
With Tears of Innocency, and terms of Zeal:
My Father, in kind Heart and Pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
Perceiv'd *Norshumberland* did lean to him,

They more and less came in with Cap and Knee,
 Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
 Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
 Laid Gifts before him; proffer'd him their Oaths,
 Gave him their Heirs, as Pages followed him,
 Even at the Heels, in golden Multitudes.
 He presently, as Greatness knows it self,
 Steps me a little higher than his Vow
 Made to my Father, while his Blood was poor,
 Upon the naked Shore at *Ravenspurg*:
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
 That lay too heavy on the Commonwealth;
 Cries out upon Abuses, seems to weep
 Over his Country's Wrongs; and by his Face,
 This seeming Brow of Justice, did he win
 The Hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
 Of all the Favourites, that the absent King
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the *Irish War*:

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the Point,

In short time after, he depos'd the King,
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his Life:
 And in the Neck of that, task'd the whole State.
 To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *March*,
 Who is, if every Owner were right plac'd,
 Indeed his King, to be engag'd in *Wales*,
 There, without Ransom, to lie forfeited:
 Disgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
 Sought to intrap me by Intelligence,
 Rated my Uncle from the Council Board,
 In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,
 Broke Oath on Oath, committing Wrong on Wrong,
 And in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This Head of safety; and withal, to pry
 Into his Title; the which we find
 To indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?

Hos. Not so, Sir *Walter*.

We'll withdraw a while:

Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd

Some surety for a safe return again:

And in the Morning early shall my Uncle

Bring him our purpose; and so farewell.

Blant. I would you would accept of Grace and Love.

Hos. And't may be, so we shall.

Blant. Pray Heav'n you do.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of York, and Sir Michell.

Tork. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, bear this sealed Brief

With winged haste to the Lord Marthal,

This to my Cousin *Scroop*, and all the rest

To whom they are directed.

If you knew how much they do import,

You would make haste.

Sir Michell. My good Lord, I guess their tenour.

Tork. Like enough you do.

To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a Day,

Wherein the Fortune of ten thousand Men

Must bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,

As I am truly given to understand,

The King, with mighty and quick-raised Power,

Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I fear, Sir *Michell*,

What with the Sickness of *Northumberland*,

Whose Power was in the first Proportion;

And what with *Owen Glendower's* absence thence,

Who with them was rated firmly too,

And comes not in, over-rul'd by Prophecies,

I fear the Power of *Percy* is too weak,

To wage an instant Trial with the King.

Sir Michell. Why, my good Lord, you need not fear,

There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*,

Tork. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir Michell. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,

And there is my Lord of *Worcester*,

And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

York. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The special Head of all the Land together;
The Prince of *Wales*, Lord *John of Lancaster*,
The noble *Westmorland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many more Corrivals, and dear Men
Of Estimation, and command in Arms.

Sir Michell. Doubt not, my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd

York. I hope no less: Yet needful 'tis to fear,
And to prevent the worst, *Sir Michell* speed;
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not, e'er the King
Dismiss his Power, he means to visit us;
For he hath heard of our Confederacy,
And, 'tis but Wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must go write again
To other Friends; and so farewell, *Sir Michell.* [*Exeunt.*]

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

*Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earl of Westmorland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.*

K. Henry. **H**OW bloodily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon busky Hill: The Day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Henry. The Southern Wind
Doth play the Trumpet to his Purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaves,
Foretels a Tempest, and a blust'ring Day,

K. Henry. Then with the Losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem sower to them that win.

[*The Trumpet sounds.*]

Enter Worcester.

K. Henry. How now, my Lord of *War'ster*? 'Tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms,
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our Trusts
And made us doff our easie Robe of Peace,

To

To crush our old Limbs in ungentle Steel :
 This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
 What say you to it? Will you again unknit
 This churlish Knot of all-aborred War;
 And move in that obedient Orb again,
 Where you did give a fair and natural Light,
 And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
 A Prodigy of Fear, and a Portent
 Of broached Mischief, to the unborn Times?

Wor. Hear me, my Liege:

For mine own part, I could be well content
 To entertain the Lag-end of my Life
 With quiet Hours: For I do protest,
 I have not sought the Day of this dislike.

K. Henry. You have not sought it; how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in this way, and he found it.

P. Henry. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty, to turn your Looks
 Of Favour, from my Self, and all our House;
 And yet I must remember you, my Lord,
 We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
 For you, my Staff of Office did I break
 In *Richard's* time, and posted Day and Night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your Hand,
 When yet you were in place, and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;
 It was my self, my Brother, and his Son,
 That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
 The danger of the time. You swore to us,
 And you did swear that Oath at *Doncaster*,
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the State,
 Nor claim no further, than your new-fal'n Right,
 The Seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaster*.
 To this, we sware our Aid: But in short Space,
 It rain'd down Fortune showing on your Head,
 And such a Flood of Greatness fell on you,
 What with our help, what with the absent King,
 What with the Injuries of wanton Time,
 The seeming Sufferances that you hard born,
 And the contrarious Winds that held the King
 So long in the unlucky *Irish Wars*,

That all in *England* did repute him dead;
 And from this swarm of fair Advantages,
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd,
 To gripe the general sway into your Hand:
 Forgot your Oath to us at *Doncaster*,
 And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
 As that ungentle Gull, the Cuckow's Bird,
 Useth the Sparrow, did oppress our Nest,
 Grew by our Feeding, to so great a Bulk,
 That even our Love durst not come near your Sight
 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble Wing
 We were inforc'd for safety's sake, to fly
 Out of your Sight, and raise this present Head,
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means
 As you your self, have forg'd against your self,
 By unkind Usage, dangerous Countenance,
 And violation of all Faith and Troth
 Sworn to us in your younger Enterprize.

K. Henry. These things indeed you have articulated,
 Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,
 To face the Garment of Rebellion
 With some fine Colour, that may please the Eye
 Of fickle Changelings, and poor Discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the News
 Of hurly burly Innovation:
 And never yet did Insurrection want
 Such Water-colours, to impaint his Cause;
 Nor moody Beggars, starving for a time
 Of pell-mell Havock, and Confusion.

P. Henry. In both our Armies, there is many a Soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this Encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your Nephew,
 The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the World
 In praise of *Henry Percy*: By my Hopes,
 This present Enterprize set off his Head,
 I do not think a braver Gentleman,
 More Active, Valiant, or more valiant Young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter Age with noble Deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my Shame,
 I have a Trauant been to Chivalry,

And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
 Yet this before my Father's Majesty,
 I am content that he shall take the odds
 Of his great Name and Estimation,
 And will, to save the Blood on either side,
 Try Fortune with him, in a single Fight.

K. Henry. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
 Albeit, Considerations infinite
 Do make against it: No, good *Wor'ster*, no,
 We love our People well; even those we love
 That are mis-led upon your Cousin's part:
 And will they take the offer of our Grace;
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every Man
 Shall be my Friend again, and I'll be his.
 So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
 What he will do. But if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their Office. So be gone,
 We will not now be troubled with Reply.
 We offer fair, take it advisedly. [Exit Worcester.]

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my Life,
 The *Dowglass* and the *Hot-spur* both together,
 Are confident against the World in Arms.

K. Henry. Hence therefore, every Leader to his Charge.
 For on their Answer will we set on them:
 And God befriend us, as our Cause is just. [Exeunt.]

Manet Prince Henry and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the Battel,
 And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of Friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that Friend-
 Say thy Prayers, and farewell. [Ship:]

Fal. I would it were Bed-time, *Hal*, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou owest Heav'n a Death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him be-
 fore his Day. What need I be so forward with him that
 call's not on me? Well, 'tis no Matter, Honour pricks me
 on. But how if Honour prick me off when I come on?
 How then; can Honour set to a Leg? No. Or an Arm? No.
 Or take away the Grief of a Wound? No. Honour hath
 no Skill in Surgery then? No. What is Honour? A word.
 What is that word Honour? Ayre; a trim reckoning. Who
 hath

hath it? He that dy'd a *Wednesday*. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it, therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a meer Scutcheon, and so ends my Catechism. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, *Sir Richard*,
The liberal kind Offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keep his Word in loving us,
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this Offence in other Faults:
Suppose then, all our Lives shall be struck full of Eyes;
For Treason is but trusted like the Fox,
Who ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his Ancestors;
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our Looks,
And we shall feed like Oxen at a Stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My Nephew's Trespas may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of Youth, and heat of Blood,
And an adopted Name of Privilege,
A hare-brain'd *Hot-spur*, govern'd by a Spleen:
All his Offences live upon my Head,
And on his Father's. We did train him on,
And his Corruption being ta'en from us,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore, good Cousin, let not *Harry* know,
In any case, the Offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your Cousin.

Enter Hot-spur and Dowglass.

Hot. My Uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my Lord of *Westmorland*.
Uncle, what News?

Wor. The King will bid you Battel presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *Westmorland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglass*; go you and tell him so.

Dow. Marry aqd shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit Dowglass.*]

Wor. There is no seeming Mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our Grievances,
Of his Oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn,
He calls us Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty Arms, this hateful Name in us.

Enter Dowglass.

Dow. Arm, Gentlemen, to Arms, for I have thrown
A brave Defiance in King *Henry's* Teeth:
And *Westmorland* that was ingag'd did bear it,
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of *Wales* stept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to single Fight.

Hot. O, would the Quarrel lay upon our Heads,
And that no Man might draw short Breath to Day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in Contempt?

Ver. No by my Soul: I never in my Life
Did hear a Challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a Brother should a Brother dare,
To gentle Exercise and proof of Arms.
He gave you all the Duties of a Man,
Trim'd up your Praises with a princely Tongue,
Spoke your Deservings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better than his Praise,
By still dispraising Praise, valu'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing Cital of himself,
And chide his trewant Youth so with a Grace,
As if he master'd there a double Spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly;
There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
If he out-live the Envy of this Day,
England did never owe so sweet a Hope,
So much misconstrued in his Wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
 On his Follies; never did I hear
 Of any Prince so wild at Liberty.
 But be he as he will, yet once e'er Night,
 I will embrace him with a Soldier's Arm,
 That he shall shrink under my Courtesie.
 Arm, arm with speed. And Fellows, Soldiers, Friends,
 Better consider what you have to do,
 Than I, that have not well the Gift of Tongue,
 Can lift your Blood up with Persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, here are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of Life is short:
 To spend that Shortness basely were too long,
 Tho' Life did ride upon a Dial's Point,
 Still ending at the Arrival of an Hour.
 And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
 If die; brave Death, when Princes die with us.
 Now for our Consciences, the Arms are fair,
 When the Intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my Tale,
 For I profess not talking: Only this,
 Let each Man do his best. And here I draw my Sword,
 Whose worthy Temper I intend to stain
 With the blest Blood that I can meet withal,
 In the Adventure of this perilous Day.
 Now Esperance, Percy, and set on:
 Sound all the lofty Instruments of War,
 And by that Musick, let us all embrace:
 For Heav'n to Earth, some of us never shall,
 A second time do such a courtesie.

*They embrace, then Exeunt. The Trumpets sound, the
 King entreats with his Power, alarms unto the Battel. Then
 enter Dowglass and Sir Walter Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy Name, that in Battel thus thou crossest
 What Honour dost thou seek upon my Head? (me?)

Dow. Know then, my Name is Dowglass,
 And I do haunt thee in the Battel thus,
 Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* dear to Day hath bought
Thy Likeness; for instead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as a Prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford's* Death.

Fight, Blunt is slain, then enter Hot-spur.

Hot. O *Dowglass*, hadst thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathless lyes the King.

Hot. Where?

Dow. Here.

Hot. This, *Dowglass*? No, I know this Face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his Name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Dow. Ah! Fool go with thy Soul whither it goes,
A borrow'd Title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coats,
I'll murder all his Wardrobe Piece by Piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away.

Our Soldiers stand full fairly for the Day. [Exeunt.

Alarm, enter Falstaff Jolus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I fear
the Shot here: Here's no scoring, but upon the Pate. Soft,
who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt*, there's Honour for you;
here's no Vanity; I am as hot as moulten Lead, and as
heavy too: Heav'n keep Lead out of me, I need no more
Weight than mine own Bowels. I have led my Rag-o'-
Muffians where they are pepper'd; there's not three of my
hundred and fifty left alive, and they for the Towns end
to beg during Life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy Sword,
Many a noble Man lyes stark and stiff
Under the Hoofs of vaunting Enemies,
Whose Deaths are unreveng'd. Prithee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prithee give me leave to breath a while. Turk *Gregory* never did such Deeds in Arms, as I have done this Day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him sure.

P. Henry. He is indeed, and living to kill thee: I prithee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'st not my Sword: but take my Pistol if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me? What, is it in the Case?

Fal. Ay *Hal*, 'tis hot: There's that will sack a City.

[*The Prince draws out a Bottle of Sack.*

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him; if he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning Honour as Sir *Walter* hath: Give me Life, which if I can save, so; if not, Honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

Alarm, Excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl of Westmorland.

K. Henry. I prithee, *Harry*, withdraw thy self, thou bleedest too much: Lord *John of Lancaster*, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my Lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I beseech your Majesty make up, Least your Retirement do amaze your Friends.

K. Henry. I will do so:

My Lord of *Westmorland*, lead him to his Tent.

West. Come my Lord, I'll lead you to your Tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my Lord! I do not need your Help, And Heav'n forbid a shallow Scratch should drive The Prince of *Wales* from such a Field as this, Where stain'd Nobility lyes trodden on, And Rebels Arms triumph in Massacres.

Lan. We breath too long; come Cousin *Westmorland*, Our Duty this Way lyes, for Heav'n's sake come.

P. Henry. By Heav'n thou hast deceiv'd me, *Lancaster*, I did not think thee Lord of such a Spirit:

Before, I lov'd thee as a Brother, *John*;
But now, I do respect thee as my Soul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the Point,
With lustier Maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown Warrior.

P. Henry. O this Boy, lends Mettle to us all. [Exit.

Enter *Dowglass*.

Dow. Another King? They grow like *Hydra's* Heads:
I am the *Dowglass* fatal to all those
That wear those Colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'st the Person of a King?

K. Henry. The King himself; who, *Dowglass*, grieves at
So many of his Shadows thou hast met, [Heart
And not the very King. I have two Boys
Seek *Percy* and thy self about the Field;
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily
I will assay thee: So defend thy self.

Dow. I fear thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, who e'er thou be,
And thus I win thee. [They fight: The King being in Danger,
Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Hold up thy Head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: The Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Arms;
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but means to pay,
[They fight, *Dowglass* flyeth.

Chearly, my Lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawssey* hath for Succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: I'll to *Clifton* streight.

K. Henry. Stay, and breath a while.
Thou hast redeem'd my lost Opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my Life
In this fair Rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O Heav'n, they did too much Injury,
That ever said I hearkned to your Death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting Hand of *Dowglass* over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end.

As all the poisonous Potions in the World,
And sav'd the treacherous Labour of your Son.

K. Henry. Make up to *Clifton*, I'll to Sir *Nicholas Gawfsey*.
[Exit.]

Enter *Hot-spur*.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.

P. Henry. Thou speakest as if I would deny my Name.

Hot. My Name is *Harry Percy*.

P. Henry. Why then I see a very valiant Rebel of that
I am the Prince of *Wales*; and think not, *Percy*. [Name.]

To share with me in Glory any more:

Two Stars keep not their Motion in one Sphere,

Nor can one *England* brook a double Reign,

Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales*.

Hot. Nor shall it, *Harry*, for the Hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to Heav'n

Thy Name in Arms were now as great as mine.

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, e'er I part from thee,

And all the budding Honours on thy Crest,

I'll crop, to make a Garland for my Head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy Vanities.

[Fight.]

Enter *Falstaff*.

Fal. Well said, *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you shall find no
Boys play here, I can tell you.

Enter *Dowglass*, he fights with *Falstaff*, who falls down
as if he were dead. The Prince kills *Percy*.

Hot. Oh *Harry* thou hast robb'd me of my Youth:

I better brook the Loss of brittle Life,

Than those proud Titles thou hast won of me,

They wound my Thoughts worse, than thy Sword my Flesh:

But Thought's the Slave of Life, and Life Time's Fool;

And Time, that takes survey of all the World,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesie,

But that the Earth, and the cold Hand of Death,

Lyes on my Tongue: No, *Percy* thou art Dust

And Food for ———

[Dies.]

P. Henry. For Worms, brave *Percy*. Farewel, great Heart:

I'll-weav'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

When that this Body did contain a Spirit,

A Kingdom for it was too small a Bound:

But now two Paces of the vilest Earth

Is room enough. This Earth that bears thee dead,
 Bears not alive so stout a Gentleman.
 If thou wert sensible of Courtesie,
 I should not make so great a show of Zeal.
 But let my Favours hide thy mangled Face,
 And even in thy behalf, I'll think my self
 For doing these fair Rites of Tenderness.
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heav'n,
 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the Grave,
 But not remembered in thy Epitaph.
 What! Old Acquaintance! Could not all this flesh
 Keep in a little Life? Poor *Jack*, farewell:
 I could have better spar'd a better Man.
 O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
 If I were much in love with Vanity.
 Death hath not struck so fat a Deer to Day,
 Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
 Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
 'Till then, in Blood by noble *Percy* lye.

[Exit.

Falstaff riseth up.

Fal. Imbowell'd! If thou imbowel me to Day, I'll give
 you leave to Powder me, and eat me too to Morrow. 'Twas
 time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant *Scot* had paid
 me scot and lot too. Counterfeit—I am no counterfeit; to
 die, is to be a Counterfeit, for he is but the Counterfeit of
 a Man, who hath not the Life of a Man: But to counter-
 feit dying, when a Man thereby liveth, is to be no Coun-
 terfeit, but the true and perfect image of Life indeed. The
 better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the which better
 part, I have saved my Life. I am afraid of this Gun-
 Powder *Percy*, though he be dead. How if he should
 Counterfeit too, and rise, I am afraid he would prove the
 better Counterfeit; therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and
 I'll swear I have kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well
 as I? Nothing confutes me but Eyes, and no Body sees
 me. Therefore, Sirrah, with a new Wound in your Thigh
 come you along with me.

[Takes Hot-spur on his Back.

Enter Prince Henry and John of Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come Brother *John*, full bravely hast thou
 sleight thy Maiden Sword.

Lan. But soft, who have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat Man was dead?

P. Henry. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathless, and bleeding on the Ground: Art thou alive,
Or is it Fantasie that plays upon our Eye-sight?
I prethee speak, we will not trust our Eyes
Without our Ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double Man; but if
I am not *Jack Falstaff*, then am I a *Jack*: There is *Percy*,
if your Father will do me any Honour, so; if not, let him
kill the next *Percy* himself. I look either to be Earl or
Duke, I can assure you.

P. Henry. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my self, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the World is given
to Lying! I grant you I was down, and out of Breath,
and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought
a long Hour by *Shrewsbury* Clock: If I may be believed, so;
if not, let them that should reward Valour bear the Sin up-
on their own Heads. I'll take't on my Death I gave him
this Wound in the Thigh: if the Man were alive, and
would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my Sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *John*.
Come bring your Luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a Lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A Retreat is sounded.*]

The Trumpets sound Retreat, the Day is ours:

Come Brother, let's to the highest of the Field,

To see what Friends are living, who are dead. [*Exeunt.*]

Fal. I'll follow as they say, for Reward. He that re-
wards me, Heav'n reward him. If I do grow great again,
I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave Sack, and live
cleanly, as a noble Man should do. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

The Trumpets sound : Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, with Worcester and Vernon Prisoners.

K. Henry. Thus ever did Rebellion find Rebuke,
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and terms of Love to all of you ?
And would'st thou turn our Offers contrary ?
Misuse the Tenor of thy Kinsman's Trust ?
Three Knights upon our Party slain to Day,
A noble Earl and many a Creature else
Had been alive this Hour,
If like a Christian thou had'st truly born,
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this Fortune patiently,
Since, not to be avoided, it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear Worcester to death, and Vernon too.
Other Offenders we will pause upon.

[*Exit Worcester and Vernon.*]

How goes the Field ?

P. Henry. The noble Scot, Lord Dowglafs, when he saw
The Fortune of the Day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his Men,
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest ;
And falling from a Hill, he was so bruiz'd
That the Pursuers took him. At my Tent
The Dowglafs is, and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my Heart.

P. Henry. Then Brother John of Lancaster,
To you this Honourable Bounty shall belong :
Go to the Dowglafs, and deliver him
Up to his Pleasure, ransomless and free ;
His Valour shewn upon our Crests to Day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high Deeds,
Even in the Bosom of our Adversaries,

K. Henry. Then this remains; that we divide our Power.
You Son *John*, and my Cousin *Westmorland*,
Towards *Tork* shall bend you, with your dearest speed
To meet *Northumberland*, and the Prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are busily in Arms.
My self and Son *Harry* will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earl of *March*.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Check of such another Day;
And since this Business so far is done,
Let us not leave 'till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt*]



The Second PART of
HENRY IV.

Containing his DEATH:

A N D

The CORONATION of
King *HENRY V.*



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

King Henry the Fourth.

Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henry the Fifth.

Prince John of Lancaster,

Humphrey of Gloucester,

Thomas of Clarence,

Northumberland,

The Arch-Bishop of York,

Mowbray,

Hastings,

Lord Bardolph,

Travers,

Morton,

Coleville,

Warwick,

Westmorland.

Surrey,

Gower,

Harecourt,

Lord Chief Justice,

Poins,

Falstaff,

Bardolph,

Pistol,

Peto,

Page,

Shallow and Silence, both Country Justices.

Davy, Servant to Shallow.

Phang and Snare, two Serjeants.

Mouldy,

Shadow,

Wart,

Feeble,

Bulcalf,

Irregular Humorists.

Country Soldiers.

Opposites against King Henry the Fourth.

Of the King's Party.

Lady Northumberland.

Lady Percy.

Hottels Quickly.

Doll Tear-sheet.

Drawers, Beadles, Grocers, &c.

The Second Part of
HENRY IV,

Containing his DEATH:

AND

The CORONATION of

King *HENRY V.*

ACT I. SCENE I

INDUCTION.

Enter RUMOUR.



QUEN your Ears: For which of you will stop

The vent of hearing, when loud *Rumor* speaks?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping West,
Making the Wind my Post-horse, still unfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.

Upon my Tongue continual Slanders ride,
The which, in every Language, I pronounce,

Stuffing the Ears of them with false Reports:

I speak of Peace, while covert Enmity,
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the World:
 And who but *Rumor*, who but only I
 Make fearful Musters, and prepar'd Defence;
 Whilst the big Year, swol'n with some other Grievs,
 Is thought with Child, by the stern Tyrant War;
 And no much matter. *Rumor* is a Pipe
 Blown by Surmise, and Jealousies Conjectures;
 And of so easie, and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt Monster, with uncounted Heads
 The still discordant, wavering Multitude,
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus
 My well-known Body to Anatomize
 Among my Household? Why is *Rumor* here?
 I run before King *Harry's* Victory,
 Who in a bloody Field by *Shrewsbury*
 Hath beaten down young *Hot-spur*, and his Troops,
 Quenching the Flame of bold Rebellion,
 Even with the Rebels Blood. But what mean I
 To speak of Truth at first? My Office is
 To noise abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
 Under the Wrath of noble *Hot-spur's* Sword:
 And that the King, before the *Douglafs* Rage,
 Stoop'd his anointed Head, as low as death.
 This have I rumor'd through the Peasant Towns,
 Between the Royal Field of *Shrewsbury*,
 And this Worm-eaten hole of ragged Stone,
 Where *Hot-spur's* Father, old *Northumberland*,
 Lyes crafty Sick. The Posts come tyring on,
 And not a Man of them brings other News
 Than they have learn'd of me. From *Rumor's* Tongues
 They bring smooth-comforts-false, worse than true Wrongs.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Lord Bardolf, and the Porter.

Bard. Who keeps the Gate, ho? Where is the Earl?

Porter. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
That the Lord *Bardolph* doth attend him here.

Porter. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard.
Please it your Honour, knock but at the Gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here comes the Earl.

North. What news, Lord *Bardolph*? Ev'ry minute now
Should be the Father of some Stratagem.
The Times are wild: Contention, like a Horse
Full of high Feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain News from *Shrewsbury*.

North. Good, and Heav'n will.

Bard. As good as Heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the Death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Son,
Prince *Harry* slain outright; and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the Hand of *Dowglass*, young Prince *John*,
And *Westmorland*, and *Stafford*, fled the Field.
And *Harry Monmouth's* Brawn, the Hulk Sir *John*,
Is Prisoner to your Son. O, such a Day
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, 'till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Cesar's* Fortunes.

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from *Shrewsbury*?

Bard. I spake with one, my Lord, that came from thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good Name,
That freely render'd me this News for true.

North. Here comes my Servant *Travers*, whom I sent
On *Tuesday* last, to listen after News.

Enter Travers.

Bard. My Lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furnish'd with no Certainties,
More than he, happily, may retail from me.

North. Now *Travers*, what good Tidings comes from you?

Tra. My Lord, *John Umfrevil* turn'd me back
With joyful Tidings; and being better hors'd
Out-rode me. After him, came spurring hard

A Gentleman, almost fore-spent with speed,
 That stopp'd by me, to breathe his bloodied Horse?
 He ask'd the way to *Chester*: And of him
 I did demand what News from *Shrewsbury*:
 He told me, that Rebellion had ill Luck,
 And that young *Harry Percy's* Spur was cold.
 With that he gave his able Horse the Head,
 And, bending forward, strook his able Heels
 Against the panting Sides of his poor Jade,
 Up to the Rowel-head, and starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

North. Ha? Again:

Said he young *Harry Percy's* Spur was cold?
 Of *Het-spur*, cold Spur, that Rebellion
 Had met ill Luck?

Bard. My Lord, I'll tell you what,
 If my young Lord, your Son, have not the Day,
 Upon mine Honour, for a silken Point
 I'll give my Barony. Never talk of it.

North. Why should the Gentleman that rode by *Travers*
 Give then such Instances of Loss?

Bard. Who he?

He was some hiolding Fellow, that had stol'n
 The Horse he rode on; and upon my Life
 Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more News.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this Man's Brow, like to a Title-leaf,
 Foretells the Nature of a Tragick Volume:
 So looks the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
 Hath left a witness'd Usurpation.

Say, *Morton*, didst thou come from *Shrewsbury*?

Mort. I ran from *Shrewsbury*, my noble Lord,
 Where hateful Death put on his ugliest Mask
 To fright our Party.

North. How doth my Son, and Brother?
 Thou trembl'st; and the whiteness in thy Cheek
 Is apter than thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
 Even such a Man, so faint, so spiritless,
 So dull, so dead in Look, so woe-be-gone,
 Drew *Priam's* Curtain, in the dead of Night,

And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd.
 But *Priam* found the Fire, e'er he his Tongue:
 And I, my *Percy's* Death, e'er thou report'st it.
 This, thou wouldst say: Your Son did thus, and thus;
 Your Brother, thus. So fought the noble *Douglafs*,
 Stopping my greedy Ear with their bold Deeds.
 But in the end, to stop my Ear indeed,
 Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,
 Ending with Brother, Son, and all are dead.

Mort. *Douglafs* is living, and your Brother, yet;
 But for my Lord, your Son.

North. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready Tongue Suspicion hath;
 He that but fears the thing, he would not know,
 Hath by Instinct, knowledge from other Eyes,
 That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet speak, *Morton*,
 Tell thou thy Earl, his Divination lies,
 And I will take it as a sweet Disgrace,
 And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Mort. You are too great, to be, by me, gainsaid:
 Your Spirit is too true, your Fears too certain.

North. Yet for all this, say not that *Percy's* dead.
 I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:
 Thou shak'st thy Head, and hold'st it Fear, or Sin,
 To speak a Truth. If he be slain, say so:
 The Tongue offends not, that reports his Death:
 And he doth sin that doth belie the dead;
 Not he, which says the dead is not alive:
 Yet the first Bringer of unwelcome News
 Hath but a losing Office: And his Tongue,
 Sounds ever after as a sullen Bell
 Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my Lord, your Son is dead.

Mort. I am sorry I should force you to believe
 That, which I would to Heav'n I had not seen.
 But these mine Eyes saw him in bloody State,
 Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
 To *Henry Monmouth*, whose swift wrath beat down
 The never-daunted *Percy* to the Earth,
 From whence, with Life, he never more sprung up.
 In few; his Death, whose Spirit lent a Fire

Even to the dullest Peasant in his Camp,
 Being'bruided once, took Fire and Heat away
 From the best temper'd Courage in his Troops:
 For from his Metal was his Party steel'd;
 Which once in him abated, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead:
 And as the thing that's heavy in it self,
 Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
 So did our Men, heavy in *Hot-spur's* loss,
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
 That Arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
 Than did our Soldiers, aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the Field. Then was that noble *Worcester*
 Too soon ta'en Prisoner: And that furious *Scot*,
 The bloody *Douglafs*, whose well-labouring Sword
 Had three times slain th' Appearance of the King,
 'Gan vail his Stomach, and did grace the Shame
 Of those that turn'd their Back: And in his flight,
 Stumbling in Fear, was took. The sum of all,
 Is, that the King hath won: And hath sent out
 A speedy Power, to encounter you, my Lord,
 Under the Conduct of young *Lancaster*
 And *Westmorland*. This is the News at full.

North. For this, I shall have time enough to mourn.
 In Poison there is Physick: And this News,
 Having been well, that would have made me sick,
 Being sick, hath in some measure made me well.
 And as the Wretch, whose Feaver-weakened Joints,
 Like strengthless Hinges, buckle under Life,
 Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a Fire
 Out of his Keeper's Arms; even so, my Limbs,
 Weakened with Grief, being now inrag'd with Grief,
 Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice Crutch;
 A scaly Gauntlet now, with Joints of Steel
 Must glove this Hand. And hence thou sickly Quoif,
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the Head,
 Which Princes flesh'd with Conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bind my Brows with Iron, and approach
 The ragged'st Hour that Time and Spight dare bring;
 To frown upon th'enrag'd *Northumberland*.
 Let Heav'n kiss Earth: Now let not Nature's Hand

Keep the wild Flood confin'd; let Order die,
 And let the World no longer be a Stage
 To feed Contention in a lingring Act:
 But let one Spirit of the first-born Cain,
 Reign in all Bosoms, that each Heart being set
 On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
 And Darkness be the Burier of the Dead.

Bard. Sweet Earl, divorce not Wisdom from your Honour.

Mort. The Lives of all your loving Complices
 Lean on your Health, the which if you give o'er
 To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.
 You cast th' Event of War, my noble Lord,
 And sum'd the account of Chance, before you said
 Let us make Head: It was your Presurmise,
 That in the dole of Blows, your Son might drop.
 You knew he walk'd o'er Perils, on an Edge
 More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
 You were advis'd his Flesh was capable
 Of Wounds and Scars; and that his forward Spirit
 Would lift him, where most trade of Danger rang'd,
 Yet did you say, Go forth: And none of this,
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The stiff-born Action: What hath then befall'n?
 Or what hath this bold Enterprize brought forth,
 More than that Being, which was like to be?

Bard. We all that are engaged to this Loss,
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Stas,
 That if we wrought out Life, was ten to one;
 And yet we ventur'd for the Gain propos'd,
 Choak'd the Respect of likely Peril fear'd,
 And since we are o'er-set, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth, Body and Goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time; and, my most noble Lord,
 I hear for certain, and do speak the Truth:
 The gentle Arch-Bishop of York is up
 With well appointed Powers: He is a Man
 Who with a double Surety binds his Followers.
 My Lord, your Son, had only but the Corps,
 But Shadows, and the Shews of Men to fight.
 For that same Word, Rebellion, did divide
 The Action of their Bodies, from their Souls,

And they did fight with Queasiness, constrain'd,
 As Men drink Potions; that their Weapons only
 Seem'd on our Side: But for their Spirits and Souls,
 This Word, Rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
 Turns Infurrection to Religion;
 Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts,
 He's follow'd both with Body, and with Mind:
 And doth enlarge his rising, with the Blood
 Of fair King *Richard*, scrap'd from *Pomfret* Stones,
 Derives from Heav'n his Quarrel, and his Cause:
 Tells them, he doth besstride a bleeding Land,
 Gasping for Life, under great *Bullingbroks*,
 And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before. But to speak Truth,
 This present Grief had wip'd it from my Mind.
 Go in with me, and counsel every Man
 The aptest Way for Safety, and Revenge:
 Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
 Never so few, nor never yet more need. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff, and Page.

Fal. Sirrah, you Giant, what says the Doctor to my Water?

Page. He said, Sir, the Water it self was a good healing Water: But for the Party that own'd it, he might have more Diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The Brain of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to Laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in my self, but the Cause that Wit is in other Men. I do here walk before thee, like a Sow, that hath overwhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Service for any other Reason, than to set me off, why then I have no Judgment. Thou Horson Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my Cap, than to wait at my Heels. I was never mann'd with an Agot 'till now: But I will set you neither in Gold nor Silver, but in vile Apparel, and send you back again to your Master, for a Jewel. The
Juvenal!

Juvenal! the Prince your Master! whose Chin is not yet fledg'd; I will sooner have a Beard grow in the Palm of my Hand, than he shall get one on his Cheek: Yet he will not stick to say, his Face is a Face-Royal. Heav'n may finish it when he will, it is not a Hair amiss yet: He may keep it still as a Face-Royal, for a Barber shall never earn Sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ Man ever since his Father was a Batchelor. He may keep his own Grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Mr. *Dumbledon*, about the Satten for my short Cloak, and Slops?

Page. He said, Sir, you should procure him better assurance than *Bardolph*: He would not take his Bond and yours, he lik'd not the Security,

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horson *Achitophel*, a Rascally-yea-forsooth-knave, to bear a Gentleman in Hand, and then stand upon Security? The horson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high Shoes, and Bunches of Keys at their Girdles; and if a Man is through with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon Security: I had as lief they would put Rats-bane in my Mouth, as offer to stop it with Security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty Yards of Satten, as I am a true Knight, and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in Security, for he hath the horn of Abundance: And the lightness of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his own Lanthorn to light him. Where's *Bardolph*?

Page. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your Worship a Horse.

Fal. I bought him in *Pauls*, and he'll buy me a Horse in *Smithfield*. If I could get me a Wife in the Stews, I were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiv'd.

Enter Chief Justice, and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolph*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, and't please your Lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Serv.

Serv. He, my Lord. But he hath since done good Service at *Shrewsbury*: And, as I hear, is now going with some Charge to the Lord *John of Lancaster*.

Ch. Just. What, to *York*? Call him back again.

Serv. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak lowder, my Master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go pluck him by the Elbow. I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir *John*.

Fal. What! a young Knave and beg! Are there not Wars? Is there not Employment? Doth not the King lack Subjects? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg, than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the Name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I say you were an honest Man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Soldiership aside. I had lied in my Throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, then set your Knight-hood and your Soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your Throat, if you say I am any other than an honest Man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wer't better be hang'd: You Hunt counter, hence; avaunt.

Serv. Sir, my Lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir *John Falstaff*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord! give your Lordship good time of the Day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad; I heard say, your Lordship was sick. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by advice. Your Lordship, though not clean past your Youth, hath yet some smack of Age in you: Somerelish of the Saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to have a reverend care of your Health.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, I sent for you before your Expedition to *Shrewsbury*.

Fal. If it please your Lordship, I hear his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from *Wales*.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty: You would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highness is fall'n into this same whorson Apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, Heav'n mend him. I pray let me speak with you.

Fal. This Apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of Lethargy, a sleeping of the Blood, a whorson Tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? Be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much Grief; from Study and Perturbation of the Brain. I have read the Cause of its Effects in *Galen*. It is a kind of Deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fall'n into that Disease: For you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my Lord, very well: Rather, an't please you, it is the Disease of not Listening, the Malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the Heels, would amend the attention of your Ears, and I care not if I be your Physician.

Fal. I am as poor as *Job*, my Lord; but not so patient: Your Lordship may minister the Potion of Imprisonment to me, in respect of Poverty: But how I should be your Patient to follow your Prescription, the Wife may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed, a scruple-it self.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your Life, to speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my learned Counsel, in the Laws of this Land-service, I did not come,

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir *John*, you live in great Infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my Belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your Means is very slender, and your Waste great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my Means were greater, and my Waste slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have mis-led the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath mis-led me: I am the Fellow with the great Belly, and he my Dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd Wound; your Day's Service at *Shrewsbury*, hath a little gilded over

your Night's Exploit on *Gads-hill*. You may thank the unquiet time, for your quiet o'er posting that Action.

Fal. My Lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: Wake not a sleeping Wolf.

Fal. To wake a Wolf, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Ch. Just. What? You are as a Candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A Wassel-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: If I did fry of Wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white Hair on your Face, but should have his Effect of Gravity.

Fal. His Effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his evil Angel.

Fal. Not so, my Lord, your ill Angel is light: But I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go; I cannot tell—Virtue is of so little regard in these Costor-mongers Days, that true Valour is turn'd Bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a Tapster, and hath his quick Wit wasted in giving Recknings; all the other Gifts appertinent to Man, as the malice of this Age shäpes them, are not worth a Goose-berry. You that are old, consider not the Capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our Livers, with the bitterness of your Galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are Wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your Name in the Scrawl of youth, that are written down old, with all the Characters of Age? Have you not a moist Eye? a dry Hand? a yellow Cheek? a white Beard? a decreasing Leg? an increasing Belly; is not your Voice broken? your Wind short? your Wit single? and every part about you blasted with Antiquity? and will you call your self young? fie, fie, fie, Sir
John.

Fal. My Lord, I was born with a white Head, and something a round Belly. For my Voice, I have lost it with hollowing and singing of Anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in Judgment and Understanding, and he that will caper with me for a thousand Marks, let him lend me the Mony, and have

at him. For the Box o'th'Ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a sensible Lord. I have checkt him for it; and the young Lion repents: Marry not in Sack-cloth, but in new Silk, and old Sack.

Ch. Just. Well, Heav'n send the Prince a better Companion.

Fal. Heav'n send the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my Hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince Harry, I hear you are going with Lord *John of Lancaster*, against the Archbishop, and the Earl of *Northumberland*.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty sweet Wit for it; but look you pray, all you that kiss my Lady Peace at home, that our Armies join not in a hot Day: For I take but two Shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: If it be a hot Day, if I brandish any thing but my Bottle, would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous Action can peep out his Head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest, and Heav'n bless your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend me a thousand Pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a Penny, not a Penny; you are too impatient to bear Crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my Cousin *Westmorland*. [Exit.

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A Man can no more separate Age and Covetousness, than he can part young Limbs and Letchery: But the Gout galls the one, and the Pox pinches the other, and so both the Degrees prevent my Curses. Boy.

Page. Sir.

Fal. What Mony is in my Purse?

Page. Seven Groats, and two Pence.

Fal. I can get no Remedy against this Consumption of the Purse. Borrowing only lingers, and lingers it out, but the Disease is incurable. Go bear this Letter to my Lord of *Lancaster*, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of *Westmorland*, and this to old Mistress *Ursula*, whom I have weekly sworn to marry, since I perceiv'd the first white Hair on my

my Chin. About it; you know where to find me. A Pox of this Gout, or a Gout of this Pox; for the one or th'other plays the Rogue with my great Toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I have the Wars for my Colour, and my Pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good Wit will make use of any thing; I will turn Diseases to commodity.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Arch-Bishop of York, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolph.

York. Thus have you heard our Causes, and know our
And my most noble Friends, I pray you all [Means:
Speak plainly your Opinions of our Hopes,
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Arms,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our Means, we should advance our selves,
To look with Forehead bold and big enough,
Upon the Power and Puissance of the King?

Hast. Our present Musters grow upon the File
To five and twenty thousand Men of choice:
And our Supplies live largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland*, whose Bosom burns
With an incensed Fire of Injuries.

Bard. The question then, Lord *Hastings*, standeth thus,
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up Head without *Northumberland*?

Hast. With him we may.

Bard. Ay marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My Judgment is, we should not step too far
'Till we had his Assistance by the Hand.
For in a Theam so bloody fac'd as this,
Conjecture, Expectation, and Surmise
Of Aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

York. 'Tis true, Lord *Bardolph*, for indeed
It was young *Hot-spur's* case at *Shrewsbury*.

Bard.

Bard. It was, my Lord, who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the Air, on promise of Supply,
Flattering himself with Project of a Power,
Much smaller than the smallest of his Thoughts,
And so with great Imagination
Proper to mad Men, lead his Powers to Death,
And, winking, leap'd into Destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, if this present quality of War,
Indeed the instant Action, a Cause on foot,
Lives so in hope, as in an early Spring
We see th'appearing Buds, which to prove Fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as Despair
That Frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the Plot, then draw the Model,
And when we see the figure of the House,
Then must we rate the Cost of the Erection,
Which if we find out-weighs Ability,
What do we then, but drew a-new the Model
In fewer Offices; or at least, desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is, almost, to pluck a Kingdom down,
And set another up, should we survey
The Plot of Situation, and the Model,
Consent upon a sure Foundation,
Question Surveyors, know our own Estate,
How able such a Work to undergo,
To weigh against his Opposite? or else,
We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,
Using the Names of Men, instead of Men:
Like one that draws the Model of a House
Beyond his Power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created Cost
A naked subject to the weeping Clouds,
And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born; and that we now possess
The utmost Man of Expectation:
I think we are a Body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the King.

Bard. What, is the King but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay not so much, Lord *Bardolph*.
For his Divisions, as the Times do brawl,
Are in three Heads; one Power against the *French*,
And one against *Glendower*; perforce a third
Must take up us: So is the unfirm King
In three divided; and his Coffers sound
With hollow Poverty, and Emptiness.

York. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full Puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his Back unarm'd, the *French*, and *Welsh*
Baying him at the Heel; never fear that.

Bard. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of *Lancaster* and *Westmorland*:
Against the *Welsh*, himself and *Harry Monmouth*.
But who is substituted 'gainst the *French*,
I have no certain notice.

York. Let us on:
And publish the Occasion of our Arms.
The Commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy Love hath surfeited.
An Habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar Heart.
O thou fond Many! with what loud Applause
Did'st thou beat Heav'n with blessing *Bullingbroke*,
Before he was, what thou would'st have him be?
And being now trim'd up in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly Feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thy self to cast him up.
So, so, thou common Dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton-bosom of the Royal *Richard*,
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And how'st to find it. What trust is in these Times?
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his Grave.
Thou that threwst Dust upon his goodly Head,
When through proud *London* he came fighting on,
After th'admired Heels of *Bullingbroke*,

Cry'st now, O Earth yield us that King again,
 And take thou this. O thoughts of Men accurs'd,
Past, and to come, seems best; things present, worst.

Mow. Shall we go draw our Numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are Time's Subjects, and time bids, be gone.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Hostess, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Host. **M**R. *Fang*, have you enter'd the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty Yeoman?
 Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare*?

Host. Ay, ay, good Mr. *Snare*.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. *Snare*, we must Arrest Sir *John Falstaff*.

Host. Ay, good Mr. *Snare*, I have enter'd him, and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our Lives: He
 will stab.

Host. Alas-the-day; take heed of him; he stab'd me in
 mine own House, and that most beastly; he cares not what
 mischief he doth, if his Weapon be out. He will foil like
 any Devil, he will spare neither Man, Woman, nor
 Child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your Elbow.

Fang. If I but first him once; if he come but within my
 Vice.

Host. I am undone with his going; I warrant he is an in-
 finite thing upon my score. Good Mr. *Fang*, hold him
 sure; good Mr. *Snare*, let him not scape, he comes continu-
 ally to *Pie-corner*, saving your Manhoods, to buy a Saddle,
 and he is invited to dinner to the *Lubbars-head* in *Lombard-*
street to Mr. *Smooths* the *Silkman*. I pray ye since my Acti-
 on is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the World,
 let him be brought into his answer. A hundred Mark is a
 long one, for a poor lone Woman to bear; and I have born,

and born, and born: and have been sub'd off, and sub'd off, from this Day to that Day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a Woman should be made an Ass and a Beast, to bear every Kuaves wrong.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmsley-Nose *Bardolph* with him. Do your Offices, do your Offices: Mr. *Fang*, and Mr. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir *John*, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress *Quickly*.

Fal. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolph*: Cut me off the Villain's Head: Throw the Quean in the Channel.

Host. Throw me in the Channel? I'll throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly Rogue. Murder, murder: O thou Honey-suckle Villain, wilt thou kill God's Officers and the King's? O thou honey-seed Rogue, thou art a Honey-seed, a Man-queller, and a Woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolph*.

Fang. A Rescue, a Rescue.

Host. Good People bring a Rescue. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.

Fal. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustiliri-an: I'll tuck your Catastrophe.

Enter Chief Justice.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? Keep the Peace here, ho.

Host. Good my Lord, be good to me. I beseech you stand to me.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir *John*? what are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to *York*. Stand from him Fellow, wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. O my most worshipful Lord, and please your Grace, I am a poor Widow of *Eastcheap*, and he is arrested at my Suit.

Ch. Just. For what Sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my Lord, it is for all; all I have, he hath eaten me out of House and Home; he hath put all my Substance into that fat Belly of his; but I will

have

have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o'Nights, like the Mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the Mare, if I have any vantage of Ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir *John*? Fie, what Man of good temper would endure this tempest of Exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor Widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross Sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wer't an honest Man, thy self, and the Mony too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt Goblet, sitting in my *Dolphin*-chamber, at the round Table, by a Sea-coal Fire, on *Wednesday* in *Whitsun-Week*, when the Prince broke thy Head for likening him to a Singing-man of *Windsor*; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy Wound, to marry me, and make me my Lady thy Wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not Good-wife *Keesb*, the Butcher's Wife, come in, and call me Gossip *Quickly*? coming in to borrow a Mess of Vinegar; telling us, she had a good Dish of Prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green Wound? And didst not thou, when she was gone down Stairs, desire me to be no more familiar with such poor People, saying, that e'er long they should call me Madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty Shillings? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poor mad Soul; and she says up and down the Town, that her eldest Son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her; but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true Cause, the false Way. It is not a confident Brow, nor the throng of Words, that come with such, more than impudent, sawtiness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. I know you ha' practis'd upon the easie-yielding Spirit of this Woman.

Host. Yes in troth, my Lord.

Ch. Just. Prethee, peace; pay her the Debt you owe her, and unpay the Villany you have done her; the one you may do with sterling Mony, and the other with currant Repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable Boldness impudent Sawciness. If a Man will curt'sie, and say nothing, he is Virtuous: No, my Lord, your humble duty remembred, I will not be your Sutor. I say to you, I desire deliv'rance from these Officers, being upon hasty Employment in the King's Affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak, as having Power to do wrong: But answer in the Effect your Reputation, and satisfie the poor Woman.

Fal. Come hither, Hostess.

Enter Mr. Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what News?

Gower. The King, my Lord, and *Henry* Prince of *Wales* are near at Hand: The rest the Paper tells.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman ———

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman, come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly Ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my Plate, and the Tapestry of my Dining Chambers.

Fal. Glasses, Glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy Walls a pretty slight Drollery, or the Story of the Prodigal, or the *German* hunting in Water-work, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapestries: Let it be ten Pound, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy Humours, there is not a better Wench in *England*. Go, wash thy Face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not be in this Humour with me, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Prithee, Sir *John*, let it be but twenty Nobles, I am loth to pawn my Plate, in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other shift; you'll be a Fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, although I pawn my Gown. I hope you'll come to Supper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? Go with her, with her; Hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have *Doll Tear-sheet* meet you at Supper?

Fal.

Fal. No more Words. Let's have her.

Ch. Just. I have heard bitter News.

Fal. What's the News, my good Lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the King last Night?

Gower. At *Basing-stoke*, my Lord.

Fal. I hope, my Lord, all's well. What is the News, my Lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his Forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred Foot, and five hundred Horse, are march'd up to my Lord of *Lancaster*, against *Northumberland* and the Arch-Bishop.

Fal. Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble Lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have Letters of me presently.

Come, go along with me, good Mr. *Gower*.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master *Gower*, I shall entreat you with me to dinner.

Gower. I must wait upon my good Lord here.

I thank you, good Sir *John*.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, you loiter here too long, being you are to take Soldiers up in Countreys as you go.

Fal. Will you Sup with me, Master *Gower*?

Ch. Just. What foolish Master taught you these manners, Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Gower*, if they become me not, he was a Fool that taught them me. This is the right Fencing grace, my Lord, tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Fool. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high Blood.

P. Henry. It doth me, though it discolours the Complexion of my Greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew ylely in me, to desire small Beer?

Poins. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a Composition.

P. Henry. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor Creature, small Beer. But indeed these humble considerations make me out of love with my Greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy Name? or to know thy Face to morrow? or to take notice how many pair of Silk Stockings thou hast? (*viz.* these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones;) or to bear the Inventory of thy Shirts; as one for superfluity, and one other for use; 'but that the Tennis-Court Keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of Linnen with thee, when thou keepest not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countreys have made a Shift to eat up thy Holland.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idely? Tell me how many good young Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sick, as yours is?

P. Henry. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins*?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry. It shall serve among Wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing, that you'll tell.

P. Henry. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad now my Father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my Friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a Subject.

P. Henry. Thou think'st me as far in the Devil's Book, as thou and *Falstaff*, for obduracy and persistency. Let the end try the Man. But I tell thee, my Hearts b'leeds inwardly, that my Father is sick; and keeping such vile Company as thou art, hath in Reason taken from me, all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The Reason.

P. Henry. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most Princely Hypocrite.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. It would be every Man's thought; and thou art a blessed Fellow, to think as every Man thinks; never a Man's thought in the World keeps the Road-way better than thine; every Man would think me an Hypocrite indeed. And what excites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much ingrafted to *Falstaff*.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine own Ears; the worst they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellow of my Hands; and those two things I confess I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolph*.

P. Henry. And the Boy that I gave *Falstaff*; he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat Villain have not transform'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Bard. Save your Grace.

P. Henry. And yours, most noble *Bardolph*.

Poins. Come, you pernicious Ass, you bathful Fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly Man at Arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now, my Lord, through a red Lattice, and I could discern no part of his Face from the Window; at last I spy'd his Eyes, and methought he had made two Holes in the Ale-wives new Petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Henry. Hath not the Boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whorson upright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away you rascally *Althea's* Dream away.

P. Henry. Instruct us, Boy, what dream, Boy?

Page. Marry, my Lord, *Althea* dream'd she was deliver'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him her Dream.

P. Henry. A Crowns-worth of good Interpretation; there it is, Boy.

Poins. O that this good Blossom could be kept from Cankers: Well, there is Six-pence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the Gallows shall be wrong'd.

P. Henry. And how doth thy Master, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Well, my good Lord; he heard of your Grace's coming to Town. There's a Letter for you.

P. Henry. Deliver'd with good respect; and how doth the *Martlemass*, your Master?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a Physician; but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow this Wen to be as familiar with me as my Dog. And he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

Poins reads. *John Falstaff, Knight*,——Every Man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to Name himself: Even like those that are Kin to the King, for they never prick their Finger, but they say there is some of the King's blood spilt. How comes that? says he that takes upon him not to conceive: The Answer is as ready as a borrowed Cap; I am the King's poor Cousin, Sir.

P. Henry. Nay, they will be Kin to us, but they will fetch it from *Faphet*. But to the Letter:——*Sir John Falstaff, Knight, to the Son of the King, nearest his Father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.*

Poins. Why this is a Certificate.

P. Henry. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity.

Poins. Sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins, for he misuses thy Favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his Sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell. Thine, by yea and no: Which is as much as to say, as thou usest him. Jack Falstaff with my Familiars: John with my Brothers and Sisters: And Sir John with all Europe.*

My Lord, I will steep this Letter in Sack, and make him eat it.

P. Henry. That's to make him eat twenty of his Words. But do you use me thus, *Ned*? Must I marry your Sister?

Poins. May the Wench have no worse Fortune. But I never said so.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the Fool with the time,
and the Spirits of the Wise sit in the Clouds, and mock us:
Is your Master here in *London*?

Bard. Yes, my Lord.

P. Henry. Where sups he? Doth the old Boor feed in the
old Frank?

Bard. At the old place, my Lord, in *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. What Company?

Page. *Ephesians*, my Lord, of the old Church.

P. Henry. Sup any Women with him?

Page. None, my Lord, but old Mistress *Quickly*, and
Mrs. Dol Tear-sheet.

P. Henry. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman of
my Master's.

P. Henry. Even such Kin, as the Parish Heyfars are to
the Town-Bull.

Shall we steal upon them, *Ned*, at Supper?

Poins. I am your Shadow, my Lord, I'll follow you.

P. Henry. Sirrah, you Boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to
your Master that I am yet in Town.

There's for your Silence.

Bard. I have no Tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. Henry. Fare ye well: Go.

This *Dol Tear-sheet* should be some Road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between *St.*
Albans and *London*.

P. Henry. How might we see *Falstaff* bestow himself to
Night in his true Colours, and not our selves be seen?

Poins. Put on two Leather Jerkins, and Aprons, and wait
upon him at his Table, like Drawers.

P. Henry. From a God to a Bull? A heavy declension:
It was *Jove's* Case. From a Prince to a Prentice, a low
transformation, that shall be mine: For in every thing, the
Purpose must weigh with the Folly. Follow me, *Ned*.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I prethee, loving Wife, and gentle Daughter,
Give an even way unto my rough Affairs.
Put not you on the Visage of the Times,
And be like them to *Percy*, troublesome.

L. North. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will: Your Wisdom be your Guide.

North. Alas, sweet Wife, my Honour is at Pawn,
And but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. Percy. Oh yet, for Heav'n's sake, go not to these Wars.
The time was, Father, when you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it, than now,
When your own *Percy*, when my Heart-dear *Harry*,
Threw many a Northward look, to see his Father
Bring up his Powers: But he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two Honours lost; yours and your Son's.
For yours, may heav'nly Glory brighten it:
For his, it stuck upon him, as the Sun
In the grey Vault of Heav'n: And by his Light
Did all the Chevalry of *England* move
To do brave Acts. He was, indeed, the Glass
Wherein the noble Youth did dress themselves.
He had no Legs, that practis'd not his Gate:
And speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish,
Became the Accents of the Valiant.
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own Perfection to Abuse,
To seem like him. So that in Speech, and Gate,
In Diet, in Affections of delight,
In Military Rules, Humours of Blood,
He was the Mark, and Glass, Copy, and Book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave
Second to none, un-seconded by you,

To

To look upon the hideous God of War,
 In disadvantage, to abide the Field,
 Where nothing but the sound of *Hot-spur's* Name
 Did seem defensible : So you left him.
 Never, O never do his Ghost the wrong,
 To hold your Honour more precise and nice
 With others, than with him. Let them alone :
 The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong.
 Had my sweet *Harry* had but half their Number,
 To day might I (hanging on *Hot-spur's* Neck)
 Have talk'd of *Monmouth's* Grave.

North. Beshrew your Heart,
 Fair Daughter, you do draw my Spirits from me,
 With new lamenting ancient Over-sights.
 But I must go, and meet with danger there ;
 Or it will seek me in another place,
 And find me worse provided.

L. North. O fly to *Scotland*,
 'Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
 Have of their Puissance made a little taste.

L. Percy. If they get Ground, and 'vantage of the King,
 Then join you with them, like a Rib of Steel,
 To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loves,
 First let them try themselves. So did your Son.
 He was so suffer'd ; so came I a Widow :
 And never shall have length of Life enough,
 To rain upon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
 That it may grow and sprout, as high as Heav'n,
 For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me : 'tis with my Mind
 As with the Tyde, swell'd up unto his height,
 That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
 Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop,
 But many a thousand Reasons hold me back :
 I will resolve for *Scotland* ; there am I,
 'Till Time and Vantage crave my Company. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What hast thou brought there? *Apple-Johns*? Thou know'st Sir *John* cannot endure an *Apple-John*.

2 *Draw.* Thou say'st true; the Prince once set a Dish of *Apple-Johns* before him, and told him there were five more Sir *Johns*; and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the Heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then cover, and set them down; and see if thou canst find out *Sneak's* Noise; *Mistress Tear-sheets* would fain have some Musick.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and Master *Poins* anon; and they will put on two of our Jerkins and Aprons, and Sir *John* must not know of it. *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* Then here will be old *Utis*: it will be an excellent Stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out *Sneak*. [Exeunt.]

Enter Hostess and Dol.

Host. Sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality; your Pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as Heart would desire; and your Colour, I warrant you, is as red as any Rose: But you have drank too much Canary, and that's a marvellous searching Wine; and it perfumes the Blood e'er we can say what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: Hem.

Host. Why, what was well said: A good Heart's worth Gold. Look, here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. When Arthur first in Court,---empty the Jordan---and was a worthy King: How now, *Mistress Dol*?

Host. Sick of a Calm: yea, good-sooth.

Fal. So is her Sect, if they be once in a Calm they are sick.

Dol. You muddy Rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat Rascals, *Mistress Dol*.

Dol. I make them! Gluttony and Diseases make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the Cook make the Gluttony, you help to make the Diseases, *Dol*; we catch of you, *Dol*, we catch of you; Grant that, my poor Virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay marry, our Chains, and our Jewels.

Fal. Your Brooches, Pearls, and Owches: For to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know; to come off the Breach with his Pike bent bravely, and to Surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd Chambers bravely——

Host. Why, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord; you are both, in good troth, as Rheumatick as two dry Toasts, you cannot one bear with anothers Confirmities. What the good-year? One must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker Vessel, as they say, the emptier Vessel. [To *Dol.*

Dol. Can a weak empty Vessel bear such a huge full Hogs-head? there's a whole Merchants Venture of *Bourdeaux* stuff in him; you have not seen a Hulk better stuff in the Hold. Come, I'll be Friends with thee, *Jack*: Thou art going to the Wars, and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Ancient *Pistol* is below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascal, let him not come hither; it is the foul-mouth'dst Rogue in *England*.

Host. If he swagger let him not come here: I must live amongst my Neighbours, I'll no Swaggeres: I am in good Name and Fame with the very Best: Shut the Door, there comes no Swaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have swaggering now: Shut the Door, I pray you.

Fal. Do'st thou hear, *Hostess*——

Host. Pray you pacifie your self, Sir *John*, there comes no Swaggerers here.

Fal. Do'st thou hear——it is mine Ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir *John*, never tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my Doors. I was before *Master Tisick* the Deputy the other day; and as he said to me---it was no longer ago than *Wednesday* last; Neighbour *Quickly*, says he; *Master Domb* our Minister was by then: Neighbour *Quickly*,

Quickly, says he, receive those that are Civil; for, faith he, you are in an ill Name: Now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, you are an honest Woman, and well thought on, therefore take heed what Guests you receive: Receive, says he, no swaggering Companions. There come none here. You would bless you to hear what he said. No, I'll no Swaggerers.

Fal. He's no Swaggerer, Hostess; a tame Cheater, he; you may stroak him as gently as a Puppey-Grey-hound; he will not swagger with a *Barbary Hen*, if her Feathers turn back in any shew of resistance. Call him up, *Drawer*.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest Man my House, nor no Cheater; but I do not love swaggering; I am the worse when one says swagger: Feel, Masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, Hostess.

Host. Do I? *yes*, in very Truth do I, if it were an *Aspen Leaf*: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph and Page.

Pist. 'Save you, Sir *John*.

Fal. Welcome, ancient *Pistol*. Here, *Pistol*, I charge you with a Cup of Sack: Do you discharge upon mine Hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir *John*, with two Bullets.

Fal. She is *Pistol* proof, Sir, you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no Proofs, nor no Bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good for no Man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, *Mistress Dorothy*, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy Companion! What? You poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-Linnen-Mate; away, you mouldy Rogue, away, I am Meat for your Master.

Pist. I know you, *Mistress Dorothy*.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse Rascal, you filthy Bung away: By this Wine, I'll thrust my Knife in your mouldy Chaps if you play the sawcy Curtle with me. Away you Bottle-ale Rascal, you Basket-hilt stale Jugler you. Since when,

when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your Shoulder? much.

Pist. I will murder your Ruff for this.

Hof. No, good Captain *Pistol*: Not here, sweet Captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd Captain? If Captains were of my mind they would truncheon you out, for taking their Names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a Captain! you slay! for what? for tearing a poor Whore's Ruff in a Bawdy House? He a Captain! hang him, Rogue, he lives upon mouldy stew'd Prunes and dry'd Cakes. A Captain! These Villains will make the word Captain odious: Therefore Captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress *Dol.*

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal *Bardolph*, I could tear her: I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first: To *Pluto's* damned Lake, to the Infernal Deep, where *Erebus* and Tortures vile also. Hold Hook and Line, say I: Down! Down Dog, down Fates: Have we not *Hiren* here?

Hof. Good Captain *Peesel* be quiet, it is very late: I beseech you now, aggravate your Choler.

Pist. These be good Humours indeed. Shall Pack-Horses, and hallow pamper'd Jades of *Asia*, which cannot go but thirty Miles a Day, compare with *Cesar*, and with *Cannibal*, and *Trojan Greeks*? Nay, rather damn them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roar; Shall we fall foul for Toys?

Hof. By my troth, Captain, these are very bitter Words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: This will grow to a Brawl anon.

Pist. Die Men, like Dogs; give Crowns like Pins: Have we not *Hiren* here?

Hof. On my word, Captain, there's none such here. What the good-year do you think I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*; come, give me some Sack. *Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.* Fear we broad-sides? No, let the Fiend give Fire: Give me some Sack: And Sweet-heart, lye thou there: Come we to full Points here; and are *& cætera's* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quier.

Pist. Sweet Knight, kifs thy Neaffe: What! we have seen the seven Stars.

Dol. Thrust him down Stairs, I cannot endure such a *Furrian Rascal.*

Pist. Thrust him down stairs? know we not Galloway Nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, *Bardolph,* like a shove-groat shilling: Nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down Stairs.

Pist. What shall we have Incision? shall we embrew? then Death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful Days: Why then let grievous, ghastly, gaping Wounds, untwine the Sisters three: Come, *Atropos,* I say. [*Drawing his Sword.*]

Hof. Here's good stuff toward.

Fal. Give me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee, *Jack,* I prethee do not draw.

Fal. Get you down Stairs. [*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*]

Hof. Here's a goodly Tumult; I'll forswear keeping House, before I'll be in these tiritts and frights, So; Murder, I warrant now. Alas, put up your naked Weapons, put up your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee, *Jack,* be quiet, the Rascal is gone: Ah you whorson, little valiant Villain, you:

Hof. Are you; not hurt i'th' Groin? Methought he made a shrewd thrust at your Belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of Doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the Rascal's drunk: You have hurt him Sir, in the Shoulder.

Fal. A Rascal to brave me!

Dol. Ay, you sweet little Rogue you: Alas, poor Ape, how thou sweat'st? come, let me wipe thy Face---Come on you whorson Chops---Ah Rogue, I love thee---Thou art as valorous as *Heclor* of *Troy*, worth fifty of *Agamemnon*; and ten times beater than the nine Worthies: Ah Villain.

Fal. A rascally Slave, I will toss the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'st for thy Heart: If thou do'st I'll canvass thee between a pair of Sheets.

Enter Musick,

Page. The Musick is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Rascal, bragging Slave: The Rogue fled from me like Quick-silver.

Dol. And thou followd'st him like a Church: Thou whetson little tydie *Bartholomew* Boor-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on Days, and soyning on Nights, and begin to patch up thine old Body for Heaven?

Enter Prince Henry and Poins disguis'd.

Fal. Peace, good *Dol.*, do not speak like a Deaths-head: Do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young Fellow: He would have made a good Pantler, he would have chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They say *Poins* hath a good Wit.

Fal. He a good Wit? hang him, Baboon, his Wit is as thick as *Tewksbury* Mustard: There is no more conceit in him, than is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their Legs are both of a bigness: And he plays at Quoits well, and eats Conger and Fennel, and drinks off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wild Mare with the Boys, and jumps upon joint Stools, and swears with a good Grace, and wears his Boot very smooth, like unto the Sign of the Leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet Stories; and such other Gambol faculties he hath that shew a weak Mind and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him: For the Prince himself is such another: The weight of an Hair will turn the Scales between their *Haberde-pois*.

P. Henry. Would not this Nave of a Wheel have his Ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his Whore.

P. Henry. Look, if the wither'd Elder hath no his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that Desire should so many years out-live Performance?

Fal. Kifs me, *Dol.*

P. Henry. *Saturn* and *Venus* this year in Conjunction! What says the Almanack to that?

Poins. And look, whether the fiery *Trigon* his Man be not lipping to his Master's old Tables, his Note-Book, his Coun-
sel-keeper?

Fal. Thou dost give me flatt'ring Buffes.

Dol. Nay, truly, I kifs thee with a most constant Heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young Boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a Kirtle of? I shall receive Mony on *Thursday*: Thou shalt have a Cap to morrow. A merry Song, come: It grows late, we will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt set me a weeping if thou say'st so: Prove that ever I drefs my self handsom 'till thy return—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Francis.*

P. Henry. *Poins.* Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha! a Bastard Son of the King's! And art not thou *Poins* his Brother?

P. Henry. Why, thou Globe of sinful Continents, what a Life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

P. Henry. Very true, Sir: And I come to draw you out by the Ears.

Hoff. Oh, the Lord preserve thy good Grace. Welcome to *London*. Now Heaven blefs that sweet Face of thine: What, are you come from *Wales*?

Fal. Thou whorson, mad compound of Majesty, by this light Flesh and corrupt Bloed thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his Hand upon Dol.*

Dol. How! you fat Fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My Lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to merriment, if you take not the hear.

P. Henry. You whorson Candle-myne you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, vertuous, civil Gentlewoman?

Hoff. 'Blessing on your good Heart, and so she is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Henry. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by *Gads-bill*, you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no no; not so: I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Henry. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, *Hal*, on my Honour, no abuse.

P. Henry. Not to dispraise me, and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, *Hal*.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, *Ned*, in the World; honest *Ned*, none. I disprais'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him: In which doing, I have done the part of a careful Friend, and true Subject, and thy Father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, *Hal*, none, *Ned*, none; no Boys, none.

P. Henry. See now whether pure Fear, and entire Cowardise, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous Gentlewoman, to close with us? Is she of the Wicked? Is thine Hostess here of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest *Bardolph*, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the Wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead Elm, answer.

Fal. The Fiend hath Prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his Face is *Lucifer's* Privy-Kitchin, where he doth nothing but roast Mault-Worms: for the Boy, there is a good Angel about him, but the Devil out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in Hell already, and burns poor Souls: for the other, I owe her Mony; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All Victuallers do so: What is a Joynt of Mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Henry. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What says your Grace?

Fal. His Grace says that, which his flesh rebels against.

Hof. Who knocks so loud at the Door? Look to the door there, *Francis?*

Enter Peto.

P. Henry. *Peto*, how now? what News?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at *Westminster*,
And there are twenty weak and wearied Posts,
Come from the North; and as I came along,
I met, and over-took a dozen Captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Taverns,
And asking every one for Sir *John Falstaff*.

P. Henry. By Heaven, *Poins*, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to ~~prophane~~ the precious time:
When Tempest of Commotion, like the South
Born with black Vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed Heads.
Give me my Sword, and Cloak:

Falstaff. good night.

[*Exit.*

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest Morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the door? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to the Court, Sir, presently. A dozen Captains stay at the door for you.

Fal. Pay the Musicians, Sirrah: farewell Hostess, farewell
Dol. You see, my good Wenches, how Men of Merit are sought after; the Undeserver may sleep, when the Man of Action is call'd on. Farewel, good Wenches; if I be not sent away post, I will see you again, e're I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst—
Well, sweet *Jack*, have a care of thy self.

Fal. Farewel, farewell.

[*Exit.*

Hof. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty nine Years, come *Pescod*-time; but an honest, and truer-hearted Man. Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mistress *Tear-sheer*.

Hof. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistress *Tear-sheer* come to my Master.

Hof. O run, *Dol*, run; run, good *Dol*.

[*Exeunt.*

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

Enter King Henry With a Page.

K. Henry. **G**O, call the Earls of *Surrey*, and *Warwick*:
But e'er they come, bid them o'er-read the
Letters,

And well consider of them: make good speed. [*Exit Page.*
How many thousands of my poorest Subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft Nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my Eye-lids down,
And steep my Senses in Forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, lyest thou in smoaky Cribs,
Upon uneasie Pallads stretching thee,
And husht with buzzing Night, fly'st to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great,
Under the Canopies of costly State,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melody?
O thou dull God, why ly'st thou with the vile,
In loathsome Beds, and leav'st the Kingly Couch
A watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy Mast,
Seal up the Ship-boy's Eyes, and rock his Brains,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the visitation of the Winds,
Who take the Russian Billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafning Clamours in the slip'ry Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it self awakes?
Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy Repose
To the wet Sea-boy in an hour so rude?
And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Low, lye down,
Uneasie lyes the Head, that wears a Crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your Majesty.

K. Henry. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis one a Clock, and past.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Why then good-morrow to you all, my Lords:
Have you read o'er the Letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my Liege.

K. Henry. Then you perceive the Body of our Kingdom,
How foul it is; what rank Diseases grow,
And with what Danger, near the Heart of it.

War. It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd,
Which to the former strength may be restor'd,
With good Advice, and little Medicine;
My Lord *Northumberland* will soon be cool'd.

K. Henry. Oh Heav'n, that one might read the Book of Fate,
And see the Revolution of the Times
Make Mountains level, and the Continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt it self
Into the Sea; and other Times, to see
The beachy Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for *Neptune's* Hips; how Chances mock
And Changes fill the Cup of Alteration
With divers Liquors. 'Tis not ten years gone,
Since *Richard* and *Northumberland*, great Friends,
Did feast together; and in two years after,
Were they at Wars. It is but eight years since,
This *Percy* was the Man nearest my Soul;
Who like a Brother, toil'd in my Affairs,
And laid his Love and Life under my foot:
Yea, for my sake, even to the Eyes of *Richard*
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by?
You Cousin *Nevil*, as I may remember, [To *Warwick*.
When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Tears,
Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*,
Did speak these words, now prov'd a Prophecy:
Northumberland, thou Ladder by the which
My Cousin *Bullingbroke* ascends my Throne:
(Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the Stat^e,
That I and Greatness were compell'd to kiss)
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul Sin'gathering head
Shall break into Corruption: So went on,
Fore-telling this same Time's Condition,
And the division of our Amity.

War. There is a History in all Mens Lives,
Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd;
The which observ'd, a Man may prophesie,
With a near aim, of the main Chance of things
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seeds
And weak beginnings lie entreaured.
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the necessary form of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect guess,
That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
Would of that Seed grow to a greater Falseness,
Which should not find a Ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Henry. Are these things then Necessities?
Then let us meet them like Necessities;
And that the same word, even now cries out on us:
They say the Bishop and *Northumberland*
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my Lord:
Rumour doth double, like the Voice of Eccho,
The number of the Feared. Please it your Grace
To go to bed, upon my Life, my Lord,
The Pow'rs that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that *Glendower* is dead.
Your Majesty hath been this Fort-night ill,
And these unseason'd Hours perforce must add
Unto your Sickness.

K. Henry. I will take your Counsel:
And were these inward Wars once out of Hand,
We would, dear Lords, unto the Holy-Land. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Shallow and Silence, with Mouldy, Shadow, Wart
Feeble, and Bull-calf.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your Hand,
Sir, give me your Hand, Sir; an early stirrer, by the Rood.
An how doth my good Cousin *Silence*?

Sil. Good Morrow, good Cousin *Shallow*.

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow? and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter *Ellin*?

Sil. Alas, a black Ouzel, Cousin *Shallow*.

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin *Williams* is become a good Scholar? He is at *Oxford* still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my Cost.

Shal. He must then to the Inns of Court shortly: I was once of *Clement's-Inn*; where, I think, they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd Lusty *Shallow* then, Cousin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of *Staffordshire*, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will. Squele* a Cot-sal-man; you had not four such Swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again: And I may say to you, we knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at Commandment. Then was *Jack Falstaff*, now Sir *John*, Boy, and a Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*.

Sil. This Sir *John*, Cousin, that comes hither anon about Soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir *John*, the very same: I saw him break *Schoggan's* Head at the Court-Gate, when he was a Crack, not thus high; and the very same day I did fight with one *Sampson Stock-fish*, a Fruiterer, behind *Grays-Inn*. Oh the Mad Days that I have spent? and to see how many of mine old Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. We shall all follow, Cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very sure, very sure: Death is certain to all, all shall Die. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at *Stamford Fair*?

Sil. Truly, Cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is Old *Double* of your Town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead! See, see, he drew a good Bow: And Dead? He shot a fine Shoot. *John* of *Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much Mony on his Head. Dead? He would have clapt in the Clowt at *Twelve Score*, and carried

ried you a fore-hand Shaft at fourteen, and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a Man's Heart good to see. How a Score of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a Score of good Ewes may be worth ten Pounds.

Shal. And is Old Double Dead?

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Sil. Here come two of Sir *John Falstaff's* Men, as I think.

Shal. Good Morrow, Honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice *Shallow*?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow*, Sir, a poor Esquire of this County, one of the King's Justices of the Peace: What is your good Pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captain, Sir, Commends him to you: My Captain, Sir *John Falstaff*; a tall Gentleman, and a most gallant Leader.

Shal. He greets me well: Sir, I knew him a good Back-Sword Man. How doth the good Knight? May I ask, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, Pardon, a Soldier is better Accommodated, than with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said indeed, too: Better accommodated---It is good, yea indeed is it; good Phrases are surely and every where very commendable. Accommodated---it comes out of *Accommodo*; very good, a good Phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrase; call you it? By this Day, I know not the Phrase: But I will maintain the word with my Sword, to be a Soldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated, that is, when a Man is, as they say, Accommodated; or, when a Man is, being whereby he thought to be Accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very just: Look, here comes good Sir *John*. Give me your Hand, give me your Worship's good Hand: Trust me, you look well, and bear your Years very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good *Master Robert Shallow*: Master-Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, Sir *John*, it is my Cousin *Silence*; in Commission with me.

Fal. Good Master *Silence*, it well befits you should be of the Peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie, this is hot weather, Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient Men?

Shal. Marry have we, Sir: Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: So, so, so, so: Yea marry, Sir, to *Ralph Mouldy*: Let them appear as I call: Let them do so, let them do so. Let me see, Where is *Mouldy*?

Moul. Here, if it please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir *John*, a good limb'd Fellow: Young, Strong, and of good Friends.

Fal. Is thy Name *Mouldy*?

Mould. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mouldy, lack use: very singular good. Well said, Sir *John*, very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: My old Dame will be undone now, for one to do her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other Men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: Peace *Mouldy*, you shall go *Mouldy*, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, Fellow, Peace; stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other, Sir *John*. Let me see: *Simon Shadow*.

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under: He's like to be a cold Soldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. *Shadow*, whose Son art thou?

Shad. My Mother's Son, Sir.

Fal. Thy Mother's Son I like enough; and thy Father's Shadow: So the Son of the Female is the Shadow of the Male: It is often so indeed, but not of the Father's Substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John*?

Fal. Shadow will serve for Summer, prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the Muster-Book.

Sbal. *Thomas Wart.*

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged *Wart*.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John*?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his Apparel is built upon his Back, and the whole Frame stands upon Pins: Prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well.

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Shal. What Trade art thou, *Feeble*?

Feeble. A Woman's Tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. you may:

But if he had been a Man's Tailor he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an Enemies Battel, as thou hast done in a Woman's Petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good Woman's Tailor; Well said, courageous *Feeble*: Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful Dove, or most magnanimous Mouse. Prick the Woman's Tailor well; Master *Shallow*, deep, Master *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would *Wart* might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a Man's Tailor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private Soldier, that is the Leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It shall suffice.

Fal. I am round to thee, reverend *Feeble*. Who is he next?

Shal. Peter Bulcalf of the Green.

Fal. Yea marry, let us see *Bulcalf*.

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come prick me *Bulcalf*, 'till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captain.

Fal. What, dost thou roar before th'art prickt?

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diseased Man.

Fal. What Disease hast thou?

Bul. A whorson cold, Sir; Cough, Sir, which I caught with Ringing in the King's Affairs, upon his Coronation day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Wars in a Gown: We will have away thy Cold, and I will take such order that thy Friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you must have but four here, Sir, and so, I pray you, go in with me to Dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry Dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. O, Sir *John*, do you remember since we lay all Night in the Wind-mill in Saint *George's* Fields?

Fal. No more of that, good Master *Shallow*, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry Night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive?

Fal. She lives, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: She would always say she could not abide Master *Shallow*.

Shal. I could anger her to the Heart: She was then a *Bona-roba*. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot chuse but be old; certain she's old, and had *Robin Night-work* by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clement's* Inn.

Sil. That's fifty five years ago.

Shal. Hah, Cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seen that, that this Knight and I have seen: Hah, Sir *John*, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the Chimes at midnight, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith, Sir *John* we have: Our watch word was Hem-Boys. Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: Oh the days that we have seen! Come, come.

Bul. Good Master Corporate *Bardolph* stand my Friend, and here is four *Harry* ten Shillings in *French* Crowns for you: In very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go; and yet for mine own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my Friends, else, Sir, I did not care for mine own part so much.

Bard. Go too; stand aside.

Mowl. And good Master Corporal Captain, for my old Dame's sake stand my Friend: She hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and she is old and cannot help her self: You shall have forty, Sir,

Bard. Go too; stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a Man can die but once; we owe a death. I will never bear a base Mind: If it be my destiny, so; if it be not, so. No Man is too good to serve his Prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good Fellow.

Feeble. Nay, I will bear no base Mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which Men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free *Mouldy* and *Bulcalf*.

Fal. Go too: Well.

Shal. Come Sir *John*, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bulcalf*, *Feeble* and *Shadow*;

Fal. *Mouldy* and *Bulcalf*: for you, *Mouldy*, stay at home 'till you are past Service: And for your part, *Bulcalf*, grow 'till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not your self wrong, they are your likeliest Men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master *Shallow*, how to chuse a Man? Care I for the Limb, the Thewes, the Stature, Bu'k and big assemblance of a Man? Give me the Spirit, Master *Shallow*. Where's *Wart*? You see what a ragged appearance it is: He shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a Pewterer's Hammer; come off and on, swifter than he that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this same half-fac'd Fellow *Shadow*, give me this Man, he presents no mark to the Enemy, the so-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a Pen-knife: And, for a Retreat, how swiftly will this *Feeble*, the Woman's Tailor, run off. O give me the spare Men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyver into *Wart's* Hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold, *Wart*, Traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your Calyver: So, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said, *Wart*, thou art a good Scab: Hold, there's a Tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his Craft-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at *Mile-End-Green*, when I lay at *Clement's* Inn, I was then Sir *Dagenet* in *Arthur's* Show, there was a little quiver Fellow, and he would manage you his Piece thus; and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would he say; Bounce, would he say, and away again would he go, and again would he come: I shall never see such a Fellow.

Fal. These Fellows will do well, Master *Shallow*. Farewel, Master *Silence*, I will not use many Words with you; Fare you well, Gentlemen both. I thank you, I must a dozen miles to Night. *Bardolph*, give the Soldiers Coats.

Shal. Sir *John*, Heaven bless you, and prosper your Affairs, and send us Peace. As you return, visit my House. Let our old Acquaintance be renewed: Peradventure I will with you to the Court.

Fal. I would you would, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Go to: I have spoke at a word. Fare you well. [Exit.]

Fal. Fare you well, Gentlemen. On, *Bardolph*, lead the Men away. As I return I will fetch off these Justices: I do see the bottom of Justice *Shallow*. How subject we old Men are to this Vice of Lying? This same starv'd Justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness
of

of his Youth, and the Feats he hath done about *Turnbal-street*, and every third word a Lie, duer paid to the hearer than the *Turks* Tribute. I do remember him at *Clement's Inn*, like a Man made after Supper of a Cheese-paring. When he was naked, he was, for all the World, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantastically carv'd upon it with a Knife. He was so forlorn, that his Dimensions, to any thick sight, were invisible. He was the very *Genius* of Famine; he came ever in the rearward of the fashion: And now is this *Vice's* Dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of *John of Gaunt* as if he had been sworn Brother to him: And I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his Head, for crouding among the *Marshals Men*. I saw it; and told *John of Gaunt* he beat his own Name, for you might have truss'd him and all his Apparel into an Eel-skin: The Case of a Treble Hoboy was a Mansion for him; a Court; and now hath he *Lasd* and *Beeves*. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a *Philosopher's* two Stones to me. If the young *Dacc* be a Bait for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law or Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there's an end

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and Colevile.

York. What is the Forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis *Gaultree* Forest, and't please your Grace.

York. Stand here, my Lords, and send discoveries forth,
To know the number of our Enemies.

Hast. We have sent already.

York. 'Tis well done.

My Friends and Brethren, in these great Affairs,

I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd

New-dated Letters from *Northumberland*:

Their cold intent, tenure and substance thus.

How doth he wish his Person, with such Powers

As might hold fortance with his Quality,

The which he could not levy; whereupon
 He is retir'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
 To *Scotland*: And concludes in hearty Prayers,
 That your Attempts may over live the hazard,
 And fearful meeting of their Opposite.

Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground;
 And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what News?

Mess. West of this Forest, scarcely off a mile,
 In goodly form comes on the Enemy:
 And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
 Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mow. The just proportion that we gave them out;
 Let us sway on, and face them in the Field.

Enter Westmorland.

York. What well appointed Leader fronts us here?

Mow. I think it is my Lord of *Westmorland*.

West. Health and fair Greeting from our General,
 The Prince, Lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaster*.

York. Say on, my Lord of *Westmorland*, in peace:
 What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my Lord,

Unto your Grace do I in chief address
 The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
 Came like it self, in base and abject Routs,
 Led on by bloody Youth, guarded with Rage,
 And countenanc'd by Boys and Beggary:
 I say, if damn'd Commotion so appear
 In his true, native, and most proper shape,
 You, Reverend Father, and these Noble Lords,
 Had not been here to dress the ugly Form
 Of base and bloody Infurrection,
 With your fair Honours. You, Lord Archbishop,
 Whose See is by a Civil Peace maintain'd,
 Whose Beard the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
 Whose Learning and good Letters Peace hath tutor'd,
 Whose white Investments figure Innocence,
 The Dove, and very blessed Spirit of Peace;
 Wherefore do you so ill translate your self,
 Out of the speech of Peace, that bears such Grace,

Into the harsh and boist'rous Tongue of War?
Turning your Books to Graves, your Ink to Blood,
Your Pens to Launces, and your Tongue divine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of War?

York. Wherefore do I this? So the Question stands.
Briefly to this end: We are all diseas'd,
And, with our surfeiting and wanton hours,
Have brought our selves into a burning Fever,
And we must bleed for it: Of which Disease
Our late King *Richard*, because infected, dy'd.
But, my most Noble Lord of *Westmorland*,
I take not on me here as a Physician.
Nor do I, as an Enemy to Peace,
Troop in the throngs of military Men:
But rather shew a while like fearful War,
To diet rank Minds, sick of Happiness,
And purge th'obstructions which begin to stop
Our very Veins of Life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal Ballance justly weigh'd,
What Wrongs our Arms may do, what Wrongs we suffer,
And find our Griefs heavier than our Offences.
We see which way the Stream of Time doth run,
And are inforc'd from our most quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occasion,
And have the summary of all our Griefs,
When time shall serve, to shew in Articles,
Which long e'er this we offer'd to the King,
And might by no Suit gain our Audience:
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our Griefs,
We are deny'd access unto his Person,
Even by those Men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the Day's but newly gone,
Whose Memory is written on the Earth
With yet appearing Blood; and the Examples
Of every minutes instance, present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming Arms:
Not to break Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to establish here a Peace indeed,
Concurring both in Name and Quality.

West. When ever yet was your Appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?

What Peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody Book
Of forg'd Rebellion with a Seal divine?

York. My Brother General, the Commonwealth
I make my Quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such Redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mow. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the Days before,
And suffer the Condition of these Times
To lay an heavy and unequal Hand upon our Honours?

West. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Construe the Times to their Necessities,
And you shall say, indeed, it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you Injuries.

Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the King, or in the present Time,
That you should have an inch of any Ground
To build a Grief on: Were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of *Norfolk's* Seignories,
Your noble and right well remembered Father's?

Mow. What thing, in Honour, had my Father lost
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The King that lov'd him, as the State stood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him;
And when, that *Henry Bullingbroke* and he
Being mounted, and both rowled in their Seats,
Their neighing Coursers daring of the Spur,
Their armed Staves in charge, their Beavers down,
Their Eyes of Fire, sparkling through sights of Steel,
And the loud Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid
My Father from the Breast of *Bullingbroke*;
O, when the King did throw his Warder down,
His own Life hung upon the Staff he threw,
Then threw he down himself and all their Lives,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Have since miscarried under *Bullingbroke*.

West. You speak, Lord *Mowbray*, now you know not what.
The Earl of *Hersford* was reputed, then
In *England* the most valiant Gentleman.

Who knows, on whom Fortune would then have smil'd?
 But if your Father had been Victor there,
 He ne'er had born it out of *Coventry*.
 For all the Country, in a general Voice,
 Cry'd hate upon him; and all their Prayers, and Love,
 Were set on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
 And bless'd, and grac'd, more than the King himself.
 But this is meer digression from my Purpose.
 Here come I from our Princely General,
 To know your Grievs; to tell you from his Grace,
 That he will give you Audience; and wherein
 It shall appear, that your Demands are just,
 You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
 That might so much as think you Enemies.

Mow. But he hath forc'd us to compel this Offer,
 And it proceeds from Policy, not Love.

West. *Mowbray*, you over-ween to take it so:
 This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Fear.
 For lo, within a Ken our Army lyes;
 Upon mine Honour, all too confident
 To give admittance to a thought of Fear.
 Our Battel is more full of Names than yours,
 Our Men more perfect in the use of Arms,
 Our Armour all as strong, our Cause the best;
 Then Reason will, our Hearts should be as good.
 Say you not then our Offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my Will we shall admit no Parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your Offences:
 A rotten Case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince *John* a full Commission,
 In very ample Virtue of his Father,
 To hear, and absolutely to determine
 Of what Conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the General's Name:
 I muse you make so slight a Question.

Tork. Then take, my Lord of *Westmorland*, this Schedule,
 For this contains our general Grievances:
 Each several Article herein redick'd,
 All Members of our Cause, both here, and hence,
 That are insinewed to this Action,
 Acquitted by a true substantial Form,

And present Executions of our Wills,
To us, and to our Purposes confin'd,
We come within our awful Banks again,
And knit our Powers to the Arm of Peace.

West. This will I shew the General. Please you, Lords,
In sight of both our Battels, we may meet
At either end in Peace; which Heav'n so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which must needs decide it.

York. My Lord, we will do so. [Exit West.]

Mow. There is a thing within my Bosom tells me,
That no Condition of our Peace can stand.

Hof. Fear you not that, if we can make our Peace
Upon such large Terms, and so absolute,
As our Conditions shall insist upon,
Our Peace shall stand as firm as Rocky Mountains.

Mow. Ay, but our Valuation shall be such,
That every slight, and false-derived Cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason,
Shall to the King taste of this Action;
That were our Royal Faiths, Martyrs in Love,
We shall be winnowed with so rough a Wind,
That even our Corn shall seem as light as Chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

York. No, no, my Lord, note this; the King is weary
Of dainty, and such picking Grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Revives two greater in the Heirs of Life.
And therefore will he wipe his Tables clean,
And keep no Tell-tale to his Memory,
That may repeat, and History his Loss,
To new Remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this Land,
As his misdoubts present occasion;
His Foes are so enrooted with his Friends,
That plucking to unfix an Enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a Friend.
So that this Land, like an offensive Wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his Infant up,

And

And hangs resolv'd Correction in the Arms,
That was uprear'd to Execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods
On late Offenders, that he now doth lack
The very Instruments of Chastisement:
So that his Power, like to a Fangleſs Lion
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be aſſur'd, my good Lord Marshal,
If we do now make our Atonement well,
Our Peace will, like a broken Limb united,
Grow ſtronger, for the breaking.

Mow. Be it ſo.
Here is return'd my Lord of *Westmorland*.

Enter Westmorland.

West. The Prince is here at hand: Pleaſeth your Lordſhip
To meet his Grace, juſt diſtance 'tween our Armies?

Mow. Your Grace of *York*, in Heav'n's Name then forward.

York. Before, and greet his Grace, my Lord, we come.

Enter Prince John of Lancaſter.

Lan. You are well-encountred here, my Couſin *Mowbray*;
Good Day to you, gentle Lord Arch-Biſhop,
And ſo to you, Lord *Hastings*, and to all.
My Lord of *York*, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your Flock, aſſembled by the Bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your Expoſition on the holy Text,
Than now to ſee you here an Iron Man,
Cheering a rout of Rebels with your Drum,
Turning the Word to Sword, and Life to Death.
That Man ſits within a Monarch's Heart,
And ripens in the Sun-ſhine of his Favour,
Would he abuſe the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroad,
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſs? With you, Lord Biſhop,
It is even ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deep you were within the Books of Heav'n?
To us, the Speaker in his Parliament:
To us, the imagine Voice of Heav'n it-ſelf;
The very Opener, and Intelligencer

Between the Grace, the Sanctities of Heav'n,
 And our dull workings. O, who shall believe,
 But you misuse the reverence of your Place,
 Employ the Countenance and Grace of Heav'n,
 As a false Favourite doth his Prince's Name,
 In Deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
 Under the counterfeited Zeal of Heav'n,
 The Subjects of Heav'n's Substitute, my Father,
 And both against the Peace of Heav'n, and him,
 Have here up-swarmed them.

York. Good my Lord of *Lancaster*,
 I am not here against your Father's Peace :
 But, as I told my Lord of *Westmorland*,
 The time, mis-order'd, doth in common Sense
 Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous Form,
 To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace
 The Parcels and Particulars of our Grief,
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the Court:
 Whereon this *Hydra*-Son of War is born,
 Whose dangerous Eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
 With grant of our most just and right desire;
 And true Obedience, of this Madness cur'd,
 Stoop tamely to the Foot of Majesty.

Mow. If not, we ready are to try our Fortunes
 To the last Man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
 We have Supplies to second our Attempt:
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them.
 And so, success of mischief shall be born,
 And Heir from Heir shall hold this Quarrel up,
 Whiles *England* shall have Generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, *Hastings*,
 Much too shallow,
 To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace, to answer them directly,
 How far-forth you do like their Articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
 And swear here, by the Honour of my Blood,
 My Father's Purposes have been mistook,
 And some, about him, have too lavishly
 Wrested his Meaning and Authority.

My Lord, these Grievs shall be with speed redrest;
 Upon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,
 Discharge your Powers unto their several Counties,
 As we will ours; and here between the Armies,
 Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,
 That all their Eyes may bear those Tokens home,
 Of our restored Love and Amity.

York. I take your Princely word, for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word;
 And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

Hast. Go Captain, and deliver to the Army
 This News of Peace; let them have Pay, and part:
 I know it will well please them.

Hie thee, Captain.

[Exit Coleville.]

York. To you, my noble Lord of *Westmorland*.

West. I pledge your Grace:

And if you knew what pains I have bestow'd,
 To breed this present Peace,
 You would drink freely; but my Love to ye
 Shall shew it self more openly hereafter,

York. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin *Mowbray*.

Mow. You wish me Health in very happy Season,
 For I am on the sudden something ill.

York. Against ill Chances Men are ever merry,
 But Heaviness fore-runs the good Event.

West. Therefore be merry Coz, since sudden Sorrow
 Serves to say thus; some good thing comes to morrow.

York. Believe me, I am passing light in Spirit.

Mow. So much the worse; if your own Rule be true.

Lan. The word of Peace is render'd; hark how they
 shout.

Mow. This had been cheerful after Victory.

York. A peace is of the Nature of a Conquest:
 For then both Parties nobly are subdu'd,
 And neither Party loser.

Lan. Go, my Lord,
 And let our Army be discharged too.

[Exit West.]

And, good my Lord, so please you, let our Trains

March by us, that we may peruse the Men,
We should have cop'd withal.

Bish. Go, good Lord *Hastings*:

And e'er they be dismiss'd, let them march by. [*Exit Hast.*]

Lan. I trust, Lords, we shall to night lye together.

Enter Westmorland.

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?

West. The Leaders, having Charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their Duties.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Our Army is dispers'd:

Like Youthful Steers unyoak'd, they took their Course
East, West, North, South: Or like a School broke up,
Each hurries towards his Home, and sporting Place.

West. Good Tidings, my Lord *Hastings*, for the which
I do arrest thee, Traitor, of high Treason:

And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,
Of Capital Treason, I attach you both.

Mow. Is this Proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your Assembly so?

York. Will you thus break your Faith?

Lan. I pawn'd you none:

I promis'd you Redress of these same Grievances
Whereof you did complain; which by mine Honour,
I will perform, with a most Christian Care.

But for you, Rebels, look to taste the Due
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these Arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.

Strike up our Drums, pursue the scatter'd stray,
Heaven, and not we, have safely fought to Day.

Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death,
Treasons true Bed, and yielder up of Breath.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Falstaffe and Colevile.

Fal. What's your Name, Sir? Of what Consideration are
you? And of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir:

And my Name is *Colevile* of the Dale.

Fal. Well then, *Colevile* is your Name, a Knight is your
Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Colevile* shall still be

your Name, a Traitor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deep enough: So shall you still be *Colevile* of the Dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir *John Falstaff*?

Fal. As good a Man as he, Sir, who e'er I am: Do ye yield, Sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy Lovers, and they weep for thy Death, therefore rowze up Fear and Trembling, and do observance to my Mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir *John Falstaff*, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole School of Tongues in this Belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all speaks any other word but my Name: And I had but a Belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active Fellow in *Europe*: My Womb, my Womb, my Womb undoes me. Here comes our Genera'.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster and Westmorland.

Lan. The Heat is past, follow no farther now, Call in the Powers, good Cousin *Westmorland*. [*Exit West.* Now *Falstaff*, where have you been all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come. These tardy Tricks of yours will, on my Life, One time or other, break some Gallow's Back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my Lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the Reward of Valour. Do you think me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Have I, in my poor and old Motion, the expedition of Thought? I speeded hither with the very extremest Inch of Possibility. I have foundred ninescore and odd Posts: And here, Travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir *John Colevile* of the Dale, a most furious Kight, and valorous Enemy: But what of that? He saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nos'd Fellow of *Rome*, I came, saw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his Courtesie, than your Deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this days deeds; or, I swear, I will have it in a particular, Ballad, with mine own Picture on the top of it, *Colevile* kissing

kissing my foot: To the which course, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear Sky of Fame, o'er-shine you as much as the full Moon doth the Cynders of the Element, which shew like Pins Heads to her, believe not the word of the Noble; therefore let me have right, and let Desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good Lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy Name *Colevile*?

Cole. It is, my Lord.

Lan. A famous Rebel art thou, *Colevile*.

Fal. And a famous true Subject took him.

Cole. I am, my Lord; but as my Betters are, That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves; but thou, like a kind Fellow, gav'st thy self away; and I thank thee, for thee.

Enter Westmorland.

Lan. Have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

Lan. Send *Colevile*, with his Confederates, To *Tork*, to present Execution.

Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

[*Exit Colevile.*]

And now dispatch we toward the Court, my Lords;

I hear the King, my Father, is sore sick:

Our News shall go before us to his Majesty,

Which, Cousin, you shall bear, to comfort him:

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My Lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through *Gloucestershire*; and when you come to Court, stand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, *Falstaff*; I, in my condition, Shall better speak of you, than you deserve. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I would you had but the Wit; 'twere better than your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded Boy doth not love me, nor a Man cannot make him

him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no Wine. There's never any of these demure Boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many Fifth-Meals, that they fall into a kind of Male Green-sickneſs; and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fools, and Cowards; which ſome of us ſhould be too, but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold Operation in it; it aſcends me into the Brain, dries me there all the fooliſh, and dull, and crudy Vapours, which environ it; makes it apprehenſive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable Shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the Voice, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The ſecond property of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood; which before, cold and ſettled, left the Liver white and pale; which is the Badge of Puſillanimity, and Cowardice; but the Sherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards, to the Parts extreme; it illuminaterh the Face, which, as a Beacon, gives warning to all the reſt of this little Kingdom, Man, to arm; and then the Vital Commoners, and inland petty Spirits, muſter me all to their Captain, the Heart; who great, and puſt up with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage; and this Valour comes of Sherris. So that Skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack, for that ſets it a work; and Learning a meer Hoard of Gold, kept by a Devil, till Sack commences it, and ſets it in Act, and uſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant; for the cold Blood he did naturally inherit of his Father, he hath, like lean, ſteril, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good ſtore of fertil Sherris, that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thouſand Sons, the firſt Principle I would teach them, ſhould be to forſwear thin Potations, and to addiſt themſelves to Sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, *Bardolph*?

Bard. The Army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go; I'll through *Gloceſter ſhire*, and there will I viſit Maſter *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeal with him. Come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, and Gloucester.

K. Henry. Now Lords, if Heav'n doth give successful end
To this Debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are sanctifi'd.
Our Navy is address'd, our Power collected,
Our Substitutes, in absence, well invested,
And every thing lyes level to our wish:
Only we want a little personal strength:
And pause us, till these Rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the Yoak of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Henry. *Humphry*, my Son of *Gloucester*, where is the
Prince your Brother?

Glo. I think he's gone to hunt, my Lord, at *Windsor*.

K. Henry. And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know, my Lord.

K. Henry. Is not his Brother, *Thomas of Clarence*, with him?

Glo. No, my good Lord, he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my Lord and Father?

K. Henry. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas of Clarence*,
How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?
He loves thee, and thou do'st neglect him, *Thomas*;
Thou hast a better place in his Affection
Than all thy Brothers: Cherish it, my Boy,
And Noble Offices thou may'st effect
Of Mediation, after I am dead,
Between his Greatness, and thy other Brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his Love,
Nor lose the good Advantage of his Grace,
By seeming cold or careless of his will.
For he is gracious if he be observ'd:
He hath a Tear for Pity, and a Hand
Open as Day, for melting Charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's Flint,
As humorous as Winter, and as sudden
As Flaws congealed in the Spring of day.

His Temper therefore must be well observ'd :
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
 But being moody, give him line and scope,
 Till that his passions, like a Whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this, *Thomas*;
 And thou shalt prove a Shelter to thy Friends.
 A Hoop of Gold to bind thy Brothers in:
 That the united Vessel to their Blood,
 Mingled with Venom of Suggestion,
 As force, perforce, the Age will pour it in,
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As *Aconitum*, or rash Gun-powder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at *Windfor* with him, *Thomas*?

Clar. He is not there to day; he dines in *London*.

K. Henry. And how accompanied? Can'st thou tell that?

Clar. With *Poins*, and other his continual Followers,

K. Henry. Most subject is the fattest Soil to Weeds:

And He, the Noble Image of my Youth,
 Is over-spread with them; therefore my grief
 Stretches it self beyond the hour of Death:
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
 In forms imaginary, th'unguided Days,
 And rotten Times, that you shall look upon,
 When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.
 For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curb,
 When Rage and hot Blood are his Counsellors,
 When Means and lavish Manners meet together,
 Oh, with what Wings shall his Affection fly
 Tow'rd's fronting Peril, and oppos'd decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you look beyond him quite!

The Prince but studies his Companions,
 Like a strange Tongue; wherein, to gain the Language,
 'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
 Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
 Your Highness knows, comes to no farther use,
 But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms;
 The Prince will, in the perfectness of time,
 Cast off his Followers; and their Memory
 Shall as a Pattern, or a Measure live,

By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past Evils to advantages.

K. Henry. 'Tis seldom, when the Bee doth leave her Comb
In the dead Carrion.

Enter Westmorland.

Who's here? *Westmorland?*

West. Health to my Sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that, that I am to deliver.

Prince *John*, your Son, doth kiss your Grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop, *Scroop*, *Hastings*, and all,
Are brought to the Correction of your Law;
There is not now a Rebel's Sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Olive every where:
The manner how this Action hath been born,
Here, at more leisure, may your Highness read,
With every course, in his particular.

K. Henry. O *Westmorland*, thou art a Summer Bird,
Which ever, in the haunch of Winter, sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harecourt.

Look, here's more News.

Hare. From Enemies Heav'n keep your Majesty:
And when they stand against you, may they fall,
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The Earl of *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolf*,
With a great Power of *English*, and of *Scots*,
Are by the Sheriff of *York-shire* overthrown:
The manner, and true order of the fight,
This Packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Henry. And wherefore should these good News
Make me sick?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest Letters?
She either gives a Stomach, and no Food,
Such are the Poor, in health; or else a Feast,
And takes away the Stomach; such are the Rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

I should rejoice now at this happy News,
And now my Sight fails, and my Brain is giddy.
O me, come near me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Majesty.

Cl. Oh, my Royal Father.

West. My Sovereign Lord, cheer up your self, 'look up.

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know, these Fits
Are with his Highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him Air:
He'll straight be well.

Cl. No no, he cannot long hold out; these Pangs,
Th'incessant care, and labour of his Mind,
Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that Life looks through, and will break out.

Glo. The People fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd Heirs, and loathly Births of Nature:
The Seasons change their manners, as the Year
Had found some Months asleep, and leap'd them over

Cl. The River hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, Time's doating Chronicles,
Say it did so, a little time before
That our Grand-sire *Edward* sick'd, and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.

Glo. This Apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. Henry. I pray you take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other Chamber: softly, 'pray.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle Friends,
Unless some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper Musick to my weary Spirit.

War. Call for the Musick in the other Room.

K. Henry. Set me the Crown upon my Pillow here.

Cl. His Eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Who saw the Duke of *Clarence*?

Cl. I am here, Brother, full of heaviness.

P. Henry. How now; Rain within doors, and none a-
broad? How doth the King?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

P. Henry. Heard he the good News yet?
Tell it him.

Glo. He alter'd much, upon the hearing it.

P. Henry. If he be sick with Joy,
He'll recover without Physick.

War. Not so much noise, my Lords,
Sweet Prince, speak low.

The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleep.

Cl. Let us withdraw into the other Room.

War. Will't please your Grace to go along with us?

P. Henry. No; I will sit, and watch here by the King.
Why doth the Crown lye there, upon his Pillow, [*Exeunt all*
Being so troublesome a Bed-fellow? *but P. Henry.*

O polish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!

That keep'st the Ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful Night: Sleep with it now,

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he whose Brow, with homely Biggen bound,

Snores out the Watch of Night. O Majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st sit

Like a rich Armor, worn in heat of day,

That scald'st with safety; by his Gates of breath,

There lyes a downy Feather, which stirs not:

Did he suspire, that light and weightless Down

Perforce must move. My gracious Lord! my Father!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,

That from this Golden Rigol hath divorc'd

So many *English* Kings. Thy due from me,

Is Tears, and heavy Sorrows of the Blood,

Which Nature, Love, and filial Tenderness

Shall, O dear Father, pay thee plenteously.

My due, from thee, is this Imperial Crown,

Which, as immediate from thy place, and blood,

Derives it self to me. Lo, here it sits,

Which Heav'n shall guard:

And put the World's whole strength

Into one Gyant Arm, it shall not force

This Lineal Honour from me. This, from thee,

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[*Exit.*

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, and Clarence.

K. Henry. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Cl. Doth the King call?

West. What would your Majesty? how fares your Grace?

K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my Lords?

Cl. We left the Prince, my Brother, here, my Liege;
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Henry. The Prince of *Wales*! where is he? let me see him.

War. The door is open, he is gone this way.

Glo. He came not through the Chamber where we staid.

K. Henry. Where is the Crown? who took it from my Pillow?

War. When we with-drew, my Lige, we left it here.

K. Henry. The Prince hath ta'en it hence:

Go seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep, my death? Find him, my Lord of *Warwick*,

Chide him hither; this part of his conjoins

With my Disease, and helps to end me.

See, Sons, what things you are:

How quickly Nature falls into revolt,

When Gold becomes her Object?

For this, the foolish over-careful Fathers

Have broke their sleeps with thought,

Their brains with care, their bones with industry.

For this, they have engrossed and pil'd up

The canker'd heaps of strange-atchiev'd Gold:

For this, they have been thoughtful to invest

Their Sons with Art, and Martial Exercises:

When, like the Bee, culling from every Flower

The virtuous Sweets, our Thighs packt with Wax,

Our Mouths with Honey, we bring it to the Hive;

And like the Bees, are murdered for our pains.

This bitter taste yield his Engrossments

To the ending Father.

Enter Warwick.

Now where is he, that will not stay so long,

Till his friend's sickness hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Room,

Washing with kindly Tears his gentle Cheeks,

With such a deep demeanour, in great Sorrow,

That Tyranny, which never quafft but blood,

Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his Knife

With gentle Eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the Crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, *Harry*,

Depart the Chamber, leave us here alone.

[Exit.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Henry. Thy wish was Father, *Harry*, to that thought :
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Do'st thou so hunger for my empty Chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my Honours,
Before thy Hour be ripe? O foolish Youth!
Thou seek'st the Greatness, that will over-whelm thee :
Stay but a little ; for my Cloud of Dignity
Is held from falling, with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop ; my Day is dim
Thou hast stoln that, which after some few hours
Were thine, without offence ; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my Expectation.

Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my frail life.

What! can'st thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my Grave thy self,
And bid the merry Bells ring to thy ear,
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead ;
Let all the Tears, that should bedew my Herse,
Be drops of Balm, to sanctifie thy Head :
Only compound me with forgotten dust ;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the Worms :
Pluck down my Officers, break my Decrees ;
For now a time is come, to mock at Form.

Henry the Fifth is Crown'd : Up Vanity,
Down Royal State : All you sage Counsellors hence :
And to the *English* Court, assemble now
From ev'ry Region, Apes of idleness.

Now Neighbour-Confines, purge you of your Scum:
Have you a Russian that will swear? drink? dance?
Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
The oldest sins, the newest kinds of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:

England shall double gild his trebble guilt.
England shall give him Office, Honour, Might :
For the Fifth *Harry*, from curb'd Licence plucks
The muzzle of Restraint, and the wild Dog

Shall flesh his Tooth in every Innocent.

O my poor Kingdom, sick with civil Blows,
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Riots,
What wilt thou do, when Riot is thy Care?

O, thou wilt be a Wilderness again,
Peopled with Wolves, thy old Inhabitants.

P. Henry. O pardon me, my Liege, [*Kneeling.*
But for my Tears,

The most Impediments unto my Speech,
I had forc-stall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
E'er you, with Grief, had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your Crown,

And he that wears the Crown immortally,
Long guard it yours; if I affect it more,
Than as your Honour, and as your Renown,

Let me no more from this Obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward dutious Spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.

Heav'n witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my Heart. If I do feign,

O let me, in my present wildness, die,
And never live, to shew th'incredulous World,
The noble change that I have purposed,

Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my Liege, to think you were)

I spake unto the Crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the Body of my Father,

Therefore, thou best of Gold art worst of Gold.

Other, less fine in Carrat, is more precious,
Preserving life, in Med'cine potable:

But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renew'd,
Hast eat the Bearer up.

Thus, my Royal Liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my Head,

To try with it, as with an Enemy,

That had before my Face murder'd my Father,

The Quarrel of a true Inheritor:

But if it did infect my Blood with Joy,

Or swell my Thoughts to any strain of Pride,

If any Rebel, or vain Spirit of mine,
 Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my Head,
 And make me as the poorest Vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

K. Henry. O my Son!

Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
 That thou might'st join the more, thy Father's love,
 Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.
 Come hither *Harry*, sit thou by my Bed,
 And hear, I think, the very latest Counsel
 That ever I shall breath. Heav'n knows, my Son,
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd-ways
 I met this Crown; and I my self know well
 How troublesome it sate upon my Head.
 To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,
 Better Opinion, better Confirmation:
 For all the Soil of the Atchievment goes
 With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in me,
 But as an Honour snatch'd with boist'rous Hand,
 And I had many living to upbraid
 My gain of it, by their Assistances,
 Which daily grew to Quarrel, and to Blood-shed,
 Wounding supposed Peace. All these bold Fears,
 Thou seest, with peril, I have answered:
 For all my Reign hath been but as a Scene
 Acting that Argument. And now my Death
 Changes the Mode: For what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee, in a more fairer sort.
 So thou the Garland wear'st successively;
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green:
 And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends,
 Have but their Stings, and Teeth, newly taken out;
 By whose fell working, I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose Power, I well might lodge a Fear
 To be again displac'd. Which to avoid,
 I cut them off, and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land;

Left rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near unto my State. Therefore, my *Harry*,
 Be it thy Course to busie giddy Minds
 With Foreign Quarrels; that Action, hence born out,
 May waste the Memory of the former Days.
 More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of Speech is utterly deay'd me.
 How I came by the Crown, O Heaven forgive:
 And grant it may, with thee, in true peace live,

P. Henry. My gracious Liege:

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 Then plain and right must my possession be;
 Which I, with more, than with a common pain,
 'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster and Warwick.

K. Henry. Look, look,

Here comes my *John of Lancaster*:

Lan. Health, Peace and Happiness

To my Royal Father:

K. Henry. Thou bring'st me Happiness, Son *John*,
 But Health, alack, with youthful Wings is flown
 From this bare, wither'd Trunk. Upon thy sight
 My worldly Business makes a Period.

Where is my Lord of *Warwick*?

P. Henry. My Lord of *Warwick*.

K. Henry. Doth any Name particular belong
 Unto the Lodging, where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd *Jerusalem*, my noble Lord.

K. Henry. Laud be to Heav'n:

Even there my Life must end.

It hath been prophesy'd to me many Years,
 I should not die but in *Jerusalem*:

Which, vainly, I suppos'd the Holy-Land.

But bear me to that Chamber, there I'll lye:

In that *Jerusalem*, shall *Harry* die.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolph, Page, and Davy.

Shal. **B**Y Cock and Pye you shall not away to Night.
What, *Davy*, I say.

Fal. You must excuse me, Master *Robert Shallow*.

Shal. I will not excuse you: You shall not be excused. Excuses shall not be admitted: There is no excuse shall serve: You shall not be excus'd.

Why *Davy*.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. *Davy*, *Davy*, *Davy*, let me see, *Davy*, let me see; *William*, *Cook*, bid him come hither---- Sir *John*, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus: Those Precepts cannot be serv'd; and again, Sir, shall we sow the head-land with Wheat?

Shal. With read Wheat, *Davy*. But, for *William*, *Cook*; are there no young Pidgeons?

Davy. Yea, Sir.

Here is now the Smith's Note for Shooing,
And Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid---- Sir *John*, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Sir, a new link to the Bucket must needs be had. And, Sir, do you mean to stop any of *William's* Wages about the Sack he lost the other day at *Hinckley* Fair?

Shal. He shall answer it.

Some Pigeons, *Davy*, a couple of short-legg'd Hens; a joint of Mutton, and any pretty little tiny Kickshaws, tell *William* *Cook*.

Davy. Doth the Man of War stay all Night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, *Davy*.

I will use him well. A Friend i'th' Court is better than a Penny in Purse. Use his Men well, *Davy*, for they are arrant Knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worse than they are bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul Linnen.

Shal. Well conceited, *Davy*. About thy busi'ness, *Davy*.

Davy. I beseech you, Sir,
To countenance *William Visor* of *Woncot*, against *Clement Perkes*
of the Hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints, *Davy*, against that *Visor*,
that *Visor* is an arrant Knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your Worship that he is a Knave, Sir; but
yet, Heav'n forbid, Sir, but a Knave should have some coun-
tenance at his Friends request. An honest Man, Sir, is able
to speak for himself, when a Knave is not. I have serv'd your
Worship truly, Sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once
or twice in a Quarter bear out a Knave against an honest Man,
I have but a very little credit with your Worship. The
Knave is mine honest Friend, Sir, therefore, I beseech your
Worship, let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go too,

I say he shall have no Wrong: Look about, *Davy*.
Where are you, Sir *John*? Come, off with your Boots.
Give me your Hand, Master *Bardolph*.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

Shal. I thank thee, with all my Heart, kind Master *Bar-*
dolph, and welcome, my tall Fellow: [To the Page
Come, Sir *John*.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master *Robert Shallow*. *Bar-*
dolph, look to our Horses. If I were saw'd into Quantities,
I should make four dozen of such bearded Hermites Staves,
as Master *Shallow*. It is a wonderful thing to see the fem-
blable Coherence of his Mens Spirits and his: They, by ob-
serving of him, do bear themselves like foolish Justices: He,
by conversing with them, is turn'd into a Justice-like Serving-
man. Their Spirits are so married in Conjunction with the
Participation of Society, that they flock together in consent
like so many Wild-Geese. If I had a suit to Master *Shal-*
low, I would humour his Men with the imputation of being
near their Master. If to his Men, I would curry with Ma-
ster *Shallow*, that no Man could better Command his Ser-
vants. It is certain, that either wise bearing or ignorant Car-
riage is caught, as Men take Diseases, one of another: There-
fore let Men take heed of their Company. I will devise
Matter enough out of this *Shallow* to keep Prince *Henry* in
continual Laughter, the wearing out of six Fashions, which
is four Terms, or two Actions, and he shall laugh with In-

tervallums. O, it is much that a Lie with a slight Oath, and a Jest with a sad Brow, will do with a Fellow that never had the Ache in his Shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, 'till his Face be like a wet Cloak ill laid up.

Shal. Sir John.

Fal. I come, Master *Shallow*; I come, Master *Shallow*.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter the Earl of Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my Lord Chief Justice, whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: His Cares

Are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of Nature;

And, to our Purpose, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him.

The Service that I truly did his Life

Hath left me open to all Injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm my self

To welcome the condition of the Time,

Which cannot look more hideously upon me,

Than I have drawn it in my fantasie.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster, Gloucester and Clarence.

War. Here comes the heavy Issue of dead *Harry*:

O, that the living *Harry* had the temper

Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:

How many Nobles then should hold their Places,

That must strike sail to Spirits of vile sort?

Ch. Just. Alas, I fear all will be over-turn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, Cousin *Warwick*, good morrow:

Glo. Clar. Good morrow, 'Cousin.

Lan. We meet like Men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our Argument

Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy.

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier.

Glo. O, good my Lord, you have lost a Friend indeed:
And, I dare swear, you borrow not that Face
Of seeming Sorrow, it is sure your own.

Lan. Tho' no Man be assur'd what Grace to find,
You stand in coldest Expectation.

I am the forrier, would 'twere otherwise.

Cl. Well, you must now speak Sir *John Falstaff* fair,
Which swims against your stream of Quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th' Imperial Conduct of my Soul,
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd Remission.
If Troth and upright Innocency fail me,
I'll to the King, my Master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and Heav'n save your Majesty:

P. Henry. This new and gorgeous Garment, Majesty,
Sits not so easie on me as you think.

Brothers, you mix your Sadness with some Fear;
This is the *English*, not the *Turkish* Court:
Not *Amurab* an *Amurab* succeeds.

But *Harry, Harry.* Yet be sad, good Brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:

Sorrow so Royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my Heart. Why then be sad,

But entertain no more of it, good Brothers,

Than a joint-burthen laid upon us all.

For me, by Heav'n, I bid you be assur'd,

I'll be your Father and your Brother too:

Let me but bear your Love, I'll bear your Cares;

But weep that *Harry's* dead, and so will I.

But *Harry* lives, that shall convert those Tears

By number, into hours of Happiness.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your Majesty.

P. Henry. You all look strangely on me; and you most:
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not. [*To the Ch. Just.*

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

P. Henry:

K. Henry. No! How might a Prince of my great Hopes
So great Indignities you laid upon me? [forget
What! Rate! Rebuke! and roughly fend to Prison
Th' immediate Heir of *England*! Was this easie?
May this be wash'd in *Lethæ*, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the Person of your Father;
The Image of his Power lay then in me,
And, in th' Administration of his Law,
Whiles I was busie for the Common-wealth,
Your Highness pleased to forget my Place,
The Majesty and Power of Law and Justice,
The Image of the King, whom I presented,
And struck me in my very Seat of Judgment:
Whereon, as an Offender to your Father,
I gave bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the Deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a Son, set your Decrees at naught?
To pluck down Justice from your awful Bench?
To trip the Course of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace and safety of your Person?
Nay, more, to spurn at your most Royal Image,
And mock your workings in a second Body?
Question your Royal Thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the Father, and propose a Son:
Hear your own Dignity so much prophan'd,
See your most dreadful Laws so loosely slighted;
Behold your self so by a Son disdain'd:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your Power soft-silencing your Son:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a King, speak in your State,
What I have done that misbecame my Place,
My Person, or my Liege's Sovereignty.

P. Henry. You are right Justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do wish your Honours may increase,
'Till you do live to see a Son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
So shall I live to speak my Father's words.
Happy am I, that have a Man so bold,

That dares do Justice on my proper Son;
 And no less happy having such a Son,
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of Justice. You did commit me;
 For which I do commit into your Hand
 Th' unstained Sword that you have us'd to bear,
 With this Remembrance, that you use the same
 With the like bold, just and impartial Spirit
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my Hand;
 You shall be as a Father to my Youth.
 My Voice shall sound as you do prompt mine Ear,
 And I will stoop and humble my Intent
 To your well practis'd wise Directions.
 And Princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
 My Father is gone wild into his Grave,
 (For in his Tomb lye my Affections)
 And, with his Spirit, sadly I survive,
 To mock the Expectations of the World:
 To frustrate Prophecies, and to race out
 Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of Blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity 'till now.
 Now doth it turn and ebb back to the Sea;
 Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal Majesty.
 Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
 And let us chuse such Limbs of noble Counsel
 That the great Body of our State may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd Nation;
 That War or Peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us,
 In which you, Father, shall have formost Hand.

[To Lord Chief Justice.]

Our Coronation done, we will accite
 (As I before remembred) all our State,
 And (Heaven consigning to my good Intent)
 No Prince, nor Peer, shall have just cause to say,
 Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, Page, and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard, where in an Arbor we will eat a last Years Pippin of my own grafting, with a Dish of Carraways, and so forth: Come, Cousin *Silence*; and then to Bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggars all, beggars all, Sir

John: Marry, good Air. Spread *Davy*, spread *Davy*: Well said, *Davy*.

Fal. This *Davy* serves you for good uses; he is your Servingman, and your Husbandman.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, Sir *John*: I have drank too much Sack at Supper. A good Varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: Come, Cousin.

Sil. Ah, Sirrah, quoth-a,

We shall do nothing but eat, and make good Chear, [Singing.
And praise Heaven for the merry Year;
When Flesh is cheap and Females dear,
And lusty Lads roam here and there;
So merrily, and ever among so merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry Heart, good Master *Silence*. I'll drink your health for that anon.

Shal. Good Master *Bardolph*: Some wine, *Davy*.

Davy. Sweet Sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet Sir, sit. Master *Page*, sit: Good Master *Page*, sit: Proface. What you want in Meat we'll have in Drink; but you bear, the Heart's all.

Shal. Be merry, Master *Bardolph*, and my little Soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing.] *Be merry, be merry, my Wife has all,*
For Women are Shrews, both short and tall;
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wag all;
And welcome, merry Shrovetide.

Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master *Silence* had been a Man of this Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once e'er now.

Dav. There is a dish of Leather-coats for you.

Shal. *Davy.*

Dav.

Dav. Your Worship---I'll be with you streight, A Cup of Wine, Sir.

Sil. [Singing.] *A Cup of Wine,*
That's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the Letman mine;
And a merry Heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the Night.

Fal. Health and long Life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the Cup, and let it come. I'll pledge you, were't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest *Bardolph*, welcome; if thou want'st any thing and wilt not call, beshrew thy Heart. Welcome my little tyny thief, and welcome indeed too: I'll drink to Master *Bardolph*, and to all the Cavileroes about *London*.

Dav. I hope to see *London*, once e'er I dye.

Bard. If I might see you there, *Davy*.

Shal. You'll crack a Quart together? Ha, will you not, Master *Bardolph*?

Bard. Yès, Sir, in a pottle Pot.

Shal. I thank thee; the Knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, Sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a King: Lack nothing, be merry. Look, who's at Door there, ho: Who knocks?

Fal. Why now you have done me right.

Sil. [Singing.] *Do me right, and dub me Knight,* Samingo. Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't? Why then say an old Man can do somewhat.

Dav. If it please your Worship there's one *Pistol* come from the Court with News.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come,

Enter Pistol.

How now, *Pistol*?

Pist. Sir *John*, save you, Sir.

Fal. What Wind blew you hither, *Pistol*?

Pist. Not the ill Wind which blows none to good, sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest Men in the Realm.

Sil. Indeed, I think he be, but Goodman *Puff* of *Barfen*.

Pist. *Puff*? puff in thy teeth, most recreant Coward base, Sir *John*, I am thy *Pistol*, and thy Friend; helter skelter have I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and lucky joys, and golden Times, and happy News of price.

Fal. I prithee now deliver them, like a Man of this World.

Pist. A footra for the World, and Worldings base, I speak of *Africa*, and Golden Joys.

Fal. O base *Assyrian* Knight, what is thy News? Let King *Covitha* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And *Robin-hood*, *Scarlet*, and *John*.

Pist. Shall dunghil Curs confront the *Helicon*? And shall good News be baffled? Then *Pistol* lay thy head in *Fury*'s lap.

Shal. Honest Gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir.

If, Sir, you come with News from the Court, I take it, there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am Sir, under the King, in some Authority.

Pist. Under which King?

Bezonian, I speak, or dye.

Shal. Under King *Harry*.

Pist. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine Office.

Sir *John*, thy tender Lamb-kin now is King, *Harry* the Fifth's the Man, I speak the truth. When *Pistol* lies, do this, and fig-me, like The bragging *Spaniard*.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As nail in door, The Things I speak are just.

Fal. Away *Bardolf*, saddle my Horse, Master *Robert Shallow*, chuse what Office thou wilt In the Land, 'tis thine. *Pistol*, I will double charge thee With Dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!

I will not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good News.

Fal. Carry Master *Silence* to Bed: Master *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortune's Steward. Get on thy Boots, we'll ride all Night. Oh, sweet *Pistol*; away *Bardolph*: Come, *Pistol*, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thy self good. Boot, boot, Master *Shallow*, I know the young King is sick for me. Let us take any Man's Horses: The Laws of *England* are at my Commandment. Happy are they which have been my Friends; and wo unto my Lord Chief Justice.

Pist. Let Vultures vile seize on his Lungs also:

Where is the Life that late I led, say they?

Why here it is, welcome those pleasant Days. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Hostess Quickly, Doll Tear-sheet and Beadles.

Hostess. No, thou arrant Knave, I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd; thou hast drawn my Shoulder out of joynt.

Bead. The Constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping Cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a Man or two, lately, kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie: Come on, I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-visag'd Rascal, if the Child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst strook thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Villain.

Host. O that Sir *John* were come, he would make this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruit of her Womb might miscarry.

Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of Cushions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the Man is dead that you and *Pistol* beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin Man in a Censor; I will have you as soundly swing'd for this, you blue-bottl'd Rogue; you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you be not swing'd I'll forswear half Kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you she-Knight-arrant, come.

Hof. O, that right should thus o'ercome might: Well,
of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you Rogue, come;
Bring me to a Justice.

Hof. Yes, come, you starv'd Blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman Death, Goodman Bones.

Hof. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol. Come, you thin Thing:
Come, you Rascal.

Bead. Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter two Grooms.

1 *Groom.* More Rushes, more Rushes.

2 *Groom.* The Trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two of the Clock e'er they come from
the Coronation. [Exeunt Grooms.]

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph and Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master *Robert Shallow*, I will
make the King do you Grace: I will lear upon him as he
comes by, and do but mark the Countenance that he will
give me.

Pist. Bless thy Lungs, good Knight.

Fal. Come here, *Pistol*, stand behind me. O, if I had
had time to have made new Liveries, I would have bestow'd
the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. But it is no matter,
this poor shew doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to
see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shews my earnestness in Affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My Devotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with Travel and Sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all Affairs in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*; for *absque hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all in every part.

Sbal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liver, and make thee rage. Thy *Dol*, and *Helen* of thy noble Thoughts is in base Durance and contagious Prison; hall'd thither by most mechanical and dirty Hands. Rowze up Revenge from *Ebon Den*, with fell *Aleto's* Snake, for *Dol's* in. *Pistol* speaks nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Pist. There roar'd the Sea; and Trumpet Clangour sounds.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry the Fifth, his Brothers, and the Lord Chief Justice.

Fal. Save thy Grace, King *Hal*, my Royal *Hal*.

Pist. The Heavens thee guard and keep, most Royal Imp of Fame.

Fal. Save thee, my sweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chief Justice speak to that vain Man.

Ch. Just. Have you your Wits?

Know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My King, my *Jove*, I speak to thee, my Heart.

King. I know thee not, old Man: Fall to thy Prayers: How ill white Hairs become a Fool and Jester!

I have long Dream'd of such a kind of Man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so prophane;

But, being awake, I do despise my Dream.

Make less thy Body, hence, and more thy Grace,

Leave gormandizing. Know, the Grave doth gape

For thee, thrice wider than for other Men.

Reply not to me with a Fool-born Jest;

Presume not that I am the thing I was,

For Heaven doth know, so shall the World perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self,

So will I those that kept me Company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
 The tutor and the feeder of my Riots;
 'Till then I banish thee, on pain of Death,
 As I have done the rest of my Mifs-leaders,
 Not to come near our Person by ten mile.
 For competence of Life I will allow you,
 That lack of Means enforce you not to Evil:
 And, as we hear you do redeem your selves,
 We will, according to your Strength and Qualities,
 Give you Advancement. Be it your Charge, my Lord,
 To see perform'd the tenour of our Word. Set on.

[Exit King.]

Fal. Master *Shallow*, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay marry, Sir *John*, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr. *Shallow*. Do you not grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: Look you, he must seem thus to the World. Fear not your Advancement, I will be the Man yet that shall make your Great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you would give me your Doublet and stuff me out with Straw. I beseech you, good Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This, that you heard, was but a Colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir *John*.

Fal. Fear no Colours, go with me to Dinner: Come Lieutenant *Pistol*, come *Bardolph*, I shall be sent for soon at Night.

Ch. Just. Go carry Sir *John Falstaff* to the Fleet, Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak, I will hear you soon. Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.* [Exeunt.
Manet Lancaster and Chief Justice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's,
 He hath intent his wonted Followers
 Shall be very well provided for;
 But are banish'd, 'till their Conversations

Appear more wise and modest in the World.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The King hath call'd his Parliament,
My Lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds, that e'er this year expire,
We bear our Civil Swords and Native Fire
As far as *France*. I heard a Bird so sing,
Whose Musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence?

[*Exeunt.*]



EPI-

EPILOGUE.

First, my Fear; then, my Courtesie; last, my Speech. My Fear is your Displeasure; my Courtesie, my Duty; and my Speech, to beg your Pardons. If you look for a good Speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making, and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own Marring. But, to the Purpose, and so to the Venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promise you a better; I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this, which if, like an ill Venture, it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle Creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my Body to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most Debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my Legs? And yet that were but light Payment, to Dance out of your Debt: But a good Conscience will make any possible Satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gentlemen here have forgotten me; if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlemen, which was never seen before in such an Assembly.

One word more, I beseech you; if you be not too much cloyed with fat Meat, our humble Author will continue the Story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France; where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a Sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For Oldcastle died a Martyr, and this is not the Man. My Tongue is weary, when my Legs are too; I will bid you good Night, and so kneel down before you; but indeed to pray for the Queen.





THE
L I F E
O F
King *HENRY V.*



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING *Henry the Fifth.*

Duke of Gloucester,
Duke of Bedford,
Duke of Clarence, } *Brothers to the King.*

Duke of York,
Duke of Exeter, } *Uncles to the King.*

Earl of Salisbury.

Earl of Westmorland.

Earl of Warwick.

Arch-Bishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge,
Lord Scroop,
Sir Thomas Grey, } *Conspirators against the King.*

Sir Thomas Erpingham,
Gower,
Fluellen,
Mackmorris,
Jamy, } *Officers in King Henry's Army.*

Nym,
Bardolph,
Pistol,
Boy, } *Formerly Servants to Falstaff, now Soldiers in the King's Army.*

Bates,
Court,
Williams, } *Soldiers.*

Charles

Charles the Sixth, King of France.

The Dauphin.

Duke of Burgundy.

Constable,
Orleans,
Rambures, } *French Lords.*
Bourbon,
Grandpree, }

Governour of Harfleur.

Mountjoy, a Herald.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

Isabel, Queen of France.

Catherine, Daughter to the King of France.

Alice, a Lady attending on the Princess Catherine,

Hostess.

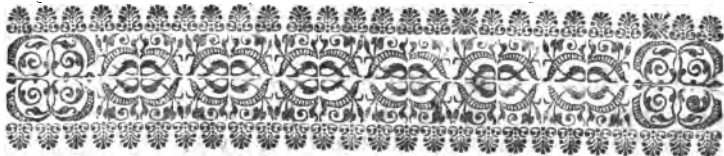
*Lords, Messengers, French and English Soldiers,
with other Attendants.*

*The SCENE lyes for Part of the first Act
in England, but during the rest of the Play
wholly in France.*

PRO.

PROLOGUE.

O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heav'n of Invention,
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his Heels,
Least in, like Hounds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for Employments. But pardon, Gentles all,
The flat unraised Spirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vasty Field of France? Or may we cram
Within this Wooden O, the very Caskes
That did affright the Air at Agincourt?
O pardon; since a crooked Figure may
Attest in little place a Million,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Account,
On your imaginary Forces work.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mighty Monarchies,
Whose high, up-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our Imperfections with your Thoughts:
Into a thousand Parts divide one Man,
And make imaginary Puissance.
Think, when we talk of Horses, that you see them
Printing their proud Hoofs i'th' receiving Earth:
For 'tis your Thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er Times;
Turning th' accomplishment of many Tears
Into an Hour-glass; for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this History;
Who Prologue-like, your humble Patience pray,
Gentle to hear, kindly to judge our Play.



THE
L I F E
O F
King HENRY V.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Arch-Bishop of CANTERBURY.



Y Lord, I'll tell you, that self Bill is urg'd,
Which in th'eleventh Year o'th' last King's
Reign
Was like, and had indeed against us past,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther Question.

Ely. But how, my Lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on: If it pass against us,
We lose the better part of our Possession:
For all the Temporal Lands, which Men devout
By Testament have given to the Church,
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintain, to the King's Honour,
Full fifteen Earls, and fifteen hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:

Google

And

And to relief of Lazars, and weak Age
 Of indigent faint Souls, past corporal Toil,
 A hundred Alms-houses, right well supply'd;
 And to the Coffers of the King, beside,
 A thousand pound by th' Year. Thus runs the Bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the Cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The King is full of grace, and fair regard:

Ely. And a true Lover of the Holy Church.

Cant. The courses of his Youth promis'd it not;

The breath no sooner left his Father's Body,
 But that his Wildness mortify'd in him,
 Seem'd to die too; yea at that very moment,
 Consideration, like an Angel, came,
 And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him;
 Leaving his Body as a Paradise,
 T'involve and contain Celestial Spirits.
 Never was such a sudden Scholar made:
 Never came Reformation in a Flood
 With such a heady current, scowring Faults:
 Nor never *Hydra*-headed Wilfulness
 So soon did lose his Seat, and all at once,
 As in this King.

Ely. We are blessed in the Change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in Divinity,
 And all-admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire the King were made a Prelate.
 Hear him debate of Commonwealth Affairs;
 You would say, it hath been all in all his Study:
 List his Discourse of War, and you shall hear
 A fearful Battel rendred you in Musick.
 Turn him to any Cause of Policy,
 The Gordian Knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his Garter; then when he speaks,
 The Air, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
 And the mute Wonder lurketh in Mens Ears;
 To steal his sweet and honied Sentences:
 So that the Art and practick Part of Life
 Must be the Mistress to his Theorique.
 Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it.

Since his Addiction was to courses vain,
 His Companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
 His Hours fill'd up with Riots, Banquets, Sports ;
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open Haunts and Popularity.

Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the Nettle,
 And wholsom Berries thrive and ripen best,
 Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser quality :
 And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
 Under the vail of Wildness ; which, no doubt,
 Grew like the Summer Grass, fastest by Night,
 Unseen, yet crecive in his Faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceas'd :
 And therefore we must needs admit the Means,
 How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good Lord :
 How now for mitigation of this Bill,
 Urg'd by the Commons ? Doth his Majesty
 Incline to it, or no ?

Cant. He seems indifferent :
 Or rather swaying more upon our Part,
 Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us :
 For I have made an offer to his Majesty,
 Upon our Spiritual Convocation,
 And in regard of Causes now in hand,
 Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
 As touching *France*, to give a greater Sum
 Than ever at one time the Clergy yet
 Did to his Predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this Offer seem receiv'd, my Lord ?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majesty :
 Save that there was not time enough to hear,
 As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,
 The severals and unhidden Passages
 Of his true Titles to some certain Dukedoms,
 And generally, to the Crown and Seat of *France*,
 Deriv'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off ?

Cant. The *French* Ambassador upon that instant
 Crav'd Audience ; and the Hour I think is come,

To give him hearing. Is it four a Clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his Embassie:
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the *Frenchman* speaks a Word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*
Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick,
Westmorland, and Exeter.

K. Henry. Where is my gracious Lord of *Canterbury*?

Exc. Not here in presence.

K. Henry. Send for him, good Uncle.

West. Shall we call in the Ambassador, my Liege?

K. Henry. Not yet, my Cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our Thoughts, concerning us and *France*.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

K. Henry. Sure we thank you.

My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,
Or should, or should not bar us in our Claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding Soul
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in native Colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health
Shall drop their Blood, in approbation
Of what your Reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our Person;
How you awake our sleeping Sword of War:
We charge you in the Name of God take heed.
For never two such Kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of Blood, whose guiltless drops
Are every one, a Woe, a sore Complaint,
'Gainst him, whose Wrong gives edge unto the Swords;
That make such waste in brief Mortality.
Under this Conjunction, speak my Lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in Heart;

That what you speak is in your Conscience washt,
As pure as Sin with Baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious Sovereign, and you Peers,
That owe your selves, your Lives, and Services,
To this Imperial Throne. There is no Bar
To make against your Highness' Claim to *France*,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant,
No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land :
Which *Salike* Land, the *French* unjustly gloze
To be the Realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this Law and female Bar.
Yet their own Authors faithfully affirm,
That the Land *Salike* is in *Germany*,
Between the Floods of *Sala* and of *Elve* :
Where *Charles* the Great having subdu'd the *Saxons*,
There left behind and settled certain *French* :
Who holding in disdain the *German* Women,
For some dishonest manners of their Life,
Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land :
Which *Salike*, as I said, 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
Is at this Day in *Germany* call'd *Meisen*.
Then doth it well appear; the *Salike* Law
Was not devised for the Realm of *France* :
Nor did the *French* possess the *Salike* Land,
Until four hundred one and twenty Years
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idly suppos'd the Founder of this Law,
Who died within the Year of our Redemption,
Four hundred twenty six; and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the *Saxons*; and did seat the *French*
Beyond the River *Sala*, in the Year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their Writers say,
King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerick*,
Did, as Heir general, being descended
Of *Blishild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
Make Claim and Title to the Crown of *France* :
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the Crown
Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorain*, sole Heir-male
Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great.

To find his Title with some shews of truth,
 Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
 Convey'd himself as th' Heir to th' Lady *Lingare*,
 Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the Son
 To *Lewis* the Emperor, and *Lewis* the Son
 Of *Charles* the Great: Also King *Lewis* the Tenth,
 Who was sole Heir to the Ufurper *Capet*,
 Could not keep quiet in his Conscience,
 Wearing the Crown of *France*, 'till satisfy'd,
 That fair Queen *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
 Was Lineal of the Lady *Ermengere*,
 Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke, of *Lorain*:
 By the which Marriage, the Line of *Charles* the Great
 Was re-united to the Crown of *France*.

So, that as clear as is the Summer's Sun,
 King *Pepin's* Title, and *Hugh Capet's* Claim,
 King *Lewis* his Satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
 So do the Kings of *France* upon this Day.
 Howbeit, they would hold up this *Salike* Law,
 To bar your Highness claiming from the Female,
 And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
 Than amply to make bare their crooked Titles,
 Usurpt from you and your Progenitors,

[Claim ?

K. Henry. May I with Right and Conscience make this
Cant. The Sin upon my Head, dread Sovereign:

For in the Book of *Numbers*, it is writ,
 When the Man dies, let the Inheritance
 Descend unto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
 Stand for your own, unwind your bloody Flag,
 Look back into your mighty Ancestors;
 Go, my dread Lord, to your great Grandfire's Tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his Warlike Spirit,
 And your great Uncle, *Edward* the Black Prince,
 Who on the *French* Ground play'd a Tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full Power of *France*:
 Whiles his most Mighty Father on a Hill,
 Stood smiling, to behold his Lion's Whelp
 Forage in Blood of *French* Nobility.
 O noble *English*, that could entertain,
 With half their Forces, the full Pride of *France*,

And let another half stand laughing by,
And out of work, and cold for action.

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant Arm renew their Feats;
You are their Heir, you sit upon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veins; and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very *May-Morn* of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mighty Enterprises.

Exc. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Do all expect, that you should rouse your self,
As did the former Lions of your Blood. [might;

West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
So hath your Highness, never King of *England*
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal Subjects,
Whose Hearts have left their Bodies here in *England*,
And lye pavillion'd in the Field of *France*.

Cant. O let their Bodies follow, my dear Liege,
With Blood, and Sword, and Fire, to win your Right:
In aid whereof, we of the Spirituality
Will raise your Highness such a mighty Sum,
As never did the Clergy, at one time,
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

K. Henry. We must not only arm t'invade the *French*,
But lay down our Proportions, to defend
Against the *Scot*, who will make road upon us,
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those Marches, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our Inland from the pilfering Borderers:

K. Henry. We do not mean the coursing Snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the *Scot*,
Who hath been still a giddy Neighbour to us:
For you shall read, that my great Grandfather
Never went with his Forces into *France*,
But that the *Scot*, on his unfurnisht Kingdom,
Came pouring like a Tide into a Breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous Siege, our Towns and Castles:

That *England* being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill Neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my
For hear her but exampl'd by her self, [Liege,

When all her Chivalry hath been in *France*,
And she a mourning Widow of her Nobles,
She hath her self not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of *Scots*; whom she did send to *France*,
To fill King *Edward's* Fame with Prisoner Kings,
And make his Chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the Ouzy bottom of the Sea
With sunken Wrack, and sum-less Treasuries.

Ely. But there's a Saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.
For once the Eagle, *England*, being in prey,
To her unguarded Vest, the Weazel, *Scot*,
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Eggs,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To spoil and havock more than she can eat.

Exc. It follows then, the Cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity;
Since we have Locks to safeguard Necessaries,
And pretty Traps to catch the petty Thieves.
While that the armed Hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advised Head defends it self at home:
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreering in a full and natural close,
Like Musick.

Cant. Therefore doth Heav'n divide
The state of Man in divers Functions,
Setting Endeavour in continual Motion:
To which is fixed, as an Aim or Butt,
Obedience; for so work the Honey Bees,
Creatures that, by a Rule in Nature, teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdom.
They have a King, and Officers of sorts,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants, venture Trade abroad:
Others, like Soldiers armed in their stings,

Make boot upon the Summer's Velvet buds:
 Which Pillage, they with merry march bring home
 To the Tent-Royal of their Emperor:
 Who busied in his Majesty, surveys
 The singing Mason building Roofs of Gold,
 The civil Citizens kneading up the Honey;
 The poor Mechanick Porters, crowding in
 Their heavy Burthens at his narrow Gate:
 The sad-ey'd Justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to Executors pale
 The lazy yawning Drone. I this infer,
 That many things having full reference
 To one consent, may work contrariously:
 As many Arrows loosed several ways,
 Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one Town,
 As many fresh Streams meet in one salt Sea;
 As many Lines close in the Dial's center;
 So may a thousand Actions once a-foot,
 And in one purpose, and be all well born
 Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege,
 Divide your happy *England* into four,
 Whereof, take you one quarter into *France*,
 And you withal shall make all *Gallia* shake,
 If we with thrice such Powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own Doors from the Dog,
 Let us be worried, and our Nation lose
 The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Henry. Call in the Messengers sent from the *Dauphin*.
 Now are we all resolv'd, and by God's help
 And yours, the noble Sinews of our Power;
France being ours, we'll bend it to our Awe,
 Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
 Ruling in large and ample Empery,
 O'er *France*, and all her, almost, Kingly Dukedoms,
 Or lay these Bones in an unworthy Urn,
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them;
 Either our History shall with full Mouth
 Speak freely of our Acts, or else our Grave,
 Like *Turkish* Mute, shall have a Tongueless Mouth,
 Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair Cousin *Dauphin*; for we hear,
Your Greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in Charge:
Or shall we sparingly shew you far off
The *Dauphin's* Meaning, and our Embassie.

K. Henry. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Unto whose Grace our Passion is as subject,
As are our Wretches fetter'd in our Prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the *Dauphin's* Mind.

Amb. Thus then in few.
Your Highness, lately sending into *France*,
Did claim some certain Dukedoms, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King *Edward* the Third.
In answer of which Claim, the Prince our Master
Says that you favour too much of your Youth,
(And bids you be advis'd: There's nought in *France*
That can be with a nimble Galliard won;
You cannot revel into Dukedoms there:
He therefore sends you, meeter for your Spirit,
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
Desires you let the Dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the *Dauphin* speaks.

K. Henry. What Treasure, Uncle;

Exc. Tennis-balls, my Liege.

K. Henry. We are glad the *Dauphin* is so pleasant with us,
His Present, and your Pains we thank you for;
When we have match'd our Rackets to these Balls,
We will in *France*, by God's Grace, play a set
Shall strike his Father's Crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of *France* will be disturb'd
With Chaces. And we understand him well,
And he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor Seat of *England*,
And therefore living hence, did give our self
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common,

That men are merriest when they are from home:
 But tell the *Dauphin*, I will keep my State,
 Be like a King, and shew my Sail of Greatness,
 When I do rowse me in my Throne of *France*.
 For that I have laid by my Majesty,
 And plodded like a Man for working days:
 But I will rise there with so full a Glory,
 That I will dazzle all the Eyes of *France*,
 Yea strike the *Dauphin* blind to look on us.
 And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mock of his
 Hath turn'd his Balls to Gun-stones, and his Soul
 Shall stand sore charged, for the wasteful Vengeance
 That shall fly with them: For many a thousand Widows
 Shall this his Mock mock out of their dear Husbands;
 Mock Mothers from their Sons, mock Castles down:
 And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
 That shall have cause to curse the *Dauphin's* Scorn.
 But this lyes all within the Will of God,
 To whom I do appeal, and in whose Name
 Tell you the *Dauphin*, I am coming on,
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in Peace, and tell the *Dauphin*,
 His Jest will favour but of shallow Wit,
 When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
 Convey them with safe Conduct. Fare ye well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Exe. This was a merry Message.

K. Henry. We hope to make the Sender blush at it:
 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy hour,
 That may give furth'rance to our Expedition;
 For we have now no thought in us but *France*,
 Save those to God, that run before our business.
 Therefore let our Proportions for these Wars
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
 That may with reasonable swiftness add
 More Feathers to our Wings: For God before,
 We'll chide this *Dauphin* at his Father's door.
 Therefore let every Man now task his thought,
 That this fair Action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*]

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of *England* are on fire,
 And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
 Now thrive the Armourers, and Honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every Man.
 They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse,
 Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings.
 With winged heels, as *English Mercuries*.
 For now sits Expectation in the Air,
 And hides a Sword, from Hilt unto the Point,
 With Crowns imperial, Crowns and Coronets,
 Promis'd to *Harry*, and his Followers.
 The *French* advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear, and with pale Policy
 Seek to divert the *English* purposes.
 O *England!* Model to thy inward Greatness,
 Like little Body with a mighty Heart;
 What might'st thou do, that Honour would thee do,
 Were all thy Children kind and natural:
 But see, thy fault *France* hath in thee found out,
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treacherous Crowns, and three corrupted men:
 One *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*; and the second,
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Masbam*; and the third,
 Sir *Thomas Gray* Knight of *Northumberland*,
 Have for the Gilt of *France*, (O Guilt indeed!)
 Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearful *France*,
 And by their hands this grace of Kings must dye,
 If Hell and Treason hold their Promises,
 E'er he take ship for *France*; and in *Southampton*,
 Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
 Th'abuse of distance; force a play:
 The Sum is pay'd, the Traitors are agreed,
 The King is set from *London*, and the Scene
 Is now transported, Gentles, to *Southampton*,
 There is the Play-house now, there must you sit,
 And thence to *France* shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back: Charming the narrow Seas
 To give you gentle Pass; for if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our Play.

But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto *Southampton* do we shift our Scene.

[Exit.]

Enter Corporal Nim, and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal *Nim*.

Nim. Good morrow, Lieutenant *Bardolph*.

Bard. What, are Ancient *Pistol* and you Friends yet?

Nim. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold out mine Iron; it is but a simple one, but what though? It will tost cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another Man's sword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you Friends, and we'll be all three sworn Brothers to *France*: Let it be so, good Corporal *Nim*.

Nim. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: That is my rest; that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, Corporal, that he is married to *Nel Quickly*, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-pledge to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may; Men may sleep, and they may have their Throats about them at that time, and some say, knives have edges: It must be as it may, though patience be a tired name, yet she will plod, there must be Conclusions; well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol, and Quickly.

Bard. Here comes Ancient *Pistol* and his Wife; good Corporal, be patient here. How now, mine Host *Pistol*?

Pist. Base Tyke, call'st thou me Host? now by this hand, I swear I scorn the term; nor shall my *Nel* keep Lodgers.

Quick. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen Gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their Needles, but it will be thought we keep a Bawdy-house straight. O welliday Lady, if he be not hewn now, we shall see wilful Adultery and Murther committed.

Bard. Good Lieutenant, Good Coporal, offer nothing here.

Nim. Pish.

Pist. Pish for thee, *Island Dog*; thou prick-ear'd Cur of *Island*.

Quick. Good Corporal *Nim*, shew thy Valour, and put up thy Sword.

Nim. Will you shog off? I would have you *Solus*.

Pist. *Solus*, egregious Dog! O Viper vile; The *solus* in thy most marvellous Face, the *solus* in thy Teeth, and in thy Throat, and in thy hateful Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy nasty Mouth. I do retort the *solus* in thy Bowels; for I can take, and *Pistol's* cock is up, and flashing fire will follow.

Nim. I am not *Barbafon*, you cannot conjure me: I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; If you grow foul with me, *Pistol*, I will scour you with my Rapier, as I may in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your Guts a little in good terms, as I may, and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O Braggard vile, and damned furious Wight, The Grave doth gape, and doating Death is near, Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: He that strikes the first stroak, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a Soldier.

Pist. An Oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate. Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give: Thy spirits are more tall.

Nim. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the humour of it.

Pist. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I desie thee again. O hound of *Creer*, think'st thou my Spouse to get? No, to the *Spittle* go, and from the Powdring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressid's* kind, *Dol Tear-sheets*, she by name, and her espouse. I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the only she; and *Panca*, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Host *Pistol*, you must come to my Master, and your Hostess: He is very sick, and would to bed. Good *Bardolph*, put thy face between the sheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you Rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the Crow a pudding one of these days; the King has kill'd his heart. Good Husband come presently. [Exit *Quick*.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two Friends? We must to France together; why the Devil should we keep Knives to cut one another's Throats?

Pist. Let Flouds o'erfwell, and Fiends for Food howl on.

Nim. You'll pay me the eight Shillings, I won of you at Betting.

Pist. Base is the Slave that pays.

Nim. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As Manhood shall compound; push home. [Draw.

Bard. By this Sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this Sword I will.

Pist. Sword is an Oath, and Oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal *Nim*, and thou wilt be Friends, be Friends; and thou wilt not, why then be Enemies with me too; prethee put up.

Pist. A Noble shalt thou have, and present Pay, and Liquor likewise will I give to thee, and Friendship shall combine, and Brotherhood. I'll live by *Nim*, and *Nim* shall live by me, is not this just? For I shall Sutler be unto the Camp, and Profits will accrue. Give us thy hand.

Nim. I shall have my Noble?

Pist. In cash, most justly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of Women, come in quickly to Sir *John*: A poor heart, he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet Men, come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. *Nim*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fractured and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the Knight, for, Lambkins, we will live.

[Exeunt.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmorland.

Bed. Fore God, his Grace is bold to trust these Traitors.

Digitized by Google *Exe.*

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if Allegiance in their Bosoms fate,
Crowned with Faith and constant Royalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the Man that was his Bedfellow !
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he should, for a Foreign Purse, so sell
His Sovereign's life to death and treachery.

[*Sound Trumpets.*

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, and Gray.

K. Henry. Now sits the Wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kind Lord of *Masbam*,
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the Powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the Force of *France*?
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them.

Scroop. No doubt, my Liege; if each Man do his best.

K. Henry. I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a Heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours:
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and Conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was Monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Than is your Majesty; there's not, I think, a Subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your Government.

Gray. True; those that were your Father's Enemies,
Have steep't their Gauls in Honey, and to observe you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeal.

K. Henry. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the Office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So Service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh it self with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services.

K. Henry. We judge no less. Uncle of *Exeier*,
Enlarge the Man committed yesterday,

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That

That rail'd against our Person: We consider,
It was excess of Wine that set him on,
And on his more advice, We pardon him.

Scroop. That's Mercy, but too much Security:
Let him be punish'd, Sovereign, lest Example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Henry. O let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punish too.

Gray. Sir, you shew great mercy, if you give him Life,
After the taste of much Correction.

K. Henry. Alas, your too much love and care of me,
Are heavy Orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our Eye
When Capital Crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that Man,
Though *Cambridge, Scroop,* and *Gray*, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our Person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our *French Causes*,
Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. I one, my Lord,
Your Highness bad me ask for it to day.

Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.

Gray. And I, my Royal Sovereign.

K. Henry. Then *Richard Earl of Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours *Lord Scroop of Masham*, and Sir Knight,
Gray of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them, and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of *Westmorland*, and Uncle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to night. Why, how now Gentlemen?
What see you in those Papers, that you lose
So much Complexion? Look ye how they change!
Their Cheeks are Paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chac'd your Blood
Out of appearance?

Camb. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your Highness mercy.

Gray. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Henry. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own Counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy.

For your own Reasons turn into your Bosoms,
 As Dogs upon their Masters, worrying you.
 See you, my Princes and my Noble Peers,
 These *English* Monsters! My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
 You know how apt our love was to accord
 To furnish him with all appertinents
 Belonging to his Honour; and this Man,
 Hath for a few light Crowns, lightly conspir'd
 And sworn unto the practices of *France*
 To kill us here at *Hampton*. To the which,
 This Knight, no less for bounty bound to us
 Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworn. But O!
 What shall I say to thee, Lord *Scoop*, thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman Creature!
 Thou that did'st bear the Key of all my Counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my Soul,
 That, almost, might'st have coin'd me into Gold,
 Would'st thou have practis'd on me, for thy use?
 May it be possible, that Foreign hire
 Could out of thee extract one spark of Evil
 That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,
 That though the truth of it stand off as gross,
 As black and white, my Eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason and Murder, ever kept together,
 As two yoaik Devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly in a Natural Cause,
 That admiration did not hoop at them.
 But thou, 'gainst all Proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on Treason, and on Murther:
 And whatsoever cunning Fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
 Hath got the voice in Hell for excellence:
 And other Devils that suggest By-Treasons,
 Do botch and bungle up Damnation,
 With Patches, Colours, and with Forms, being fetcht
 From glist'ring Semblances of Piety:
 But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do Treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
 If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his Lion-gate walk the whole world,

He may return to vasty *Tartar* back,
 And tell the Legions, I can never win
 A Soul so easie as that *Englishman's*.
 Oh, how hast thou with Jealousie infected
 The sweetness of Affiance! Shew Men dutiful?
 Why so didst thou. Seem they Grave and Learned?
 Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?
 Why so didst thou. Seem they Religious?
 Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in Diet,
 Free from gross Passion, or of Mirth, or Anger,
 Constant in Spirit, nor swerving with the Blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest Complement,
 Not working with the Eye, without the Ear,
 And but in purged Judgment trusting neither?
 Such and so finely boulded didst thou seem:
 And thus thy Fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To make thee full fraught Man, the best endued
 With some suspicion, I will weep for thee.
 For this revolt of thine methinks is like
 Another fall of Man. Their Faults are open,
 Arrest them to the answer of the Law
 And God acquit them of their Practices,

Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the Name of *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the Name of *Thomas* Lord *Scroop* of *Masbam*.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the Name of *Thomas* *Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scroop. Our Purposes God justly hath discover'd,
 And I repent my Fault more than my Death;
 Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
 Although my Body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me the Gold of *France* did not seduce,
 Although I did admit it as a motive,
 The sooner to effect what I intended;
 But, God be thanked for prevention,
 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoyce for,
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Gray. Never did faithful Subject more rejoyce
 At the discovery of most dangerous Treason,
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er my self,

Prevented from a damned Enterprize:

My Fault, but not my Body, pardon, Sovereign.

K. Henry. God quit you in his Mercy; hear your Sentence:

You have conspir'd against our Royal Person,

Join'd with an Enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers

Receiv'd the golden Earnest of our Death;

Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,

His Princes and his Peers to Servitude,

His Subjects to Oppression and Contempt,

And his whole Kingdom into Desolation:

Touching our Person, seek we no Revenge;

But we our Kingdom's safety must so tender,

Whose Ruin you three sought, that to her Laws

We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,

Poor miserable Wretches, to your Death;

The taste whereof God of his Mercy give

You patience to endure, and true Repentance

Of all your dear Offences. Bear them hence. [Exeunt.]

Now, Lords, for *France*, the Enterprize whereof

Shall be to you as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky War,

Since God so graciously hath brought to light

This dangerous Treason lurking in our way,

To hinder our beginning. We doubt not now,

But every Rub is smoothed in our way:

Then forth, dear Country-men; let us deliver

Our Puissance into the Hand of God,

Putting it streight in expedition.

Chearly to Sea, the signs of War advance,

No King of *England*, if not King of *France*. [Exeunt.]

Enter Pistol, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostess.

Host. Prethee Honey, sweet Husband, let me bring thee
to *Staines*.

Pistol. No, for my manly Heart doth yern. *Bardolph*,
be blith: *Nim*, rouze thy vaunting Veins: *Boy*, bristle thy
Courage up; for *Falstaff* he is dead, and we must yern there-
fore.

Bard. Would I were with him wheresoe'er he is, either
in Heaven, or in Hell.

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in Hell; he's in *Arthur's* Bo-
som, if ever Man went to *Arthur's* Bosom; he made a finer
end,

end, and went away and it had been any Chrifom Child; a parted juſt between Twelve and One, ev'n to the turning o'th' Tyde; for after I ſaw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and ſmile upon his Fingers end, I knew there was but one way; for his Noſe was as ſharp as a Pen, and a Table of Green Fields. How now, Sir *John*? quoth I. What Man? be a good Cheer; ſo a cried out, God, God, God, three or four times: Now I, to comfort him, bid him a ſhould not think of God; I hop'd there was no need trouble himſelf with any ſuch Thoughts yet: ſo a bad me lay more Clothes on his Feet: I put my Hand into the Bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a Stone: Then I felt to his Knees, and ſo upward and upward, all was as cold as any Stone.

Nim. They ſay he cried out of Sack.

Hoſt. Ay, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hoſt. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes, that a did, and ſaid they were Devils Incarnate.

Hoſt. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he never lik'd.

Boy. A ſaid once, the Deule would have him about Women.

Hoſt. A did in ſome ſort, indeed, handle Women; but then he was rheumatick and talk'd of the Whore of *Babylon*.

Boy. Do you not remember a ſaw a Flea ſtick upon *Bar-dolph's* Noſe, and ſaid it was a black Soul burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that Fire: That's all the Riches I got in his Service.

Nim. Shall we ſhogg? the King will be gone from *Southampton*.

Piſt. Come, let's away. My Love, give me thy Lips: Look to my Chattels, and Moveables; let Senſes rule; the word is, Pitch and pay; truſt none, for Oaths are Straws, Mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-faſt is the only Dog; my Duck, therefore, *Caveto* be thy Counſellor. Go, clear thy Chriſtals. Yoke-fellows in Arms, let us to *France*, like Horſe-leeches, my Boys, to ſuck, to ſuck, the very Blood to ſuck.

Boy. And that's but unwholsome Food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft Mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewel, Hostess.

Nim. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let Houſwifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewel; adieu. [Exeunt.

*Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy,
and the Constable.*

Fr. King. Thus come the *English* with full Power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns,

To answer Royally in our Defences.

Therefore the Dukes of *Berry* and of *Britain*,

Of *Brabant*, and of *Orleans* shall make forth,

And you, Prince *Dauphin*, with all swift dispatch;

To line and new repair our Towns of War

With Men of Courage, and with means defendant:

For *England* his approaches makes as fierce

As Waters to the sucking of a Gulf.

It fits us then to be as provident

As Fear may teach us, out of late Examples,

Left by the fatal and neglected *English*,

Upon our Fields.

Dau. My most redoubted Father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the Foe:

For Peace it self should not so dull a Kingdom,

(Tho' War, nor no known Quarrel were in question)

But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,

Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,

As were a War in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,

To view the sick and feeble parts of *France*:

And let us do it with no shew of Fear;

No, with no more than if we heard that *England*

Were busied with a *Whitson* Morris-dance:

For, my good Liege, she is so idly King'd,

Her Scepter so fantastically born,

By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous Youth;

That Fear attends her not.

Con. O Peace, Prince *Dauphin*,

You are too much mistaken in this King:

Question your Grace the late Ambassadors,

With what great State he heard their Embassie,
 How well supply'd with Noble Counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and, withal,
 How terrible in constant Resolution:
 And you shall find his Vanities fore-spent
 Were but the out-side of the *Roman Brutus*,
 Covering Discretion with a Coat of Folly;
 As Gardeners do with Ordure hide those Roots
 That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dan. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High-Constable.
 But tho' we think it so, it is no matter:
 In causes of Defence, 'tis best to weigh
 The Enemy more mighty than he seems,
 So the Proportions of defence are fill'd;
 Which of a weak and niggardly projection,
 Doth, like a Miser, spoil his Coat with scanting
 A little Cloath.

Fr. King. Think we King *Harry* strong;
 And Princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.
 The Kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us:
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain
 That haunted us in our familiar Paths;
 Witness our too much memorable Shame,
 When *Cressy* Battel fatally was struck,
 And all our Princes captiv'd by the Hand
 Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of *Wales*:
 While that his Mountain Sire, on Mountain standing,
 Up in the Air, crown'd with the Golden Sun,
 Saw his Heroick Seed, and smil'd to see him
 Mangle the work of Nature, and deface
 The Patterns that by God and by *French* Fathers
 Had twenty Years been made. This is a Stem
 Of that Victorious Stock; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from *Harry*, King of *England*,
 Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present Audience.
 Go, and bring them.
 You see this Chase is hotly followed, Friends.

Dan. Turn Head, and stop pursuit; for Coward Dogs
Most spend their Mouths; when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my Sovereign,
Take up the *English* short, and let them know,
Of what a Monarchy you are the Head:
Self-love, my Liege, is not so vile a Sin,
As self-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our Brother of *England*?

Exc. From him, and thus he greets your Majesty:
He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,
That you divest your self, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that, by gift of Heaven,
By Law of Nature, and of Nations, 'longs
To him and to his Heirs; namely, the Crown;
And all wide-stretched Honours that pertain,
By Custom and the Ordinance of Times,
Unto the Crown of *France*. That you may know
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward Claim,
Pick'd from the Worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old Oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable Line,
In every Branch truly demonstrative,
Willing you over-look his Pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous Ancestors.
Edward the Third; he bids you then resign
Your Crown and Kingdom indirec'tly held
From him, the native and true Challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exc. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the Crown
Even in your Hearts, there will he rake for it,
And therefore in fierce Tempest is he coming,
In Thunder and in Earthquake, like a *Jove*:
That if requiring fail, he will compell.
He bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the Crown, and to take mercy
On the poor Souls for whom this hungry War
Opens this vasty Jaws; and on your Head
Turning the Widow's Tears, the Orphans Cries,
The dead Mens Bloods, the privy Maidens Groans,

For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Lovers,
That shall be swallowed in this Controversie.
This is his Claim, his Threatning, and my Message;
Unless the *Dauphin* be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring Greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our Brother of *England*.

Dau. For the *Dauphin*,
I stand here for him; what to him from *England*?

Exe. Scorn and Defiance, slight Regard, Contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mighty Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my King; and if your Father's Highness
Do not, in grant of all Demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Majesty;
He'll call you to so hot an Answer of it,
That Caves and womby Vaultages of *France*
Shall chide your Trespas, and return your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my Father tender fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but Odds with *England*; to that end,
As matching to his Youth and Vanity,
I did present him with the *Paris Balls*.

Exe. He'll make your *Paris Louver* shake for it,
Were it the Mistress Court of mighty *Europe*:
And be assur'd you'll find a difference,
As we, his Subjects, have in wonder found,
Between the Promise of his greener days
And these he masters now; now he weighs Time
Even to the utmost Grain, that you shall read
In your own Losses, if he stay in *France*.

Fr. King. To morrow you shall know our mind at full.

[*Flourish*].

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our King
Come here himself to question our delay,
For he is footed in this Land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair Conditions,
A Night is but small breath, and little pause
To answer matters of this Consequence.

[*Exe. ut.*
ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

THUS with imagin'd Wing our swift Scene flies,
 In motion of no less celerity,
 Than that of Thought. Suppose that you have seen
 The well appointed King at *Dover* Peer,
 Embark his Royalty; and his brave Fleet,
 With silken Streamers, the young *Phœbus* fanning;
 Play with your Fancies; and in them behold,
 Upon the Hempen Tackle, Ship Boys climbing;
 Hear the shrill Whistle, which doth Order give
 To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden Sails,
 Born with th' invisible and creeping Wind,
 Draw the huge Bottoms thro' the furrow'd Sea,
 Breasting the lofty Surge. O, do but think
 You stand upon the Ravage, and behold
 A City on th' inconstant Billows dancing;
 For so appears this Fleet Majestical,
 Holding due course to *Harfleur*. Follow, follow.
 Grapple your Minds to sternage of this Navy,
 And leave your *England* as dead Midnight, still,
 Guarded with Grandfires, Babies and old Women,
 Either past, or not arriv'd to pitch and puissance:
 For who is he, whose Chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing Hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice drawn Cavaliers to *France*?
 Work, work your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:
 Behold the Ordnance on their Carriages,
 With fatal Mouths gaping on girded *Harfleur*.
 Suppose th' Ambassador from the *French* comes back,
 Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowry
 Some petty and unprofitable Dukedoms.
 The Offer likes not; and the nimble Gunner
 With Lynstock now the devilish Cannon touches:

[Alarm, and Chambers go off.]

And

And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And ech out our performance with your mind.

[Exit]

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester, with
Scaling-Ladders as before Harfleur.

K. Henry. Once more unto the Breach,
Dear Friends, once more;
Or close the Wall up with our *English* dead:
In Peace there's nothing so becomes a Man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of War blows in our Ears;
Then imitate the actions of the Tyger;
Stiffen the Sinews, summon up the Blood,
Disguise fair Nature with hard-favour'd Rage;
Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Brass Cannon, let the Brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled Rock
O'er-hang and jutty his confounded Base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful Ocean.
Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nostril wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend up every Spirit
To his full height. On, you noblest *English*,
Whose Blood is fet from Fathers of War-proof;
Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
Have in these parts from Morn 'till Even fought,
And sheath'd their Swords for lack of Argument;
Dishonour not your Mothers; now attest,
That those whom you call'd Fathers did beget you:
Be Copy now to Men of grosser Blood,
And teach them how to War; and you, good Yeomen,
Whose Limbs were made in *England*, shew us here
The mettle of your Pasture: Let us swear,
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your Eyes.
I see you stand like Greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the Start. The Game's a-foot:
Follow your Spirit; and upon this Charge,
Cry, God for *Harry, England*, and *St. George*.

[Alarm, and Chambers go off.]

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the Breach, to the Breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee, Corporal, 'stay, the Knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a Case of Lives; the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain Song of it.

Pist. The plain Song is most just; for humours do abound: Knocks go and come: God's Vassals drop and dye; and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth win immortal Fame.

Boy. Wou'd I were in an Ale-house in *London*, I would give all my Fame for a Pot of Ale, and safety.

Pist. And I; if wishes would prevail with me, my purpose should not fail with me; but thether would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you Dogs; avant, you Cullions.

Pist. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of Mould, abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock, bate thy Rage, use lenity, sweet Chuck.

Nim. These be good humours; your Honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt.*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three Swashers. I am a Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques do not amount to a Man; for *Bardolph*, he is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the means whereof, a faces it out, but fights not; for *Pistol*, he hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the means whereof, a breaks Words, and keeps whole Weapons; for *Nim*, he hath heard, that Men of few Words are the best Men, and therefore he scorns to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward; but his few bad words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a never broke any Man's head but his own, and that was against a Post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelve Leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworn Brothers in filching; and in *Calice* they stole a fire-shovel. I knew, by that piece of Service, the Men would carry Coals. They would have me as familiar with Mens Pockets,

as their Gloves or their Hand-kerchers; which makes much against my Manhood, if I would take from another's Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketting up of Wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better Service; their Villany goes against my weak Stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit Boy.

Enter Gower,

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the Mines; the Duke of *Gloucester* would speak with you.

Flu. To the Mines? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mines; for look you, the Mines are not according to the Disciplines of War; the Concavities of it is not sufficient; for look you, th' adversary, you may discuss unto the Duke, look you, is digt himself four yards under the Countermines; by *Chester*, I think a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of *Gloucester*, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by an *Irish* man, a very valiant Gentleman, I'faith.

Flu. It is Captain *Mackmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Flu. By *Chester* he is an *Afs*, as is in the World, I will verifie as much, in his Beard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the Wars, look you, of the *Roman* disciplines, than is a Puppy-dog.

Enter *Mackmorrice*, and Captain *Jamy*.

Gower. Here a comes, and the *Scotts* Captain, Captain *Jamy*, with him.

Flu. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in the aunciant Wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by *Chester* he will maintain his Argument as well as any Military Man in the World, in the Disciplines of the pristine Wars of the *Romans*.

Jamy. I say gudday, Captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. Godden to your Worship, good Captain *James*.

Gower. How now, Captain *Mackmorrice*, have you quit the Mines? have the *Pioneers* given o'er?

Mack. By *Cnriſh*, Law, tish ill done; the *Workish* give over, the *Trompet* ſound the *Retreat*. By my hand I ſwear, and by my *Father's* Soul, the *Work ish* ill done; it ish

ish give over; I would have blowed up the Town, so Chrish save me, law, in an hour. O tish ill done, tish ill done; by my Hand tish ill done.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, I beseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the War, the *Roman Wars*, in the way of Argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my Mind, as touching the direction of the Military Discipline, that is the Point.

Jamy. It fall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I fall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sal I marry.

Mack. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: The Day is hot, and the Weather, and the Wars, and the King, and the Duke; it is not time to discourse, the Town is beseech'd; and the Trumpet calls us to the Breach, and we talk, and by Chrish do nothing, 'tis shame for us all; so God sa'me 'tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand; and there is Throats to be cut, and Works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa'me law.

Jamy. By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ayle de gud service, or Ile ligge i'th'ground for it; ay, or go to death; and Ile pay't as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, the breff and the long; marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Mack. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a Villain, and a Bastard, and a Knave, and a Rascal? What ish my Nation? Who talks of my Nation.

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain *Mackmorrice*, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability, as in discretion you ought to use me, look you, being as good a Man as your self both in the disciplines of Wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particulars.

Mack. I do not know you so good a Man as my self, so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy.

Jamy. A, that's a foul fault. [A Parley sounded.

Gower. The Town sounds a Parley.

Flu. Captain Mackmorrice, when there is more better opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of War, and there is an end. [Exeunt.

Enter King Henry, and his Train before the Gates.

K. Henry. How yet resolves the Governor of the Town?

This is the latest Parle we will admit:

Therefore to our best mercy give your selves,

Or like to Men proud of destruction,

Defie us to our worst; for as I am a Soldier,

A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;

If I begin the batt'ry once again,

I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harfleur*,

'Till in her ashes she lye buried.

The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut up,

And the flesh'd Soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand, shall range

With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grass

Your fresh fair Virgins, and your flowing Infants.

What is it then to me, if impious War,

Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,

Do with his smircht complexion all fell feats,

Enlink to waste and desolation?

What is't to me, when you your selves are cause,

If your pure Maidens fall into the hand

Of hot and forcing Violation?

What Rein can hold licentious Wickedness,

When down the Hill he holds his fierce Career?

We may as bootless spend our vain Command

Upon th' enraged Soldiers in their Spoil,

As send Precepts to the *Leviathan*

To come a-shoar. Therefore, you men of *Harfleur*,

Take pity of your Town and of your People,

Whiles yet my Soldiers are in my Command,

Whiles yet the cool and temperate Wind of Grace

O'er-blows the filthy and contagious Clouds

Of heady Muther, Spoil, and Villany.

If not; why in a moment look to see

The blind and bloody Soldier, with foul hand

Desire the Locks of your shrill-shrieking Daughters;
 Your Fathers taken by the silver Beards,
 And their most reverent Heads dash'd to the Walls:
 Your naked Infants spitted upon Pikes,
 While the mad Mothers, with their howls confus'd,
 Do break the Clouds; as did the Wives of Jewry,
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
 What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid?
 Or guilty in defence be thus destroy'd?

Enter Governor.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
 The *Dauphin*, of whom Succours we entreated,
 Returns us, that his Powers are yet not ready,
 To raise so great a Siege. Therefore, great King,
 We yield our Town and Lives to thy soft Mercy:
 Enter our Gates, dispose of us and ours,
 For we no longer are defensible.

K. Henry. Open your Gates: Come, Unkle *Exeter*,
 Go you and enter *Harfleur*, there remain,
 And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the *French*:
 Use mercy to them all for us, dear Unkle.
 The Winter coming on, and Sickness growing
 Upon our Soldiers, we will retire to *Calais*.
 To night in *Harfleur* we will be your Guest,
 To morrow for the March we are address'd.

[Flourish, and enter the Town.]

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. *Alice*, tu as esté en Angleterre, & tu parlois bien le
 Language.

Alice. Un peu, Madame.

Kath. Je te prie de m'enseigner, il faut que j'apprenne a
 parler. Comment appellé vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main, il est appellé, de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. Et le doyt.

Kath. Le doyt, me foy ja oublie. le doyt, mais je me souvien-
 dray le doyt, je penso qu'ils ont appellé des fingres, ouy de fingres.

Alice. La main, de Hand, le doyt, le Fingres, Je pense
 que je suis le bon escolier.

Kath. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement, comment
 appellé vous les ongles?

Alice. *Les ongles, les appellons de Nayles.*

Kath. *De Nayles escontez : dites moy, si je parle bien de Hand, de Fingres, de Nayles.*

Alice. *C'est bien dit Madame, il est fort bon Anglois.*

Kath. *Dites moy en Anglois le bras.*

Alice. *De Arme, Madame.*

Kath. *Et le Coude.*

Alice. *D'Elbow.*

Kath. *D'Elbow : Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les moss que vous m'avez appris dès a present.*

Alice. *Il est trop difficile Madame, comme je pense.*

Kath. *Excusez moy Alice, escontez, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, de Bilbow.*

Alice. *D'Elbow, Madame.*

Kath. *O Seigneur Dieu, j: m'en oublie d'Elbow, comment appellé vous le col ?*

Alice. *De Neck, Madame.*

Kath. *De Neck, & le manton ?*

Alice. *De Chin.*

Kath. *De Sin, le col, de Neck : le manton, de Sin.*

Alice. *Ouy. Sans vostre honneur en verité vous prononciés les moss aussi droict, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.*

Kath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez vous pas desja oublié ce que je vous ay enseigné.*

Kath. *Non, je reciteray a vous promptement d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, Madame.*

Alice. *De Nayles, Madame.*

Kath. *De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.*

Alice. *Sans vostre honneur d'Elbow.*

Kath. *Ainsi dis-je d'Elbow, de Neck, de Sin : comment appellé vous les pieds & de robe.*

Alice. *Le Foot Madame, & le Count.*

Kath. *Le Foot, & le Count : O Seigneur Dieu ! ce sont des mots mauvais, corruptible & impudique, & non pour les Dames d'Honneur d'user : Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde ! Il faut le Foot, & le Count, neant moins. Je reciteray un autrefois ma leçon ensemble, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Neck, de Sin, de Foot, de Count.*

Alice. *Excellent, Madame.*

Kath. *C'est assez pour une fois, allons nous en disner.* [Exeunt.
Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, Duke of Britain, the
Constable of France, and others.

Fr. K. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the River *Some.*

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my Lord,
Let us not live in *France*; let us quit all,
And give our Vineyards to a Barbarous People.

Dau. *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few Sprays of us,
The emptying of our Father's Luxury,
Our Syens, put in Wild and Savage Stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the Clouds,
And over-look their Crafters?

Brit. *Normans, but Bastard Normans, Norman Bastards.*
Mort de ma vie, if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my Dukedom,
To buy a flobbry and a dirty Farm
In that nook-shotten Isle of *Albion.*

Con. *Dieu de Batailles!* Where have they this Mettle?
Is not their Climate foggy, raw, and dull?

On whom, as in despight, the Sun looks pale,
Killing their Fruit with Frowns? Can sodden Water,
A Drench for Sur-reyn'd Jades, their Barly-broth,
Decoct their cold Blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick Blood spirited with Wine,
Seem frosty? O! for the Honour of our Land,
Let us not hang like roping Isicles
Upon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frosty People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich Fields:
Poor we may call them, in their Native Lords.

Dau. By Faith and Honour,
Our Madams mock at us, and plainly say,
Our Mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their Bodies to the Lust of *English* Youth,
To New-store *France* with Bastard Warriors.

Brit. They bid us to the *English* Dancing Schools,
And teach *Lavalta's* high, and swift *Curranto's*,
Saying, our Grace is only in our Heels,
And that we are most losfy Run-aways,

Fr. King. Where is *Montjoy*, the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet *England* with our sharp Defiance.
Up Princes, and with Spirit of Honour edg'd, More

More sharper than your Swords, hie to the Field:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of *France*;
 You Duke of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanson, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgundy*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
Beaumont, *Grandpree*, *Roussie*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Lestrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloys*,
 High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
 For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames:
 Bar *Harry England*, that sweeps through our Land
 With Penons painted in the Blood of *Harsleur*:
 Rush on his Host, as doth the melted Snow
 Upon the Vallies, whose low Vassal Seat
 The *Alps* doth spit, and void his rheum upon.
 Go down upon him, you have Power enough,
 And in a Captive Chariot, into *Roan*
 Bring him our Prisoner.

Con. This becomes the Great.

Sorry am I his Numbers are so few,
 His Soldiers sick, and famisht in their March:
 For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
 He'll drop his Heart into the sink of Fear,
 And for Atchievement, offer us his Ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore Lord Constable, haste on *Mountjoy*,
 And let him say to *England*, that we send,
 To know what willing Ransom he will give.
 Prince *Dauphin*, you shall stay with us in *Roan*.

Dau. Not I, I do beseech your Majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
 Now forth Lord Constable and Princes all;
 And quickly bring us word of *England's* Fall. [Exeunt.

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gow. How now, Captain *Fluellen*, come you from the Bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Services committed at the Bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?

Flu. The Duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a Man that I love and honour with my Soul, and my Heart, and my Duty, and my Life, and my Living, and my uttermost Power. He is not, God be praised and blessed, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge most valiantly,

with excellent Discipline. There is an ancient Lieutenant there at the Bridge, I think in my very Conscience he is as Valiant a Man as *Mark Anthony*, and he is a Man of no Estimation in the World, but I did see him do as gallant Service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd Ancient *Pistol*.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the Man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The Duke of *Exeter* doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praise God, and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. *Bardolph*, a Soldier firm and sound of Heart, and of buxom Valour, hath by cruel Fate, and giddy Fortune's furious fickle Wheel, that Goddess blind, that stands upon the rolling restless Stone——

Flu. By your Patience, ancient *Pistol*: Fortune is painted blind, with a Muffer before her Eyes, to signifie to you, that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a Wheel, to signifie to you, which is the Moral of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutability, and variation; and her Foot, look you, is fixed upon a Spherical Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles; in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent Moral.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolph's* Foe, and frowns on him; for he hath stoln a *Pax*, and Hanged must a be; Damned Death; let Gallows gape for Dog, let Man go free, and let not Hemp his Wind-pipe suffocate; but *Exeter* hath given the Doom of Death for *Pax* of little Price. Therefore go speak, the Duke will hear thy voice; and let not *Bardolph's* vital Thread be cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speak Captain for his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient *Pistol*, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoyce at; for if, look you, he were my Brother, I would desire the Duke to use his good Pleasure, and put him to Execution; for Discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die, and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy Friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The Fig of *Spain*.

[*Exit Pist.*]

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascal, I remember him now; a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, a utt'ed as prave words at the Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers Day; but it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why 'tis a Gull, a Fool, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Wars, to grace himself at his return into *London*, under the form of a Soldier; and such Fellows are perfect in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learn you by rote where Services were done; at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the Enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the Phrase of War, which they trick up with new-tuned Oaths; and what a Beard of the Generals Cut, and a horrid Sute of the Camp, will do among foaming Bottles, and Ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on; but you must learn to know such slanders of the Age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain *Gower*; I do perceive he is not the Man that he would gladly make shew to the World he is; if I find a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my mind; hear you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his
poor Soldiers.

Flu. God pless your Majesty.

K. Henry. How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Majesty: The Duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave Passages; marry, th' athversary was have possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of *Exeter* is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave Man.

K. Henry. What Men have you lost, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great; marry for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a Man, but one that is like to be executed for Robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majesty know the Man: His Face is all Bubukles, and Wheelks, and Knobs, and flames a Fire, and his Lips blows at his Nose, and it is like a Coal of Fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red, but his Nose is executed, and his Fire's out.

K. Henry. We would have all such Offenders so cut off, and we give express charge, that in our Marches through the Country, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but paid for; none of the *French* upbraided or abused in disdainful Language; for when Lenity and Cruelty play for a Kingdom, the gentler Gamester is the soonest Winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. You know me by my Habit. [thee?

K. Henry. Well then, I know thee; what shall I know of

Mount. My Master's Mind.

K. Henry. Unfold it.

Mount. Thus says my King: Say thou to *Harry of England*, though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep: Advantage is a better Soldier than Rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuk'd him at *Harsfleur*, but that we thought not good to bruise an Injury, 'till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our Cue, and our Voice is imperial: *England* shall repent his Folly, see his Weakness, and admire our Sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his Ransom, which must proportion the Losses we have born, the Subjects we have lost, the Disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his Pettiness would bow under. For our Losses, his Exchequer is too poor; for th'effusion of our Blood, the Muster of his Kingdom too faint a Number; and for our Disgrace, his own Person kneeling at our Feet, but a weak and worthless Satisfaction. To this add Defiance; and tell him for conclusion, he hath betray'd his Followers, whose Condemnation is pronounc'd. So far my King and Master; so much my Office.

K. Henry. What is thy Name? I know thy Quality.

Mount. *Mountjoy.*

K. Henry. Thou do'st thy Office fairly. Turn thee back,
 And tell thy King, I do not seek him now,
 But could be willing to march on to *Calais*,
 Without impeachment; for to say the sooth,
 Though 'tis no Wisdom to confels so much,
 Unto an Enemy of Craft and Vantage,
 My People are with Sicknes much enfeebled,
 My Numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
 Almost no better than so many *French*;
 Who when they were in health, I tell thee, Herald,
 I thought, upon one pair of *English* Legs
 Did march three *Frenchmen*. Yet forgive me, God,
 That I do brag thus; this your air of *France*
 Hath blown that Vice in me; I must repent.
 Go therefore tell thy Master, here I am;
 My Ransom is this frail and worthless Trunk;
 My Army, but a weak and sickly Guard;
 Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though *France* himself, and such another Neighbour
 Stand in our way. There's for thy Labour, *Mountjoy*.
 God bid thy Master well advise himself,
 If we may pass, we will; if we be hindred,
 We shall your tawny Ground with your red Blood
 Discolour; and so *Mountjoy* fare you well.
 The sum of all our Answer is but this;
 We will not seek a Battel, as we are,
 Nor as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
 So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliver so: Thanks to your Highness. [*Exit.*]

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Henry. We are in God's hand, Brother, not in theirs;
 March to the Bridge, it now draws toward Night,
 Beyond the River we'll encamp our selves,
 And on to morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt,*
Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleans,
Dauphin, with others.]

Con. Tut, I have the best Armour of the World; would
 it were day.

Orl. You have an excellent Armour; but let my Horse
 have his due.

Con. It is the best Horse of *Europe*.

Orl. Will it never be Morning?

Dan. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of Horse and Armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dan. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treads but on four Pasterns; ch'ha; he bounds from the Earth, as if his Entrails were hairs; *Le Cheval volant*, the *Pegasus*, *qu'il a les narines de feu*. When I bestride him, I soar, I am a Hawk; he trots the Air; the Earth sings, when he touches it; the basest Horn of his Hoof is more Musical than the Pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. He's of the colour of a Nutmeg.

Dan. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for *Perseus*; he is pure Air and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his Rider amounts him; he is indeed a Horse, and all other Jades you may call Beasts.

Con. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

Dan. It is the Prince of Palfrays, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his Countenance enforces Homage.

Orl. No more, Cousin.

Dan. Nay, the Man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Lark to the lodging of the Lamb, vary deserved praise on my Palfray; it is a Theme as fluent as the Sea: Turn the Sands into eloquent Tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all; 'tis a subject for a Sovereign to reason on, and for a Sovereign's Sovereign to ride on; and for the World, familiar to us, and unknowr, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a Sonnet in his praise and began thus, *Wonder of Na-*

ture

Orl. I have heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistress.

Dan. Then did they imitate that, which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistress.

Orl. Your Mistress bears well.

Dan.

Dau. Me well, which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular Mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought Yesterday your Mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a *Kerne of Ireland*, your *French* Horse off, and in your strait Strossers.

Con. You have good judgment in Horsemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then; they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul Bogs; I had rather have my Horse to my Mistress.

Con. I had as lieve have my Mistress a Jade.

Dau. I tell thee, Constable, my Mistress wears his own Hair.

Con. I could make as true a Boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistress.

Dol. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, & la truie lavée au boubrier*; thou mak'st use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my Horse for my Mistress, or any such Proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to Night, are those Stars or Suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my Lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Ev'n as your Horse bears your praises, who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a Mile, and my way shall be paved with *English* Faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were Morning, for I would fain be about the Ears of the *English*.

Ram. Who will go Hazard with me for twenty Prisoners?

Con. You must first go your self to hazard, e'er you have them.

Dan. 'Tis Mid-night, I'll go arm my self. [Exit]

Orl. The *Dauphin* longs for Morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the *English*.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white Hand of my Lady, he's a gallant Prince.

Con. Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active Gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to morrow; he will keep that good Name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself, and he said he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden Virtue in him.

Con. By my Faith, Sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his Lacquey; 'tis a hooded Valour, and when it appears, it will abate.

Orl. Ill-will never said well.

Con. I will cap that Proverb with, *There is Flattery in Friendship*.

Orl. And I will take up that with, *Give the Devil his due*.

Con. Well plac'd; there stands your Friend for the Devil; have at the very Eye of that Proverb with, *A Pox of the Devil*.

Orl. You are the better at Proverbs, by how much a *Fool's Bolt is soon shot*.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the *English* lye within fifteen hundred Paces of your Tents.

Con. Who hath measur'd the Ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpree.

Con. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would it were day. Alas poor *Harry of England*; he longs not for the Dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish Fellow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd Followers so far out of his knowledge.

Con. If the *English* had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their Heads had any intellectual Armour, they could never wear any such heavy Head-pieces.

Ram. That Island of *England* breeds very valiant Creatures; their Mastiffs are of unmatchable Courage.

Orl. Foolish Cors, that run winking into the Mouth of a *Russian* Bear, and have their Heads crush'd like rotten Apples; you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare to eat his breakfast on the Lip of a Lion.

Con. Just, just; and the Men do sympathize with the Mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives; and then give them great Meals of Beef, and Iron and Steel; they will eat like Wolves, and fight like Devils.

Orl. Ay, but these *English* are shrewdly out of Beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow, they have only Stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two a Clock; but let me see, by ten We shall have each a hundred *Englishmen*. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

NOW entertain Conjecture of a time,
When creeping Murmur and the poring Dark
Fills the wide Vessel of the Universe.
From Camp to Camp, through the foul Womb of Night,

The Hum of either Army stilly sounds,
 That the six Centinels almost receive
 The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
 Each Battel sees the others umber'd face.
 Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastful Neighs
 Piercing the Night's dull Ear; and from the Tents,
 The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
 With busie Hammers closing Rivets up,
 Give dreadful Note of Preparation.
 The Country Cocks do crow, the Clocks do towl;
 And the third Hour of drouisie Morning nam'd,
 Proud of their Numbers, and secure in Soul,
 The confident and over-lusty *French*,
 Do the low-rated *English* play at Dice:
 And chide the criples-rardy-gated Night,
 Who like a foul and ugly Witch do's limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned *English*,
 Like Sacrifices, by their watchful Fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminat
 The Mornings Danger: and their gesture sad,
 Investing lank-lean Cheeks, and War-worn Coats,
 Presented them unto the gazing Moon
 So many horrid Ghosts. O now who will behold
 The Royal Captain of this ruin'd Band
 Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent,
 Let him cry, Praise and Glory on his Head:
 For forth he goes, and visits all his Host,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest Smile,
 And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Country-men.
 Upon his Royal Face there is no Note,
 How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he Dedicate one jot of Colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched Night:
 But freshly looks, and over-bears Attaint,
 With chearful Semblance, and sweet Majesty:
 That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks Comfort from his Looks.
 A Largess universal, like the Sun,
 His liberal Eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold Fear, that mean and gentle all

Behold, as may Unworthiness define,
 A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
 And so our Scene must to the Battel fly :
 Where, O for pity, we shall much disgrace,
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils
 (Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous)
 The Name of *Agincourt*. Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries be. [Exit.]

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. Henry. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
 The greater therefore should our Courage be.
 Good morrow, Brother *Bedford*: God Almighty,
 There is some Soul of Goodness in things Evil,
 Would Men observingly distil it out.
 For our bad Neighbour makes us early Stirrers,
 Which is both Healthful, and good Husbandry.
 Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
 And Preachers to us all; admonishing,
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
 And make a Moral of the Devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*;
 A good soft Pillow for that good white Head
 Were better, than a churlish Turf of *France*.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better;
 Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

K. King. 'Tis good for Men to love their present pain,
 Upon Example, so the Spirit is eased:
 And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
 The Organs, though Defunct and Dead before,
 Break up their drowsie Grave, and newly move
 With casted slough, and fresh celerity.
 Lend me thy Cloak, Sir *Thomas*: Brothers both,
 Commend me to the Princes in our Camp:
 Do my good morrow to them, and anon
 Desire them all to my Pavillion.

Glo. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

K. Henry. No, my good Knight:
 Go with my Brothers to my Lords of *England*:

I and my Bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other Company.

Exp. The Lord in Heaven blefs thee, noble *Harry*. [*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. God a mercy, old Heart, thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va la?*

K. Henry. A Friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me, art thou Officer, or art thou base, common and popular?

K. Henry. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant Pike?

K. Henry. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

K. Henry. Then you are better than the King.

Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Imp of Fame, of Parents good, of Fist most valiant: I kiss his dirty Shooe, and from Heart-string I love the lovely Bully. What is thy Name?

K. Henry. *Harry le Roy*.

Pist. *Le Roy!* a *Cornish* Name: Art thou of *Cornish* Crew?

K. Henry. No, I am a *Welchman*.

Pist. Know'st thou *Fluellen*?

K. Henry. Yes.

Pist. Tell him I'll knock his Leek about his Pate upon *St. David's* day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your Dagger in your Cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his Friend?

K. Henry. And his Kinsman too.

Pist. The *Figo* for thee then.

K. Henry. I thank you: God be with you.

Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd.

[*Exit.*

K. Henry. It forts well with your fierceness.

[*Manet King Henry.*

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. So, in the Name of Jesu Christ, speak fewer: It is the greatest admiration in the universal World, when the true and auncient Prerogatives and Laws of the Wars is not kept: If you would take the pains but to examine the Wars

of *Pompey* the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble babble in *Pompey's* Camp: I warrant you, you shall find the Ceremonies of the Wars, and the Cares of it, and the Forms of it, and the Sobriety of it, and the Modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the Enemy is loud, you hear him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemy is an Ass, and a Fool, and a prating Coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an Ass, and a Fool, and a prating Coxcomb, in your own Conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. [*Exeunt.*]

K. Henry. Tho' it appear a little out of fashion, There is much Care and Valour in this *Welchman*.

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning, which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. We see yonder the Beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the End of it. Who goes there?

K. Henry. A Friend.

Will. Under what Captain serve you?

K. Henry. Under Sir *John Erpingham*.

Will. A good old Commander, and a most kind Gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our Estate?

K. Henry. Even as Men wrack'd upon a Sand, that look to be wash'd off the next Tide.

Bates. He hath not told his Thought to the King?

K. Henry. No; nor is it meet he should: For though I speak it to you, I thing the King is but a Man, as I am: The Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element shews to him, as it doth to me; all his Senses have but human Conditions. His Ceremonies laid by, in his Nakedness he appears but a Man; and tho' his Affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop they stoop with the like Wing: Therefore, when he sees reason of Fears, as we do, his Fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as

ours are; yet, in reason, no Man should possess him with any appearance of Fear; lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his Army.

Bates. He may shew what outward Courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a Night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the *Thames* up to the Neck, and so I would he were, and I by him, at all Adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth, I will speak my Conscience of the King; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor Mens Lives saved.

K. Henry. I dare say, you love him not so ill to wish him here alone; howsoever, you speak this to feel other Mens Minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the King's Company; his Cause being just, and his Quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after, for we know enough, if we know we are the King's Subjects: If his Cause be wrong, our Obedience to the King wipes the Crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the Cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy Reckoning to make, when all those Legs, and Arms, and Heads chop'd off in a Battel, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at such a Place*; some Swearing, some crying for a Surgeon; some upon their Wives left poor behind them; some upon the Debts they owe; some upon their Children rawly left: I am afraid there are few die well that die in Battel; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when Blood is their Argument? Now, if these Men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it, whom to disobey, were against all proportion of Subjection.

K. Henry. So, if a Son, that is by his Father sent about Merchandize, do sinfully miscarry upon the Sea, the imputation of his Wickedness, by your Rule, should be imposed upon his Father that sent him; or, if a Servant, under his Master's Command, transporting a sum of Money, be assail'd by Robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the business of the Master the Author of the Ser-

vant's Damnation; but this is not so: The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Soldiers, the Father of his Son, nor the Master of his Servant; for they purpose not their Death, when they purpose their Services. Besides, there is no King, be his Cause never so spotless, if it come to the Arbitrement of Swords, can try it out with all unspotted Soldiers: Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived Murther; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seals of Perjury; some, making the Wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle Bosom of Peace with Pillage and Robbery. Now, if these Men have defeated the Law, and out-run Native Punishment; though they can out-strip Men, they have no Wings to fly from God. War is his Beadle, War is his Vengeance; so that here Men are punish'd, for before breach of the King's Laws, in now the King's Quarrel; where they feared the Death, they have born Life away, and where they would be safe they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their Damnation, that he was before guilty of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Every Subject's Duty is the King's, but every Subject's Soul is his own. Therefore should every Soldier in the Wars, as every sick Man in his Bed, wash every Moth out of his Conscience: And dying so, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes, it were not Sin to think that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his Greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every Man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own Head, the King is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Henry. I my self heard the King say, he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight chearfully; but when our Throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Henry. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then; that's a perilous shot out of an Elder-Gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a Monarch; you may as well go about to turn the Sun to Ice; with fanning in his Face with a Peacock's Feather: You'll never trust his Word after! Come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Henry. Your Reproof is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a Quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Henry. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will wear it in my Bonnet: Then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrel.

Will. Here's my Glove; give me another of thine.

K. Henry. There,

Will. This will I also wear in my Cap; if ever thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Glove, by this Hand I will give thee a box on the Ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to see it I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, tho' I take thee in the King's Company.

Will. Keep thy Word: Fare thee well.

Bates. Be Friends, you *English* Fools, be Friends; we have *French* Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

K. Henry. Indeed, the *French* may lay twenty *French* Crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their Shoulders; but it is no *English* Treason to cut *French* Crowns, and to morrow the King himself will be a Clipper. Upon the King! let us, our Lives, our Souls, Our Debts, our careful Wives, our Children, and Our Sins, lay on the King; he must bear all. O hard Condition, twin-born with Greatness, Subject to the breath of every Fool, whose Sense No more can feel, but his own wringing. What infinite heart-ease must Kings neglect, That private Men enjoy? And what have Kings that Privates have not too,

Save Ceremony, save general Ceremony?
 And what art thou, thou Idol Ceremony?
 What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more
 Of mortal Grievs than do thy Worshippers.
 What are thy Rents? What are thy comings in?
 O Ceremony, shew me but thy worth:
 What! is thy Soul of Adoration?
 Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Form,
 Creating awe and fear in other Men?
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of Homage sweet,
 But poison'd Flattery? O be sick, great Greatness,
 And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure.
 Think'st thou the fiery Feaver will go out
 With Titles blown from Adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggars knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dream,
 Thou play'st so subtilly with a King's Repose,
 I am a King that find thee; and I know,
 'Tis not the Balm, the Scepter, and the Ball,
 The Sword, the Mace, the Crown Imperial,
 The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearl,
 The farsed Title running 'fore the King,
 The Throne he sits on; nor the Tide of Pomp,
 That beats upon the high shoar of this World:
 No, not all these thrice-gorgeous Ceremonies,
 Not all these, laid in Bed Majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched Slave:
 Who, with a Body fill'd, and vacant Mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful Bread,
 Never sees horrid Night, the Child of Hell:
 But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
 Sweats in the Eye of *Phæbus*; and all Night
 Sleeps in *Elysium*; next day after dawn,
 Doth rise and help *Hyperion* to his Horse,
 And follows so the ever-running Year
 With profitable Labour to his Grave:
 And, but for Ceremony, such a Wretch,
 Winding up days with Toil, and Nights with Sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The Slave, a Member of the Country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross Brain little wots,
What Watch the King keeps to maintain the Peace;
Whose hours the Peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your Camp to find you.

K. Henry. Good old Knight, collect them all together,
At my Tent: I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

K. Henry. O God of Battels, steel my Soldiers Hearts,
Possess them not with Fear: Take from them now
The sense of reck'ning of the opposed Numbers:
Pluck their Hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, think not upon the Fault
My Father made, in compassing the Crown.
I *Richard's* Body have interred new,
And on it have bestowed more contrite Tears
Than from it issued forced drops of Blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd Hands hold up
Toward Heaven, to pardon Blood:
And I have built two Chauntries,
Where the sad and solemn Priests sing still
For *Richard's* Soul. More will I do;
Tho' all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring Pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. My Liegé.

K. Henry. My Brother *Gloster's* Voice?
I know thy Errand, I will go with thee:

The Day, my Friend, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and Beaumont.

Orl. The Sun doth gild our Armour, up, my Lords.

Dau. Monte Cheval: My Horse, *Valet Lacquay:* Ha!

Orl. Oh brave Spirit!

Dau. *Voyez les Cieux & la terre.*

Orl. *Rien puis le air & feu.*

Dau. *Cien, Cousin Orleans.*

Enter Constable.

Now my Lord Constable!

Con. Hark how our Steeds for present Service neigh.

Dan. Mount them, and make Incision in their Hides,
That their hot Blood may spin in *English* Eyes,
And d'out them with superfluous Courage: Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our Horses Blood?
How shall we then behold their natural Tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mes. The *English* are embattell'd, you *French* Peers.

Con. To Morie, you gallant Princes, streight to Horse.
Do but behold yond poor and starved Band,
And your fair shew shall suck away their Souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of Men.
There is not work enough for all our Hands,
Scarce Blood enough in all their sickly Veins,
To give each naked Curtie-ax a stain,
That our *French* Gallants shall to day draw out,
And sheath for lack of Sport. Let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our Valour will o'er-turn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exception, Lords,
That our superfluous Lacqueys and our Peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our Squares of Battel, were enow
To purge this Field of such a hilding Foe,
Th' we upon this Mountain's Basis by
Took stand, for idle Speculation:
But that our Honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do;
And all is done; then let the Trumpets sound
The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the Field,
That *England* shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpree.

Gran. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of *France*?
Yond Island Carrions, desperate of their Bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the Morning Field:
Their ragged Curtains poorly are let loose,
And our Air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big *Mars* seems bankrupt in their beggar'd Host,
And faintly through a rusty Bever peeps,

The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,
 With Torch-staves in their Hand; and their poor Jades
 Lob down their Heads, drooping the Hide and Hips:
 The Gum down roping from their pale-dead Eyes,
 And in their pale dull Mouths the Jymold Bitt
 Lyes foul with chaw'd Grass, still and motionless;
 And their Executors, the knavish Crows,
 Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit it self in words,
 To demonstrate the Life of such a Battel,
 In life so liveless as it shews it self.

Con. They have said their Prayers,
 And they stay for Death.

Dan. Shall we go send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,
 And give their fasting Horses Provender,
 And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my Guard: On, to the Field;
 I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
 And use it for my haste. Come, come away,
 The Sun is high, and we out-wear the day. [*Exeunt.*
*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all the
 Host, Salisbury and Westmorland.*

Glo. Where is the King?

Bed. The King himself is rode to view their Battel.

West. Of fighting Men they have full threescore thou-
 sand.

Exe. There's five to one, besides they are all fresh.

Sal. God's Arm strike with us, 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you Princes all; I'll to my Charge:
 If we no more meet 'till we meet in Heaven,
 Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of *Bedford*,
 My dear Lord *Glo'ster*, and my good Lord *Exeter*,
 And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all adieu.

Bed. Farewel, good *Salisbury*, and good luck go with thee:
 And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
 For thou art fam'd of the firm truth of Valour.

Exe. Farewel, kind Lord: Fight valiantly to day. [*Exit Sal.*

Bed. He is as full of Valour as of Kindness,
 Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

West. O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those Men in *England*,
That do no work to day.

K. Henry. What's he that wishes so?

My Cousin *Westmorland*? No, my fair Cousin;

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow

To do our Country loss; and if to live,

The fewer Men the greater share of Honour.

God's will, I pray thee wish not one Man more.

By *Jove*, I am not covetous for Gold,

Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost:

It yerns me not, if Men my Garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires:

But if it be a Sin to covet Honour,

I am the most offending Soul alive,

No, faith, my Coz, wish not a Man from *England*;

God's Peace, I would not lose so great an Honour,

As one Man more methinks would share from me,

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:

Rather proclaim it (*Westmorland*) through my Host,

That he which hath no Stomach to this Fight,

Let him depart, his Passport shall be made,

And Crowns for Convoy put into his Purse:

We would not die in that Man's Company

That fears his Fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian*:

He that out-lives this day, and comes safe Home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,

And rouse him at the Name of *Crispian*:

He that shall see this day, and live old Age,

Will yearly on the Vigil feast his Neighbours,

And say to morrow is Saint *Crispian*:

Then will he strip his Sleeve, and shew his Scars:

Old Men forget; yet all shall not be forgot;

But he'll remember, with advantages,

What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,

Familiar in his Mouth as household Words,

Harry the King, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,

Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Glo'ster*,

Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembered,

This Story shall the good Man teach his Son:

And *Crispine Crispian* shall ne'er go by,

From this Day to the ending of the World,
 But we in it shall be remembered;
 We few, we happy few, we band of Brothers:
 For he to day that sheds his Blood with me,
 Shall be my Brother; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his Condition.
 And Gentlemen in *England* now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
 And hold their Manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks,
 That fought with us upon *St. Crispian's* day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Sovereign Lord, bestow your self with speed:
 The *French* are bravely in their Battels set,
 And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Henry. All things be ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the Man whose Mind is backward now.

K. Henry. Thou dost not wish more help from *England*,
 Coz?

West. God will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
 Without more help, could fight this Royal Battel.

K. Henry. Why now thou hast unwish'd five thousand Men:
 Which likes me better than to wish us one.
 You know your Places: God be with you all.

A Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King *Harry*,
 If for thy Ransom thou wilt now compound,
 Before thy most assured Overthrow:
 For certainly thou art so near the Gulf,
 Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
 The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
 Thy Followers of Repentance; that their Souls
 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
 From off these Fields; where, Wretches, their poor Bodies
 Must lye and fester.

K. Henry. Who hath sent the now?

Mount. The Constable of *France*.

K. Henry. I pray thee bear my former Answer back:
 Bid them atchieve me, and then sell my Bones.
 Good God! why should they mock poor Fellows thus?
 The Man that once did sell the Lion's Skin
 While the Beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.

And many of our Bodies shall, no doubt,
 Find Native Graves; upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in Brass of this day's work.
 And those that leave their valiant Bones in *France*,
 Dying like Men, tho' buried in your Dunghils,
 They shall be fam'd; for there the Sun shall greet them,
 And draw their Honours reeking up to Heaven,
 Leaving their earthly Parts to choak your Clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in *France*.
 Mark then abounding Valour in our *English*:
 That being dead, like to the Bullets grasing,
 Break out into a second course of Mischief,
 Killing in relapse of Mortality.
 Let me speak proudly; tell the Constable,
 We are but Warriors for the working day;
 Our Gayness and our Gilt are all be-smirch'd
 With rainy marching in the painful Field.
 There's not a piece of Feather in our Host;
 Good Argument, I hope, we will not flye:
 And time hath worn us into slovenry.
 But, by the Mass, our Hearts are in the trim;
 And my poor Soldiers tell me, yet e'er night
 They'll be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
 The gay new Coats o'er the *French* Soldiers Heads,
 And turn them out of Service. If they do this,
 And if God please they shall, my Ransom then
 Will soon be levied.

Herald, save thou thy labour:
 Come thou no more for Ransom, gentle Herald,
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my Joints:
 Which if they have, as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Men. I shall, King *Harry*: And so fare thee well.
 Thou never shalt hear Herald any more.

[*Exit.*]

K. Henry. I fear thou wilt once more come again for a Ransom.

Enter York.

York. My Lord, most humbly on my Knee I beg
 The leading of the Vaward.

K. Henry. Take it, brave *York*,

Now Soldiers, march away;

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the Day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, Cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous estes le Gentil-homme de bone qualité.*

Pist. Quality calmy culture me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O *Seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: Perpend my words, O Signieur Dewe, and mark: O Signieur Dewe, thou diest on point of Fox, except, O Signieur, thou do give to me egregious Ransom.

Fr. Sol. O *prenez misericorde ayez pitie de moy.*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty Moys; for I will fetch thy rym out at thy Throat, in drops of Crimson Blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras.*

Pist. Brags, Cur? thou damned and luxurious Mountain Goat, offer'lt me Brags?

Fr. Sol. O *pardonnez moy.*

Pist. Say'lt thou me so? is that a Ton of Moys? Come hither, Boy, ask me this Slave in *French*, what is his Name.

Boy. *Escoute, comment estes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his Name is Mr. *Fer.*

Pist. Mr. *Fer!* I'll fer him, and ferk him, and ferret him: Discuss the same in *French* unto him.

Boy. I do not know the *French* for *fer*, and *ferret*, and *firk*.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his Throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez prest, car ce soldat icy est disposé sont a cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge parmasoy pesant, unless thou give me Crowns, brave Crowns, or mangled shalt thou be by this my Sword.

Fr. Sol. *O je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner, je suis Gentilhomme de bonne maison, garde ma vie, & Je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his Life, he is a Gentleman of a good House, and for his Ranfom he will give you two hundred Crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monsieur que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son Jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier: neant moins pour les escus que vous l'ay promettez, il est content de vous donner la liberté de franchise.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne milles remerciemens, & je me estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un Chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, & tres estimée Seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, Boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and esteems himself happy, that he hath fal'n into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Seigneur of England.

Pist. As I suck Blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow me.

Boy. *Suivez le grand Capitain.*

I did never know so woful a Voice issue from so empty a Heart; but the Song is true, the empty Vessel makes the greatest found. *Bardolf* and *Nim* had ten times more Valour than this roaring Devil i'th' old Play, that every one may pair his Nails with a wooden Dagger, and they are both Hang'd, and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the Lackies, with the luggage of our Camp, the *French* might have a good Prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to Guard it but Boys. [Exit.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. *O Diable!*

Orl. *O Seigneur! le jour est perdu, toute est perdu.*

Daup. *Mort de ma vie, all is confounded, all,*

Reproach, and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

[A short Alarm.

O *meschant* Fortune, do not run away.

Can. Why, all our Ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame, let's stab our selves :

Be these the Wretches that we play'd at Dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent to for his Ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us fly in once more back again,

And he that will not follow *Bourbon* now,

Let him go hence, and with his Cap in hand,

Like a base Pander, hold the Chamber-door,

Whilst by a base Slave, no gentler than my Dog,

His fairest Daughter is contaminated.

Can. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, Friend us now,

Let us on heaps go offer up our Lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the Field,

To smother up the *English* in our Throngs

If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The Devil take Order now, I'll to the throng ;

Let Life be short, else Shame will be too long. [Exeunt.

Alarm. Enter the King and his Train,
with Prisoners.

K. Henry. Well have we done, thrice valiant Countrymen,
But all's not done, yet keep the *French* the Field.

Exc. The Duke of *York* commends him to your Majesty.

K. Henry. Lives he, good Uncle; thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:
From Helmet to the Spur all Blood he was.

Exc. In which array, brave Soldier, doth he lye
Larding the Plain; and by his bloody side,
(Yoak-fellow to his Honour-owing wounds)
The Noble Earl of *Suffolk* also lyes.

Suffolk first dyed, and *York* all haged over
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his Face.

He cries aloud: Tarry, my Cousin *Suffolk*,
My Soul shall thine keep company to Heaven;
Tarry, sweet Soul, for mine, then flye a-breast:
As in this glorious and well-foughten Field
We kept together in our Chevalry.

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up;
 He smil'd me in the Face, raught me his Hand,
 And with a feeble gripe, says, Dear my Lord,
 Commend my Service to my Sovereign;
 So did he turn, and over *Suffolk's* Neck
 He threw his wounded Arm, and kist his Lips,
 And so espous'd to Death, with Blood he seal'd
 A Testament of Noble-ending Love:
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have stop'd,
 But I had not much of Man in me,
 And all my Mother came into mine Eyes,
 And gave me up to Tears.

K. Henry. I blame you not,
 For hearing this I must perforce compound
 With mixtful Eyes, or they will issue too.
 But heark, what new Alarm is this same?
 The *French* have re-inforc'd their scatter'd Men:
 Then every Soldier kill his Prisoners.
 Give the word through.

[Alarm.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'tis expressly against the
 Law of Arms, 'tis as arrant a piece of Knavery,
 mark you now, as can be offer'd in your Conscience now,
 is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a Boy left alive, and the
 Cowardly Rascals that ran away from the Bartel ha' done
 this Slaughter; besides, they have burned and carried away
 all that was in the King's Tent, wherefore the King most wor-
 thily hath caus'd every Soldier to cut his Prisoner's Throat.
 O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, he was porn at *Monmouth*, Captain *Gower*; what
 call you the Town's name, where *Alexander* the pig was
 born?

Gow. *Alexander* the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous are all one reckonings, save the Phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think *Alexander* the Great was born in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in *Macedon*, where *Alexander* is born: I tell you Captain, if you look in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant that you shall find in the comparisons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the Situations, look you, is both alike. There is a River in *Macedon*, there is also more-over a River at *Monmouth*, it is call'd *Wye* at *Monmouth*; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other River, but 'tis all one, 'tis as like as my Fingersto my Fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you mark *Alexander's* Life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth's* Life is come after it indifferent well, for there is Figures in all things. *Alexander*, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his Ales and his Angers, look you, kill his best Friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his Friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the Tales out of my Mouth, e'er it is made and finished. I speak but in the Figures, and Comparisons of it; as *Alexander* kill'd his Friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cups; so also *Harry* *Monmouth* beng in his right wits, and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly Doublet: he, was full of jest, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks, I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you, there is good Men born at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Bourbon with Prisoners, Lords and Attendants. Flourish.

K. Henry. I was not angry since I came to France, Until this instant. Take a Trumpet, Herald,

Ride thou unto the Horsemen on yond Hill:
 If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
 Or void the Field; they do offend our fight.
 If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
 And make them sker away, as swift as stones
 Enforced from the old *Assyrian* Slings:
 Besides we'll cut the Throats of those we have,
 And not a Man of them that we shall take,
 Shall taste our Mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the *French*, my Liege.

Glo. His Eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Henry. How now, what means their Herald? Know'st
 thou not,
 That I have sin'd these Bones of mine for Ransom &
 Com'st thou again for Ransom?

Mount. No, great King:

I come to thee for charitable License,
 That we may wander o'er this bloody Field,
 To book our dead, and then to bury them:
 To sort our Nobles from our common Men;
 For many of our Princes, woe the while,
 Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary Blood:
 So do our vulgar drench their peasant Limbs
 In blood of Princes, and with wounded Steeds
 Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
 Yerk out their armed heels at their dead Masters,
 Killing them twice. O give us leave, great King,
 To view the Field in safety, and dispose
 Of their dead Bodies.

K. Henry. I tell thee truly, Herald,
 I know not whether the day be ours or no,
 For yet a many of your Horsemen peer,
 And gallop o'er the Field.

Mount. The day is yours.

K. Henry. Praised be God, and not our strength for it:
 What is this Castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mount. They call it *Agincourt*.

K. Henry. Then call we this the Field of *Agincourt*,
 Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous Memory, an't please your Majesty, and your great Unkle *Edward* the Plack Prince of *Wales*, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought most prave pattle here in *France*.

K. Henry. They did, *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Majesty says very true: If your Majesties is remembered of it, the *Welchmen* did good service in a Garden where Leeks did grow, wearing Leeks in their *Monmouth* Caps, which your Majesty know to this hour is an honourable Padge of the service; and I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the Leek upon *St. Tavis's* day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable Honour: For I am *Welch*, you know, good Countryman.

Flu. All the Water in *Wye* cannot wash your Majesties *Welsh* blood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pless, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Majesty roo.

K. Henry. Thanks, good my Countryman.

Flu. By *Jeshu*, I am your Majesties Countryman, I care not who know it: I will confess it to all the Orld, I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God, so long as your Majesty is an honest Man.

K. Henry. God keep me so.

Enter William.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our Parts. Call yonder Fellow hither.

Exc. Soldier, you must come to the King.

K. Henry. Soldier, why wear'st thou that Glove in thy Cap?

Will. And't please your Majesty, 'tis the Gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Henry. An *Englishman*?

Will. An't please your Majesty, a Rascal that swagger'd with me last night; who if alive, and ever dare to challenge this Glove, I have sworn to take him a box o'th'ear; or if I can see my Glove in his Cap, which he swore as he was a Soldier he would wear, (if alive) will strike it out soundly.

K. Henry. What think you, Captain *Fluellen*, is it fit this Soldier keep his Oath?

Flu. He is a Craven and a Villain esse, and't please your Majesty, in my Conscience.

K. Henry. It may be, his Enemy is a Gentleman of great Sort, quite from the answer of his Degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentleman as the Devil is, as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his Vow and his Oath: If he be perjur'd, see you now, his Reputation is as arrant a Villain and a Jack sawce, as ever his black shoo trod upon God's Ground, and his Earth, in my Conscience, Law.

K. Henry. Then keep thy Vow, Sirrah, when thou meet'st the Fellow.

Will. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captain, and is good knowledge and literated in the Wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, Soldier.

Will. I will, my Liege.

[*Exit.*

K. Henry. Here *Fluellen*, wear thou this Favour for me, and stick it in thy Cap; when *Alanson* and my self were down together, I pluck'd this Glove from his Helm; if any Man challenge this, he is a Friend to *Alanson*, and an Enemy to our Persons; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me love.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great Honours, as can be desir'd in the Hearts of his Subjects: I would fain see the Man, that has but two Legs, that shall find himself agriev'd at this Glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please God of his Grace that I might see.

K. Henry. Know'st thou *Gower*?

Flu. He is my dear Friend, and please you.

K. Henry. Pray thee go seek him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[*Exit.*

K. Henry. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the Heels, The Glove which I have given him for a Favour May haply purchase him a Box o'th' Ear. It is the Soldier's; I by bargain should Wear it my self. Follow, good Cousin *Warwick*; If that the Soldier strike him, as I judge

By this blunt bearing, he will keep his Word;
Some sudden mischief may arise of it:

For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,

And touch'd with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will return an Injury.

Follow, and see there be not harm between them.

Go you with me, Uncle of *Exeter*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's Will, and his Pleasure, Captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: There is more good toward you peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this Glove?

Flu. Know the Glove? I know the Glove is a Glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*]

Flu. 'Sbud, an arrant Traitor as any's in the Universal World, or in *France*, or in *England*.

Gower. How now, Sir?, you Villain.

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain *Gower*, I will give Treason his payment into Plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traitor.

Flu. That's a Lie in thy Throat. I charge you in his Majesty's Name apprehend him, he's a Friend of the Duke *Alanson's*.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, here is, praised be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a Summer's Day. Here is his Majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Henry. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a Villain and a Traitor, that, look your Grace, ha's struck the Glove which your Majesty is take out of the Helmet of *Alanson*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Glove, here is the Fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his Cap; I promis'd to strike him, if he did; I met this

Man

Man with my Glove in his Cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Fla. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's Manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsie Knave it is; I hope your Majesty is pear me Testimony and Witness, and will avouchment, that this is the Glove of *A-lensou*, that your Majesty is give me, in your Conscience now.

K. Henry. Give me thy Glove, Soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it:

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

Fla. And please your Majesty, let his Neck answer for it, if there is any Marshal Law in the World.

K. Henry. How canst thou make me Satisfaction?

Will. All Offences, my Lord, come from the Heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your Majesty.

K. Henry. It was our self thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like your self; you appear'd to me but as a common Man; witness the Night; your Garments, your Lowliness; and what your Highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you take it for your fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your Highness pardon me.

K. Henry. Here, Uncle *Exeter*, fill this Glove with Crowns; And give it to this Fellow. Keep it Fellow,

And wear it for an Honour in thy Cap;
'Till I do challenge it. Give him the Crowns:

And, Captain, you must needs be Friends with him.

Fla. By this Day, and this Light, the Fellow has mettle enough in his Body; hold, there is twelve-pence for you; and I pray you serve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions; and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Mony.

Fla. It is with a good will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your Shoes; come, wherefore should you be so pashful; your Shoes is not so good; 'tis a good Silling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

K. Henry. Now Herald, are the dead numbred?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd *French.*

K. Henry. What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Uncle?

Exc. *Charles Duke of Orleans, Nephew to the King;*

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouchiquald:

Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common Men.

K. Henry. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand *French*
That in the Field lye slain; of Princes in this number,

And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead

One hundred twenty six; added to these,

Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,

Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,

Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights:

So that in these ten thousand they have lost,

There are but sixteen hundred Mercenaries:

The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And Gentlemen of Blood and Quality.

The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:

Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,

Faques of Chatilion, Admiral of France,

The Master of the Cross-Bows, Lord *Rambures,*

Great Master of *France, the brave Sir Guichard Dauphin,*

John Duke of Alençon, Anthonio Duke of Brabant,

The Brother to the Duke of *Burgundy,*

And *Edward Duke of Barr:* Of lusty Earls,

Grandpree and Roussie, Faulcanbridge and Foyes,

Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.

Here was a Royal Fellowship of Death.

Where is the number of our *English* dead?

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam Esquire;

None else of Name; and of all other Men,

But five and twenty.

O God, thy Arm was here:

And not to us, but to thy Arm alone,

Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,

But in plain shock, and even play of Battle,

Was ever known so great and little Loss?

On one part and on th' other, take it, God,
For it is none's, but thine.

Exc. 'Tis wonderful.

K. Henry. Come, go we in Proceſſion to the Village;
And be it death proclaimed through our Hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that Praise from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, and pleaſe your Majeſty, to tell how
many is kill'd?

K. Henry. Yes, Captain; but with this acknowledgment;
That God fought for us.

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

K. Henry. Do we all holy Rights;
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charity enclos'd in Clay:
And then to *Calais*, and to *England* then,
Where ne'er from *France* arriv'd more happy Men. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchſafe to thoſe that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them; and of ſuch as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper Life
Be here preſented. Now we bear the King
Toward *Calais*: Grant him there; and there being ſeen;
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea: Behold the *English* beach
Pales in the flood, with Men, with Wives, and Boys,
Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd Sea;
Which like a mighty Whiſſer 'fore the King
Seems to prepare his way; So let him land,
And ſolemnly ſee him ſet on to *London*.
So ſwift a pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon *Black-Heath*:
Where that his Lords deſire him, to have born
His bruifed Helmet, and his bended Sword

Before him, through the City; he forbids it:
 Being free from Vainness, and self-glorious Pride:
 Giving full Trophy, Signal, and Ostent,
 Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
 In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought,
 How *London* doth pour out her Citizens,
 The Mayor, and all his Brethren in best sort
 Like to the Senators of th'antique *Rome*,
 With the *Plebeians* swarming at their Heels,
 Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring *Cesar* in:
 As by a lower, but loving likelihood,
 Were now the General of our gracious Empress,
 As in good time he may, from *Ireland* coming,
 Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
 How many would the peaceful City quit,
 To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
 Did they this *Harry*. Now in *London* place him.
 As yet the Lamentation of the *French*
 Invites the King of *England's* stay at home:
 The Emperor's coming in behalf of *France*,
 To order Peace between them; and omit
 All the occurrences, what ever chanc'd,
 'Till *Harry's* back return again to *France*:
 There must we bring him; and my self have play'd
 The *Interim*, by remembering you 'tis past.
 Then brook Abridgement, and your Eyes advance,
 After your Thoughts, straight back again to *France*. [*Exit.*
Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your Leek to day? *St. David's* day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why, and wherefore in all things; I will tell you asse a Friend, Captain *Gower*; the rascally, scauld, beggarly, lowsie, praggng Knave *Pistol*, which, you and your self, and all the World know to be no better than a Fellow, look you now, of no merits; he is come to me, and prings me Pread and Salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my Leek; it was in a place were I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so sold as to wear it in my Cap 'till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

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

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swelling, nor his Turkey-cocks. God plesse you aunchient *Pistol*: You scurvy lowsie Knave, God plesse you.

Pist. Hal art thou Bedlam? Dost thou thirst, base *Trojan*, to have me sold up *Parcas* fatal Web? Hence; I am qualmish at the smell of a Leek.

Flu. I beseech you heartily, scurvy lowsie Knave, at my Desires, and my Requests, and my Petitions, to eat, look you, this Leek, because, look you, you do not love it, nor your Affections, and your Appetites, and your Digestions does not agree with it; I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is a Goat for you, [*Strikes him.*]
Will you be so good, scald Knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base *Trojan*, thou shalt dye.

Flu. You say very true, scald Knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your Victuals; come, there is Sawce for it. You call'd me yesterday Mountain-Squire, but I will make you to day a Squire of low degree. I pray you fall to; if you can mock a Leek, you can eat a Leek.

Gow. Enough, Captain, you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say I will make him eat some part of my Leek, or I will peat his Pate four days: Pite, I pray you, it is good for your green Wound, and your ploody Coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

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

Pist. By this Leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eat---I swear---

Flu. Eat, I pray you; will you have some more Sawce to your Leek: There is not enough Leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy Cudgel, thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald Knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the Skin is good for your broken Coxcomb: When you take occasions to see Leeks hereafter I pray you mock at 'em, that's all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, Leeks is good; hold you, there is a Groat to heal your Pate.

Pist. Me a Groat?

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another Leek in my Pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy Groat in earnest of Revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels; you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but Cudgels: God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your Pate.

[*Exit.*]

Pist. All Hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knave: Will you mock at an ancient Tradition, began upon an honourable Respect, and worn as a memorable Trophy of predeceased Valour, and dare not avouch in your Deeds any of your Words. I have seen you gleeking and galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak *English* in the native Garb, he could not therefore handle an *English* Cudgel; you find it otherwise, and henceforth let a *Welsh* Correction teach you a good *English* Condition, fare ye well.

[*Exit.*]

Pist. Doth Fortune play the Hufwife with me now? News have I that my *Doll* is dead i'th' Spittle, of a malady of *France*, and there my rendezvous is quite cut off: Old I do wax, and from my weary Limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, Bawd I'll turn, and something lean to Cut-purse of quick Hand: To *England* will I steal, and there I'll steal; And patches will I get unto these cudgel'd Scars, And swear I got them in the *Gallia* Wars.

[*Exit.*]

Enter at one Door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Duke of Burgundy, and other French.

K. Henry. Peace to this Meeting; wherefore we are met: Unto our Brother *France*, and to our Sister, Health and fair time of Day; Joy and good Wishes To our most fair and Princely Cousin *Katherine*; And as a Branch and Member of this Royalty, By whom this great Assembly is contriv'd, We do salute you Duke of *Burgundy*, And Princes *French* and Peers, Health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your Face,
Most worthy Brother *England*, fairly met.
So are you Princes *English*, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the Issue, Brother *England*,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your Eyes:
Your Eyes, which hitherto have born in them
Against the *French*, that met them in their bent,
The fatal Balls of murdering Basilisks:
The venom of such Looks we fairly hope
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all Griefs and Quarrels into Love.

K. Henry. To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You *English* Princes all, I do salute you.

Burg. My Duty to you both, on equal Love;
Great Kings of *France* and *England*. That I have labour'd
With all my Wits, my Pains, and strong Endeavours,
To bring your most Imperial Majesties
Unto this Bar and Royal Interview,
Your Mightinesses on both parts best can witness.
Since then my Office hath so far prevail'd,
That Face to Face, and Royal Eye to Eye,
You have congreeted: Let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this Royal view,
What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of Arts, Plenties, and joyful Births,
Should not, in this best Garden of the World,
Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely Visage?
Alas, she hath from *France* too long been chac'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heaps,
Corrupting in its own Fertility.
Her Vine, the merry chearer of the Heart,
Unpruned dies; her Hedges even pleach'd,
Like Prisoners wildly over-grown with Hair,
Put forth disorder'd Twigs: Her fallow Leas,
The Darnel, Hemlock, and rank Fumitory,
Doth root upon, while that the Culter rusts,
That should deracinate such Savagery:
The even Mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and green Clover,

Wanting the Sythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by Idleness, and nothing teems,
 But hateful Docks, rough Thistles, Keckfies, Burs,
 Losing both Beauty and Utility;
 And all our Vineyards, Fallows, Meads and Hedges,
 Defective in their Natures, grow to wildness.
 Even so our Houses, and our Selves, and Children,
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of Time,
 The Sciences that should become our Country;
 But grow like Savages, (as Soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on Blood)
 To Swearing, and stern Looks, diffus'd Attire,
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former Favour,
 You are assembled; and my Speech intreats,
 That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
 Should not expel these Inconveniences,
 And bless us with her former Qualities.

K. Henry. If, Duke of *Burgandy*, you would the Peace,
 Whose want gives growth to th' Imperfections
 Which you have cited; you must buy that Peace
 With full accord to all our just Demands,
 Whose Tenures and particular Effects
 You have enschedul'd briefly in your Hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
 There is no Answer made.

K. Henry. Well then; the Peace, which you before so urg'd,
 Lyes in his Answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursolary Eye
 O'er-glan'd the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace
 To appoint some of your Council presently
 To sit with us, once more with better heed
 To re-survey them; we will suddenly
 Pass our accept and peremptory Answer.

K. Henry. Brother, we shall. Go, *Uncle Exeter*,
 And Brother *Clarence*, and Brother *Gloucester*,
Warwick and *Huntington*, go with the King,
 And take with you free Power to ratifie,
 Augment, or alter, as your Wisdoms best
 Shall see advantageable for our Dignity,
 Any thing in or out of our Demands,

And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair Sister,
Go with the Princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious Brother, I will go with them ;
Haply a Woman's Voice may do some good,
When Articles too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Henry. Yet leave our Cousin *Katharine* here with us,
She is our capital Demand compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our Articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet King Henry, Katharine and a Lady.

K. Henry. Fair *Katharine*, most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a Lady's Ear,
And plead his Love-suit to her gentle Heart?

Kath. Your Majesty shall mock at me, I cannot speak your
England.

K. Henry. O fair *Katharine*, if you will love me soundly
with your *French* Heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it
brokenly with your *English* Tongue. Do you like me, *Kate*?

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

K. Henry. An Angel is like you, *Kate*, and you are like an
Angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il, que je suis semblable à les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy verament (sans vostre Grace) ainsi dit-il.*

K. Henry. I said so, dear *Katharine*, and I must not blush
to affirm it.

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

K. Henry. What says she, fair One? that Tongues of Men
are full of Deceits?

Lady. *Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits :
dat is de Princess.*

K. Henry. The Princess is the better *English*-woman ;
i'faith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy Understanding, I am
glad thou canst speak no better *English*, for if thou could'st,
thou would'st find me such a plain King, that thou would'st
think, I had sold my Farm to buy my Crown. I know no
ways to mince it in Love, but directly to say, I love you ;
then if you urge me farther, than to say, Do you in faith?
I wear out my suit: Give me your answer i'faith do, and
clap Hands, and a Bargain; how say you, *Lady*?

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

K. Henry. Marty, if you would put me to Verses, or to Dance for your sake, *Kate*, why you undid me; for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a Lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my Back; under the correction of Bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my Love, or bound my Horse for her Favours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and sit like a Jack-an-Apes, never off. But before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my Eloquence, nor I have no cunning in Protestation; only downright Oaths, which I never used till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a Fellow of this Temper, *Kate*; whose Face is not worth Sun-burning; that never looks in his Glass, for love of any thing he sees there; let thine Eye be thy Cook. I speak thee plain Soldier; if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall dye, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, No: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear *Kate*, take a Fellow of plain and uncoined Constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: For these Fellows of infinite Tongue, that can Rhime themselves into Ladies Favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What? a Speaker is but a Prater, a Rhime is but a Ballad; a good Leg will fall, a straight Back will stoop, a black Beard will turn white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a fair Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow; but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sun and the Moon, or rather the Sun, and not the Moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would'st have such a one, take me; and take me, take a Soldier; take a Soldier; take a King: And what say'st thou then my Love? speak my fair, and fairly; I pray thee.

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

K. Henry. No, it is not possible that you should love the Enemy of *France*, *Kate*; but in loving me, you should love the Friend of *France*; for I love *France* so well, that I will not part with a Village of it: I will have it all mine; and, *Kate*, when *France* is mine, and I am yours; then yours is *France*, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell what is dat.

K. Henry. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in *French*, which I am sure will hang upon my Tongue, like a new Married Wife about her Husband's Neck, hardly to be shook off. *Je quand sur le possession de France, & quand vous aves le possession de moy,* (Let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed) *Donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne.* It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdom, as to speak so much more *French*: I shall never move thee in *French*, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, il est melieur quel Anglois le quel je parle.*

K. Henry. No faith is't not, *Kate*; but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thine, most truly fa'sly, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, *Kate*, dost thou understand thus much of *English*? Can'st thou love me?

Kate. I cannot tell.

K. Henry. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night, when you come into your Closet, you'll question this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart; but, good *Kate*, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, *Kate*, as I have saving Faith within me tells me, thou shalt; I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good Soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and St. George, compound a Boy, half *French*, half *English*, that shall go to *Constantinople*, and take the *Turk* by the Beard. Shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair Flower-de-Luce.

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Henry. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise; do but now promise, *Kate*, you will endeavour for your *French* part of such a Boy; and for my *English* moiety, take the word of a King, and a Batchelor. How answer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon tres chere & divine deesse.*

Kath. Your Majesty ave fause *French* enough to deceive de most sage Damaifel dat is *en France*.

K. Henry. Now sic upon my false *French*: by mine Honour, in true *English*, I love thee, *Kate*; by which Honour I dare

not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou do'st; notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my Visage. Now beshrew my Father's Ambition, he was thinking of Civil Wars, when he got me, therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to woo Ladies, I fright them; but in faith, *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer up of Beauty, can do no more spoil upon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me; at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair *Katharine*, will you have me? Put off those Maiden Blushes, avouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Looks of an Empress, take me by the Hand, and say, *Harry of England*, I am thine; which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine Ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, *England* is thine, *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who, though I speak it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt find the best King of Good-fellows. Come; your Answer in broken Musick; for thy Voice is Musick, and thy *English* broken: Therefore Queen of all, *Katharine*, break thy mind to me in broken *English*, wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please *le roy mon pere*.

K. Henry. Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please him, *Kate*.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Henry. Upon that I kiss your Hand, and I call you my Queen.

Kath. *Laissez mon Seigneur, laissez, laissez, may foy: Je ne vous point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une vostre, Seigneur, indigne serviteur, excusez moy. Je vous supplie mon tres puissant Seigneur.*

K. Henry. Then I will kiss your Lips, *Kate*.

Kath. *Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baisée devant leur nopces il n'e't pas le Coutume de France.*

K. Henry. Madam, my Interpreter, what says she?

Lady. Dat is not to be de fashion pour le Ladies of France; I cannot tell what is *buisse* en *English*.

K. Henry. To kiss.

Lady. Your Majesty entendre bettere que moy.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Is it not a fashion for the Maids in *France* to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Lady. *Ouy verayment.*

K. Henry. O *Kate*, nice Customs curt'sie to great Kings. Dear *Kate*, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak List of a Country's fashion; we are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the liberty that follows our Places, stops the mours of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice fashion of your Country, in denying me a kiss; therefore patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her*] You have Witch-craft in your Lips, *Kate*; there is more Eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, than in the Tongues of the *French* Couacil; and they should sooner persuade *Harry* of *England*, than a general Petition of Monarchs. Here comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God save your Majesty, my Royal Cousin, teach you our Princess *English*?

K. Henry. I would have her learn, my fair Cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good *English*.

Burg. Is she apt?

K. Henry. Our Tongue is rough, Coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that having neither the Voice nor the Heart of Flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burg. Pardon the frankness of my Mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a Circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd over with the Virgin Crimson of Modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind Boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my Lord, a hard Condition for a Maid to consign to.

K. Henry. Yet they do wink and yield as Love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Henry. Then, good my Lord, teach your Cousin to consent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning; for Maids well Summer'd, and warm kept, are like Flies at *Barsholomew-tyde*, blind, though

though they have their Eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Henry. This Moral ties me over to time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flie, your Cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my Lord, before it loves.

K. Henry. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank Love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair *French City* for one fair *French Maid*, that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes my Lord; you see them perspectively; the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all girdled with Maiden Walls, that War hath never entred.

K. Henry. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Henry. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talk of may wait on her; so the Maid that stood in the Way for my Wish, shall shew me the way to my Will.

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

K. Henry. Is't so, my Lords of *England*?

West. The King hath granted every Article: His Daughter first; and then in sequel all, According to their firm propos'd Nature.

Exc. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your Majesty demands, That the King of *France* having occasion to write for matter of Grant, shall name your Highness in this form, and with this addition, in *French*: *Nostre trescher filz, Henry Roy, d'Angleterre Heretier de France*; and thus in *Latin*: *Præclarissimus Filius noster Henricus Rex Anglia & Heres Francia.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, Brother, so deny'd, But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Henry. I pray you then, in Love and dear Alliance, Let that one Article rank with the rest, And thereupon give me your Daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair Son, and from her Blood raise up Issue to me, that the contending Kingdoms Of *France* and *England*, whose very shoars look pale, With envy of each others happiness, May cease their hatred; and this dear Conjunction Plant Neighbourhood and Christian-like accord In their sweet Bosoms; that never War advance

His bleeding Sword 'twixt *England* and fair *France*.

Lords. Amen.

K. Henry. Now welcome, *Kate*; and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her, as my Sovereign Queen. [*Flourish.*]

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your Hearts in one, your Realms in one,
As Man and Wife being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdoms such a Spousal,
That never may ill Office, or fell Jealousie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in between the Passion of these Kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate League:
That *English* may as *French*, *French English* men,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen.

All. Amen.

K. Henry. Prepare we for our Marriage; on which day,
My Lord of *Burgundy* we'll take your Oath,
And all the Peers, for surety of our Leagues.
Then shall I swear to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oaths well kept and prosp'rous be. [*Exeunt.*]

Sonnet. Enter Chorus.

Thus far with rough and all-unable Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,
In little room confining Mighty Men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their Glory.
Small time, but in that small, most greatly lived,
This Star of *England*. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchiev'd,
And of it left his Son Imperial Lord.

Henry the Sixth, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of *France* and *England*, did this King succeed:
Whose State so many had the managing,
That they lost *France*, and made his *England* bleed:
Which oft our State hath shown; and for her sake,
In your fair minds left this acceptance take.





THE
First Part
OF
King *HENRY VI.*



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry VI.

Duke of Gloucester, Uncle to the King, and Protector.

Duke of Bedford, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.

Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, and Uncle likewise to the King.

Duke of Exeter.

Duke of Somerset.

Earl of Warwick.

Earl of Salisbury.

Earl of Suffolk.

Lora Talbot.

Young Talbot, his Son.

Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York.

Mortimer, Earl of March.

Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lord Mayor of London.

Vernon, of the White Rose, or York Faction.

Basset, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.

Charles, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.

Reignier, Duke of Anjou, and Titular King of Naples.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Alençon.

Bastard of Orleans.

An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

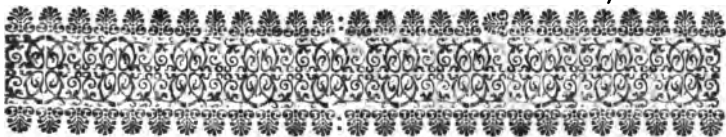
Margaret, Daughter to Reignier, and afterwards Queen to King Henry.

Joan la Pucelle, a Maid pretending to be inspir'd from Heaven, and setting up for the Champions of France.

Countess of Auvergne.

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

The SCENE is partly in England, and partly in France.



The First PART of
King *HENRY VI.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

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

B E D F O R D.



U N G be the Heavens with black, yield Day to Night;

Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your Crystal Tresses in the Sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting Stars,

That have consented unto *Harry's* Death:
King *Henry* the Fifth, too Famous to live long,
England ne'er lost a King of so much Worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a King until his time:
Virtue he had, deserving to Command.

His brandish'd Sword did blind Men with his Beams,
His Arms spread wider than a Dragon's Wings;

His sparkling Eyes, repleat with awful Fire,
 More dazled and drove back his Enemies,
 Than mid-day Sun fierce bent against their Faces.
 What should I say? his Deeds exceed all Speech:
 He ne'er lift up his Hand but conquered.

Exc. We mourn in Black, why mourn we not in Blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:

Upon a wooden Coffin we attend;
 And Death's dishonourable Victory,
 We with our stately presence glorifie,
 Like Captives bound to a Triumphant Car.
 What? shall we curse the Planets of Mischap,
 That plotted thus our Glory's overthrow?
 Or sha't we think the subtil-witted *French*,
 Conjurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
 By Magick Verse have thus contriv'd his End?

Win. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
 Unto the *French*, the dreadful Judgment-day
 So dreadful will not be, as was his fight.
 The Battels of the Lord of Hosts he fought;
 The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The Church? Where is it?
 Had not Church men pray'd,
 His thread of Life had not so soon decay'd.
 None do you like, but an effeminate Prince,
 Whom like a School-boy you may over-aw.

Win. *Glo'ster*, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
 And lookest to command the Prince and Realm,
 Thy Wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,
 More than God or Religious Church-men may.

Glo. Name not Religion, for thou lov'st the Flesh,
 And ne'er throughout the Year to Church thou go'st,
 Except it be to pray against thy Foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these Jars, and rest your Minds in peace:
 Let's to the Altar: Heralds wait on us;
 Instead of Gold, we'll offer up our Arms,
 Since Arms avail not, now that *Henry's* dead.
 Posterity await for wretched Years,
 When at their Mothers moist Eyes Babes shall suck,
 Our Isle be made a nourish of salt Tears,
 And none but Women left to 'wail the dead.

Henry the Fifth, thy Ghost I invoke ;
 Prosper this Realm, keep it from Civil Broils,
 Combat with adverse Planets in the Havens;
 A far more glorious Star thy Soul will make,
 Than *Julius Caesar*, or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Honourable Lords, health to you all;
 Sad Tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
 Of Loss, of Slaughter, and Discomfiture;
Guyenne, Champaign, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guisfords, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, Man, before dead *Henry's* Coarse?
 Speak softly, or the loss of those great Towns
 Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from Death.

Glo. Is *Paris* lost, and is *Roan* yielded up?
 If *Henry* were recall'd to Life again,
 These News would cause him once more yield the Ghost.

Exc. How were they lost? What Treachery was us'd?

Mess. No Treachery, but want of Men and Money.
 Amongst the Soldiers this is muttered,
 That here you maintain several Factions;
 And whilst a Field should be dispatch'd and fought,
 You are disputing of your Generals.
 One would have lingering Wars with little Cost;
 Another would fly swift, but wanteth Wings;
 A third Man thinks, without expence at all,
 By guileful fair Words, Peace may be obtain'd,
 Awake, awake, *English* Nobility,
 Let not Sloth dim your Honours, new begot;
 Crop'd are the Flower-de-Luces in your Arms
 Of *England's* Coat, one half is cut away.

Exc. Were our Tears wanting to this Funerall,
 These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of *France*;
 Give me my steeled Coat, I'll fight for *France*.
 Away with these disgraceful wailing Robes;
 Wounds will I lend the *French*, instead of Eyes,
 To weep their intermissive Miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these Letters, full of bad Mischance.
France is revolted from the *English* quite,

Except some pretty Towns of no import.
 The Dauphin *Charles* is crowned King in *Rheims*;
 The Bastard of *Orleans* with him is join'd:
Reignier, Duke of *Anjou*, doth his Part,
 The Duke of *Alençon* flieth on his side.

[Exit.]

Exc. The Dauphin crowned King? all fly to him?
 O, whither shall we fly from this Reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our Enemies Throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

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

Enter a Third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My Gracious Lords, to add to your Laments
 Wherewith you now bedew King *Henry's* Hearse,
 I must inform you of a dismal Fight
 Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot* and the *French*.

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

3 *Mess.* O no; wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'erthrown;
 The Circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
 The tenth of *August* last, this dreadful Lord,
 Retiring from the Siege of *Orleans*,
 Having scarce full six thousand in his Troop,
 By three and twenty thousand of the *French*
 Was round encompassed, and set upon;
 No leisure had he to enrank his Men.
 He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers;
 Instead whereof, sharp Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
 They pitched in the Ground confusedly,
 To keep the Horsemen off from breaking in.
 More than three hours the Fight continued;
 Where valiant *Talbot*, above human Thought,
 Enacted Wonders with his Sword and Lance.
 Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
 Here, there, and every where enrag'd, he flew.
 The *French* exclaim'd, the Devil was in Arms,
 All the whole Army stood amaz'd on him.
 His Soldiers spying his undaunted Spirit,
 A *Talbot!* a *Talbot!* cry'd out amain.
 And rush'd into the Bowels of the Battel.
 Here, had the Conquest fully been seal'd up.

If Sir *John Falstaff* had not play'd the Coward,
 He being in the Vaward, plac'd behind
 With purpose to relieve and follow them,
 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
 Hence grew the general Wrack and Massacre;
 Enclosed were they with their Enemies.
 A base *Walloon*, to win the Dauphin's Grace,
 Thrust *Talbot* with a Spear into the Back,
 Whom all *France*, with their Chief assembled Strength,
 Durst not presume to look once in the Face.

Bed. Is *Talbot* slain then? I will slay my self,
 For living idly here in pomp and ease,
 Whilst such a worthy Leader, wanting Aid,
 Unto his dastard Foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives, but is took Prisoner,
 And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*;
 Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took likewise.

Bed. His Ransom there is none but I shall pay.
 I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his Throne,
 His Crown shall be the Ransom of my Friend:
 Four of their Lords I'll change for one of ours.
 Farewel, my Masters, to my Task will I,
 Bonfires in *France* forthwith I am to make,
 To keep our great *St. George's* Feast withal.
 Ten thousand Soldiers with me I will take,
 Whose bloody Deeds shall make all *Europe* quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need, for *Orleans* is besieg'd,
 The *English* Army is grown weak and faint:
 The Earl of *Salisbury* craveth Supply,
 And hardly keeps his Men from Mutiny,
 Since they so few, watch such a multitude.

Exc. Remember, Lords, your Oaths to *Henry* sworn:
 Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
 Or bring him in Obedience to your Yoak.

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

Glo. I'll to the *Tower* with all the haste I can,
 To view the Artillery and Munition,
 And then I will proclaim young *Henry* King.

[Exit Gloucester.]

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

[Exit.]

Win. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be Jack out of Office,
The King from *Eltam* I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest Stern of publick Weal.

[Exit.]

*Enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier, marching with a
Drum and Soldiers.*

Char. *Mars* his true moving, even as in the Heavens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not known,
Late did he shine upon the *English* side:
Now we are Victors, upon us he smiles.
What Towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lye, near *Orleans*:
Otherwhiles, the famish'd *English*, like pale Ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one Hour in a Month.

Alen. They want their Porridge, and their fat Bull-Beeves,
Either they must be dieted like Mules,
And have their Provender ty'd to their Mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned Mice,
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting spend his Gall,
Nor Men, nor Mony hath he to make War.

Char. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them,
Now for the Honour of the forlorn *French*:
Him I forgive my Death that killeth me;
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.

[Exeunt.]

[Here Alarm, they are beaten back by the English, with
great Loss.]

Enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier.

Char. Who ever saw the like? What Men have I?
Dogs, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my Enemies.

Reig. *Salisbury* is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his Life:
Two other Lords, like Lions wanting Food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. *Froyssard*, a Countryman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* bred,
 During the time *Edward* the third did Reign:
 More truly now may this be verified;
 For none but *Sampsons* and *Goliasses*
 It sendeth forth to Skirmish; one to ten!
 Lean raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e'er suppose
 They had such Courage and Audacity?

Char. Let's leave this Town,
 For they are hair-brain'd Slaves,
 And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
 Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
 The Walls they'll tear down, than forsake the Siege.

Reig. I think by some odd Gimmals or Device
 Their Arms are set, like Clocks, still to strike on;
 Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do:
 By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

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

Dau. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your Looks are sad, your Chear appal'd.
 Hath the late Overthrow wrought this Offence?
 Be not dismay'd, for Succour is at hand:
 A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
 Which by a Vision sent to her from Heaven,
 Ordained is to raise this tedious Siege,
 And drive the *English* forth the bounds of *France*:
 The Spirit of deep Prophecie she hath,
 Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old *Rome*:
 What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
 Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my Words,
 For they are certain and infallible.

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

Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Reig. Fair Maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous Feats?

Pucel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
 Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind,

I know thee well, though never seen before.
 Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
 In private will I talk with thee apart:
 Stand back, you Lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a Shepherd's Daughter;
 My Wit untrain'd in any kind of Art:
 Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
 To shine on my contemptible Estate.
 Lo, whilst I waited on my tender Lambs,
 And to Suns parching heat display'd my Cheeks,
 God's Mother deign'd to appear to me.
 And in a Vision full of Majesty,
 Will'd me to leave my base Vocation,
 And free my Country from Calamity:
 Her Aid she promis'd, and assur'd Success.
 In compleat Glory she reveal'd her self;
 And whereas I was black and swart before,
 With those clear Rays which she infus'd on me,
 That Beauty am I blest with, which you see.
 Ask me what question thou canst possible,
 And I will answer unpremeditated:
 My Courage try by Combat, if thou dar'st,
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my Sex.
 Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
 If thou receive me for thy Warlike Mate.

Dau. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
 Only this proof I'll of thy Valour make,
 In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;
 And if thou vanquishest, thy Words are true,
 Otherwise I renounce all Confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd Sword,
 Deck'd with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,
 The which at *Tourain* in *St. Katharine's* Church-yard,
 Out of a great deal of old Iron, I chose forth.

Dau. Then come a God's Name, I fear no Woman.

Pucel. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly no Man.

Here they Fight, and Joan de Pucelle overcomes.

Dau. Stay, stay thy Hands, thou art an *Amazon*,
 And fightest with the Sword of *Debora*.

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

Dan. Who e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
 Impatiently I burn with thy desire,
 My Heart and Hands thou hast at once subdu'd,
 Excellent *Pucelle*, if thy Name be so,
 Let me thy Servant, and not Sovereign be,
 'Tis the *French* Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Pucel. I must not yield to any rights of Love,
 For my Profession's sacred from above:
 When I have chased all thy Foes from hence,
 Then will I think upon a Recompence.

Dan. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate Thrall.

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

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this Woman to her Smock,
 Else né'er could he so long protract his Speech.

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

Alen. He may mean more than we poor Men do know:
 These Women are shrewd tempters with their Tongues.

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

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

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

Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the *English* Scourge.
 This Night the Siege assuredly I'll raise:
 Expect Saint *Martin's* Summer, *Halcyon* days,
 Since I have entred thus into these Wars,
 Glory is like a Circle in the Water;
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge it self
 'Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
 With *Henry's* death, the *English* Circle ends,
 Dispersed are the Glories it included:
 Now am I like that proud insulting Ship,
 Which *Cesar* and his Fortune bore at once.

Dan. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Dove?
 Thou with an Eagle art inspir'd then.

Helen, the Mother of great *Constantine*,
 Nor yet St. *Philip's* Daughters were like thee.
 Bright Star of *Venus*, fall'n down on the Earth,
 How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the Siege.

Reig.

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

Dan. Presently we'll try: Come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I trust, if she proves false. [Exeunt.]

Enter Gloucester, with his Serving-Men.

Glo. I am to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's Death, I fear there is Conveyance:
Where be these Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, 'tis Gloucester that calls.

1 Ward. Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?

1 Man. It is the Noble Duke of Glo'ster.

2 Ward. Who e'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 Man. Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1 Ward. The Lord protect him, so we answer him,
We do not otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose Will stands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realm, but I.
Break up the Gates, I'll be your warrantize;
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghil Grooms?

*Gloucester's Men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile
the Lieutenant speaks within.*

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

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose Voice I hear?
Open the Gates, here's Glo'ster that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids;
From him I have express Commandment,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, the haughty Prelate,
Whom Henry our late Sovereign ne'er could brook?
Thou art no Friend to God or to the King:
Open the Gate, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serv. Open the Gates to the Lord Protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Winchester
and his Men in Tawny Coats.*

Win. How now ambitious Umpire, what means this?

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

Win. I do, thou most usurping Proditor,

And not Protector of the King or Realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest Conspirator,
Thou that contrived'st to murder our dead Lord,
Thou that giv'st Whores Indulgencies to Sin,
I'll canvas thee in thy broad Cardinal's Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy Insolence.

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

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Child's bearing Cloth,
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

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

Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my Face?
Draw Men, for all this privileged Place,
Blue Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware thy Beard,
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.
Under my Feet I'll stamp thy Cardinal's Hat:
In spite of Pope, or Dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

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

Glo. *Winchester* Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?
Thee I'll chase hence, thou Wolf in Sheep's array.
Out Tawny Coats, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

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

Mayor. Fie, Lords, that you being supream Magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the Peace.

Glo. Peace, Mayor, for thou know'st little of my Wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here distrain'd the *Tower* to his use.

Win. Here's *Glo'ster* too, a Foe to Citizens,
One that still motions War, and never Peace,
O'er-charging your free Purfes with large Fines;
That seeks to overthrow Religion,
Because he is Protector of the Realm;
And would have Armour here out of the *Tower*,
To Crown himself King, and suppress the Prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with Words, but Blows.

[Here they skirmish again.
Mayor.]

Mayor. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous Strife,
But to make open Proclamation.

Come, Officer, as loud as e'er thou can'st; cry;

All manner of Men assembled here in Arms this Day, against God's Peace and the King's, we Charge and Command you, in his Highness Name, to repair to your several dwelling Places, and not to wear, handle, or use any Sword, Weapons, or Dagger henceforward, upon pain of Death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no Breaker of the Law:
But we shall meet, and break our Minds at large.

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

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

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

Win. Abominable Glo'ster, guard thy Head,
For I intend to have it e'er be long. [*Exeunt.*]

Mayor. See the Coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, that Nobles should such Stomachs bear,
I my self fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*]

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

M. Gun. Sirra, thou know'st how *Orleans* is besieg'd,
And how the *English* have the Suburbs won.

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

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief Master-Gunner am I of this Town,
Something I must do to procure me Grace:
The Prince's espials have informed me,
How the *English*, in the Suburbs close intrench'd,
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Bars,
In yonder Tower, to over-peer the City,
And thence discover, how with most Advantage
They may vex us with Shot or with Assault.
To intercept this Inconvenience,
A piece of Ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd,
And fully even these three Days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, Boy, do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.

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

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

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets, with others.

Sal. Talbot, my Life, my Joy, again return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse I prethee on this Turret's top.

Tal. The Earl of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Call'd the brave Lord *Ponton de Santraile*,
For him was I exchange'd, and ransomed:
But with a baser Man of Arms by far,
Once in Contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdain'd, scorn'd, and craved Death,
Rather than I would be so pil'd esteem'd;
In fine, redeem'd I was, as I desir'd.
But O, the treacherous *Falstaff* wounds my Heart,
Whom with my bare Fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my Power.

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

Tal. With scoffs and scorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market place produc'd they me,
To be a publick Spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the Terror of the *French*,
The Scare-crow that affrights our Children so.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my Nails digg'd Stones out of the Ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my Shame.
My grisly Countenance made others fly,
None durst come near, for fear of sudden Death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great fear of my Name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Bars of Steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had;
They walk'd about me every Minute while;
And if I did but stir out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the Heart.

Enter Boy with a Linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what Torments you endure'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleans:

Here, through this Grate, I can count every one,
 And view the *Frenchmen* how they fortifie:
 Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee:
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and *Sir William Glansdale*,
 Let me have your exprefs Opinions,
 Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

Gar. I think at the North Gate, for there stand *Lords*:

Glan. And I here, at the Bulwark of the Bridge.

Tal. For ought I see, this City must be famish'd,
 Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Here they shoot, and Salisbury falls down.*]

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched Sinners.

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful Man.

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath crost us?

Speak, *Salisbury*; at least, if thou canst, speak:
 How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martial Men?
 One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheeks side struck off?
 Accursed Tower, accursed fatal Hand
 That hath contriv'd this woful Tragedy.

In thirteen Battels, *Salisbury* o'ercame:

Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the Wars:

Whilst any Trump did sound, or Drum struck up,

His Sword did ne'er leave striking in the Field.

Yet liv'st thou, *Salisbury*? though thy Speech doth fail,

One Eye thou hast to look to Heaven for Grace.

The Sun with one Eye vieweth all the World.

Heaven be thou Gracious to none alive,

If *Salisbury* wants Mercy at thy Hands.

Bear hence this Body, I will help to bury it.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any Life?

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

Salisbury, cheer thy Spirit with this Comfort,

Thou shalt not die whiles——

He beckons with his Hand, and smiles on me:

As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*

Remember to avenge me on the French.

Plantagenet I will, and, *Nero* like, will

Play on the Lute, beholding the Towns burn:

Wretched shall *France* be only in my Name.

[*Here an Alarm, and it Thunders and Lightens.*]

What stir is this? What Tumult's in the Heavens?

Whence cometh this Alarum, and the Noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the *French* have gather'd head.
The *Dauphin*, with one *Joan la Pucelle* join'd,
A holy Prophetess, now risen up,
Is come with a great Power, to raise the Siege.

[*Here Salisbury listeth himself up, and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying *Salisbury* doth groan,
It iiks his Heart he cannot be reveng'd,
Frenchmen, I'll be a *Salisbury* to you.
Puzel or *Pussel*, *Dolphin* or *Dog-fish*,
Your Hearts I'll stamp out with my *Horses* heels.
Convey me *Salisbury* into his Tent,
And then we'll try, what these dastard *Frenchmen* dare.

Alarum.

[*Exit.*

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

Tal. Where is my Strength, my Valour, and my Force?
Our *English* Troops retire, I cannot stay them.
A Woman clad in Armour chafeth them.

Enter Pucelle.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or Devil's Dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch.
And straightway give thy Soul to him thou serv'st.

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

[*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer Hell so to prevail?
My Breast I'll burst with Straining of my Courage,
And from my Shoulders crack my Arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded Strumper.

[*They fight again.*

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

A short Alarum: Then Enter the Town with Soldiers.
O'er-take me if thou canst, I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved Men,
Help *Salisbury* to make his Testament,
This Day is ours, as many more shall be.

[*Exit Pucelle.*

Tal. My Thoughts are whirled like a Potter's Wheel.
 I know not where I am, nor what I do:
 A Witch by fear, not force, like *Hannibal*,
 Drives back our Troops, and conquers as she lists:
 So Bees with smook, and Doves with noisom stench,
 Are from their Hives and Houses driven away.
 They call'd us, for our fierceness, *English Dogs*,
 Now like the Whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short Alarm.*

Hark Countrymen, either renew the fight,
 Or tear the Lions out of *England's Coat*.
 Renounce your Soil, give Sheep in Lions stead:
 Sheep run not half so treacherous from the Wolf,
 Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,
 As you fly from your oft-subdued Slaves.

[*Alarm. Here another Skirmish.*

It will not be, retire into your Trenches:
 You all consented unto *Salisbury's Death*,
 For none would strike a stroke in his Revenge.
Pucelle is entred into *Orleans*,
 In spite of us, or ought that we could do.
 O would I were to die with *Salisbury*,
 The shame hereof will make me bite my head.

[*Exit Talbot.*

[*Alarm, Retreat, Flourish.*

Enter on the Wall, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier, Alençon,
and Soldiers.

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

Dau. Divinest Creature, bright *Astrea's Daughter*,
 How shall I honour thee for this Success!
 Thy Promises are like *Adonis Garden*,
 That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
France, Triumph in thy glorious Prophetess,
 Recover'd is the Town of *Orleans*;
 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our State.

Reig. Why ring not out the Bells aloud,
 Throughout the Town?
 Dauphin, command the Citizens make Bonfires,
 And feast and banquet in the open Streets.
 To celebrate the Joy that God hath given us.

Alen.

Alen. All France will be repleat with Mirth and Joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the Men.

Dau. 'Tis *Joan*, not *we*, by whom the day is won:
For which, I will divide my Crown with her,
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realm,
Shall in Procession sing her endless Praise.
A statelier Pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than *Rhodope's* or *Memphis* ever was.
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her Ashes, in an Urn more gracious
Than the Rich-jewel'd Coffers of *Darius*,
Transported shall be, at high Festivals,
Before the Kings and Queens of *France*.
No longer on *Saint Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joan la Pucelle* shall be *France's* Saint.
Come in, and let us Banquet Royally,
After this Golden day of Victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

Ser. **S**irs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any Noise or Soldier you perceive
Near to the Wall, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Cent. Serjeant, you shall. Thus are poor Servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet Beds)
Constrain'd to watch in Darkness, Rain, and Cold.

*Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling
Ladders. Their Drums beating a Dead March.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whose approach, the Regions of *Artois*,
Walloon, and *Picardy*, are Friends to us:
This happy Night, the *Frenchmen* are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted.
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by Art, and baleful Sorcery.

Bed. Coward of *France*, how much he wrongs his Fame,
Despairing of his own Arms fortitude,
To join with Witches, and the help of Hell.

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

Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bed. A Maid? And be so Martial?

Bur. Pray God, she prove not Masculine e'er long:
If underneath the Standard of the *French*
She carry Armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with Spirits,
God is our Fortress, in whose Conquering Name
Let us resolve to scale their stinty Bulwarks.

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

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

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his Grave.
Now *Salisbury* for thee and for the right
Of *English Henry*, shall this night appear
How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Cent. Arm, Arm, the Enemy doth make assault.

[*Cry, S. George! A Talbot!*
*The French leap o'er the Walls in their shirts. Enter several
ways, Bastard, Alençon, Reignier, half ready, and half
unready.*

Alen. How now, my Lords? what all unready so?

Bast. Unready? I and glad we scape so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our Beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doors.

Alen. Of all Exploits since first I follow'd Arms,
Ne'er heard I of a Warlike Enterprize
More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens sure favour him.

Alen. Here cometh *Charles*, I marvel how he sped.

Enter Charles and Joan.

Bast. Tut, holy *Joan* was his defensive Guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful Dame?
 Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
 Make us partakers of a little gain,
 That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Pucel. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his Friend?
 At all times will you have my power alike?
 Sleeping or Waking, must I still prevail,
 Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
 Improvident Soldiers, had your Watch been good,
 This sudden mischief never could have saln.

Char. Duke of *Alençon*, this was your default.
 That being Captain of the Watch to Night,
 Did look no better to that weighty Charge.

Alen. Had all our Quarter been as safely kept,
 As that, whereof I had the Government,
 We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bas. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Char. And for my self, most part of all this Night
 Within her Quarter, and mine own Precinct,
 I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
 About relieving of the Centinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my Lord, no further of the case,
 How, or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,
 But weakly Guarded, where the Breach was made:
 And now there rests no other shift, but this
 To gather our Soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
 And lay new Plat-forms to endamage them.

[*Exeunt.*

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

Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left:
 The Cry of *Talbot* serves me for a Sword,
 For I have loaden me with many Spoils,
 Using no other Weapon but his Name.

[*Exit.*

Enter *Talbot*, *Bedford*, and *Burgundy*.

Bed. The Day begins to break, and Night is fled,
 Whose pitchy Mantle over-vail'd the Earth.
 Here found Retreat, and cease our hot Pursuit.

[*Retreat.*

Tal. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,
 And here advance it in the Market place,

The middle Centre of this cursed Town.
 Now have I pay'd my Vow unto his Soul,
 For every drop of Blood was drawn from him;
 There hath at least five *Frenchmen* dy'd to night.
 And that hereafter Ages may behold
 What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
 Within the chiefest Temple I'll erect
 A Tomb, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:
 Upon the which, that every one may read,
 Shall be engrav'd the Sack of *Orleans*,
 The treacherous manner of his mournful Death,
 And what a terrour he had been to *France*.
 But, Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,
 I muse we met not with the Dauphin's Grace,
 His new-come Champion, virtuous *Joan of Arc*,
 Nor any of his false Confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began;
 Rouz'd on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,
 They did amongst the Troops of armed Men,
 Leap o'er the Walls for refuge in the Field.

Bur. My self, as far as I could well discern,
 For Smoak, and dusty Vapours of the Night,
 Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his Trull,
 When Arm in Arm they both came swiftly running;
 Like to a pair of loving Turtle Doves,
 That could not live asunder Day or Night.
 After that things are set in order here,
 We'll follow them with all the Power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my Lords; which of this Princely Train
 Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
 So much applauded through the Realm of *France*?

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

Mess. The virtuous Lady, Countess of *Anvergne*,
 With modesty admiring thy Renown,
 By me intreats, great Lord, thou would'st vouchsafe
 To visit her poor Castle where she lyes;
 That she may boast she hath beheld the Man,
 Whose Glory fills the World with loud report,

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then I see our Wars
 Will turn into a peaceful Comick Sport,

When Ladies crave to be encountred with.
You may not, my Lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a World of Men
Could not prevail with all their Oratory,
Yet hath a Woman's kindness over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your Honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly 'tis more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, Unbidden Guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

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

Come hither, Captain, you perceive my mind. [*Whispers.*

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

Enter Countess of Auvergne.

Couns. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you have done so, bring the Keys to me.

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

Count. The Plot is laid, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As *Scythian Tomyris* by *Cyrus* Death,
Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,
And his Achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine Eyes be witness with my Ears,
To give their Censure of these rare Reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your Ladyship desir'd,
By Message crav'd, so is the Lord *Talbot* come,

Count. And he is welcome; what? is this the Man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of *France*?
Is this the *Talbot*, so much fear'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?
I see Report is fabulous and false.

I thought I should have seen some *Hercules*,
A second *Hector*, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong knit Limbs.
Alas! this is a Child, a silly Dwarf;
If cannot be, this weak and writhled Shrimp
Should strike such terror to his Enemies.

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

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

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

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

Enter Porter with Keys.

Count. If thou be he; then art thou Prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner? to whom ?

Count. To me, Blood-thirsty Lord :
And for that cause I train'd thee to my House.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs :
But now the Substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these Legs and Arms of thine,
That hast by Tyranny these many Years
Wasted our Country, slain our Citizens,
And sent our Sons and Husbands Captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laughest thou Wretch?
Thy Mirth shall turn to Moan.

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

Count. Why? art thou not the Man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I Substance too,

Tal. No, no, I am but Shadow of my self :
You are deceiv'd, my Substance is not here ;
For what you see is but the smallest part,
And least proportion of Humanity :
I tell you, Madam, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your Roof were not sufficient to contain it.

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

Tal. That will I shew you presently.

Winds his Horn, Drums strike up, a Peal of Ordinance :

Enter Soldiers.

How say you, Madam? are you now persuaded,
That *Talbot* is but Shadow of himself?
These are his Substance, Sinews, Arms, and Strength,
With which he yoaaketh your rebellious Necks,
Razeth your Cities, and subverts your Towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Coun. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse;
I find thou art no less than Fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gathered by thy Shape.
Let my Presumption not provoke thy Wrath,
For I am sorry, that with Reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair Lady, nor misconstrue
The mind of *Talbot*, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his Body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only with your Patience, that we may
Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you have,
For Soldiers Stomachs always serve them well.

Coun. With all my Heart, and think me honoured,
To feast so great a Warrior in my House. [*Exeunt.*

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

Plan. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What means this silence?
Dare no Man answer in a Case of Truth?

Suf. Within the Temple Hall we were too loud,
The Garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th' Error?

Suf. Faith I have been a Truant in the Law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law unto my Will.

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

War. Between two Hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper Mouth,
Between two Blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two Horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two Girls, which hath the merriest Eye,

I have perhaps some shallow Spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp Quillets of the Law,
Good-faith, I am no wiser than a Daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any pur-blind Eye may find it out.

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

Plan. Since you are Tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your Thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born Gentleman,
And stands upon the Honour of his Birth,
If he suppose that I have pleadeth truth,
From off this Briar pluck a white Rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintain the Party of the Truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorn with me.

War. I love no Colours; and without all colour
Of base insinuating Flattery,
I pluck this white Rose with *Plantaganet*.

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

Ver. Stay, Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude, that he upon whose side
The fewest Roses are crop'd from the Tree,
Shall yield the other in the right Opinion.

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

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then for the truth, and plainness of the Case,
I pluck this pale and maiden Blossom here,
Giving my Verdict on the white Rose side.

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

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

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

Lawyer. Unless my Study and my Books be false,
The Argument you held, was wrong in you; [To Somerset.
In sign whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.

Plan. Now *Somerset*, where is your Argument?

Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating that,
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.

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

Som. No, *Plantaganet*.

'Tis not for fear, but anger, that my Cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy Tongue will not confess thy Error.

Plan. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerset*?

Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorn, *Plantaganet*?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming Canker eats his falsehood.

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

Plan. Now by this Maiden Blossom in my Hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish Boy.

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

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

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy Throat,

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

War. Now by God's will thou wrong'st him, *Somerset*:
His Grandfather was *Lyonel Duke of Clarence*,
Third Son to the third *Edward King of England*:
Spring Crestless Yeomen from so deep a Root?

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

Som. By him that made me, I'll maint. in my words
On any plot of Ground in Christendom,
Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*,
For Treason executed in our late King's Days?
And by his Treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted and exempt from antient Gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy Blood,
And 'till thou be restor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

Plan. My Father was attached, not attained,
 Condemn'd to die for Treason, but not Traitor;
 And that I'll prove on better Men than *Somerset*,
 Were growing time once ripened to my Will.
 For your Partaker *Pool*, and you your self,
 I'll note you in my Book of Memory,
 To scourge you for this apprehension:
 Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
 And know us by these Colours, for thy Foes:
 For these, my Friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plan. And by my Soul, this pale and angry Rose,
 As Cognizance of my Blood-drinking hate,
 Will I for ever, and my Faction wear,
 Until it wither with me to my Grave,
 Or flourish to the height of my Degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
 And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.]

Som. Have with thee, *Pool*: Farewel, ambitious *Ri-
 chard*. [Exit.]

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

War. This blot, that they object against your House,
 Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
 Call'd for the Truce of *Winchester* and *Gloucester*:
 And if thou be not then created *York*,
 I will not live to be accounted *Warwick*.
 Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
 Against proud *Somerset*, and *William Pool*,
 Will I upon thy party wear this Rose.

And here I prophesie; this Brawl to day,
 Grown to this Faction in the Temple Garden,
 Shall send between the red Rose and the white,
 A thousand Souls to death and deadly Night.

Plan. Good Master *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
 That you on my behalf would pluck a Flower.

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

Lawyer. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.

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

[Exeunt.]

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chair, and Failors.

Mor. Kind Keepers of my weak decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himself.
Even like a Man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbs with long Imprisonment :
And these gray Locks, the Pursuivants of Death,
Nestor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
These Eyes, like Lamps, whose wasting Oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weak Shoulders, over-born with burthening Grief,
And pithless Arms, like to a withered Vine,
That droops his sapless Branches to the Ground,
Yet are these Feet, whose strengthless stay is num,
(Unable to support this Lump of Clay)
Swift-winged with desire to get a Grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come ?

Keeper. *Richard Plantaganet*, my Lord, will come ;
We sent unto the Temple, to his Chamber,
And answer was return'd, that he will come,

Mor. Enough ; my Soul then shall be satisfied.
Poor Gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to Reign,
Before whose Glory I was great in Arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had ;
And even since then, hath *Richard* been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of Honour and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Despairs,
Just Death, kind Umpire of Mens Miseries,
With sweet Enlargement doth dismiss me hence :
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantaganet.

Keeper. My Lord, your loving Nephew now is come.

Mor. *Richard Plantaganet*, my Friend, is he come ?

Plan. I, noble Uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your Nephew, late despis'd *Richard*, comes.

Mor. Direct mine Arms, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Bosom spend my later gasp.
Oh tell me when my Lips do touch his Cheeks,

That I may kindly give one fainting Kiss:
 And now declare, sweet Stem from York's great Stock,
 Why did'st thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged Back against mine Arm,
 And in that ease I'll tell thee my Disease.

This day in Argument upon a Case,
 Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me:
 Amongst which terms, he us'd his lavish Tongue,
 And did upbraid me with my Father's Death;
 Which obloquy set Bars before my Tongue,
 Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore, good Uncle, for my Father's sake,
 In honour of a true *Plantaganet*,
 And for Alliance sake, declare the Cause,
 My Father, Earl of *Cambridge*, lost his Head.

Mor. This Cause, fair Nephew, that imprison'd me,
 And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring Youth,
 Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pine,
 Was curst Instrument of his decease.

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

Mor. I will, if that my fading Breath permit,
 And Death approach not, e'er my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
 Depos'd his Cousin *Richard*, *Edward's* Son,
 The first begotten, and the lawful Heir
 Of *Edward* King, the third of that Descent.
 During whose Reign, the *Piercies* of the North,
 Finding his Usurpation most unjust,
 Endeavour'd my advancement to the Throne.
 The Reason mov'd these warlike Lords to this,
 Was, for that, young King *Richard* thus remov'd,
 Leaving no Heir begotten of his Body,
 I was the next by Birth and Parentage:
 For by my Mother I derived am
 From *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*, the third Son
 To King *Edward* the Third; whereas he,
 From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his Pedigree,
 Being but the fourth of that Heroick Line.
 But mark; as in this haughty great attempt,
 They laboured to Plant the rightful Heir,

I lost my Liberty, and they their Lives.
 Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth,
 Succeeding his Father *Bullingbroke*, did Reign;
 Thy Father, Earl of *Cambridge*, then deriv'd
 From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of *York*,
 Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was;
 Again, in pity of my hard distress,
 Levied an Army, weening to redeem,
 And have install'd me in the Diadem:
 But as the rest, so fell that noble Earl,
 And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
 In whom the Title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my Lord, your Honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no Issue have,
 And that my fainting words do warrant death:
 Thou art my Heir; the rest, I wish thee gather;
 But yet be wary in thy studious Care.

Plan. Thy grave Admonishments prevail with me:
 But yet, methinks, my Father's Execution
 Was nothing less than bloody Tyranny,

Mor. With silence, Nephew, be thou politick:
 Strong fixed is the House of *Lancaster*,
 And like a Mountain, not to be remov'd.
 But now thy Uncle is removing hence,
 As Princes do their Courts, when they are cloy'd
 With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O Uncle, would some part of my young Years
 Might but redeem the passage of your Age.

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughter doth,
 Which giveth many Wounds, when one will kill.
 Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good,
 Only give order for my Funeral.

And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes;
 And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and War.

Plan. And Peace, no War, befall thy parting Soul.
 In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
 And like a Hermite over-past thy days.
 Well, I will lock his Counsel in my Breast,
 And what I do imagine, let that rest.
 Keepers convey him hence, and I my self
 Will see his Burial better than his Life.

[Dies.]

Here dies the dusky Torch of *Mortimer*,
 Choak'd with Ambition of the meaner sort.
 And for those Wrongs, those bitter Injuries,
 Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my Houſe,
 I doubt not, but with Honour to redreſs.
 And therefore haſte I to the Parliament,
 Either to be reſtored to my Blood,
 Or make my will th' advantage of my good.

[Exit.

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

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

Win. COM'ſt thou with deep premeditated Lines?
 With written Pamphlets, ſtudiouſly devis'd?

Humphry of Glo'ſter, if thou canſt accuſe,
 Or ought intend'ſt to lay unto my charge,
 Do it without invention, ſuddenly,
 As I with ſudden, and extemporal Speech,
 Purpoſe to answer what thou canſt object.

[ence,

Glo. Preſumptuous Prieſt, this place commands my pati-
 Or thou ſhould'ſt find thou haſt diſhonour'd me.
 Think not, although in Writing I prefer'd
 The manner of thy vile outrageous Crimes,
 That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearſe the Method of my Pen.
 No, Prelate, ſuch is thy audacious Wickedneſs,
 Thy leud, peſtiferous, and diſſentious pranks,
 As very Infants prattle of thy pride.
 Thou art a moſt pernicious Uſurer,
 Froward by Nature, Enemy to Peace,
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beſeems
 A Man of thy Profeſſion, and Degree.
 And for thy Treachery, what's more manifeſt?
 In that thou laid'ſt a Trap to take my Life,
 As well at *London Bridge*, as at the *Tower*.
 Beſide, I fear me, if thy Thoughts were ſifted,
 The King, thy Sovereign, is not quite exempt
 From envious malice of thy ſwelling Heart.

Win. Gloſter, I do deſie thee. Lords, vouchſafe
 To give me hearing what I ſhall reply.
 If I were Covetous, Ambitious, or Perverſe,
 As he will have me; how am I ſo poor?
 Or how haps it, I ſeek not to advance
 Or raiſe my ſelf? But keep my wonted Calling.
 And for Diſſention, who preferreth Peace
 More than I do? except I be provok'd.
 No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
 It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
 It is becauſe no one ſhould ſway but he,
 No one, but he, ſhould be about the King;
 And that engenders Thunder in his Breſt,
 And makes him roar theſe Accuſations forth.
 But he ſhall know, I am as good——

Glo. As good?

Thou Baſtard of my Grandfather.

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

Glo. Am not I Protector, ſawcy Prieſt?

Win. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

Glo. Yes, as an Out-law in a Caſtle keeps,
 And uſeth it, to patronage his Theſt.

Win. Unreverend *Gloceſter*.

Glo. Thou art Reverend,
 Touching thy ſpiritual Function, not thy Life.

Win. Rome ſhall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then.

My Lord, it were your duty to forbear.

Som. Ay, ſee the Biſhop be not over-born:
 Methinks my Lord ſhould be Religious,
 And know the Office that belongs to ſuch.

War. Methinks his Lordſhip ſhould be humbler,
 It fitteth not a Prelate ſo to plead.

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

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

Rich. Plantagenet I ſee muſt hold his Tongue,
 Left it be ſaid, ſpeak, Sirrah, when you ſhould,
 Muſt your bold Verdict enter talk with Lords?
 Elſe would I have a ſling at *Wincheſter*.

K. Henry. Uncles of *Glo'ster* and of *Winchester*,
 The special Watchmen of our *English Weal*,
 I would prevail, if Prayers might prevail,
 To join your Hearts in Love and Amity.
 Oh, what a Scandal is it to our Crown,
 That two such Noble Peers as ye should jar!
 Believe me, Lords, my tender Years can tell,
 Civil Dissention is a viperous Worm,
 That gnaws the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

[*A noise within*; Down with the Tawny Coats.]

K. Henry. What Tumult is this?

War. An Uproar, I dare warrant,
 Begun through malice of the Bishop's Men.

[*A noise again*, Stones, Stones.]

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. Oh, my good Lords, and virtuous *Henry*,
 Pity the City of *London*, pity us:

The Bishop, and the Duke of *Glo'ster's* Men,
 Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
 Have fill'd their Pockets full of peble Stones;
 And banding themselves in contrary Parts,
 Do pelt so fast at one another's Pat,
 That many have their giddy Brains knock'd out:
 Our Windows are broke down in every Street,
 And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in Skirmish with bloody Pates.

K. Henry. We charge you on Allegiance to our selves,
 To hold your slaughtering Hands, and keep the Peace:
 Pray, Uncle *Glo'ster*, mitigate this Strife.

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, we'll fall to it
 with our Teeth.

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

[*Skirmish again.*]

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

3 *Serv.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a Man
 Just, and upright; and for your Royal Birth,
 Inferior to none, but to his Majesty:
 And e'er that we will suffer such a Prince,
 So kind a Father of the Common Weal,
 To be disgraced by an Ink-horn Mate,

We, and our Wives and Children, all will fight,
And have our Bodies slaughter'd by thy Foes.

I Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our Nails
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead. [Begin again]

Glo. Stay, stay, I say,
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me perswade you to forbear a while.

K. Henry. O how this discord doth afflict my Soul!
Can you, my Lord of *Winchester*, behold
My Sighs and Tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a Peace,
If Holy Church-men take delight in Broils?

War. Yield my Lord Protector, yield *Winchester*;
Except you mean with obstinate Repulse
To slay your Sovereign, and destroy the Realm.
You see what Mischief, and what Murther too,
Hath been enacted through your Enmity:
Then be at Peace, except ye thirst for Blood.

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

Glo. Compassion on the King commands me stoop;
Or I would see his Heart out, e'er the Priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of *Winchester*, the Duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented Fury,
As by his smoothed Brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so Stern and Tragical?

Glo. Here, *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand.

K. Henry. Fie, Uncle *Beauford*, I have heard you preach,
That Malice was a great and grievous Sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach?
But prove a chief Offender in the same.

War. Sweet King; the Bishop hath a kindly gird:
For Shame, my Lord of *Winchester*, relent;
What, shall a Child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of *Gloster*, I will yield to thee,
Love for thy Love, and Hand for Hand I give.

Glo. Ay, but I fear me with a hollow Heart.
See here, my Friends and loving Countrymen,
This Token serveth for a Flag of Truce,
Betwixt our selves, and all our Followers:

So help me God, as I dissemble not.

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not.

K. Henry. Oh, loving Uncle, kind Duke of *Glo'ster*,
Now joyful am I made by this Contract!
Away, my Masters, trouble us no more,
But join in Friendship, as your Lords have done.

1 Serv. Content, I'll to the Surgeon's.

2 Serv. And so will I.

3 Serv. And I will see what Phyfick the Tavern affords.

[*Exeunt.*]

War. Accept this Scrowl, most gracious Sovereign,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We do exhibit to your Majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of *Warwick*; for, sweet Prince,
And if your Grace mark every Circumstance,
You have great reason to do *Richard* right,
Especially for those Occasions
At *Eltham* Place I told your Majesty.

K. Henry. And those Occasions, Uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving Lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.

War. Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,
So shall his Father's Wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester*.

K. Henry. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the House of *York*,
From whence you spring, by lineal Descent.

Rich. Thy humble Servant vows Obedience,
And humble Service 'till the point of Death.

K. Henry. Stoop then, and set your Knee against my Foot,
And in reguerdon of that Duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant Sword of *York*.
Rise, *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And rise created Princely Duke of *York*.

Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy Foes may fall,
And as my Duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one Thought against your Majesty.

All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of *York*.

Som. Perish, base Prince, ignoble Duke of *York*. [*Aside.*]

Glo. Now will it best avail your Majesty,
To cross the Seas, and to be crown'd in *France*:
The presence of a King engenders Love,
Amongst his Subjects and his loyal Friends,
As it disanimates his Enemies.

K. Henry. When *Glo'ster* says the word, King *Henry* goes,
For Friendly Counsel cuts off many Foes.

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

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in *England* or in *France*,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue;
This late Dissention grown betwixt the Peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd Love,
And will at last break out into a Flame,
As fester'd Members rot but by degrees,
Till Bones, and Flesh, and Sinews fall away;
So will this base and envious Discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal Prophecy
Which in the time of *Henry* nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the Mouth of every sucking Babe,
That *Henry* born at *Monmouth* should win all,
And *Henry* born at *Windsor* should lose all:
Which is so plain, that *Exeter* doth wish,
His days may finish e'er that hapless time.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Joan la Pucelle disguis'd, and four Soldiers with Sacks upon their Backs.

Pucel. These are the City Gates, the Gates of *Roan*,
Through which our Policy must make a Breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your Words,
Talk like the vulgar sort of Market-men,
That come to gather Mony for their Corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful Watch but weak,
I'll by a Sign give notice to our Friends,
That *Charles* the Dauphin may encounter them.

Sol. Our Sacks shall be a means to sack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over *Roan*,
Therefore we'll knock.

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Watch.

Watch. *Qui va la ?*

Pucel. *Pauvres gens de France,*

Poor Market Folks that come to sell their Corn,

Watch. Enter, go in, the Market Bell is rung.

Pucel. Now Roan, I'll shake thy Bulwarks to the Ground,
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Alençon.

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

Bast. Here entered Pucelle and her Practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specifie,
Where is the best and safest passage in?

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

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

Pucel. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That joineth Roan unto her Countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbonites.

Bast. See, Noble Charles, the Beacon of our Friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.

Dau. Now shines it like a Comet of Revenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

Reig. Deferr no time, delays have dangerous Ends,
Enter, and cry, The Dauphin, presently,
And then do execution on the Watch.

[*An Alarm, Talbot is an Excursion.*]

Tal. Franco, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy Tears,
If Talbot but survive thy Treachery.

Pucelle that Witch, that damned Sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish Mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the Pride of France

[*Exit.*]

An Alarm: Excursions, Bedford brought in sick in a Chair.

Enter Talbot and Burgundy without; within Joan la Pucelle, Dauphin, Bastard and Reigner on the Walls.

Pucel. Good morrow, Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

'Twas full of Darnel; do you like the taste?

Burg. Scoff on, vile Fiend, and shameful Courtizan,
I trust e'er long to choak thee with thine own,

And

And make thee curse the Harvest of that Corn.

Dan. Your Grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. Oh let not Words, but Deeds revenge this Treason.

Pucel. What will you do, good gray Beard?

Break a Lance, and run a Tilt at Death
Within a Chair.

Tal. Foul Fiend of *France*, and Hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustful Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardise a Man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a Bout with you again,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with his Shame.

Pucel. Are you so hot, Sir: Yet *Pucelle* hold thy peace,
If *Talbot* do but Thunder, Rain will follow.

[*They whisper together in Counsel.*]

God speed the Parliament; who shall be the Speaker?

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

Pucel. Belike your Lordship takes us then for Fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee *Alençon*, and the rest.

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

Alen. Seignior, no.

Tal. Seignior, hang: Base Muleteers of *France*,
Like Peasant Foot-boys do they keep the Walls,
And dare not take up Arms, like Gentlemen.

Pucel. Captains away, let's get us from the Walls,
For *Talbot* means no goodness by his Looks.

God be wi' you, my Lord; we came, Sir, but to tell you,
That we are here.

[*Exeunt from the Walls.*]

Tal. And there we will be too, e'er it be long,
Or else Reproach be *Talbot's* greatest Fame.

Vow *Burgundy*, by Honour of thy House,
Prick'd on by publick Wrongs sustain'd in *France*,
Either to get the Town again, or dye.

And I, as sure as *English Henry* lives,
And as his Father here was Conqueror,
As sure as in this late betrayed Town,
Great *Conardelion's* Heart was buried;
So sure I swear to get the Town or die.

Burg. My Vows are equal partners with thy Vows.

Tal. But e'er we go, regard this dying Prince.
The valiant Duke of *Bedford*: Come, my Lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for Sicknes, and for crazy Age.

Bed. Lord *Talbot*, do not so dishonour me:
Here I will sit, before the Walls of *Roan*,
And will be partner of your Weal or Wo.

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

Bed. Not to be gone from hence: For once I read,
That stout *Pendragon*, in his Litter sick,
Came to the Field, and vanquished his Foes.
Methinks I should revive the Soldiers Hearts,
Because I ever found them as my self.

Tal. Undaunted Spirit in a dying Breast,
Then be it so: Heavens keep old *Bedford* safe.
And now no more ado, brave *Burgundy*,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting Enemy.

[Exit.

*An Alarm: Excursions: Enter Sir John Falstaff, and
a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir *John Falstaff*, in such haste?

Fal. Whither away? to save my self by flight,
We are like to have the Overthrow again.

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

Fal. Ay, all the *Talbots* in the World to save my Life.

Cap. Cowardly Knight, ill Fortune follow thee.

[Exit.

Retreat: Excursions. Pucelle, Alenfon, and Dauphin fly.

Bed. Now, quiet Soul, depart when Heaven please,
For I have seen our Enemies overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish Man?
They that of late were daring with their Scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[Dies, and is carried off in his Chair.

An Alarm. Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

Tal. Lost, and recovered in a day again,
This is a double Honour, *Burgundy*;
Yet Heavens have Glory for this Victory.

Burg. Warlike and Martial *Talbot*, *Burgundy*
Inshrines thee in his Heart, and there erects

Thy Noble Deeds, as Valour's Monuments.

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

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

What, all amort? *Roan* hangs her Head for Grief,

That such a valiant Company are fled.

Now we will take some Order in the Town,

Placing therein some expert Officers,

And then depart to *Paris* to the King,

For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.

Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgundy*.

Tal. But yet before we go, let's not forget

The Noble Duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd,

But see his Exequies fulfill'd in *Roan*.

A braver Soldier never couched Launce,

A gentler Heart did never sway in Court.

But Kings and mightiest Potentates must dye,

For that's the end of Human Misery.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

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

Pucel. Dismay not, Princes, at this Accident.
Nor grieve that *Roan* is so recovered.

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.

Let frantick *Talbot* triumph for a while,

And like a Peacock sweep along his Tail,

We'll pull his Plumes, and take away his Train,

If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Dan. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence.

One sudden Foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy Wit for secret Policies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.

Alen. We'll set thy Statue in some Holy Place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed Saint.

Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.

Pucel. Thenthus it must be, this doth *Joan* devise;

By fair Persuasions, mixt with sugar'd Words,

We will entice the Duke of *Burgundy*

To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.

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Dan.

Dan. Ay, marry, Sweeting, if we could do that;
France were no place for *Henry's* Warriors;
 Nor shall that Nation boast it so with us,
 But be extirped from our Provinces.

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

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

[*Drum beats afar off.*

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

[*Here beat an English March.*

There goes the *Talbot* with his Colours spread,
 And all the Troops of *English* after him. [*French March.*
 Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his :
 Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
 Summon a Parley, we will talk with him,

[*Trumpets sound a Parley.*

Enter the Duke of Burgundy marching.

Dan. A Parley with the Duke of *Burgundy*.

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

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

Burg. What say'st thou, *Charles*? for I am marching
 hence.

Dan. Speak, *Pucelle*, enchant him with thy Words.

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

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

Pucel. Look on thy Country, look on fertile *France*,
 And see the Cities and the Towns defac'd,
 By wasting Ruin of the cruel Foe,
 As looks the Mother on her lowly Babe,
 When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes;
 See, see the pining Malady of *France*;
 Behold the Wounds, the most unnatural Wounds,
 Which thou thy self hast given her woful Breast.
 Oh, turn the edged Sword another way,
 Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help :
 One drop of Blood drawn from thy Country's Bosom,
 Should grieve thee more than streams of common Gore ;

Return thee therefore with a flood of Tears,
And wash away thy Country's stained Spots.

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

Pucel. Besides, all *French* and *France* exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy Birth and Lawful Progeny.

Whom join'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trust thee but for Profits sake?

When *Talbot* hath set footing once in *France*,
And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,

Who then but *English Henry* will be Lord,
And thou be thrust out like a Fugitive?

Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the Duke of *Orleans* thy Foe?

And was he not in *England* Prisoner?

But when they heard he was thine Enemy,

They set him free, without his Ransom paid,
In spite of *Burgundy* and all his Friends.

See then, thou fight'st against thy Countrymen,

And join'st with them will be thy Slaughter-men.

Come, come, return, return thou wandring Lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their Arms.

Burg. I am vanquished. These haughty Words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring Cannon-shot,

And made me almost yield upon my Knees.

Forgive me Country, and sweet Countrymen;

And, Lords, accept this hearty kind embrace.

My Forces, and my Power of Men are yours.

So farewell *Talbot*, I'll no longer trust thee.

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

Dan. Welcome, brave Duke, thy Friendship makes us
fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new Courage in our Breasts.

Alen. *Pucelle* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a Coronet of Gold.

Dan. Now let us on, my Lords, and join our Powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the Foe. [Exit.

The First Part of
SCENE IV.

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

Tal. My gracious Prince, and honourable Peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this Realm,
I have a while given Truce unto my Wars,
To do my Duty to my Sovereign.
In sign whereof, this Arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience, fifty Fortresses,
Twelve Cities, and seven walled Towns of strength,
Beside five hundred Prisoners of Esteem;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highness Feet:
And with submissive Loyalty of Heart
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace.

K. Henry. Is this the fam'd Lord Talbot, Uncle Glo'ster,
That hath so long been Resident in France?

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

K. Henry. Welcome, brave Captain, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my Father said,
A stouter Champion never handled Sword.
Long since we have resolved of your Truth,
Your faithful Service, and your toil in War:
Yet never have you tasted our Reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
Because 'till now we never saw your Face;
Therefore stand up, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Vernon and Bassett.

Ver. Now, Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I wear,
In honour of my Noble Lord of York,
Darest thou maintain the former Words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your sawcy Tongue,
Against the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? As good a Man as York.

Ver.

Ver. Hark ye; not so : In witness take you that. [*Strikes him.*]

Bas. Villain, thou knowest the Law of Arms is such
That whoso draws a Sword, 'tis present Death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Blood.
But I'll unto his Majesty, and crave,
I may have liberty to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy Cost.

Ver. Well, Miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you,
And after meet you, sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*]

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

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

Glo. Lord Bishop, set the Crown upon his Head.
Win. God save King *Henry*, of that Name the Sixth.

Glo. Now Governour of *Paris* take your Oath,
That you elect no other King but him ;
Esteem none Friends, but such as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his State.
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God.

Enter- Falstaff.

Fal. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from *Calais*,
To haste unto your Coronation ;
A Letter was deliver'd to my Hands,
Writ to your Grace, from the Duke of *Burgundy*.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of *Burgundy*, and thee :
I vow'd, base Knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the Garter from thy Craven's Leg,
Which I have done ; because, unworthily,
Thou wast installed in that high Degree.
Pardon, my Princely *Henry*, and the rest ;
This Dastard, at the Battel of *Poitiers*,
When, but in all, I was six thousand strong,
And that the *French* were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty Squire, did run away.
In which Assault we lost twelve hundred Men.

My self, and divers Gentlemen beside,
Were there surpriz'd, and taken Prisoners.
Then judge, great Lords, if I have done amiss;
Or, whether that such Cowards ought to wear
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this Fact was infamous,
And ill becoming any common Man;
Much more a Knight, a Captain, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd, my Lords;
Knights of the Garter were of Noble Birth;
Valiant, and Virtuous, full of haughty Courage,
Such as were grown to Credit by the Wars:
Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distress,
But always resolute in most Extreame.

He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred Name of Knight,
Prophaning this most Honourable Order,
And should, if I were worthy to be Judge,
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-born Swain,
That doth presume to boast of Gentle Blood.

K. Henry. Stain to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom;
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a Knight;
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of Death. [*Exit Falstaff.*
And now, my Lord Protector, view the Letter,
Sent from our Uncle, Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his style?
No more but plain and bluntly, *To the King.* [*Reading.*
Hath he forgot he is his Sovereign?

Or doth this churlish Superscription
Portend some Alteration in good will?
What's here? *I have upon especial Cause,* [*Reads.*
Mov'd with Compassion of my Country's Wrack,
Together with the pitiful Complaints
Of such as your Oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious Faction,
And joy'n'd with Charles, the rightful King of France.
O monstrous Treachery! Can this be so?
That in Alliance, Amity, and Oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Henry. What! doth my Uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my Lord, and is become my Foe.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Is that the worst this Letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my Lord, he writes.

K. Henry. Why then, Lord *Talbot* there shall talk with him,
And give him Chastisement for this Abuse.
How say you, my Lord, are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Henry. Then gather strength, and march unto him streight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his Treason,
And what Offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go, my Lord, in Heart desiring still
You may behold Confusion of your Foes. [Exit *Talbot*.

Enter Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the Combat, gracious Sovereign.

Bas. And me, my Lord, grant me the Combat too.

York. This is my Servant, hear him Noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine, sweet *Henry*, favour him.

K. Henry. Be patient, Lords, and give them leave to speak.
Say, Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you Combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my Lord, for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

K. Henry. What is that wrong whereon you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the Sea, from *England* into *France*,
This Fellow here with sharp and carping Tongue,
Upbraided me about the Rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine Colour of the Leaves
Did represent my Master's blushing Cheeks:
When stubbornly he did repugn the Truth,
About a certain question in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of *York* and him;
With other vile and ignominious Terms.
In Confutation of which rude Reproach,
And in defence of my Lord's Worthiness,
I crave the benefit of Law of Arms.

Ver. And that is my Petition, Noble Lord;
For though he seem, with forged quaint Conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my Lord, I was provok'd by him,
And he first took Exceptions at this Badge,

Pronouncing

Pronouncing that the paleness of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintness of my Master's Heart.

Tork. Will not this Malice, *Somerset*, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of *Tork*, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. [Men!]

K. Henry. Good Lord! What madness rules in Brain-sick
When for so slight and frivolous a Cause,
Such factious Emulations shall arise!

Good Cousins both of *Tork* and *Somerset*,
Quiet your selves, and be at peace.

Tork. Let this Dissention first be try'd by fight,
And then your Highness shall command a Peace.

Som. The Quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt our selves let us decide it then.

Tork. There is my Pledge, accept it, *Somerset*.

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

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable Lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your Strife,
And perish ye with your audacious Prate;
Presumptuous Vassals, are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous Outrage,
To trouble and disturb the King and Us?
And you, my Lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse Objections:—
Much less to take occasion from their Mouths,
To raise a Mutiny amongst your selves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exc. It grieves his Highness:
Good my Lords, be Friends.

K. Henry. Come hither you that would be Combatants,
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our Favour,
Quite to forget this Quarrel, and the Cause.
And you, my Lords, remember where you are,
In *France*, amongst a fickle wavering Nation:
If they perceive dissention in our Looks,
And that within our selves we disagree;
How will their grudging Stomachs be provok'd
To wilful Disobedience and Rebellion?
Beside, what Infamy will there arise,
When Foreign Princes shall be certified,

That

That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henry's* Peers, and chief Nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the Realm of *France*?

O think upon the Conquest of my Father,
My tender Years, and let us not forgo
That for a trifle, that was bought with Blood.

Let me be Umpire in this doubtful Strife:
I see no Reason, if I wear this Rose,
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more encline to *Somerset* than *York*:

Both are my Kinsmen, and I love them both;
As well they may upbraid me with my Crown,
Because, forsooth, the King of *Scots* is crown'd.
But your Discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:

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

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

And good my Lord of *Somerset*, unite
Your Troops of Horsemen, with his Bands of Foot;
And like true Subjects, Sons of your Progenitors,
Go chearfully together, and digest
Your angry Choler on your Enemies.

Our self, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite will return to *Calais*;
From thence to *England*, where I hope e'er long
To be presented by your Victories,

With *Charles*, *Alençon*, and that traiterous rout. [Exeunt.]

Manet *York*, *Warwick*, *Exeter*, and *Vernon*.

War. My Lord of *York*, I promise you the King
Prettily, methought, did play the Orator.

York. And so he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the Badge of *Somerset*.

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

York. And if I wish he did.---But let it rest,
Other Affairs must now be managed. [Exeunt.]

Flourish. *Manet* *Exeter*.

Exe. Well didst thou *Richard* to suppress thy Voice:
For if the passions of thy Heart burst out,

I fear we should have seen decypher'd there
 More rancorous spight, more furious raging Broils,
 That yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:
 But howsoe'er, no simple Man that sees
 This jarring discord of Nobility,
 This shouldering of each other in the Court,
 This factious bandying of their Favourites,
 But that he doth presage some ill event.

'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens Hands;
 But more, when Envy breeds unkind Division:
 Then comes the Ruin, there begins Confusion.

[Exit.

Enter Talbot with Trumpets and Drum before Bourdeaux.

Tal. Go to the Gates of *Bourdeaux*, Trumpeter,
 Summon their General unto the Well.

[Sounds.

Enter General aloft.

English John Talbot, Captains, calls you forth,
 Servant in Arms to *Harry King of England*,
 And thus he would: Open your City Gates,
 Be humbled to us, call my Sovereign yours,
 And do him Homage as Obedient Subjects,
 And I'll withdraw me, and my Bloody Power.
 But if you frown upon this proffer'd Peace,
 And tempt the fury of my three Attendants,
 Lean Famine, quartering Steel, and climbing Fire,
 Who in a moment even with the Earth
 Shall lay your stately, and Air-braving Towers,
 If you forsake the offer of their love.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearful Owl of Death,
 Our Nations terrour, and their bloody Scourge,
 The period of thy Tyranny approacheth.
 On us thou canst not enter but by Death:
 For I protest we are well fortified,
 And strong enough to issue out and fight.
 If thou retire, the Dauphin well appointed,
 Stands with the Snares of War to tangle thee.
 On either hand thee, there are Squadrons pitch'd,
 To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
 Ten thousand *French* have ta'en the Sacrament,
 And no way canst thou turn thee for Redress,
 But Death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the Face
 To rive their dangerous Artillery

Upon

Upon no Christian Soul, but *English Talbot* :
 Lo there thou stand'st a breathing valiant Man,
 Of an invincible unconquer'd Spirit:
 This is the latest Glory of thy Praise,
 That I thy Enemy dew thee withal;
 For e'er the Glass, that now begins to run;
 Finish the process of his sandy Hour,
 These Eyes that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum a-far off.*

Hark, hark, the Dauphin's Drum, a warning Bell,
 Sings heavy Musick to thy timorous Soul;
 And mine shall ring thy dite departure out. [Exit.

Tal. He fables not, I hear the Enemy:
 Out some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.
 O negligent and heedless Discipline,
 How are we park'd and bounded in a Pale?
 A little Herd of *England's* timorous Deer,
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of *French* Curs.
 If we be *English* Deer, be then in Blood;
 Not Rascal-like to fall down with a pinch;
 But rather moody, mad, and desperate Stags,
 Turn on the bloody Hounds, with Heads of Steel,
 And make the Cowards stand aloof at Bay:
 Sell every Man his Life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear Deer of us, my Friends.
 God and St. *George*, *Talbot* and *England's* Right,
 Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight. [Exeunt.

*Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York with
 Trumpet, and many Soldiers.*

York. Are not the speedy Scouts return'd again,
 That dogg'd the mighty Army of the Dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd, my Lord, and give it out;
 That he is march'd to *Bourdeaux* with his Power
 To fight with *Talbot*; as he march'd along,
 By your espyals were discovered
 Two mightier Troops, than that the Dauphin led,
 Which join'd with him, and made their march for *Bourdeaux*.

York. A plague upon that Villain *Somerfet*,
 That thus delays my promised Supply
 Of Horsemen that were levied for the Siege.

Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my Aid,
 And I am lowted by a Traitor Villain,
 And cannot help the Noble Chevalier:
 God comfort him in this necessity:
 If he miscarry, farewell Wars in *France*.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 Mess. Thou Princely Leader of our *English* strength,
 Never so needful on the Earth of *France*,
 Spur to the Rescue of the Noble *Talbot*,
 Who is now girded with a waste of Iron,
 And hem'd about with grim Destruction:
 To *Bourdeaux*, warlike Duke, to *Bourdeaux*, *Tork*,
 Else farewell *Talbot*, *France*, and *England's* Honour.

Tork. O God! that *Somerſet*, who in proud Heart
 Doth stop my Cornets, were in *Talbot's* place,
 So should we save a valiant Gentleman,
 By forfeiting a Traitor and a Coward:
 Mad ire, and wrathful fury makes me weep,
 That thus we dye, while remiss Traitors sleep.

Mess. O send some succour to the distress'd Lord.

Tork. He dyes, we lose; I break my warlike word:
 We mourn, *France* smiles: We lose, they daily get:
 All long of this vile Traitor *Somerſet*.

Mess. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot's* Soul,
 And on his Son, young *John*, who two hours since,
 I met in Travel towards his warlike Father;
 This seven years did not *Talbot* see his Son,
 And now they meet, where both their lives are done.

Tork. Alas! What Joy shall Noble *Talbot* have,
 To bid his young Son welcome to his Grave!
 Away, Vexation almost stops my Breath,
 That sundry Friends greet in the hour of Death.

Lucy farewell, no more my Fortune can,
 But curse the Cause, I cannot aid the Man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poitiers*, and *Tours* are won away,
 Long all of *Somerſet*, and his delay.

[*Exits*]

Mess. Thus while the Vulture of Sedition,
 Feeds in the Bosom of such great Commanders,
 Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss,
 The Conquests of our scarce cold Conqueror,
 That ever-living Man of Memory,

Henry the Fifth. Whiles they each others cross,
Lives, Honours, Lands, and all, hurry to loss.

[*Exit.*

Enter Somerset with his Army.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now;
This Expedition was by *York* and *Talbot*
Too rashly plotted. All our general force
Might with a Sally of the very Town
Be buckled with; the over-daring *Talbot*
Hath sullied all his gloss of former Honour.
By this unheedful, desperate, wild Adventure:
York set him on to fight, and dye in shame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the name.

Capt. Here is *Sir William Lucy*, who with me,
Set from our o'er-matcht Forces forth for aid.

Som. How now, *Sir William*, whither werst thou sent?

Lucy. Whither my Lord? from Bought and Sold *L. Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for Noble *York* and *Somerset*,
To beat assailing Death from his weak Legions;
And whiles the Honourable Captain there
Drops bloody Sweat from his War-wearied Limbs,
And in advantage lingring looks for Rescue,
You, his false Hopes, the trust of *England's* Honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless Emulation:
Let not your private Discord keep away
The levied Succours that shall lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble Gentleman,
Yields up his Life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the *Bastard*, *Charles*, and *Burgundy*,
Alençon, *Reignier*, compass him about,
And *Talbot* perisheth by your default.

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

Lucy. And *York* as fast upon your Grace exclaims,
Swearing that you with-hold his levied Host,
Collected for this Expedition.

Som. *York* lies: He might have sent, and had the Horse;
I owe him little Duty, and less Love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of *England*, not the force of *France*,
Hath now entrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot*;

Never to *England* shall he bear his Life,
But dies betray'd to Fortune by your strife.

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

Lucy. Too late comes Rescue, if he's ta'en, or slain,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would *Talbot* never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu.

Lucy. His Fame lives in the World, his Shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Talbot and his Son.

Tal. O young *John Talbot*, I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in Stratagems of War,
That *Talbot's* Name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless Age, and weak unable Limbs,
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chair.
But O malignant and ill-boarding Stars,
Now art thou come unto a Feast of Death,
A terrible and unavoyded danger,
Therefore, dear Boy, mount on thy swiftest Horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my Name *Talbot*? and am I your Son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my Mother,
Dishonour not her Honourable Name,
To make a Bastard and a Slave of me.
The World will say, he is not *Talbot's* Blood,
That basely fled, when Noble *Talbot* stood.

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

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

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

John. Then let me stay, and, Father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my Death, the *French* can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the Honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no Exploit have done.
You fled for Vantage, every one will swear:
But if I bow, they'll say it was for Fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.

Here on my Knee I beg Mortality,
Rather than Life, preserv'd with Infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy Mother's hopes lye in one Tomb?

John. Ay, rather then I'll shame my Mother's Womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

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

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

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

Tal. Thou never hadst Renown, nor canst not lose it.

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

Tal. Thy Father's charge shall clear thee from the stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If Death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my Followers here to fight and die?

My Age was never tainted with such such shame.

John. And shall my Youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be severed from your side,

Than can your self your self in twain divide:

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

For live I will not; if my Father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair Son,

Born to eclipse thy Life this afternoon:

Come, side by side, together live and die,

And Soul with Soul from *France* to Heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemm'd about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. St. George, and Victory, fight Soldiers, fight;

The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,

And left us to the rage of *France's* Sword.

Where is *John Talbot*? Pause, and take thy Breath,

I gave thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.

John. O twice my Father, twice I am thy Son:

The Life thou gav'st me first, was lost and done,

'Till with thy warlike Sword, despight of Fate,

To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's Crest thy Sword struck fire,

It warm'd thy Father's Heart with proud desire

Of bold-fac'd Victory. Then Leaden Age,

Quicken'd with Youthful Spleen, and Warlike Rage,

Beat down *Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,*

And from the Pride of *Gallia* rescued thee.

The ireful Bastard *Orleans*, that drew Blood
 From thee, my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
 Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
 And interchanging blows, I quickly shed
 Some of his Bastard Blood, and in disgrace
 Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base
 And mis-begotten Blood, I spill of thine,
 Mean and right poor, for that pure Blood of mine,
 Which thou didst force from *Talbot*, my brave Boy.
 Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
 Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy Father's care,
 Art not thou weary, *John*? How do'st thou fare?
 Wilt thou yet leave the Battel, Boy, and fly?
 Now thou art seal'd the Son of Chivalry?
 Fly, to revenge my Death when I am dead,
 The help of one stands me in little stead.
 Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 To hazard all our lives in one small Boat.
 If I to day die not with *Frenchmens* Rage,
 To morrow I shall die with mickle age.
 By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,
 'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.
 In thee thy Mother dies, our Household's Name,
 My Death's Revenge, thy Youth, and *England's* Fame,
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
 All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The Sword of *Orleans* hath not made me smart,
 These Words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
 On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
 To save a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,
 Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* fly,
 The Coward Horse that bears me, fall and die;
 And like me to the Peasant Boys of *France*,
 To be Shame's Scorn, and Subject of Mischance.
 Surely, by all the Glory you have won,
 And if I fly, I am not *Talbot's* Son.
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot,
 If Son to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot's* Foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desprate Sire of *Creet*,
 Thou *Icarus*, thy Life to me is sweet:

If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Father's side,
 And commendable prov'd let's die in Pride, [Exeunt.]

Alarm. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.

Tal. Where is my other Life? mine own is gone.
 O! where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *John*?
 Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captivity,
 Young *Talbot's* Valour makes me smile at thee.
 When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my Knee,
 His bloody Sword he brandish'd over me,
 And like a hungry Lion did commence
 Rough deeds of Rage, and stern Impatience:
 But when my angry Guardant stood alone,
 Tendring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
 Dizzy-ey'd Fury, and great rage of heart,
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clustering Battel of the *French*:
 And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
 His over-mounting Spirit; and there dy'd
 My *Icarus*, my Blossom in his Pride.

Enter John Talbot, born.

Serv. O, my dear Lord! lo where your Son is born.

Tal. Thou antick Death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
 Anon from thy insulting Tyranny,
 Coupled in Bonds of Perpetuity,
 Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Sky,
 In thy despight shall scape Mortality.
 O thou, whose wounds become hard favoured death,
 Speak to thy Father, e'er thou yield thy breath.
 Brave Death by speaking, whether he will or no:
 Imagine him a *Frenchman*, and thy Foe.
 Poor Boy, he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
 Had Death been *French*, then Death had died to day.
 Come, come, and lay him in his Father's Arms,
 My Spirit can no longer bear these harms.
 Soldiers adieu: I have what I would have,
 Now my old Arms are young *John Talbot's* Grave. [Dies.]

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

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

Char. **H**AD *York* and *Somerset* brought Rescue in,
We should have found a bloody Day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of *Talbot's* raging wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in *Frenchmen's* blood.

Pucel. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden Youth, be vanquish'd by a Maid.
But with a proud Majestical high scorn
He answer'd thus: Young *Talbot* was not born
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inhearsed in the Arms
Of the most bloody Nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was *England's* Glory, *Gallia's* Wonder.

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

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the Day.

Char. On what submissive Message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a meer *French* word:
We *English* Warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the Bodies of the Dead.

Char. For Prisoners ask'st thou? Hell our Prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Lucy. Where is the great *Alcides* of the Field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot*, Earl of *Sbrewsbury*?
Created for his rare success in Arms,
Great Earl of *Washford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinsfield*;
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwel* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furnival* of *Sheffield*,
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the Noble Order of *St. George*,

Worthy

Worthy *St. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marshal to our King *Henry* the sixth,
Of all his Wars within the Realm of *France*.

Pucel. Here's a silly stately style indeed:
The *Turk*, that two and fifty Kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a Style as this.
Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
Stinking and fly-blown lyes here at our feet.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slain, the *Frenchmens* only Scourge,
Your Kingdom's terrour, and black *Nemesis*?
Oh were mine Eye-balls into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your Faces.
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realm of *France*.
Were but his Picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their Bodies that I may bear them hence,
And give them Burial, as beseems their worth.

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

Char. Go take their Bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence; but from their ashes shall be
rear'd

A Phoenix that shall make all *France* afear'd.

Char. So we berid of them, do with them what thou wilt.
And now to *Paris* in this Conquering vein,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot's* slain. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Exeter.

K. Henry. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of *Armagnac*?

Glo. I have, my Lord, and their Intent is this,
They humbly sue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly Peace concluded of,
Between the Realms of *England* and of *France*.

K. Henry. How doth your Grace affect this Motion?

Glo. Well, my good Lord, and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian Blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.

K. Henry. Ay marry, Uncle, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such Immanity and bloody Strife
Should reign among Professors of one Faith.

Glo. Beside, my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer bind this knot of Amity,
The Earl of *Armagnac*, near knit to *Charles*,
A Man of great Authority in *France*,
Proffers his only Daughter to your Grace
In Marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowry.

K. Henry. Marriage, Uncle! alas! my Years are young;
And fitter is my Study, and my Books,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th' Ambassadors, and as you please,
So let them have their Answers every one;
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's Glory, and my Country's Weal.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exc. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinal's Degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime Prophecie,
If once he come to be a Cardinal,
He'll make his Cap coequal with the Crown.

K. Henry. My Lords Ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on,
Your Purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw Conditions of a friendly Peace,
Which by my Lord of *Winchester* we mean
Shall be transported presently to *France*.

Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I have inform'd his Highness so at large,
As liking of the Lady's virtuous Gifts,
Her Beauty, and the value of her Dower,
He doth intend she shall be *England's* Queen.

K. Henry. In argument and proof of which Contract,
Bear her this Jewel, pledge of my Affection.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

Win. Stay, my Lord *Legate*, you shall first receive
The sum of Mony which I promised
Should be delivered to his Holiness,
For cloathing me in these grave Ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your Lordships leisure.

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

Humphry of Glo'ster, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in Birth, or for Authority,
The Bishop will be over-born by thee;
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy Knee,
Or sack this Country with a Mutiny.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

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

Dau. This News, my Lords, may cheer our drooping Spi-
'Tis said, the stout *Parisians* do revolt, [rits
And return again unto the warlike *French*.

Alen. Then march to *Paris*, Royal *Charles* of *France*,
And keep not back your Power in dalliance.

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

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant General,
And happiness to his Accomplices.

Dau. What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.

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

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

Bu.g. I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there;
Now he is gone, my Lord, you need not fear.

Pucel.

Pucel. Of all base Passions, Fear is most accurst.
Command the Conquest, *Charles*, it shall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the World repine.

Dan. Then on, my Lords, and *France* be fortunate. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm: Excursions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the *Frenchmen* fly.
Now help ye charming Spells and Periapts,
And ye choice Spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future Accidents. [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are Substitutes
Under the Lordly Monarch of the North;
Appear, and aid me in this Enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful Regions under Earth,
Help me this once, that *France* may get the Field.

[*They walk and speak not.*

Oh hold me not with silence over long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my Blood;
I'll lop a Member off, and give it you
In earnest of a further Benefit:
So you do condescend to help me now.

[*They hang their Heads.*

No hope to have Redress? My Body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their Heads.*

Cannot my Body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my Soul; my Body, Soul, and all;
Before that *England* give the *French* the foil.

[*They depart.*

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That *France* must vail her lofty plumed Crest,
And let her Head fall into *England's* Lap.
My ancient Incantations are to weak,
And Hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now *France* thy Glory droopeth to the Dust.

[*Exit:*

[*Excursions. Pucelle and York fight Hand in Hand.*

Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York.

Tork. Damsel of *France*, I think I have you fast.
Unchain your Spirits now with spelling Charms,
And try if they can gain your Liberty.

A goodly prize, fit for the Devil's Grace.
See how the ugly Witch doth bend her Brows,
As if, with *Circe*, she would change my shape.

Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou can'st not be.

Tork. Oh, *Charles* the Dauphin is a proper Man,
No Shape but his can please your dainty Eye.

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

Tork. Fell banning Hag, Inchantress, hold thy Tongue.

Pucel. I prethee give me leave to curse a while.

Tork. Curse, Miscreant, when thou comest to the Stake.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarm. - Enter *Suffolk* with *Margaret* in his Hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my Prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*]

Oh fairest Beauty, do not fear, nor fly:
For I will touch thee but with reverend Hands,
I kiss these Fingers for eternal Peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou, say? that I may honour thee.

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

Suf. An Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.
Be not offended, Nature's Miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:

So doth the Swan her downy Cignets save,
Keeping them Prisoners underneath her Wings:

Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as *Suffolk's* Friend.

[*She is going.*]

Oh stay! I have no power to let her pass,
My Hand would free her, but my Heart says no.

As plays the Sun upon the glassy Streams,
Twinkling another counterfeit Beam,

So seems this gorgeous Beauty to mine Eyes:
Fain would I woe her, yet I dare not speak:

I'll call for Pen and Ink, and write my Mind:

Ev. *De la Pole*, disable not thy self:

Hast not a Tongue? Is she not here thy Prisoner?
 Wilt thou be daunted at a Woman's fight?
 Ay, Beauty's Princely Majesty is such,
 Confounds the Tongue, and makes the Senses rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of *Suffolk*, if thy Name be so,
 What Ransom must I pay before I pass?
 For I perceive I am thy Prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
 Before thou make a trial of her Love?

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? What Ransom must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
 She is a Woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of Ransom, yea or no?

Suf. Fond Man, remember that thou hast a Wife,
 Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

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

Mar. He talks at random; sure the Man is mad.

Suf. And yet a Dispensation may be had.

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

Suf. I'll win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
 Why, for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of Wood: It is some Carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my Fancy may be satisfied,
 And Peace established between these Realms;
 But there remains a scruple in that too:
 For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
 Duke of *Anjou* and *Main*, yet he is poor,
 And our Nobility will scorn the Match.

Mar. Hear ye, Captain? are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
 Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What tho' I be intrall'd, he seems a Knight,
 And will not any way dishonour me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the *French*,
 And then I need not crave his courtesie.

Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause.

Mar. Tush, Women have been captivate e'er now:

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle Princess, would you not suppose
Your Bondage happy, to be made a Queen?

Mar. To be a Queen in Bondage, is more vile,
Than is a Slave in base servility:
For Princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy *England's* Royal King be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee *Henry's* Queen,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy Hand,
And set a precious Crown upon thy Head,
If thou wilt condescend to my——

Mar. What?

Suf. His Love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry's* Wife.

Suf. No, gentle Madam, I unworthy am
To woo so fair a Dame to be his Wife,
And have no Portion in the choice my self.
How say you, Madam, are you so content?

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

Suf. Then call our Captains and our Colours forth;
And, Madam, at your Father's Castle Walls,
We'll crave a Parley to confer with him.

Sound. Enter Reignier on the Walls.

See *Reignier*, see, thy Daughter Prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. *Suffolk*, what remedy?

I am a Soldier and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on Fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my Lord;
Content, and for thy Honour give consent,
Thy Daughter shall be wedded to my King;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto:
And this her easie-held Imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy Daughter Princely Liberty:

Reig. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?

Suf. Fair *Margaret* knows,
That *Suffolk* doth not flatter; face, of fains

Reig. Upon thy Princely Warrant, I descend;
To give thee Answer of thy just demand.

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our Territories,
Command in *Anjou* what your Honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Child,
Fit to be made Companion with a King:
What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost daign to woo her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the Country *Main* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of War,
My Daughter shall be *Henry's*, if he please.

Suf. That is her Ransom, I deliver her;
And those two Countries, I will undertake,
Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

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

Suf. *Reignier* of *France*, I give thee Kingly thanks,
Because it is in Traffick of a King.

And yet methinks I could be well content
To be mine own Attorney in this case. [Aside.

I'll over then to *England* with this News,
And make this Marriage to be solemniz'd:
So farewell *Reignier*, set this Diamond safe
In Golden Palaces as it becomes.

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

Mar. Farewel my Lord, good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret*. [She is going.

Suf. Farewel, sweet Madam; but hark you, *Margaret*,
No Princely Commendations to my King?

Mar. Such Commendations as becomes a Maid,
A Virgin and his Servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed,
But, Madam, I must trouble you again,
No loving Token to his Majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unspotted Heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the King.

Suf. And this withal.

[*Kisses her.*]

Mar. That for thy self—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish Tokens to a King.

Suf. O wer't thou for my self—but *Suffolk* stay,
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs, and ugly Treasons lurk.

Sollicit *Henry* with her wondrous praise,
Bethink thee on her Virtues that surmount,

Made natural Graces that extinguish Art,
Repeat their semblance often on the Seas,

That when thou com'st to kneel at *Henry's* Feet,

Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter York, Warwick, a Shepherd, and Pucelle.

York. Bring forth that Sorceress condemn'd to burn.

Shep. Ah, *Joan*, this kills thy Father's Heart out-right;
Have I fought every Country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel Death!

Ah *Joan*, sweet Daughter, I will die with thee.

Pucel. Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,
I am descended of a gentler Blood.

Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out—My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so,
I did beget her all the Parish knows:

Her Mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first Fruit of my Batch'lor-ship.

War. Graceless, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile, and so her Death concludes.

Shep. Fie *Joan*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knows thou art a Collop of my Flesh,

And for thy sake have I shed many a Tear;

Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan*.

Pucel. Peasant, avant. You have suborn'd this Man
Of purpose to obscure my noble Birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Priest,
The morn. that I was wedded to her Mother.

Kneel down and take my Blessing, good my Girl.

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

Of thy Nativity; I would the Milk
Thy Mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her Breast,
Had been a little Ratsbane for thy sake:

Or else, when thou didst keep thy Lambs afield,
I wish some ravenous Wolf had eaten thee.

Dost thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?

O burn her, burn her, hanging is too good.

[*Exit.*]

Tork. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the World with vitious qualities.

Pucel. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd,
Not me, begotten of a Shepherd Swain,
But issued from the Progeny of Kings,
Virtuous and Holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of Celestial Grace,
To work exceeding Miracles on Earth.
I never had to do with wicked Spirits.

But you that are polluted with your Lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless Blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it streight a thing impossible
To compass Wonders, but by help of Devils,
No, misconceived *Joan of Arc* hath been
A Virgin from her tender Infancy,
Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance at the Gates of Heav'n.

Tork. Ay, ay; away with her to Execution.

War. And heark ye, Sirs; because she is a Maid,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place Barrels of Pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortned.

Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting Hearts?
Then *Joan* discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy privilege.
I am with Child, ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruit within my Womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent Death.

Plan. Now Heav'n forfend! the holy Maid with Child?

War. The greatest Miracle that e'er you wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to, we will have no Bastards live,
Especially since *Charles* must Father it.

Pucel. You are deceiv'd, my Child is none of his,
It was *Alenfon* that enjoy'd my Love.

York. *Alenfon*, that notorious Matchevile!
It dies, and if it had a thousand Lives.

Pucel. O give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevail'd.

War. A married Man! that's most intolerable.

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

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

York. And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure:
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy Brat, and thee.
Use no intreaty, for it is in vain.

Pucel. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious Sun reflex his Beams
Upon the Country where you make abode;
But darkness, and the gloomy shade of death
Inviron you, 'till Mischief and Despair
Drive you to break your Necks, or hang your selves. [*Exit.*

Enter Cardinal.

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to Ashes,
Thou foul accursed Minister of Hell.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With Letters of Commission from the King,
For know, my Lords, the States of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general Peace,
Betwixt our Nation and th' aspiring *French*;
And here at hand, the Dauphin and his Train
Approacheth, to confer about some matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this Effect?
After the slaughter of so many Peers,
So many Captains, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their Bodies for their Countries Benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate Peace?

Have we not lost most part of all the Towns,
By Treason, Falshood, and by Treachery,
Our great Progenitors had conquered?
Oh *Warwick, Warwick*, I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the Realm of *France*.

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

Enter Charles, Alençon, Bastard, and Reignier.

Char. Since, Lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful Truce shall be proclaim'd in *France*,
We come to be informed by your selves,
What the Conditions of that League must be.

York. Speak, *Winchester*; for boiling Choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd Voice,
By sight of these our baleful Enemies.

Win. *Charles*, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives consent,
Of meer compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Country of distressful War,
And suffer you to breath in fruitful Peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crown.
And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him Tribute, and submit thy self,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal Dignity.

Alen. Must he be then a shadow of himself?
Adorn his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in Substance and Authority,
Retain but privilege of a private Man?
This Proffer is absurd and reasonless.

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

York. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret means

Us'd intercession to obtain a League,
 And now the matter grows to compromise,
 Stand'st thou aloof upon Comparison?
 Either accept the Title thou usurp'st,
 Of benefit proceeding from our King,
 And not of any challenge of Desert,
 Or we will plague thee with incessant Wars.

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

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
 To save your Subjects from such massacre
 And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
 By our proceeding in Hostility.
 And therefore take this contract of a Truce,
 Although you break it, when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside to the Dauphin.*]

War. How say'st thou *Charles*?
 Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It shall:
 Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
 If any of our Towns of Garrison.

Tork. Then swear Allegiance to his Majesty,
 As thou art Knight, never to disobey,
 Nor be Rebellious to the Crown of *England*,
 Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crown of *England*.
 So, now dismiss your Army when you please:
 Hang up your Ensigns, let your Drums be still,
 For here we entertain a solemn Peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

K. Henry. Your wondrous rare description, noble Earl,
 Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
 Her Virtues graced with external Gifts,
 Do breed Loves settled Passions in my Heart.
 And like as rigour with tempestuous Gusts
 Provokes the mightiest Hulk against the tide,
 So I am driven by breath of her Renown,
 Either to suffer Shipwrack, or arrive
 Where I may have fruition of her Love.

Suf. Tush, my good Lord, this superficial Tale
Is but a Preface to her worthy Praise:
The chief Perfections of that lovely Dame,
Had I sufficient Skill to utter them,
Would make a Volume of inticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so Divine,
So full repleat with choice of all Delights,
But with as humble lowliness of Mind,
She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour *Henry* as her Lord.

K. Henry. And otherwise, will *Henry* ne'er presume:
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent,
That *Margaret* may be *England's* Royal Queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter Sin.
You know, my Lord, your Highness is betroth'd
Unto another Lady of esteem.
How shall we then dispence with the Contract,
And not deface your Honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawful Oaths,
Or one that at a Triumph, having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Lists
By reason of his Adversary's odds,
A poor Earl's Daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is *Margaret* more than that?
Her Father is no better than an Earl,
Although in glorious Titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of *Naples* and *Jerusalem*,
And of such great Authority in *France*,
That his Alliance will confirm our Peace,
And keep the *Frenchman* in Allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earl of *Armagnac* may do,
Because he is near Kinsman unto *Charles*.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal Dower,
Where *Reignier* sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A Dower, my Lords! Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To chuse for Wealth, and not for perfect Love.

Henry is able to enrich his Queen,
 And not to seek a Queen to make him rich,
 So worthless Peasants bargain for their Wives,
 As Market-men for Oxen, Sheep, or Horse.
 But Marriage is a matter of more worth,
 Than to be dealt in by Attorney-ship:
 Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
 Must be companion of his nuptial Bed.
 And therefore, Lords, since he affects her most,
 It most of all these Reasons bindeth us,
 In our Opinions she should be preferr'd;
 For what is Wedlock forced, but a Hell,
 An age of discord and continual strife?
 Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
 And is a Pattern of celestial Peace.

Whom should we match with Henry, being a King,
 But Margaret, that is Daughter to a King?
 Her peerless Feature, joined with her Birth,
 Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
 Her valiant Courage, and undaunted Spirit,
 More than in Women commonly is seen,
 Will answer our hope in issue of a King:
 For Henry, Son unto a Conqueror,
 Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
 If with a Lady of so high resolve,
 As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in Love.
 Then yield my Lords, and here conclude with me,
 That Margaret shall be Queen, and none but she.

K. Henry. Whether it be through force of your report,
 My noble Lord of Suffolk; or for that
 My tender youth was never yet attain'd
 With any Passion of inflaming Love,
 I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
 I feel such sharp dissention in my Breast,
 Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
 Take therefore Shipping; post, my Lord, to France,
 Agree to any Covenants, and procure
 That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
 To cross the Seas to England, and be Crown'd,
 King Henry's faithful and anointed Queen.

For your Expences and sufficient Charge,
 Among the People gather up a tenth.
 Be gone, I say, for 'till you do return,
 I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
 And you, good Uncle, banish all offence:
 If you do censure me, by what you were,
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 This sudden Execution of my Will.
 And so conduct me, where from company,
 I may revolve and ruminat my Grief.

[Exit.

Glo. Ay, grief I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exit Gloucester.

Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes
 As did the youthful *Paris* once to *Greece*,
 With hope to find the like event in love,
 But prosper better than the *Trojan* did:
Margaret shall now be Queen, and rule the King:
 But I will rule both her, the King, and Realm.

[Exit.





T H E

Second Part

O F

King *HENRY VI*,

With the Death of the

Good Duke *Humphry*.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis - Personæ.

KING Henry VI.

Humphry Duke of Gloucester, } *Uncles to the King.*
Cardinal Beaufort, Bp. of Winchester, }

Duke of York, pretending to the Crown.

Duke of Buckingham, }

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

Duke of Suffolk, }

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

Earl of Warwick, }

Lord Clifford, of the King's Party.

Lord Say.

Lord Scales, Governor of the Tower.

Sir Humphry Stafford.

Young Stafford, his Brother.

Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.

Young Clifford, Son to the Lord Clifford.

Edward Plantagenet, }

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

Vaux. A Sea Captain, and Walter Whitmore——*Pirates.*

Hume and Southwel——*2 Priests.*

Bullingbrook, an Astrologer.

A Spirit attending on Jordan the Witch.

Thomas Horner, an Armorer.

Peter, his Man.

Mayor of St. Albans.

Simpcox, an Impostor.

Jack Cade, Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick the Butcher,
Smith the Weaver, and several Others——*Rebels.*

Margaret, Queen to King Henry VI. secretly in Love with the
Duke of Suffolk.

Dame Elinor, Wife to the Duke of Gloucester.

Mother Jordan, a Witch employ'd by the Duchesse of Gloucester.

Wife to Simpcox.

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

The SCENE is laid very dispersedly in several
Parts of England.



The Second PART of
King *HENRY VI.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

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

SUFFOLK.



S by your high Imperial Majesty,
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,
As procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princess *Margaret* for your Grace;
So in the famous ancient City, *Tours*,
In presence of the Kings of *France* and *Sicil*,
The Dukes of *Orleans*, *Calabar*, *Bretaigne*, *Alenfon*,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, and twenty reverend Bishops,
I have perform'd my Task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended Knee,
In fight of *England* and her Lordly Peers,
Deliver up my Title in the Queen

[*Presenting the Queen to the King.*

To your most gracious Hand, that are the Substance

Of that great Shadow I did represent:
 The happiest gift that ever Marquess gave,
 The fairest Queen that ever King receiv'd.

K. Henry. *Suffolk* arise. Welcome, Queen *Margaret*,
 I can express no kinder sign of Love
 Than this kind Kiss. O Lord, that lends me Life,
 Lend me a Heart repleat with thankfulness:
 For thou hast given me, in this beauteous Face,
 A world of Earthly Blessings to my Soul,
 If sympathy of Love unite our Thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of *England*, and my gracious Lord,
 The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
 By Day, by Night, waking, and in my Dreams,
 In courtly Company, or at my Beads,
 With you mine Alder liefeft Sovereign,
 Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
 With ruder terms, such as my Wit affords,
 And over-joy of Heart doth minister.

K. Henry. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in Speech,
 Her words yclad with Wisdom's Majesty,
 Make me from wondring, fall to weeping Joys,
 Such is the fulness of my Heart's content.
 Lords, with one cheerful voice, welcome my Love.

All kneel. Long live Queen *Margaret*, *England's* happiness.

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

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
 Here are the Articles of contracted Peace,
 Between our Sovereign, and the *French King Charles*,
 For eighteen Months concluded by consent.

Glo. Reads.] Imprimis, It is agreed between the *French King*,
Charles, and *William de la Pole*, Marquess of *Suffolk*, Am-
 bassador of *England*, That the said *Henry* shall espouse the
Lady Margaret, Daughter unto *Reignier*, King of *Naples*, *Si-*
cilia, and *Jerusalem*, and Crown her Queen of *England*, e'er
 the thirteenth of *May* next ensuing.

Item. That the *Dutchy* of *Anjou*, and the *County* of *Main*,
 shall be released and delivered to the King her Father.

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious Lord,
 Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the Heart,
 And dimm'd mine Eyes, that I can read no further.

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

Win. Item, It is further agreed between them, That the Dutchies of Anjou and Main shall be released and delivered over to the King her Father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper Cost and Charge, without having any Dowry.

K. Henry. They please us well. Lord Marquess, kneel down; We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk, And girt thee with the Sword. Cousin of York, We here discharge your Grace from being Regent I'th' parts of France, 'till term of eighteer Months Be full expir'd. Thanks, Uncle Winchester, Gloucester, York, Buckingham, and Somerset, Salisbury and Warwick, We thank you all for this great favour done, In Entertainment to my Princely Queen. Come, let us in, and with all speed provide To see her Coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*
Manent the rest.]

Glo. Brave Peers of England, Pillars of the State, To you Duke Humphry must unload his Grief: Your Grief, the common Grief of all the Land. What? did my Brother Henry spend his Youth, His Valour, Coin, and People in the Wars? Did he so often lodge in open Field, In Winters cold, and Summer's parching heat, To conquer France, his true Inheritance? And did my Brother Bedford toil his Wits To keep by policy what Henry got: Have you your selves, Somerset, Buckingham, Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick, Receiv'd deep Scars in France and Normandy: Or hath mine Uncle Bedford, and my self, With all the learned Council of the Realm, Studied so long, sat in the Council-house, Early and late, debating to and fro, How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe; And was his Highness in his Infancy, Crowned in Paris in despite of Foes? And shall these Labours, and these Honours die?

Shall *Henry's* Conquest, *Bedford's* Vigilance,
 Your Deeds of War, and all our Counsel die!
 O Peers of *England*, shameful in this League,
 Fatal this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
 Blotting your Names from Books of memory,
 Rasing the Characters of your Renown,
 Defacing Monuments of conquer'd *France*,
 Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate Discourse?
 This peroration with such Circumstance?

For *France*, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, Uncle, we will keep it if we can:
 But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolk, the new made Duke that rules the roost,
 Hath given the Dutchy of *Anjou* and *Main*,
 Unto the poor King *Reignier*, whose large Style
 Agrees not with the leanness of his Purse.

Sal. Now by the Death of him who dy'd for all,
 These Counties were the Keys of *Normandy*:
 But wherefore weeps *Warwick*, my valiant Son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery.
 For were there hope to conquer them again,
 My Sword should shed hot Blood, mine Eyes no Tears:
Anjou and *Main*! My self did win them both:
 Those Provinces these Arms of mine did conquer.
 And are the Cities that were got with Wounds
 Delivered up again with peaceful Words?

Mort Dieu!

York. For *Suffolk's* Duke, may he be suffocate,
 That dims the Honour of this Warlike Isle:
France should have torn and rent my very Heart,
 Before I would have yielded to this League.
 I never read but *England's* Kings have had
 Large sums of Gold, and Dowries with their Wives!
 And our King *Henry* gives away his own,
 To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper Jest, and never heard before,
 That *Suffolk* should demand a whole Fifteenth,
 For Cost and Charges in transporting her:
 She should have staid in *France*, and starv'd in *France*
 Before

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

Glo. My Lord of *Wincheſter*, I know your Mind,
'Tis not my Speeches that you do miſlike;
But 'tis my Preſence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out, proud Prelate; in thy Face
I ſee thy fury: If I longer ſtay,
We ſhall begin our ancient Bickerings.
Lordings farewel, and ſay when I am gone,
I prophesi'd, *France* will be loſt e'er long.

[Exit.

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis known to you he is mine Enemy;
Nay more, an Enemy unto you all,
And no great Friend, I fear me, to the King.
Conſider, Lords, he is the next of Blood,
And Heir apparent to the *Engliſh* Crown:
Had *Henry* got an Empire by his Marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdoms of the Weſt,
There's reaſon he ſhould be displeas'd at it:
Look to it, Lords, let not his ſmoothing Words
Bewitch your Hearts, be wiſe and circumſpect.
What though the common People favour him,
Calling him *Humphry*, the good Duke of *Gloſter*,
Clapping their Hands, and crying with loud voice,
Jeſus maintain your Royal Excellence,
With God preſerve the good Duke Humphry.
I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering gloſs,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

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

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

[Exit.

Som. Cousin of *Buckingham*, though *Humphry's* Pride
And greatness of his Place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal:
His Insolence is more intolerable
Than all the Princes in the Land beſide;
If *Gloſter* be displac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, *Somerſet*, will be Proſtitor,
Deſpight Duke *Humphry*, or the Cardinal.

[*Exit Buckingham and Somerſet.*]

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

I never ſaw but *Humphry* Duke of *Glouceſter*,
Did bear him like a noble Gentleman:
Oft have I ſeen the haughty Cardinal,
More like a Soldier than a Man o'th' Church,
As ſtout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Swear like a Ruſſian, and demean himſelf
Unlike the Ruler of a Common-weal.

Warwick my Son, the Comfort of my Age,
Thy Deeds, thy Plainneſs, and thy Houſe-keeping,
Have won the greateſt favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but Good Duke *Humphry*.
And Brother *York*, thy Acts in *Ireland*,
In bringing them to civil Diſcipline;
Thy late Exploits done in the Heart of *France*,
When thou wert Regent for our Sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the People:
Join we together for the publick Good,
In what we can, to bridle and ſuppreſs
The Pride of *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal,
With *Somerſet's* and *Buckingham's* Ambition,
And as we may cheriſh Duke *Humphry's* Deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God help *Warwick*, as he loves the Land,
And common profit of his Country.

York. And ſo ſays *York*,
For he hath greateſt cauſe.

Sal. Then let's make haſte away,
And look unto the main.

War. Unto the main?

O, Father, *Main* is loſt.

That *Main*, which by main force *Warwick* did win,
And would have kept, ſo long as breath did laſt:
Main-chance Father you meant, but I meant *Main*,
Which I will win from *France*, or elſe be ſlain.

[*Exit Warwick and Salisbury.* *Manet York.*
York.]

York. *Anjou* and *Main* are given to the *French*,
Paris is lost, the State of *Normandy*
 Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the Articles,
 The Peers agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
 To change two Dukedoms for a Duke's fair Daughter.
 I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
 Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their Pillage,
 And purchase Friends, and give to Courtezans,
 Still revelling like Lords 'till all be gone.
 While as the silky Owner of the Goods
 Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless Hands,
 And shakes his Head, and trembling stands aloof,
 While all is shar'd, and all is born away,
 Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:
 So *York* must sit, and fret, and bite his Tongue,
 While his own Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
 Methinks the Realms of *England*, *France* and *Ireland*,
 Bear that proportion to my Flesh and Blood,
 As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,
 Unto the Prince's Heart of *Calidon*:
Anjou and *Main* both given unto the *French*!
 Cold News for me: For I had hope of *France*,
 Even as I have of fertile *England's* Soil.
 A day will come, when *York* shall claim his own,
 And therefore I will take the *Nevills* parts,
 And make a shew of Love to proud Duke *Humphry*,
 And when I spy advantage claim the Crown;
 For that's the golden Mark I seek to hit:
 Nor shall proud *Lancaster* usurp my Right,
 Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist,
 Nor wear the Diadem upon his Head,
 Whose Church-like Humour fits not for a Crown.
 Then *York* be still a while, 'till time do serve:
 Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
 To pry into the Secrets of the State,
 'Till *Henry* surfeiting in joys of Love,
 With his new Bride, and *England's* dear bought Queen,
 And *Humphry* with the Peers be fall'n at Jars.
 Then will I raise aloft the Milk-white Rose,

With whose sweet smell the Air shall be perfum'd,
 And in my Standard bear the Arms of York,
 To grapple with the House of Lancaster,
 And force perforce I'll make him yield the Crown,
 Whose Bookish Rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit York,

Enter Duke Humphry, and his Wife Eleanor.

Elean. Why droops my Lord, like over-ripen'd Corn,
 Hanging the Head at Ceres plenteous Load?
 Why doth the great Duke Humphry knit his Brows,
 As frowning at the Favours of the World?
 Why are thine Eyes fixt to the sullen Earth,
 Gazing at that which seems to dim thy Sight?
 What seest thou there? King Henry's Diadem,
 Inchac'd with all the Honours of the World?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy Face,
 Until thy Head be circled with the same.
 Put forth thy Hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
 What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine.
 And having both together heav'd it up,
 We'll both together lift our Heads to Heaven,
 And never more abase our Sight so low,
 As to vouchsafe one glance upon the Ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy Lord,
 Banish the Canker of ambitious Thoughts:
 And may that Thought, when I imagine Ill
 Against my King and Nephew, virtuous Henry,
 Be my last breathing in this Mortal World.
 My troublous Dreams this Night do make me sad.

Elean. What dream'd my Lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
 With sweet Rehearsal of my Morning's Dream.

Glo. Merhought this Staff, mine Office-badge in Court,
 Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,
 But as I think, it was by th' Cardinal,
 And on the pieces of the broken Wand
 Were plac'd the Heads of *Edmond*, Duke of *Somerset*,
 And *William de la Pole*, first Duke of *Suffolk*,
 This was the Dream, what it doth bode, God knows,

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an Argument,
 That he that breaks a Stick of *Gloster's Grove*,
 Shall lose his Head for his Presumption.

But list to me, my *Humphry*, my sweet Duke:
 Methought I sat in Seat of Majesty,
 In the Cathedral Church of *Westminster*,
 And in that Chair where Kings and Queens were crown'd,
 Where *Henry* and *Margaret* kneer'd to me,
 And on my Head did set the Diadem.

Glo. Nay, *Eleanor*, then must I chide outright:
 Presumptuous Dame, ill-natur'd *Eleanor*,
 Art thou not second Woman in the Realm?
 And the Protector's Wife, belov'd of him?
 Hast thou not worldly Pleasure at command,
 Above the reach or compass of thy Thought?
 And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,
 To tumble down thy Husband and thy self,
 From top of Honour, to Disgrace's feet?
 A way from me, and let me hear no more.

Elean. What, what, my Lord, are you so Cholerick
 With *Eleanor*, for telling but her Dream?
 Next time, I'll keep my Dreams unto my self,
 And not be check'd.

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

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure,
 You do prepare to ride unto *St. Albans*,
 Whereas the King and Queen do mean to Hawk.

Glo. I go: Come *Nell*, thou wilt ride with us? [*Ex. Glo.*]

Elean. Yes, my good Lord, I'll follow presently.
 Follow I must, I cannot go before,
 While *Glo'ster* bears this base and humble Mind.
 Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of Blood,
 I would remove these tedious stumbling Blocks,
 And smooth my way upon their headless Necks,
 And being a Woman, I will not be slack
 To play my part in Fortune's Pageant.
 Where are you there? Sir *John*; nay fear not, Man,
 We are alone, here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your Royal Majesty.

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

Hume. But by the Grace of God, and *Hume's* Advice,
 Your Grace's Title shall be multiply'd,

Elean. What say'st thou, Man? Hast thou as yet conferr'd
With *Margery Jordan*, the cunning Witch;
With *Roger Bullingbrook*, the Conjuror,
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to shew your Highness
A Spirit rais'd from depth of under Ground,
That shall make answer to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Elean. It is enough, I'll think upon the Questions;
When from *St. Albans* we do make return;
We'll see those things effected to the full.
Here *Hume*, take this Reward, make merry Man
With thy Confederates in this weighty Cause.

[Exit Eleanor.]

Hume. *Hume* must make merry with the Duchess's Gold:
Marry and shall; but how now, Sir *John Hume*?
Seal up your Lips, and give no Words, but Mums;
The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame *Eleanor* gives Gold, to bring the Witch;
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a Devil.
Yet have I Gold flies from another Coast:
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of *Suffolk*;
Yet I do find it so: For, to be plain,
They (knowing Dame *Eleanor's* aspiring Humour)
Have hired me to undermine the Duchess,
And buz these Conjurations in her Brain.

They say, a crafty Knave does need no Broker;
Yet am I *Suffolk's*, and the Cardinal's Broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty Knaves.

Well, so it stands; and thus I fear at last,
Hume's Knavery will be the Dutchess's Wrack,
And her Attraiture will be *Humphry's* Fall:

Sort how it wil', I shall have Gold for all. [Exit.]

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

1 *Pet.* My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Protector
will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our
Supplications in the Quill.

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

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

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

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

Suff. How now, Fellow; would'st any thing with me?

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

Q. Mar. To my Lord Protector? are your Supplications
to his Lordship? let me see them; what is thine?

1 Pet. Mine is, and't please your Grace, against *John Good-*
man, my Lord Cardinal's Man, for keeping my House, and
Lands, and Wife, and all from me.

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

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

3 Pet. Against my Master, *Thomas Horner*, for saying, That
the Duke of *York* was rightful Heir to the Crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? did the Duke of *York* say,
he was rightful Heir to the Crown?

3 Pet. That my Mistress was? No, forsooth; my Master
said, that he was; and that the King was an Usurper.

Suf. Who is there?

Enter Servant.

Take this Fellow in, and send for his Master with a Pursui-
vant presently; we'll hear more of your Matter before the
King. [*Exit Serv.*]

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

Tears the Supplications.

Away, base Cullions: *Suffolk*, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt.*]

Q. Mar. My Lord of *Suffolk*, say, is this the guise?
Is this the fashion of the Court of *England*?
Is this the Government of *Britain's* Isle?
And this the Royalty of *Albion's* King?
What, shall King *Henry* be a Pupil still,

Under the surly *Gloster's* Governance?

Am I a Queen in Title and in Style,

And must be made a Subject to a Duke?

I tell thee, *Pool*, when in the City *Tours*

Thou ran'st a Tilt in Honour of my Love,

And stol'st away the Ladies Hearts of *France*;

I thought King *Henry* had resembled thee,

In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:

But all his Mind is bent to Holiness,

To number *Ave Marias* on his Beads:

His Champions are the Prophets and Apostles,

His Weapons Holy Saws of sacred Writ,

His Study is his Tilt-yard, and his Loves

Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.

I would the College of the Cardinals

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

And set the Triple Crown upon his Head;

That were a State fit for his Holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was the cause

Your Highness came to *England*, so will I

In *England* work your Grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty Protector, have we *Beauford*,

The imperious Churchman; *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,

And grumbling *York*; and not the least of these,

But can do more in *England* than the King.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,

Cannot do more in *England*, than the *Nevils*;

Salisbury and *Warwick* are no simple Peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these Lords do vex me half so much,

As that proud Dame, the Lord Protector's Wife:

She sweeps it through the Court with troops of Ladies;

More like an Empress, than Duke *Humphry's* Wife:

Strangers in Court do take her for the Queen;

She bears a Duke's Revenues on her Back,

And in her Heart she scorns our Poverty:

Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?

Contemptuous base-born Callot as she is,

She vaunted 'mongst her Minions t'other day,

The very train of her worst wearing Gown

Was better worth than all my Father's Lands,

'Till *Suffolk* gave two Dukedoms for his Daughter.

Suf. Madam, my self have lin'd a bush for her;
 And plac'd a Quire of such enticing Birds,
 That she will light to listen to their Lays,
 And never mount to trouble you again.
 So let her rest; and, Madam, list to me,
 For I am bold to counsel you in this;
 Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
 Yet must we join with him, and with the Lords,
 'Till we have brought Duke *Humphry* in disgrace.
 As for the Duke of *York*, this late Complaint
 Will make but little for his benefit;
 So one by one we'll weed them all at last,
 And you your self shall steer the happy Helm.

*Enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Cardinal, Buckingham,
 York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Dutchesse.*

K. Henry. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
 Or *Somerſet*, or *York*, all's one to me.

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

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

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

Car. Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy Betters speak.

War. The Cardinal's not my Better in the Field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy Betters, *Warwick*.

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

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

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

Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himself
 To give this Censure: These are no Woman's Matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
 To be Protector of his Excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the Realm,
 And at his pleasure will resign my Place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine Insolence.
 Since thou wert King, as who is King, but thou?
 The Commonwealth hath daily run to wrack,
 The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the Seas,
 And all the Peers and Nobles of the Realm

Have been as Bond-men to thy Sovereignty.

Car. The Commons hast thou rack'd, the Clergy's Bags
Are lank and lean with thy Extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wife's Attire
Have cost a mass of publick Treasure.

Buck. Thy cruelty in Execution
Upon Offenders hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of Offices and Towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

[Exit Glo.

Give me my Fan; what, Minion, can ye not?

[She gives the Dutchess a box on the Ear.

I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?

Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:
Could I come near your Beauty with my Nails,
I could set my Ten Commandments in your Face.

K. Henry. Sweet Aunt, be quiet, 'twas against her Will.

Elean. Against her Will, good King? look to't in time,
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place most Master wears no Breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[Exit Eleanor.

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphry, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now, her Fume can need no spurs,
She'll gallop far enough to her Destruction.

[Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humphry.

Glo. Now, Lords, my Choler being over-blown,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talk of Commonwealth Affairs.
As for your spiteful false Objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercy deal so with my Soul,
As I in Duty love my King and Country.
But to the Matter that we have in hand:
I say, my Sovereign, York is meetest Man
To be your Regent in the Realm of France.

Suf. Before we make Election, give me leave
To shew some Reason, of no little force,
That *York* is most unmeet of any Man.

York. I'll tell thee, *Suffolk*, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of *Somerſet* will keep me here,
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,
'Till *France* be won into the Dauphin's Hands.
Last time I danç'd attendance on his Will,
'Till *Paris* was besieg'd, famish'd and lost.

War. That I can witness, and a fouler Fact
Did never Traitor in the Land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong *Warwick*.

War. Image of Pride, why should I hold my Peace?

Enter Horner the Armourer, and his Man Peter.

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

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

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

Suf. Please it your Majesty, this is the Man
That doth accuse his Master of High Treason:
His Words were these; That *Richard*, Duke of *York*,
Was rightful Heir unto the *English* Crown,
And that your Majesty was an Usurper.

K. Henry. Say, Man, were these thy Words?

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

Peter. By these ten Bones, my Lords, he did speak them
to me in the Garret one Night, as we were scow'ring my
Lord of *York*'s Armour.

York. Base Dunghil Villain, and Mechanical,
I'll have thy Head for this thy Traitor's Speech:
I do beseech your Royal Majesty,
Let him have all the rigor of the Law.

Arm. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake the Words:
my Accuser is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for
his Fault the other Day, he did vow upon his Knees he would
be even with me. I have good witness of this; therefore I
beseech your Majesty, do not cast away an honest Man for
a Villain's Accusation.

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

Glo. This doom, my Lord, if I may Judge:

Let *Somerset* be Regent o'er the *French*,
Because in *York* this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a Day appointed them
For single Combat, in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his Servant's Malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humphry's* doom.

Som. I humbly thank your Royal Majesty.

Arm. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake pity my Case; the spite of my Master prevaileth against me. O Lord have mercy upon me, I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my Heart.

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

K. Henry. Away with them to Prison; and the day of Combat, shall be the last of the next Month. Come *Somerset*, we'll see them sent away. [*Exeunt.*]

Flourish. Enter *Mother Jordan*, *Hume*, *Southwel*, and *Bullingbrook*.

Hume. Come, my Masters, the Dutchess, I tell you, expects performance of your Promises.

Bulling. Master *Hume*, we are therefore provided: Will her Ladyship behold and hear our Exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? Fear you not her Courage.

Bulling. I have heard her reported to be a Woman of an invincible Spirit; but it shall be convenient, Master *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while we be busie below; and so, I pray you, go in God's Name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*]

Mother Jordan, be prostrate, and grovel on the Earth; *John Southwel*, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor above.

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

Bulling. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times: Deep Night, dark Night, the silent of the Night, The time of Night when *Troy* was set on Fire, The times when Screech-owls cry, and Ban-dogs howl; When Spirits walk, and Ghosts break up their Graves; That time fits best the work we have in hand.

Madam,

Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise
We will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

[Here they do the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,
Bullingbrook, or Southwel reads, Conjuro te, &c. It
Thunders and Lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.

Spirit. Adsum.

M. Ford. Asmath, by the eternal God,
Whose Name and Power thou tremblest at,
Answer that I ask: For 'till thou speak,
Thou shalt not pass from hence.

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

Bulling. First of the King: What shall of him become.

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

[As the Spirit speaks they write the answer.

Bulling. What Fates await the Duke of *Suffolk*?

Spirit. By Water shall he die, and take his End.

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

Spirit. Let him shun Castles.

Safer shall he be upon sandy Plains,
Than there where lofty Castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Bulling. Descend to Darkness, and the burning Lake:
False Fiend avoid. [Thunder and Lightning. Spirit descends.

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

York. Lay Hands upon these Traitors and their trash:
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an Inch.
What, Madam, are you there? The King and Common-weal
Are deep indebted for this piece of Pains;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elean. Not half so bad as thine to *England's* King,
Injurious Duke, that threatn'st where's no cause.

Buck. True, Madam, none at all; What call you this?
Away with them, let them be clap'd up close,
And kept asunder: You, Madam, shall with us,
Stafford, take her to thee.

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

Away. [Exeunt Guard with Jordan, Southwel, &c.]

Tork. Lord *Buckingham*, methinks you watch'd her well
A pretty Plot, well chosen to build upon
Now, pray my Lord, let's see the Devil's Writ.
What have we here? [Reads]

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

Why, this is Just, *Alto re Acidem Romanos vincere posse.*
Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolk*?
By Water shall he die, and take his End.

What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset*?

*Let him foun Castles,
Safer shall he be upon sandy Plains,
Than there where lofty Castles mounted stand.*

Come, come, my Lords,
The Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.

The King is now in progress towards *St. Albans*,
With him the Husband of this lovely Lady:

Thither go these News,
As fast as Horse can carry them:

A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of *Tork*,
To be the Post, in hope of his Reward.

Thak. At your Pleasure, my good Lord.
Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*

To sup with me to morrow Night. Away. [Exeunt.]

*Enter King Henry, Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk,
with Faulknors following.*

Q. Mar. Believe me Lords, for flying at the Brook,
I saw no better Sport these seven years day;
Yet by your leave, the Wind was very high,
And ten to one, old *Joan* had not gone out.

K. Henry. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest:

To see how God in all his Creatures works,
Yea Man and Birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, and it like your Majesty,
My Lord Protector's Hawks do towre so well;

They know their Master loves to be aloft,
And bears his Thoughts above his Faulcon's pitch.

Glo. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble Mind,
That mounts no higher than a Bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much, he would be above the Clouds.

Glo. Ay, my Lord Cardinal, how think you by that?
Were it not good, your Grace could fly to Heaven?

K. Henry. The Treasury of everlasting Joy.

Car. Thy Heaven is on Earth, thine Eyes and Thoughts
Beat on a Crown, the Treasure of thy Heart,
Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,
That smooth'st it so with King and Commonweal.

Glo. What, Cardinal!

Is your Priesthood grown so peremptory?
Tantene animis Cœlestibus ira? Churchmen so hot?
Good Uncle, hide such Malice:

With such Holiness can you do it?

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

Glo. As who, my Lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my Lord,
An't like your Lordly Lord Protectorship.

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

Q. Mar. And thy Ambition, *Glo'ster*.

K. Henry. I preferre peace, good Queen,
And what not on these too too furious Peers,
For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the Peace I make,
Against this proud Protector, with my Sword.

Glo. Faith, Holy Uncle, would 'twere come to that.

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for that matter,
In thine own Person answer thy Abuse.

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep:
And if thou dar'st, this Evening,
On the East side of the Grove.

K. Henry. How now, my Lords?

Car. Believe me, Cousin *Glo'ster*,
Had not your Man put up the Fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport—
Come with thy two Hand-Sword.

[*Aside to Glo.*

Glo. True, Uncle, are ye advis'd?—
The East side of the Grove:
Cardinal, I am with you. [Aside.]

K. Henry. Why how now, Uncle *Glo'ster*?

Glo. Talking of Hawking, nothing else, my Lord.—
Now by God's Mother, Priest,
I'll shave your Crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail. [Aside.]

Car. [Aside.] *Medico curæ seipsum*, Protector see too't well,

K. Henry. The Winds grow high. [protect your self:
So do your Stomachs, Lords.

How irksome is this Musick to my Heart?
When such Strings jar, what hope of Harmony?
I pray, my Lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter One, crying A Miracle.

Glo. What means this Noise?
Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclaim?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind Man at *St. Alban's Shrine*,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight,
A Man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Henry. Now God be prais'd, that to believing Souls
Gives Light in Darkness, Comfort in Despair.

*Enter the Mayor of St. Albans, and his Brethren, bearing
Simpcox between two in a Chair, Simpcox's Wife following.*

Car. Here come the Townsmen on procession,
To present your Highness with the Man.

K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,
Although by his sight his Sin be multiplied.

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

K. Henry. Good-fellow, tell us here the Circumstance,
That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.

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

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

Wife. Ay, indeed was he.

Suf. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't please your Worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his Mother, thou couldst have better sold.

K. Henry. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At *Berwick* in the North, and't like your Grace.

K. Henry. Poor Soul,
God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never Day nor Night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, Good-fellow,
Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Devotion,
To this holy Shrine?

Simp. God knows of pure Devotion,
Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,
In my sleep, by good Saint *Alban*:
Who said; *Simon*, come, come offer at my Shrine,
And I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth;
And many a time and oft my self have heard a Voice,
To call him so.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me.

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O born so, Master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a Tree?

Simp. But that in my Life, when I was a Youth,

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

Glo. Mafs, thou lov'dst Plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some Damsons, and made me climb, with danger of my Life.

Glo. A subtile Knave, but yet it shall not serve:
Let me see thine Eyes, wink now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, Master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint *Alban*.

Glo. Say'st thou me so; what Colour is this Cloak of?

Simp. Red, Master, red as Blood.

Glo. Why that's well said: "What colour is my Gown of?"

Simp. Black, forsooth, coal-black, as Jet.

K. Henry. Why then, thou know'st what colour Jet is of?

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

Glo. But Cloaks and Gowns, before this day, a many.

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

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

Simp. Alas Master, I know not.

Glo. What's his Name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No indeed, Master.

Glo. What's thine own Name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, and if it please you, Master.

Glo. Then Saunder, sit there,

The tyingst Knave in Christendom.

If thou hadst been born blind,

Thou might'st as well have known all our Names,

As thus to know the several Colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish Colours:

But suddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint *Alban* here hath done a Miracle:

And would ye not think that Cunning to be great,

That could restore this Cripple to his Legs again?

Simp. O Master, that you could?

Glo. My Masters of Saint *Albans*,

Have you not Beadles in your Town,

And things call'd Whips?

Mayor. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the Beadle hither straight. [*Exit.*]

Glo. Now fetch me a Stool hither by and by.

Now Sirrah, if you mean to save your self from Whipping, leap me over this Stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:

You go to torture me in vain!

Enter a Beadle with Whips.

Glo. Well Sir, we must have you find your Legs.

Sirrah Beadle, whip him 'till he leap over that same Stool.

Bead. I will, my Lord,
Come on Sirrah, off with your Doublet, quickly.

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

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the Stool, and runs away; and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.*

K. Henry. O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long!

Queen. It made me laugh, to see the Villain run.

Glo. Follow the Knave, and take this Drab away.

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

Glo. Let him be whipt through every Market Town,
'Till they come to *Berwick*, from whence they came.

[*Exit Beadle.*

Car. Duke *Humphry* has done a Miracle to day.

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

Glo. But you have done more Miracles than I;
You made in a Day, my Lord, whole Towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

K. Henry. What Tidings with our Cousin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my Heart doth tremble to unfold:

A sort of naughty Persons, lewdly bent,
Under the Countenance and Confederacy
Of Lady *Eleanor*, the Protector's Wife,
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,
Have practis'd dangerously against your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the Fact,
Raising up wicked Spirits from under Ground,
Demanding of King *Henry's* Life and Death,
And other of your Highness Privy-Council,
As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my Lord Protector, by this means
Your Lady is forth-coming, yet at *London*.

This News, I think, hath turn'd your Weapon's edge
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to Glo'ster.*

Glo. Ambitious Church-man, leave to afflict my Heart:
Sorrow and Grief have vanquish'd all my Powers;
And vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest Groom.

K. Henry. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own Heads thereby?

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

Glo. Madam, for my self, to Heav'n I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my King, and Commonwealth:
And for my Wife, I know not how it stands,
Sorry am I to hear, what I have heard;
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and Virtue, and convers'd with such,
As like to Pitch, defile Nobility;
I banish her my Bed and Company,
And give her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dishonoured *Glo'ster's* honest Name.

K. Henry. Well, for this Night we will repose us here;
To morrow toward *London*, back again,
To look into this Business thoroughly,
And call these foul Offenders to their answers;
And poise the Cause in Justice equal Scales,
Whose Beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
Our simple Supper ended, give me leave,
In this close Walk to satisfy my self,
In craving your Opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible to *England's* Crown.

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

War. Sweet *York* begin; and if thy claim be good,
The *Nevils* are thy Subjects to command.

York. Then thus:

Edward the Third, my Lords, had seven Sons:
The first, *Edward* the Black Prince, Prince of *Wales*;
The second, *William* of *Hatfield*; and the third,
Lionel Duke of *Clarence*; next to whom,
Was *John* of *Gaunt*, the Duke of *Lancaster*;
The fifth, was *Edward* Langley, Duke of *York*;
The sixth, *Thomas* Woodstock, Duke of *Glo'ster*;
William of *Windsor* was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince dy'd before his Father,
And left behind him *Richard*, his only Son,

Who, after *Edward* the third's Death, reign'd King,
 'Till *Henry Bullingbroke*, Duke of *Lancaster*,
 The eldest Son and Heir of *John* of *Gaunt*,
 Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the fourth,
 Seiz'd on the Realm, depos'd the rightful King,
 Sent his poor Queen to *France*, from whence she came,
 And him to *Pomfret*; where, as all you know,
 Harmless King *Richard* was murdered traiterously.

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

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

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

York. The third Son, Duke of *Clarence*,
 From whose Line I claim the Crown,
 Had issue *Philip*, a Daughter,
 Who married *Edmond Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.
Edmond had Issue, *Roger* Earl of *March* :
Roger had Issue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Eleanor*.

Sal. This *Edmond*, in the reign of *Bullingbrook*,
 As I have read, laid claim unto the Crown,
 And, but for *Owen Glendour*, had been King;
 Who kept him in Captivity, 'till he dy'd,
 But, to the rest.

York. His eldest Sister, *Anne*,
 My Mother, being Heir unto the Crown,
 Married *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*,
 Who was Son to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the third's fifth Son's Son;
 By her I claim the Kingdom :
 She then was Heir to *Roger*, Earl of *March*,
 Who was the Son of *Edmond Mortimer*,
 Who married *Philip*, sole Daughter
 Unto *Lionel*, Duke of *Clarence*.
 So, if the Issue of the eldest Son
 Succeed before the younger, I am King.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the Crown from *John* of *Gaunt*,
 The fourth Son; *York* claims it from the third:
 'Till *Lionel*'s Issue fail, he should not Reign.

It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee
 And in thy Sons, fair Slips of such a Stock.
 Then Father *Salisbury*, kneel we together,
 And in this private Plot be we the first,
 That shall salute our rightful Sovereign
 With honour of his Birth-right to the Crown.

Both. Long live our Sovereign *Richard, England's King.*
Tork. We thank you, Lords:

But I am not your King, 'till I be crown'd;
 And that my Sword be stain'd
 With Heart-blood of the House of *Lancaster*:
 And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
 But with Advice and silent Secrecy.
 Do you, as I do, in these dangerous Days,
 Wink at the Duke of *Suffolk's* Insolence,
 At *Beauford's* Pride, at *Somerset's* Ambition,
 At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of them,
 'Till they have snar'd the Shepherd of the Flock,
 That virtuous Prince, the good Duke *Humphry*:
 'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
 Shall find their Deaths; if *Tork* can Prophecie.

Sal. My Lord, here break we off; we know your Mind
 at full.

War. My Heart assures me, that the Earl of *Warwick*
 Shall one day make the Duke of *Tork* a King.

Tork. And *Nevil*, this I do assure my self.
Richard shall live to make the Earl of *Warwick*
 The greatest Man in *England*, but the King.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry, and State, with
 Guard, to banish the Dutchess.

K. Henry. Stand forth, Dame *Eleanor Cobham*,
Gloster's Wife:

In sight of God, and us, your Guilt is great,
 Receive the sentence of the Law for sin,
 Such as by God's Book are adjudg'd to death.
 You four from hence to Prison, back again
 From thence, unto the place of Execution;
 The Witch in *Smithfield* shall be burn'd to Ashes,
 And you three shall be strangled on the Gallows.
 You Madam, for you are more nobly born,
 Despoyled of your Honour in your Life,

Shall after three Days open Penance done,
Live in your Country here, in Banishment,
With Sir *John Stanley*, in the *Ile of Man*.

Elean. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my
Death.

Glo. *Eleanor*, the Law thou see'st hath judged thee;
I cannot justifie, whom the Law condemns.

Mine Eyes are full of Tears, my Heart of Grief.

Ah *Humphry*, this dishonour in thine Age,
Will bring thy Head with sorrow to the Ground.

I beseech your Majesty give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and my Age would ease.

K. Henry. Stay *Humphry*, Duke of *Gloster*;

E'er thou go, give up thy Staff,

Henry will to himself Protector be,

And God shall be my Hope, my Stay, my Guide,

And Lanthorn to my Feet.

And go in peace, *Humphry*, no less belov'd,

Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

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

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

Give up your Staff, Sir, and the King his Realm.

Glo. My Staff? Here, noble *Henry*, is my Staff:

As willingly do I the same resign,

As e'er thy Father *Henry* made it mine;

And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,

As others would ambitiously receive it.

Farewel good King; when I am dead and gone,

My honourable Peace attend thy Throne. [Exit *Gloster*.

Q. Mar. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queen.

And *Humphry*, Duke of *Gloster*, scarce himself,

That bears so shrewd a maim; two Pulls at once;

His Lady banish'd, and a Limb lopt off,

This Staff of Honour raught, there let it stand,

Where best it fits to be, in *Henry's* Hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty Pine, and hangs his sprays,
Thus *Eleanor's* Pride dies in her younger days.

Tork. Lords, let him go. Please it your Majesty,

This is the day appointed for the Combate,

And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armourer and his Man, to enter the Lists,
So please your Highness to behold the Fight.

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

K. Henry. A God's Name see the Lists and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.

York. I never saw a Fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight; than is the Appellant,
The Servant of the Armourer, my Lords.

Enter at one Door the Armorer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a Drum before him; and his Staff with a Sand-bag fastned to it; and at the other Door his Man, with a Drum and a Sand-bag, and Prentices drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, Neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in
a Cup of Sack; and fear not, Neighbour, you shall do well
enough.

2 Neigh. And here, Neighbour, here's a Cup of Char-
neco.

3 Neigh. And here's a Pot of good double Beer, Neigh-
bour; drink, and fear not your Man.

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

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

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

Peter. I thank you all; drink, and pray for me, I pray
you, for I think I have taken my last Draught in this
World. Here *Robin*, if I die, I give thee my Apron; and
Will, thou shalt have my Hammer; and here, *Tam*, take
all the Mony that I have. 'O Lord bless me, I pray God,
for I am never able to deal with my Master, he hath learn'd
so much to fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.
Sirrah, what's thy Name?

Peter. *Peter*, forsooth.

Sal. *Peter*? what more?

Peter. *Thump*.

Sal. *Thump*? Then see thou thump thy Master well.

Arm. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my Man's Instigation, to prove him a Knave, and my self an honest Man: And touching the Duke of York, I will take my Death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King nor the Queen, and therefore *Peter* have at thee with a downright Blow.

York. Dispatch, this Knave's Tongue begins to double.
Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combatants.

[*They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*]

Arm. Hold *Peter*, hold; I confess, I confess Treason.

York. Take away his Weapon: Fellow, thank God, and the good Wine in thy Master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemy in this presence? O *Peter*, thou hast prevail'd in right.

K. Henry. Go, take hence that Traitor from our sight, For by his death we do perceive his guilt.

And God in Justice hath reveal'd to us

The Truth and Innocence of this poor Fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.

Come Fellow, follow us for thy Reward.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Duke Humphry and his Men, in Mourning Cloaks.

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud;
And after Summer, evermore succeeds

Barren Winter, with his wrathful nipping Cold;

So Cares and Joys abound, as Seasons fleet.

Sirs, what's a Clock?

Serv. Ten, my Lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd Dutchess:

Unneath she may endure the flinty Streets,

To tread them with her tender-feeling Feet.

Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble Mind a-brook

The abject People gazing on thy Face,

With envious Looks still laughing at thy Shame,

That erst did follow thy proud Chariot Wheels,

When thou didst ride in Triumph thro' the Streets.

But soft, I think she comes, and I'll prepare

My Tear-stain'd Eyes, to see her Miseries.

Enter the Dutchess in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her Hand, with a Sheriff and Officers.

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

Glo. No, stir not for your lives, let her pass by.

Elean. Come you, my Lord, to see my open Shame?
Now thou dost Penance too. Look how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their Heads, and throw their Eyes on thee.
Ah *Glo'ster*, hide thee from their hateful Looks,
And in thy Closet pent up, rue my Shame,
And ban our Enemies, both mine and thine.

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

Elean. Ah *Glo'ster*, teach me to forget my self:
For whilst I think I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in Shame, with Papers on my Back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that rejoice
To see my Tears, and hear my deep-set Groans.
The ruthless Flint doth cut my tender Feet,
And when I start the envious People laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah *Humphry*, can I bear this shameful Yoak?
Trowest thou, that e'er I'll look upon the World,
Or count them happy that enjoy the Sun?
No: Dark shall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To think upon my Pomp, shall be my Hell.
Sometime I'll say I am Duke *Humphry's* Wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet so he Rul'd, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn Dutcheß,
Was made a Wonder, and a pointing Stock
To every idle Rascal Follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my Shame,
Nor stir at nothing, 'till the Ax of Death
Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.

For *Suffolk*, he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,
And *York*, and impious *Beauford*, that false Priest,
Have all lim'd Bushes to betray thy Wings,
And fly thou how thou can'st, they'll tangle thee:
But fear thou not until thy Foot be snar'd,
Nor ever seek prevention of thy Foes.

Glo. Ah, *Nell*, forbear; thou aimest all awry.
 I must offend before I be attainted:
 And had I twenty times so many Foes,
 And each of them had twenty times their Power,
 All these could not procure me any scathe,
 So long as I am Loyal, True, and Crimeless.
 Wouldst have me rescue thee from this Reproach?
 Why yet thy Scandal were not wip'd away,
 But I in danger for the breach of Law.
 Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle *Nell*:
 I pray thee sort thy Heart to patience,
 These few Days wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesty's Parliament
 Holden at *Bury*, the first of this next Month.

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

Sher. And't please your Grace, here my Commission stays:
 And Sir *John Stanly* is appointed now,
 To take her with him to the *Isle of Man*.

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

Stanly. So am I given in charge, may't please your Grace.

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

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

Glo. Witness my Tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exit Gloucester.*

Elean. Art thou gone too? all Comfort go with thee,
 For none abides with me; my Joy is Death;
 Death, at whose Name I oft have been afraid,
 Because I wish'd this World's Eternity.

Stanly. I prethee go, and take me hence,
 I care not whither, for I beg no Favour;
 Only convey me where thou art commanded.

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

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

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

Elean. Sheriff farewel, and better, than I, fare,
Although thou haſt been Conduſt of my Shame.

Sher. It is my Office, and, Madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay, farewel, thy Office is diſcharg'd.
Come *Stanly*, ſhall we go?

Stan. Madam, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,

And go we to attire you for our Journey.

Elean. My Shame will not be ſhifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richeſt Robes,
And ſhew it ſelf, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way, I long to ſee my Priſon. [Exeunt.]

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

K. Henry. I muſe my Lord of *Gloſter* is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt Man,
Whate'er occaſion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not ſee? or will ye not obſerve
The ſtrangenefs of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Maſteſty he bears himſelf,
How Insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himſelf!
We know the time ſince he was Mild and Affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off Look,
Immediately he was upon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for Submiſſion.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morn,
When every one will give the time of Day,
He knits his Brow, and ſhews an angry Eye,
And paſſeth by with ſtiff unbowed Knee,
Diſdaining Duty that to us belongs.
Small Curs are not regarded when they grin,
But great Men tremble when the Lion roars,
And *Humphry* is no little Man in *England*.
Firſt note, that he is near you in Deſcent,
And ſhould you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me ſeemeth then, it is no Policy,

Respecting what a Rancorous Mind he bears,
 And his advantage following your decease,
 That he should come about your Royal Person,
 Or be admitted to your Highness Council.
 By Flattery hath he won the Commons Hearts :
 And when he please to make Commotion,
 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
 Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow rooted,
 Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the Garden,
 And choak the Herbs for want of Husbandry.
 The reverent Care I bear unto my Lord,
 Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
 If it be fond, call it a Woman's fear :
 Which fear, if better Reasons can supplant,
 I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.
 My Lord of *Suffolk*, *Buckingham*, and *York*,
 Reprove my Allegation, if you can,
 Or else conclude my Words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highness seen into this Duke.
 And had I first been but to speak my Mind,
 I think I should have told your Grace's Tale.
 The Dutchess, by his Subornation,
 Upon my Life began her devilish Practices :
 Or if he were not privy to these Faults,
 Yet by repeating of his high Descent,
 As next the King, he was successive Heir,
 And such high Vaunts of his Nobility,
 Did instigate the Bedlam brain-sick Dutchess,
 By wicked means to frame our Sovereign's Fall.
 Smooth runs the Water where the Brook is deep,
 And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.
 The Fox barks not when he would steal the Lamb.
 No, no, my Sovereign, *Gloster* is a Man
 Unfounded yet, and full of deep Deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of Law,
 Devise strange Deaths, for small Offences done?

York. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
 Levy great sums of Money through the Realm,
 For Soldiers pay in *France*, and never sent it?
 By means of which the Towns each day revolted.

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

K. Henry. My Lords at once; the care you have of us,
To mow down Thorns that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy Praise; but shall I speak my Conscience,
Our Kinsman *Glo'ster* is as innocent
From meaning Treason to our Royal Person,
As is the sucking Lamb, or harmless Dove:
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on Evil, or to work my Downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah! what's more dangerous, than this fond affi-
Seems he a Dove? His Feathers are but borrow'd, [ance?
For he is disposed as the hateful Raven.
Is he a Lamb? His Skin was surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous Wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of us all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent Man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All Health unto my gracious Sovereign.

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

Som. That all our Interest in those Territories,
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost. [done.

K. Henry. Cold News Lord *Somerset*; but God's Will be
Tork. Cold News for me; for I had hope of *France*,
As firmly as I hop'd for fertile *England*.
Thus are my Blossoms blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillars eat my Leaves away.
But I will remedy this gear e'er long,
Or sell my Title for a glorious Grave. [Aside.

Enter Gloucester.

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

Suf. Nay, *Glo'ster*, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more Loyal than thou art;
I do arrest thee of High Treason here.

Glo. Well *Suffolk*, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:
A Heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest Spring is not so free from Mud,
As I am clear from Treason to my Sovereign.

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

Tork. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you took Bribes of *France*,
And being Protector, staid the Soldiers Pay,
By means whereof his Highness hath lost *France*.

Glo. Is it but thought so?
What are they that think it?
I never robb'd the Soldiers of their Pay,
Nor never had one penny Bribe from *France*.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the Night,
Ay, Night by Night, in studying good for *England*.
That Doit that e'er I wrested from the King,
Or any Groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my Trial day.
No; many a Pound of my own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy Commons,
Have I disbursed to the Garrisons,
And never ask'd for Restitution.

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

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

Tork. In your Protectorship you did devise
Strange Tortures for Offenders, never heard of,
That *England* was defam'd by Tyranny.

Glo. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an Offender's Tears,
And lowly Words were ransom for their fault:
Unless it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or foul felonious Thief, that fleec'd poor Passengers,
I never gave them condign Punishment.
Murther indeed, that bloody Sin, I tortur'd
Above the Felon, or what Trespas else.

Suf. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are laid unto your Charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your self.
I do arrest you in his Highness Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of Trial.

K. Henry. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear your self from all suspicion,
My Conscience tells me you are Innocent.

Glo. Ah gracious Lord, these days are dangerous :
 Virtue is choak'd with foul Ambition,
 And Charity chac'd hence by Rancor's Hand ;
 Foul Subornation is predominant,
 And Equity exil'd your Highness Land.
 I know, their Complot is to have my Life:
 And if my Death might make this Island happy,
 And prove the period of their Tyranny,
 I would expend it with all willingness.
 But mine is made the Prologue to their Play :
 For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
 Will not conclude their plotted Tragedy.
Beauford's red sparkling Eyes blab his Heart's malice,
 And *Suffolk's* cloudy Brow his stormy hate ;
 Sharp *Buckingham* unburthens with his Tongue
 The envious load that lyes upon his Heart :
 And dogged *Tork*, that reaches at the Moon,
 Whose over-weening Arm I have pluck'd back.
 By false accuse doth level at my Life.
 And you, my Sovereign Lady, with the rest,
 Causeless have laid Disgraces on my Head,
 And with your best endeavours have stirr'd up
 My liefeft Liege to be mine Enemy :
 Ay, all of you have laid your Heads together,
 My self had notice of your Conventicles,
 And all to make away my guiltless Life.
 I shall not want false Witness to condemn me,
 Nor store of Treason to augment my Guilt :
 The ancient Proverb will be well effected,
A Staff is quickly found to beat a Dog.

Car. My Liege, his railing is intolerable.
 If those that care to keep your Royal Person
 From Treason's secret Knife, and Traitor's Rage,
 Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,
 And the Offender granted scope of Speech,
 'Twill make them cool in Zeal unto your Grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our Sovereign Lady here
 With ignominious Words, though Clarkly coucht ?
 As if he had suborned some to swear
 False Allegations to o'erthrow his State.

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

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

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

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

Glo. Ah, thus King *Henry* throws away his Crutch,
Before his Legs be firm to bear his Body;
Thus is the Shepherd beaten from thy side,
And Wolves are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my fear were false, ah that it were;
For good King *Henry*, thy Decay I fear. [Exit.

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

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

K. Henry. Ay *Margaret*: My Heart is drown'd with Grief,
Whose Flood begins to flow within my Eyes;
My Body round engirt with Misery;
For what's more miserable than Discontent?
Ah Uncle, *Humphry*, in thy Face I see
The Map of Honour, Truth, and Loyalty:
And yet, good *Humphry*, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy Faith:
What lowering Star now envies thy estate?
That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless Life,
That never didst them wrong, nor no Man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calf,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;
Even so remorseless have they born him hence:
And as the Dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her Darling's loss;
Even so my self bewails good *Gloster's* case,
With sad unhelpful Tears; and with dim'd Eyes;
Look after him, and cannot do him good:
So mighty are his vowed Enemies.
His Fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each Groan,
Say, who's a Traitor? *Gloster* he is none.

Y o L. III.

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[Exit.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. Free Lords:

Cold Snow melts with the Sun's hot Beams,
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affairs,
 Too full of foolish pity; and *Glo'ster's* shew
 Beguiles him, as the mournful Crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting Passengers:
 Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowry Bank,
 With shining checker'd Slough, doth sting a Child,
 That for the Beauty thinks it excellent.
 Believe me, Lords, were none more wise than I,
 And yet herein I judge my own Wit good,
 This *Glo'ster* should be quickly rid the World,
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

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

Suf. But in my Mind, that were no policy;
 The King will labour still to save his Life,
 The Commons haply rise to save his Life;
 And yet we have but trivial Argument,
 More than Mistrust, that shews him worthy Death.

York. So that by this, you would not have him die,

Suf. Ah *York*, no Man alive, so fain as I,

York. 'Tis *York* that hath more reason for his Death.
 B it my Lord Cardinal, and you my Lord of *Suffolk*,
 Say as you think, and speak it from your Souls:
 Wer't not all one, an empty Eagle were set
 To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kite,
 As place Duke *Humphry* for the King's Protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor Chicken should be sure of Death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and wer't not madness then,
 To make the Fox Surveyor of the Fold?
 Who being accus'd a crafty Murderer,
 His Guilt should be but idly posted over,
 Because his purpose is not executed.
 No; let him die, in that he is a Fox,
 By Nature prov'd an Enemy to the Flock,
 Before his Chaps be stain'd with Crimson Blood,
 As *Humphry* prov'd by Reasons to my Liege.
 And do not stand on Quillets how to slay him:
 Be it by Ginns, by Snares, by Subtilty,

Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

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

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

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of *Suffolk*,
E'er you can take due Orders for a Priest:
Say you consent, and censure well the Deed,
And I'll provide his Executioner,
I tender to the safety of my Liege.

Suf. Here is my Hand, the Deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

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

Enter a Post.

Post. Great Lords, from *Ireland* am I come again
To signify that Rebels there are up,
And put the *Englishmen* unto the Sword;
Send Succours, Lords, and stop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound do grow incurable;
For being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A Breach that craves a quick expedient stop.
What Counsel give you in this weighty Cause?

York. That *Somerset* be sent a Regent thither:
'Tis meet the lucky Ruler be employ'd,
Witness the Fortune he hath had in *France*.

Som. If *York*, with all his far-set Policy,
Had been the Regent there, instead of me,
He never would have staid in *France* so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my Life betimes,
Than bring a burthen of Dishonour home,
By staying there so long, 'till all were lost.
Shew me one Scar character'd on thy Skin:
Mens Flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging Fire,
If Wind and Fuel be brought to feed it with:
No more, good *York*; sweet *Somerset* be still.
Thy fortune, *York*, hadst thou been Regent there,
Might haply have prov'd far worse than his.

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

Som. And in the number, thee that wishest Shame.

Car. My Lord of *York*, try what your Fortune is.

Th' uncivil Kerns of *Ireland* are in Arms,
And temper Clay with Blood of *Englishmen*.
To *Ireland* will you lead a Band of Men,
Collected choicely, from each Country some,
And try your hap against the *Irishmen*?

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

Suf. Why, our Authority is his Consent,
And what we do establish he confirms;
Then, Noble *York*, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content: Provide me Soldiers, Lords,
Whiles I take Order for mine own Affairs.

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

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

York. My Lord of *Suffolk*, within fourteen Days
At *Bristol* I expect my Soldiers,
For there I'll Ship them all for *Ireland*.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of *York*. [Exeunt.
Manet York.

York. Now *York*, or never, steel thy fearful Thoughts,
And change Misdoubt to Resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to Death, it is not worth th' enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd Fear keep with the mean-born Man,
And find no harbour in a Royal Heart.
Faster than Spring-time showers, comes thought on thought,
And not a thought, but thinks on Dignity.
My Brain, more busie than the labouring Spider,
Weaves tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,

To send me packing with an Host of Men :
 I fear me, you but warm the starved Snake,
 Who cherish'd in your Breasts, will sting your Hearts,
 'Twas Men I lack'd, and you will give them me ;
 I take it kindly ; yet be well assur'd,
 You put sharp Weapons in a mad Man's Hands,
 Whilst I in *Ireland* nourish a mighty Band,
 I will stir up in *England* some black Storm,
 Shall blow ten thousand Souls to Heaven or Hell :
 And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
 Until the golden Circuit on my Head
 Like to the glorious Sun's transparent Beams,
 Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd Flaw,
 And for a Minister of my intent,
 I have seduc'd a headstrong *Kentish* Man,
John Cade of *Asbfard*,
 To make Commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the Title of *John Mortimer*.
 In *Ireland* have I seen this stubborn *Cade*
 Oppose himself against a Troop of Kerns,
 And fought so long, 'till that his Thighs with Darts
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd Porcupine :
 And in the end being rescued, I have seen
 Him caper upright, like a wild Morisco,
 Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells,
 Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kern,
 Hath he conversed with the Enemy,
 And undiscovered come to me again,
 And given me notice of their Villanies.
 This Devil, here, shall be my Substitute ;
 For that *John Mortimer*, which is now dead,
 In Face, in Gate, in Speech he doth resemble,
 By this I shall perceive the Commons Mind,
 How they affect the House and Claim of *York*,
 Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured ;
 I know no pain they can inflict upon him,
 Will make him say, I mov'd him to those Arms.
 Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
 Why then from *Ireland* come I with my strength,
 And reap the Harvest which that Rascal sow'd ;

For *Humphry* being dead, as he shall be,
And *Henry* put a-part; the next for me.

[Exit.

*Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the Mar-
shes of Duke Humphry.*

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

2. Oh that it were to do: What have we done?
Didst euer hear a Man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suf. Now, Sirs, have you dispatcht this thing?

1. Ay, my good Lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my House,
I will reward you for this venturous Deed:
The King and all the Peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the Bed? are all things well,
According as I gave Directions?

1. Yes, my good Lord.

Suf. Away, be gone.

[Exit.

*Enter King Henry, the Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, So-
merfet, with Attendants.*

K. Henry. Go call our Uncle to our presence straight:
Say we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my Noble Lord. [Exit.

K. Henry. Lords take your Places; and I pray you all
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Uncle *Gloster*,
Than from true Evidence of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any Malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a Nobleman:
Pray God he may acquit him of Suspicion.

K. Henry. I thank thee *Nell*, these Words content me much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our Uncle? what's the matter, *Suffolk*?

Suf. Dead in his Bed, my Lord, *Gloster* is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry God forsend.

Car. God's secret Judgment: I did dream to Night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a word. [K. swoons.

Q. Mar. How fares my Lord? Help Lords, the King is dead.

Som. Rear up his Body, wring him by the Nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help: Oh *Henry*, ope thine Eyes.

Suf. He doth revive again, Madam be patient.

K. Henry. O Heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious Lord?

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

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

Came he right now to sing a Raven's Note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital Powers:
And thinks he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying Comfort from a hollow Breast,
Can chase away the first conceived sound?
Hide not thy poyson with such sugar'd Words,
Lay not thy Hands on me; forbear, I say,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpent's sting.
Thou baleful Messenger, out of my sight:
Upon thy Eye-balls murderous Tyranny
Sits in grim Majesty, to fright the World.
Look not upon me, for thine Eyes are wounding;
Yet do not go away; come, Basilisk,
And kill the innocent Gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of Death, I shall find Joy;
In life, but double death, now *Glo'ster's* dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of *Suffolk* thus?

Although the Duke was Enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his Death;
As for my self, Foe as he was to me,
Might liquid Tears, or heart-offending Groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recal his Life;
I would be blind with weeping, sick with Groans,
Look pale as Primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the Noble Duke alive.
What know I how the World may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow Friends:
It may be judg'd I made the Duke away,
So shall my Name with Slander's Tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with Reproach:
This get I by his death: Aye me unhappy,
To be a Queen, and crown'd with Infamy.

K. Henry. Ah woe is me for *Glo'ster*, wretched Man.

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy Face?

I am no loathsome Leper, look on me.
 What, art thou like an Adder waxen deaf?
 Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
 Is all thy Comfort shut in *Glo'ster's* Tomb?
 Why then Dame *Margaret* was ne'er thy Joy.
 Erect his Statue, and do worship to it,
 And make my Image but an Ale-house sign.
 Was I for this nigh wreckt upon the Sea,
 And twice by aukward Wind from *England's* Bank
 Drove back again unto my Native Clime?
 What boarded this? but well fore-warning Wind
 Did seem to say, Seek not a Scorpion's Nest,
 Nor set a footing on this unkind Shoar,
 What did I then? but curst the gentle gusts,
 And he that loos'd them from their Brazen Caves,
 And bid them blow towards *England's* blessed shoar,
 Or turn our Stern upon a dreadful Rock:
 Yet *Aeolus* would not be a Murtherer,
 But left that hateful Office unto thee.
 The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drown me,
 Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shoar
 With Tears as salt as Sea, through thy unkindness.
 The splitting Rocks cower'd in the sinking Sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
 Because thy flinty Heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy Palace perish *Margaret*:
 As far as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffs,
 When from thy shoar the Tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the Hatches in the Storm,
 And when the dusky Sky began to rob
 My earnest gaping sight of the Land's view,
 I took a costly Jewel from my Neck,
 A Heart it was, bound in with Diamonds,
 And threw it towards thy Land; the Sea receiv'd it,
 And so I wish'd thy Body might my Heart:
 And even with this I lost fair *England's* view,
 And bid mine Eyes be packing with my Heart,
 And call'd them blind and dusky Spectacles,
 For losing ken of *Albion's* wished Coast.
 How often have I tempted *Suffolk's* Tongue
 (The Agent of thy foul Inconstancy)

To sit and watch me, as *Ascanius* did,
 When he to madding *Dido* would unfold
 His Father's Acts, commenc'd in burning *Troy*.
 Am I not wight like her? or thou not false like him?
 Ah me, I can no more: Dye *Margaret*,
 For *Henry* weeps, that thou didst live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, and many Commons.

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

K. Henry. That he is dead, good *Warwick*, 'tis too true,
 But how he died, God knows, not *Henry*:
 Enter his Chamber, view his breathless Corps,
 And comment then upon his sudden Death.

War. That I shall do, my Liege: Stay, *Salisbury*,
 With the rude Multitude, 'till I return.

K. Henry. O thou that judgest all things, stay my Thoughts;
 My Thoughts, that labour to persuade my Soul,
 Some violent Hands were laid on *Humphry's* Life:
 If my suspect be false, forgive me God,
 For Judgment only doth belong to thee.
 Fain would I go to chafe his paly Lips,
 With twenty thousand Kisses, and to drain
 Upon his Face an Ocean of salt Tears,
 To tell my Love unto his dumb deaf Trunk,
 And with my Fingers feel his Hand unfeeling:
 But all in vain are these mean Obsequies.

[*Bed with Glo'ster's Body put forth.*

And to survey his dead and earthly Image:
 What were it but to make my Sorrow greater?

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

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my Grave is made:
 For with his Soul fled all my worldly solace;
 For seeing him, I see my Life is Death.

War. As surely as my Soul intends to live
 With that dread King that took our state upon him,

To free us from his Father's wrathful Curse,
I do believe that violent Hands were laid,
Upon the Life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadful Oath, sworn with a solemn Tongue:
What instance gives Lord *Warwick* for his Vow?

War. See how the Blood is settled in his Face.
Oft have I seen a timely parted Ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring Heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with Death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the Enemy,
Which with the Heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the Cheek again.

But see, his Face is black, and full of Blood,
His Eye-balls further out, than when he lived,
Staring full gaskly, like a strangled Man;
His Hair up rear'd, his Nostrils stretch'd with struggling,
His Hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the Sheets, his Hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd Beard, made rough and rugged,
Like to the Summer's Corn by Tempest lodged:
It cannot be but he was murdered here,
The least of all these signs were probable.

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

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

Q. Mar. Then you belike suspect these Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humphry's* timeless death.

War. Who finds the Heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a Butcher with an Ax,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttock's Nest,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kite soar with unbloodied Beak?
Even so suspicious is this Tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk*? where's the Knife?
Is *Beaufort* term'd a Kite? where are his Tallons?

Suf. I wear no Knife, to slaughter sleeping Men,
But here's a 'vengeful Sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous Heart,
That slanders me with Murther's Crimson Badge.
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of *Warwickshire*,
That I am faulty in Duke *Humphry's* death.

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

Q. Mar. He dare not calm his contumelious Spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller,
Tho' *Suffolk* dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam be still; with reverence may I say,
For every word you speak in his behalf;
Is slander to your Royal Dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy Mother took into her blameful Bed
Some stern untutor'd Churl; and noble Stock
Was graft with Crab-tree Slip, whose Fruit thou art,
And never of the *Nevil's* Noble Race.

War. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand Shames,
And that my Sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed Speech,
And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st;
That thou thy self wast born in Bastardy:
And after all this fearful Homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy Soul to Hell,
Pernicious Blood sucker of sleeping Men.

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

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence,
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke *Humphry's* Ghost. [*Exeunt.*]

K. Henry. What stronger Breast-plate than a Heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lockt up in Steel,
Whose Conscience with Injustice is corrupted. [*A noise within.*]

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their Weapons drawn.

K. Henry. Why how now, Lords?

Your wrathful Weapons drawn,

Here in our presence! Dare you be so bold?

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The trait'rous *Warwick* with the Men of *Barry*,
Set all upon me, mighty Sovereign.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart, the King shall know your Mind.

Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,

Unless Lord *Suffolk* straight be put to death,

Or banished fair *England's* Territories,

They will by violence tear him from your Palace,

And torture him with grievous lingring death.

They say, by him the good Duke *Humphry* dy'd;

They say, in him they fear your Highness's death;

And mere instinct of Love and Loyalty.

Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

As being thought to contradict your liking,

Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.

They say, in care of your most Royal Person,

That if your Highness should intend to sleep,

And charge that no Man should disturb your rest,

In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;

Yet notwithstanding such a strange Edict,

Were there a Serpent seen with forked Tongue,

That slyly glided towards your Majesty,

It were but necessary you were wak'd;

Lest being suffer'd in that harmless slumber,

The mortal Worm might make the Sleep Eternal;

And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

That they will guard you whe're you will or no,

From such fell Serpents as false *Suffolk* is;

With whose invenomed and fatal sting,

Your loving Uncle, twenty times his worth,

They say, is shamefully bereft of Life.

[*Salisbury.*

Commons within. An Answer from the King, my Lord of

Suf. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolisht Hinds,

Could send such Message to their Sovereign:

But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd,

To shew how queint an Orator you are.
But all the honour *Salisbury* hath won,
Is, that he was the Lord Ambassador
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

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

K. Henry. Go *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet sure my Thoughts do hourly prophesie
Mischance unto my State by *Suffolk's* meaus.
And therefore by his Majesty I swear,
Whose far-unworthy Deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this Air,
But three Days longer, on the pain of death.

Q. Mar. Oh *Henry*, let me plead for gentle *Suffolk*.

K. Henry. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle *Suffolk*.
No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my Wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear it is irrevocable:
If after three Days space thou here be'st found,
Or any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.
Come *Warwick*, come good *Warwick*, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee. [Exit.

Q. Mar. Mischance and Sorrow go along with you,
Hearts Discontent, and four Affliction,
Be Play-fellows to keep you company;
There's two of you, the Devil made a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend upon your steps.

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

Q. Mar. Fie coward Woman, and soft-hearted wretch,
Hast thou not Spirit to curse thine Enemy?

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

Would Curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed Teeth,

With full as many signs of deadly Hate,
 As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome Cave.
 My Tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
 Mine Eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
 Mine Hair be fixt an end, as one distract:
 Ay, every Joint should seem to Curse and Ban,
 And even now my burthen'd Heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their Drink,
 Gall, worse than Gall, the daintiest that they taste,
 Their sweetest shade, a Grove of Cypress Trees,
 Their chiefest Prospect, murd'ring Basilisks,
 Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards Rings,
 Their Musick, frightful as the Serpents hiss,
 And boading Screech-Owls, make the Consort full,
 And the foul Terrors in dark-seated Hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet *Suffolk*, thou torment'st thy self,
 And these dread Curses, like the Sun 'gainst Glass,
 Or like an overcharged Gun, recoil,
 And turn the force of them upon thy self.

Suf. You badge me ban, and will you bid me leave?
 Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a Winter's Night,
 Though standing naked on a Mountain top,
 Where biting Cold would never let Grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, give me thy hand,
 That I may dew it with my mournful Tears;
 Nor let the Rain of Heav'n wet this place,
 To wash away my woful Monuments.
 Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy Hand,
 That thou might'st think upon these by the Seal,
 Through whom a thousand Sighs are breath'd for thee.
 So get thee gone, that I may know my Grief,
 'Tis but surmix'd whilst thou art standing by,
 As one that Surfeits, thinking on a want:
 I will repeal thee, or be well assur'd,
 Adventure to be banished my self:
 And banished I am, if but from thee
 Go, speak not to me; even now be gone—
 Oh go not yet—Even thus, two Friends condemn'd
 Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand Leaves,

Loather a hundred times to part than die :

Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poor *Suffolk* ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis not the Land I care for, wert thou hence,

A Wilderness is populous enough,

So *Suffolk* had thy heavenly Company,

For where thou art, there is the World it self,

With every several Pleasure in the World :

And where thou art not, Desolation.

I can no more——Live thou to joy thy Life;

My self no Joy in ought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vaux.

Q. Mar. Whither goes *Vaux* so fast? what News, I
prithee?

Vaux. To signifie unto his Majesty,
That Cardinal *Beauford* is at the point of death:

For suddenly a grievous Sicknes took him,

That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the Air,

Blaspheming God, and cursing Men on Earth.

Sometimes he talks, as if Duke *Humphry's* Ghost

Were by his side; sometimes he calls the King,

And whispers to his Pillow, as to him,

The secrets of his over-charged Soul:

And I am sent to tell his Majesty,

That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy Message to the King. [*Exit.*

Ay me! what is this World? what News are these?

But wherefore grieve I at an hours poor loss,

Omitting *Suffolk's* Exile, my Soul's Treasure?

Why only, *Suffolk*, mourn I not for thee,

And with the Southern Clouds, contend in tears?

Theirs for the Earths increase; mine for my Sorrows.

Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is coming,

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live,

And in thy sight to die, what were it else,

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?

Here could I breathe my Soul into the Air,

As mild and gentle, as the Cradle-babe,

Dying

Dying with Mother's Dug between its Lips,
 Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
 And cry out for thee to close up mine Eyes;
 To have thee with thy Lips to stop my Mouth;
 So shouldst thou either turn my flying Soul,
 Or I should breathe it so into thy Body,
 And then it lives in sweet *Elysium*.
 To die by thee, were but to die in jest,
 From thee to die, were torture more than Death;
 Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away; though parting be a fretful Corrosive,
 It is applied to a deathful Wound.

To *France*, sweet *Suffolk*; let me hear from thee:
 For wheresoe'er thou art in this World's Globe,
 I'll have an *Iris* that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my Heart with thee.

Suf. A Jewel lock'd into the woful'st Casket
 That ever did contain a thing of worth,
 Even as a splitted Bark, so funder we;
 This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt severally.*
*Enter King Henry, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinal
 in Bed.*

K. Henry. How fares my Lord? Speak *Beauford* to thy
 Sovereign.

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

K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil Life,
 Where Death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beauford, it is thy Sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my Trial when you will.
 Dy'd he not in his Bed? where should he die?
 Can I make Men live where they will or no?
 Oh torture me no more, I will confess——
 Alive again? Then shew me where he is:
 I'll give a thousand Pound to look upon him——
 He hath no Eyes, the Dust hath blinded them:
 Combe down his Hair; look, look, it stands upright;

Like

Like Lime-twigs set to catch my winged Soul:
Give me some drink, and bid th' Apothecary
Bring the strong Poison that I bought of him.

K. Henry. O thou eternal Mover of the Heav'ns,
Look with a gentle Eye upon this Wretch,
Oh beat away the busie meddling Fiend,
That lays strong Siege unto this Wretch's Soul;
And from his Bosom purge this black despair.

War. See how the Pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his Soul, if God's good pleasure be;
Lord Card'nal, if thou think'st on Heav'n's bliss,
Hold up thy Hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no Sign: Oh God forgive him.

War. So bad a Death argues a monstrous Life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are Sinners all.
Close up his Eyes, and draw the Curtain close,
And let us all to Meditation.

[*Exeunt.*

Allarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captains,
Whitmore, and other Pirates, with Suffolk and others
Prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy blabbing and remorseful day,
Is crept into the Bosom of the Sea:
And now loud howling Wolves arouse the Jades
That drag the Tragick melancholy Night:
Who with their drowsie, slow, and flagging Wings
Cleap dead Mens Graves; and from their misty Jaws,
Breath foul contagious darkness in the Air:
Therefore bring forth the Soldiers of our prize,
For whilst our Pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their Ransom on the Sand;
Or with their Blood stain this discoloured shore.
Master, this Prisoner freely give I thee.
And thou that art his Mate, make Boot of this:
The other, *Walter Whitmore*, is thy share.

1 Gen. What is my Ransom, Master, let me know.

Maft. A thousand Crowns, or else lay down your Head.

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

Whit. What, think you much to pay 2000 Crowns,
And bear the Name and Port of Gentlemen?

Cut both the Villains Throats, for die you shall:
Nor can those lives which we have lost in fight,
Be counter-pois'd with such a petty Sum.

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, Sir, and therefore spare my Life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine Eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die; [*To Suffolk.*
And so should these, if I might have my Will.

Cap. Be not so rash, take Ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my *George*, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is *Walter Whitmore*.
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound 'is Death:
A cunning Man did calculate my Birth,
And told me, that by *Water* I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be Bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our Name,
But with our *Sword* we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my *Sword*, my Arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the World.

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

Whit. The Duke of *Suffolk*, muffled up in Rags!

Suf. Ay, but these Rags are no part of the Duke.

Cap. But *Jove* was never slain as thou shalt be,
Obscure and lowlie Swain—King *Henry's* Blood!

Suf. The honourable Blood of *Lancaster*
Must not be shed by such a jaded Groom:
Hast thou not kiss'd thy Hand, and held my Stirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my Foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my Head.
How often hast thou waited at my Cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd down at the Board,
When I have feasted with Queen *Margaret*?
Remember it, and let it make thee Crest-faln,
Ay, and allay this thy abortive Pride:

How in our voiding Lobby hast thou stood,
 And duly waited for my coming forth?
 This Hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
 And therefore shall it charm thy riotous Tongue.

Whit. Speak Captain, shall I stab the forlorn Swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base Slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our Long-boat's side,
 Strike off his Head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Poole, Sir Poole? Lord?

Ay kennel---puddle---sink, whose filth and dirt
 Troubles the Silver Spring, where *England* drinks:
 Now will I dam up this thy yawning Mouth,
 For swallowing up the Treasure of the Realm.
 Thy Lips that kiss'd the Queen, shall sweep the Ground:
 And thou that smild'st at good Duke *Humphry's* Death,
 Against the senseless Winds shalt grin in vain,
 Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.
 And wedded be thou to the Hags of Hell,
 For daring to affie a mighty Lord
 Unto the Daughter of a worthless King,
 Having nor Subject, Wealth, nor Diadem:
 By devilish policy art thou grown great,
 And like ambitious *Sylla* over-gorg'd,
 With gobbets of thy Mother's bleeding Heart.
 By thee *Anjou* and *Main* were sold to *France*.
 The false revolting *Normans*, through thee,
 Disdain to call us Lord, and *Picardie*
 Hath slain their Governors, surpriz'd our Forts,
 And sent the ragged Soldiers wounded home:
 The Princely *Warwick*, and the *Nevils* all,
 Whose dreadful Swords were never drawn in vain,
 As hating thee, are rising up in Arms.
 And now the House of *Tork* thrust from the Crown,
 By shameful murder of a guiltless King,
 And lofty proud incroaching Tyranny,
 Burns with revenging Fire, whose hopeful colours
 Advance our half-fac'd Sun, striving to shine;
 Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus*.

The Commons here in *Kent* are up in Arms,
 And to conclude, Reproach and Beggary
 Is crept into the Palace of our King,
 And all by thee; away, convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges:
 Small things make base Men proud. This Villain here,
 Being Captain of a Pinnacle, threatens more
 Than *Bargullus*, the strong *Illyrian* Pirate.
 Drones suck not Eagles Blood, but rob Bee-hives.
 It is impossible that I should die
 By such a lowly Vassal as thy self.

Thy words move Rage, and not Remorse in me:
 I go of Message from the Queen to *France*:
 I charge thee waite me safely cross the Channel.

Cap. Water; *W.* come *Suffolk*, I must waite thee to thy
 death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
 What, are ye daunted now? Now will you stoop?

I Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him; speak him fair.

Suf. *Suffolk's* Imperial Tongue is stern and rough;
 Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
 Far be it, we should honour such as these
 With humble suit; no, rather let my Head
 Stoop to the Block, than these Knees bow to any,
 Save to the God of Heav'n, and to my King;
 And sooner dance upon a bloody Pole,
 Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar Groom.
 True Nobility is exempt from fear:
 More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more;
 Come Soldiers, shew what Cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my Death may never be forgot.
 Great Men oft die by vile *Bezonians*.

A *Roman* Sworder, and *Bandetto* Slave
 Murder'd sweet *Tully*. *Brutus* Bastard hand
 Stab'd *Julius Caesar*. Savage Islanders
Pompey the Great; and *Suffolk* dies by Pirats.

[Exit *Walter Whitmore* with *Suffolk*.

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

[*Ex. Captain and the rest.*]

Manet the first Gent. Enter Whitmore with the Body.

Whit. There let his Head and lifeless Body lye,
Until the Queen his Mistress bury it. [*Exit Whitmore.*]

1 Gent. O barbarous and bloody Spectacle!
His Body will I bear unto the King;
If he revenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queen, that living held him dear. [*Exit.*]

Enter Bevis, and John Holland.

Bevis. Come and get thee a Sword, though made of a
Lath; they have been up these two Days.

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, *Jack Cade* the Clothier means to dress
the Commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new Nap up-
on it.

Hol. So he had need, 'tis thread-bare. Well, I say, it
was never a merry World in *England*, since Gentlemen
came up.

Bevis. O miserable Age! Virtue is not regarded in Handy-
crafts Men.

Hol. The Nobility think scorn to go in Leather Aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the King's Council are no good Work-
men.

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

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a
brave Mind, than a hard Hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them; there's *Beff's* Son, the Tan-
ner of *Wingham*.

Bevis. He shall have the Skins of our Enemies, to make
Dog's Leather of.

Hol. And *Dick* the Butcher.

Bevis. Then is Sin struck down like an Ox, and Iniqui-
ties Throat cut like a Calf.

Hol. And *Smith* the Weaver.

Bevis. Argo, their thread of Life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter *Cade*, *Dick the Butcher*, *Smith the Weaver*,
and a *Sawyer*, with infinite *Numbers*.

Cade. We *John Cade*, so term'd of our supposed Father--
Dick. Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our Enemies shall fall before us, inspired with
the Spirit of putting down Kings and Princes; Command
Silence.

Dick. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer*—

Dick. He was an honest Man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My Mother a *Plantagenet*—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cade. My Wife descended of the *Lacies*—

Dick. She was indeed a Pedler's Daughter, and sold ma-
ny Laces.

Weaver. But now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd
Pack, she washes Bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable House.

Dick. Ay by my Faith the Field is honourable, and there
was he born, under a Hedge; for his Father had never a
House but a Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weav. A must needs, for Beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipe
three Market Days together.

Cade. I fear neither Sword nor Fire.

Weav. He need not fear the Sword, for his Coat is of
proof.

Dick. But methinks he should stand in fear of Fire, being
burnt i'th' hand for stealing of Sheep.

Cade. Be brave then, for your Captain is brave, and
vows Reformation. There shall be in *England* seven half
penny Loaves sold for a penny; the three hoop'd Pot shall
have ten Hoops, and I will make it Felony to drink small Beer,
All the Realm shall be in Common, and in *Cheapside* shall

my Palfrey go to Grass; and when I am King, as King I will be——

All. God save your Majesty.

Cade. I thank you, good People. There shall be no Money, all shall eat and drink upon my Score, and I will apparel them all in one Livery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the Skin of an innocent Lamb should be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribbled o'er, should undo a Man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say, 'tis Bees Wax; for I did but Seal once to a thing, and I was never my own Man since. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weav. The Clerk of *Chattam*; he can Write and Read, and cast Accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Weav. We took him setting Boys Copies.

Cade. Here's a Villain.

Weav. H'as a Book in his Pocket with red Letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a Conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: The Man is a proper Man of mine Honour; unless I find him Guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, Sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy Name?

Clerk, Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Dost thou use to write thy Name? Or hast thou a Mark to thy self, like an honest plain-dealing Man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my Name.

All. He hath confest, away with him; he is a Villain and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: Hang him with his Pen and Ink-horn about his Neck. [*Exit one with the Clerk.*

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where is our General?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular Fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humphry Stafford* and his Brother are hard by with the King's Forces.

Cade. Stand Villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down; he shall be encountred with a Man as good as himself. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him I will make my self a Knight presently; rise up, Sir *John Mortimer*. Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphry Stafford, and young Stafford, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of *Kent*, Mark'd for the Gallows; lay your Weapons down, Home to your Cottages; forsake this Groom. The King is merciful if you revolt.

T. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to Blood, If you go forward; therefore yield or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated Slaves I pass not, It is to you good People, that I speak, Over whom (in time to come) I hope to reign: For I am rightful Heir unto the Crown.

Staf. Villain, thy Father was a Plaisterer, And thou thy self a Shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardener.

T. Staf. And what of that?

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

Staf. Ay, Sir.

Cade. By her he had two Children at one birth.

T. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the Question; but I say, 'tis true: The elder of them being put to Nurse, Was by a Beggar-woman stoln away, And ignorant of his Birth and Parentage. Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age. His Son am I, deny it if you can.

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

Weav. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Father's House; and the Bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base Drudge's Words, that speaks he knows not what?

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

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

Cade. He lies, for I invented it my self. Go too, Sirrah, tell the King from me, That for his Father's sake, *Henry* the Fifth (in whose time Boys went to Span-counter for *French* Crowns) I am content he shall Reign, but I'll be Protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord *Say's* Head, for selling the Dukedom of *Main*.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is *England* maim'd, and fain to go with a Staff, but that my Puissance holds it up: Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that Lord *Say* hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch; and more than that, he can speak *French*, and therefore he is a Traitor.

Staf. O grofs and miserable Ignorance.

Cade. Nay, answer if you can; the *Frenchmen* are our Enemies; go too then: I ask but this, Can he that speaks with the Tongue of the Enemy be a good Councillor, or no?

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

T. Staf. Well, seeing gentle Words will not prevail, Assail them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout every Town,
Proclaim them Traitors that are up with *Cade*;
That those which fly before the Battel ends,
May, even in their Wives and Childrens fight,
Be hang'd up for Example at their Doors;
And you that be the King's Friends follow me. [Exit.

Cade. And you that love the Commons follow me;
Now shew your selves Men, 'tis for Liberty.
We'll not leave one Lord, one Gentleman;
Spare none, but such as go in clouted Shoone,
For they are thrifty honest Men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march towards us.

Cade.

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

Alarm to fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain.

Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dick, the Butcher of *Ashford*?

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheep and Oxen, and thou behaved'st thy self, as if thou hadst been in thine own Slaughter-house: Therefore thus I will reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is, and thou shalt have a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. This Monument of the Victory will I bear, and the Bodies shall be dragg'd at my Horse's heels, 'till I do come to *London*, where we will have the Mayor's Sword born before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the Goals, and let out the Prisoners.

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

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

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that Grief softens the Mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate,
Think therefore on Revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his Head lye throbbing on my Breast:
But where's the Body that I should imbrace?

Buck. What Answer makes your Grace to the Rebels Supplication?

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

Q. Mar. Ah barbarous Villains! hath this lovely Face
Rul'd like a wandering Planet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,

That were unworthy to behold the same?

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

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

K. Henry. How now, Madam?

Still lamenting and mourning for *Suffolk's* death?

I fear me, Love, if that I had been dead,

Thou would'st not half have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my Love, I should not mourn, but die
[for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Henry. How now? what News? Why com'st thou in
[such haste?

Mes. The Rebels are in *Southwark*; fly, my Lord:

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord *Mortimer*,
Descended from the Duke of *Clarence's* House,
And calls your Grace Usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in *Westminster*.

His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hinds and Peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphry Stafford, and his Brother's death,
Hath given them Heart and Courage to proceed;
All Scholars, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call false Caterpillars, and intend their death.

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

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

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

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

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

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. *Jack Cade* hath gotten *London-bridge*,
The Citizens fly him, and forsake their Houses:
The Rascal People, thirsting after prey,
Join with the Traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the City, and your Royal Court.

Buck.

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

K. Henry. Come, *Margaret*, God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now *Suffolk* is deceas'd.

K. Henry. Farewel, my Lord, trust not to *Kentish* Rebels.

Buck. Trust no Body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine Innocence,

And therefore am I bold and resolute.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Scales. How now? Is *Jack Cade* slain?

1 Cit. No, my Lord, nor like to be slain:

For they have won the Bridge,

Killing all those that withstand them:

The Lord Mayor craves aid of your Honour from the *Tower*

To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such Aid as I can spare you shall command,

But I am troubled here with them my self.

The Rebels have assay'd to win the *Tower*.

But get you into *Smithfield*, and gather Head,

And thither will I send you *Matthew Goff*.

Fight for your King, your Country, and your Lives,

And so farewell, for I must hence again.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his Staff on
London Stone.*

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,

And here sitting upon *London-Stone*.

I charge and command, that of the City's cost

The pissing Conduit run nothing but Claret Wine

The first year of our Reign.

And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any

That calls me other than Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade, Jack Cade.

Cade. Knock him down there.

[*They kill him.*]

Weav. If this Fellow be wise, he'll never call you *Jack
Cade* more, I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in
Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them:

But first, go and set *London-bridge* on Fire,

And

And, if you can, burn down the *Tower* too.

Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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

Cade. So, Sirs: Now go some and pull down the *Savoy*:
Others to the Inns of Court, down with them all.

Dick. I have a Suit unto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a Lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the Laws of *England* may come out of
your Mouth.

John. Mass, 'twill be fore Law then, for he was thrust in
the Mouth with a Spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay, *John*, it will be stinking Law, for his breath
stinks with tosted Cheefe.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn
all the Records of the Realm, my Mouth shall be the Par-
liament of *England*.

John. Then we are like to have biting Statutes,
Unless his Teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in Com-
mon.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, a prize, a prize, here's the Lord *Say*,
which sold the Towns in *France*, he that made us pay one
and twenty fiftens and one Shilling to the Pound, the last
Subsidy.

Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah
thou *Say*, thou Serge, nay, thou Buckram Lord, now art
thou within point-blank of Jurisdiction Regal. What
canst thou answer to my Majesty for giving up of *Norman-
dy* unto Monsieur *Basimecu*, the Dauphin of *France*? Be it
known unto thee by these Presents, even the presence of Lord
Mortimer, that I am the Besom that must sweep the Court
clean of such filth as thou art: Thou hast most traiterously
corrupted the Youth of the Realm in erecting a Grammar-
School; and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other
Books but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused Print-
ing to be us'd, and contrary to the King, his Crown and
Dignity, thou hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be prov'd to
thy

thy Face, that thou hast Men about thee, that usually talk of a *Noun* and a *Verb*, and such abominable Words, as no Christian Ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed Justices of Peace, to call poor Men before them, about Matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in Prison, and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them, when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy Horse wear a Cloak, when honest Men than thou go in their Hose and Doublets?

Dick. And work in their Shirt too, as my self for example, that am a Butcher.

Say. You Men of Kent.

Dick. What say you of Kent?

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

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

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

Kent, in the Commentaries *Cesar* writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this Isle;
Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches,
The People Liberal, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.
I sold not *Main*, I lost not *Normandy*,
Yet to recover them would lose my Life:
Justice with favour have I always done,
Prayers and Tears have mov'd me, Gifts could never;
When have I ought exacted at your Hands?
Kent to maintain, the King, the Realm and you,
Large Gifts have I bestow'd on learned Clerks,
Because my Book prefer'd me to the King:
And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we fly to Heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish Spirits,
Ye cannot but forbear to murder me:
This Tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings
For your behoof.

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one Blow in the Field?

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

George. O monstrous Coward! What, to come behind
Folks?

Say. These Cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a Box o'th' Ear, and that will make 'em red
again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor Mens Causes,
Hath made me full of Sickness and Diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen Caudle then, and the help
of a Hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, Man?

Say. The Palfie, and not Fear, provokes me.

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

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected Wealth or Honour? Speak.

Are my Chests fill'd up with extorted Gold?

Is my Apparel sumptuous to behold?

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

These Hands are free from guiltless Blood-shedding,

This Breast from harbouring foul deceitful Thoughts.

O let me live.

Cade. I feel remorse in my self with his Words; but I'll
bridle it; he shall dye, and it be but for pleading so well for
his Life. Away with him, he has a Familiar under his
Tongue, he speaks not a God's Name. Go, take him away
I say, and strike off his Head presently, and then break into
his Son-in-Law's House, Sir *James Cromer*, and strike off his
Head, and bring them both upon two Poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

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

God should be so obdurate as your selves,

How would it fare with your departed Souls?

And therefore yet relent, and save my Life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: The
proudest Peer of the Realm shall not wear a Head on his
Shoulders, unless he pay me Tribute; there shall not a Maid
be married, but she shall pay me her Maidenhead e'er they
have

have it; Men shall hold of me in *Capite*. And we Charge and Command, that their Wives be as free as Heart can wish, or Tongue can tell.

Dick, My Lord,

When shall we go to *Cheapside*, and take up *Commodities* upon our Bills?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O brave.

Enter one with the Heads.

Cade. But is not this brave?

Let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well

When they were alive: Now part them again,

Lest they consult about giving up

Of some more Towns in *France*. Soldiers,

Defer the spoil of the City until Night,

For with these born before us, instead of Maces,

He will ride through the Streets, and at every Corner

Have them kiss. Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

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

Sound a Parley.

What noise is this I hear?

Dare any be so bold to sound *Retreat* or *Parley*,

When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

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

Know, *Cade*, we come *Ambassadors* from the King

Unto the *Commons*, whom thou hast mis-led,

And here pronounce free Pardon to them all,

That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, *Country-men*, will ye relent,

And yield to Mercy, whilst 'tis offered you,

Or let a Rabble lead you to your Deaths?

Who loves the King, and will embrace his Pardon;

Fling up his Cap, and say, *God save his Majesty*;

Who hateth him, and honours not his Father,

Henry the Fifth, that made all *France* to quake,

Shake he his Weapon at us, and pass by.

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

Cade. What, *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, are ye so brave? And you, base Peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hang'd with you Pardons about your Necks? Hath my Sword therefore broke through *London Gates*, that you should leave me at the *White-Hart* in *Southwark*? I thought you would never have given out these Arms 'till you had recovered your ancient Freedom; but you are all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to live in Slavery to the Nobility. Let them break your Backs with burthens, take your Houses over your Heads, ravish your Wives and Daughters before your Faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so God's Curse light upon you all.

All. We'll follow *Cade*.

We'll follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the Son of *Henry* the Fifth, That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him? Will he Conduct you through the heart of *France*, And make the meanest of you Earls and Dukes? Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to: Nor knows he how to live, but by the Spoil, Unless by robbing of your Friends, and us. Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar, The fearful *French*, whom you late vanquished, Should make a start o'er Seas, and vanquish you? Methinks already in this civil broil, I see them Lording it in *London Streets*, Crying *Villigo* unto all they meet. Better ten thousand base-born *Cades* miscarry, Than you should stoop unto a *Frenchman's* Mercy. To *France*, to *France*, and get what you have lost; Spare *England*, for it is your Native Coast: *Henry* hath Mony, you are strong and manly: God on our side, doubt not of Victory.

All. A *Clifford*! a *Clifford*!

We'll follow the King and *Clifford*.

Cade. Was ever Feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? The Name of *Henry* the Fifth hales them to an hundred Mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate.

I see them lay their Heads together to surprize me. My Sword make way for me, for here is no staying; in despite of the Devils and Hell, have through the very midst of you; and Heavens and Honour be witness, that no want of Resolution in me, but only my Followers base and ignominious Treasons make me betake me to my Heels.

[Exit.

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him. And he that brings his Head unto the King, Shall have a thousand Crowns for his Reward.

[Enter some of them.

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

[Enter omnes.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and Somerset on the Terrace.

K. Henry. Was ever King that joy'd an Earthly Throne, And could command no more Content than I? No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle, But I was made a King at nine Months old: Was never Subject long'd to be a King, As I do long and wish to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad Tidings to your Majesty.

K. Henry. Why *Buckingham*, is the Traitor *Cade* surpriz'd? Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Necks.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his Powers do yield, And humbly thus with Halters on their Necks, Expect your Highness doom of Life or Death.

K. Henry. Then, Heaven, set ope thy everlasting Gates, To entertain my Vows of Thanks and Praise. Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your Lives, And shew'd how well you love your Prince and Country: Continue still in this so good a Mind, And *Henry*, though he be unfortunate, Assure your selves will never be unkind: And so with Thanks and Pardon to you all, I do dismiss you to your several Countries.

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

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and mighty Power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud Array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His Arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a Traitor.

K. Henry. Thus stands my State, 'twixt Cade and York-ich-
Like to a Ship, that having scap'd a Tempest, [stretch,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a Pyrate.
But now, is Cade driven back, his Men dispers'd,
And now is York in Arms to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham, go and meet with him,
And ask him what's the reason of these Arms:
Tell him, I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower,
And Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his Army be dismiss from him.

Som. My Lord,
I'll yield my self to Prison willingly,
Or unto Death, to do my Country good.

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

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

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

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. Fy on Ambition; fy on my self, that have a Sword,
and yet am ready to famish. These five days have I hid
me in these Woods, and durst not peep out, for all the
Country is laid for me: But now am I so hungry, that if I
might have a lease of my Life for a thousand Years, I could
stay no longer. Wherefore on a Brick Wall have I climb'd
into this Garden, to see if I can eat Grass, or pick a Sallet
another while, which is not amiste cool a Man's Stomach this
hot Weather; and I think this word Sallet was born to do me
good, for many a time but for a Sallet, my Brain had
been

been cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word Sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the Court,
And may enjoy such quiet Walks as these,
This small inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a Monarchy.
I seek not to swax great by others warning,
Or gather Wealth I care not with what Envy;
Sufficeth, that I have, maintains my State,
And sends the Poor well pleased from my Gate.

Cade. Here's the Lord of the Soil come to seize me for a Stray, for entering his Fee-simple without leave. Ah Villain, thou wilt betray me, and get 1000 Crowns of the King, by carrying my Head to him, but I'll make thee eat Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword like a great Pin, e'er thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude Companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not, why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my Garden,
And like a Thief, to come to rob my Grounds,
Climbing my Walls in spite of me the Owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these sawcy Terms?

Cade. Brave thee? Ay, by the best Blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have eat no Meat these five Days, yet come thou and thy five Men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door Nail, I pray God I may never eat Grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while *England* stands,
That *Alexander Iden*, an Esquire of *Kent*,
Took odds to combat a poor samish'd Man.
Oppose thy stedfast gazing Eyes to mine;
See if thou canst out face me with thy Looks:
Set Limb to Limb, and thou art far the lesser:
Thy Hand is but a Finger to my Fist,
Thy Leg a Stick compared with this Truncheon,
My Foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast,

And

And if mine Arm be heaved in the Air,
 Thy Grave is digg'd already in the Earth:
 As for more Words, whose greatness answers Words,
 Let this my Sword report what Speech forbears.

Cade. By my Valour; the most compleat Champion that
 ev'r I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut not
 out the burly bon'd Clown in Chines of Beef, e'er thou
 sleep in thy Sheath, I beseech *Jove* on my Knees thou
 may'st be turned into Hobnails.

Here they Fight.

O I am slain! Famine and no other hath slain me, let ten
 thousand Devils come against me, and give me but the ten
 Meals I have lost, and I'd defie them all. Wither Gar-
 den, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell
 in this House, because the unconquer'd Soul of *Cade* is
 fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have slain, that monstrous Traitor?
 Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy Deed,
 And hang thee o'er my Tomb when I am dead.
 Ne'er shall this Blood be wiped from thy Point,
 But thou shalt wear it as a Herald's Coat,
 To emblaze the Honour which thy Master got.

Cade. *Iden* farewell, and be proud of thy Victory: Tell
Kent from me, she hath lost her best Man, and exhort all the
 World to be Cowards; for I that never fear'd any, am van-
 quished by Famine, not by Valour. [Dies.]

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, Heav'n be my Judge;
 Die, damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:
 And as I thrust thy Body in with my Sword,
 So wish I, I might thrust thy Soul to Hell.
 Hence will I drag thee headlong by the Heels
 Unto a Dunghill, which shall be thy Grave,
 And there cut off thy most ungracious Head,
 Which I will bear in Triumph to the King,
 Leaving thy Trunk for Crows to feed upon. [Exit.]

*Enter York, and his Army of Irish, with Drum and
 Colours.*

York. From Ireland thus comes *York* to claim his Right,
 And pluck the Crown from feeble *Henry's* Head.

Ring Bells aloud, burn Bonfires clear and bright,
 To entertain great *England's* lawful King.
 Ah *Sancta Majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
 Let them obey that know not how to Rule,
 This Hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
 I cannot give due Action to my Words,
 Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
 A Scepter shall it have, have I a Soul,
 On which I'll toss the Flower-de-Luce of *France*.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? *Buckingham* to disturb me?
 The King hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphry of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
 Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A Messenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege,
 To know the reason of these Arms in peace?
 Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am,
 Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworn,
 Should raise so great a Power without his leave?
 Or dare to bring thy Force so near the Court?

York. Scarce can I speak, my Choler is so great.
 Oh, I could hew up Rocks, and fight with Flint,
 I am so angry at these abject Terms.

And now like *Ajax Telamonius*,

On Sheep or Oxen could I spend my Fury.

I am far better born than is the King:

More like a King, more Kingly in my Thoughts.

But I must make fair Weather yet a while,

'Till *Henry* be more weak, and I more strong.

[*Aside.*]

O *Buckingham!* I prethee pardon me,

That I have given no Answer all this while;

My Mind was troubled with deep Melancholy.

The cause why I have brought this Army hither,

Is to remove proud *Somerset* from the King,

Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.

Buck. That is too much Presumption on thy part;

But if thy Arms be to no other end,

The King hath yielded unto thy Demand:

The

The Duke of *Somerset* is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine Honour, is he Prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine Honour he is Prisoner.

York. Then, *Buckingham*, I do dismiss my Powers,
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse your selves;
Meet me to morrow in *St. George's Field*,
You shall have Pay, and every thing you wish,
And let my Sovereign, virtuous *Henry*,
Command my eldest Son, ney all my Sons,
As pledges of my Fealty and Love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live;
Lands, Goods, Horse, Armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so *Somerset* may die.

Buck. *York*, I commend this kind Submission,
We twain will go into his Highness' Tent.

Enter King Henry and Attendants.

K. Henry. *Buckingham*, doth *York* intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee Arm in Arm?

York. In all submission and humility,

York doth present himself unto your Highness.

K. Henry. Then what intend these Forces thou dost bring?

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

Enter Iden with Cade's Head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean Condition
May pass into the presence of a King;
Lo, I present your Grace a Traitor's Head,
The Head of *Cade*, whom I in Combat slew.

K. Henry. The Head of *Cade*? great God! how just art thou?
O let me view his Visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.

Tell me, my Friend, art thou the Man that slew him?

Iden. I was, ap'nt like your Majesty.

K. Henry. How art thou call'd? And what is thy Degree?

Iden. *Alexander Iden*, that's my Name,

A poor Esquire of *Kent*, that loves the King.

Buck. So please it you, my Lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created Knight for his good Service.

*K. Henry. Iden, kneel down; rise up a Knight:
We give thee for Reward a thousand Marks,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.*

*Iden. May Iden live to merit such a Bounty,
And never live but true unto his Liege.*

Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset.

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

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

*York. How now? Is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long imprisoned Thoughts,
And let thy Tongue be equal with thy Heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?*

*False King, why hast thou broken Faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? No, thou art no King:
Not fit to Govern, and rule Multitudes,
Which durst not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.
That Head of thine doth not become a Crown:
Thy Hand is made to grasp a Palmer's Staff,
And not to grace an awful Princely Scepter.
That Gold must round engirt these Brows of mine,
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles Spear
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a Hand to hold a Scepter up,
And with the same to act controlling Laws:
Give place; by Heaven thou shalt Rule no more
O'er him, whom Heaven created for thy Ruler.*

*Som. O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee York,
Of Capital Treason 'gainst the King and Crown;
Obey, audacious Traitor, kneel for Grace.*

*York. Would'st have me kneel? First, let me ask of thee,
If they can brook, I bow a Knee to Man!
Sirrah, call in my Sons to be my Bail:
I know, e'er they will let me go to Ward,
They'll pawn their Swords for my Enfranchisement.*

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come again,
To say, if that the Bastard Boys of *Tork*
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.

Tork. O Blood bespotted *Neapolitan*,
Out-cast of *Naples*, *England's* bloody Scourge ;
The Sons of *Tork*, thy Betters in their Birth,
Shall be their Father's Bail, and bane to those
That for my Surety will refuse the Boys.

Enter Edward and Richard.

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

Enter Clifford.

Q. Mar. And here comes *Clifford*, to deny their Bail.

Clif. Health and all Happiness to my Lord the King.

Tork. I thank thee, *Clifford*. Say, what News with thee?
Nay, do not fright me with an angry Look:
We are thy Sovereign, *Clifford*, kneel again ;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

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

K. Henry. Ay, *Clifford*, a *Bedlam* and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his King.

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

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

Tork. Will you not, Sons ?

E. Plan. Ay, Noble Father, if our Words will serve.

R. Plan. And if Words will not, then our Weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of Traitors have we here ?

Tork. Look in a Glass, and call thy Image so.
I am the King, and thou a false-heart Traitor ;
Call hither to the Stake my two brave Bears,
That with the very shaking of their Chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking Curs :
Bid *Salisbury* and *Warwick* come to me.

Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy Bears ? We'll bait thy Bears to death,
And manacle the Bearard in their Chains,

If

If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

R. Plas. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening Cur
Run back and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being suffer'd with the Bear's fell Paw,
Hath clapt his Tail betwixt his Legs and cry'd :
And such a piece of Service will you do,
If you suppose your selves to match Lord *Warwick*.
Clif. Hence, heap of Wrath, foul indigested Lump,
As crooked in thy Manners, as thy Shape.

Tork. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed lest by your heat you burn your selves.

K. Henry. Why, *Warwick*, hath thy Knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury. shame to thy silver Hair,
Thou mad.mis-leader of thy Brain-sick Son,
What, wilt thou on thy Death-bed play the Russian?
And seek for Sorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh where is Loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty Head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the Earth?
Wilt thou go dig a Grave to find out War,
And shame thine honourable Age with Blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st Experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame, in duty bend thy Knee to me,
That bows unto the Grave with milky Age.

Sal. My Lord, I have considered with my self,
The Title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my Conscience do repute his Grace,
The rightful Heir to *England's* Royal Seat.

K. Henry. Hast thou not sworn Allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Henry. Canst thou dispense with Heaven for such an

Sal. It is great Sin to swear unto a Sin; [Oath]
But greater Sin to keep a sinful Oath:
Who can be bound by any solemn Vow
To do a murd'rous Deed, to rob a Man,
To force a spotless Virgin's Chastity,
To reave the Orphan of his Patrimony,
To wring the Widow from her custom'd Right,

And have no other reason for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn Oath ?

Q. Mar. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.

K. Henry. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call *Buckingham*, and all the Friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for Death and Dignity.

Clif. The first, I warrant thee; if Dreams prove true.

War. You were best go to Bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the Tempest of the Field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater Storm,
Than any thou canst Conjure up to day:

And that I'll write upon thy Burgoner,
Might I but know thee by thy House's Badge.

War. Now by my Father's Badge, old *Nevil's* Crest,
The rampant Bear chain'd to the ragged Staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my Burgoner,
As on a Mountain top, the Cedar shews,
That keeps his Leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy Burgoner, I'll rend thy Bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the Bearard, that protects the Bear.

T. Clif. And so to Arms, victorious noble Father,
To quel the Rebels, and their Complices.

R. Plan. Fie, Charity for shame, speak not in spight,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to night.

T. Clif. Foul Stigmatick, that's more than thou canst tell.

R. Plan. If not in Heav'n, you'll surely sup in Hell.

[*Exempt.*]

Enter Warwick.

War. *Clifford* of *Cumberland*, 'tis *Warwick* calls ;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Bear,
Now when the angry Trumpet sounds Alarm,
And dy'ng Mers cries do fill the empty Air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northern Lord, *Clifford* of *Cumberland*,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to Arms.

Enter York.

War. How now, my noble Lord? what all a-foot?

York.

York. The deadly handed *Clifford* slew my Steed:
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion, Kites and Crows,
Even of the bonny Beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold *Warwick*: seek thee out some other Chase,
For I my self must hunt this Deer to death.

War. Then nobly *York*, 'tis for a Crown thou fight'st:
As I intend, *Clifford*, to thrive to day,
It grieves my Soul to leave thee unassail'd. [Exit War,

Clif. What see'st thou in me, *York*?
Why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine Enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy Prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in Treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy Sword,
As I in Justice, and true Right express it.

Clif. My Soul and Body on the Action both.

York. A dreadful lay, address thee instantly.

Clif. *La fin Corronne les oeuvres.*

[Dies.

York. Thus War hath given thee Peace, for thou art still;
Peace with his Soul, Heav'n, if it be thy will.

Enter young Clifford.

T. Clif. Shame and Confusion, all is on the rout,
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard: O War! thou Son of Hell,
Whom angry Heav'n's do make their Minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our Part,
Hot Coals of Vengeance. Let no Soldiers flie.
He that is truly dedicate to War
Hath no Self-love; nor he that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of Valour. O let the vile World end,
And the premised Flames of the last day,
Knit Earth and Heav'n together.
Now let the general Trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities, and petty sounds

To

To cease. Wast thou ordained, O dear Father,
 To lose thy Youth in Peace, and to atchieve
 The Silver Livery of advised Age,
 And in thy Reverence, and thy Chair-days, thus
 To die in Ruffian Battel? Even at this fight,
 My Heart is turn'd to Stone; and while 'tis mine,
 It shall be Stony. *York*, not our old Men spares:
 No more will I their Babes, Tears Virginal,
 Shall be to me, even as the Dew to Fire;
 And Beauty, that the Tyrant oft reclaim's,
 Shall to my flaming Wrath, be Oil and Flax.
 Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity,
 Meet I an Infant of the House of *York*,
 Into as many gobbits will I cut it,
 As wild *Medea*, young *Abfirius* did.
 In cruelty, will I seek out my Fame.
 Come thou new ruin of old *Clifford's* House:
 As did *Aeneas* old *Anchises* bear,
 So bear I thee upon my manly Shoulders;
 But then, *Aeneas* bare a living load;
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[Exit.

Enter Richard Plantagenet, and Somerset to fight.

R. Plan. So, lyè thou there:

[*Somerset is kill'd.*

For underneath an Ale-house palery sign,
 The Castle in *St. Albaus, Somerset*
 Hath made the Wizard famous in his Death;
 Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathful still:
 Priests pray for Enemies, but Princes kill.
Fight. Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret,
and others.

Q. Mar. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame a-
 way.

K. Henry. Can we out-run the Heav'ns? Good *Marga-*
ret stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? You'll not fight nor fly:
 Now is it Manhood, Wisdom, and Defence,
 To give the Enemy way, and to secure us
 By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarm afar off.*

if

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our Fortunes; but if we haply scape,
As well we may, if not through your neglect,
We shall to *London* get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be flopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my Heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak Blasphemy e'er bid you fly;
But fly you must: Uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the Hearts of all our present Parts.
Away for your relief, and we will live
To see their Day, and them our Fortune give.
Away my Lord, away.

[*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.

York. Of *Salisbury*, who can report of him,
That Winter Lion, who in Rage forgets
Aged Contusions, and all brush of time:
And like a Gallant in the brow of Youth,
Repairs him with occasion. This happy day
Is not it self, nor have we won one Foot,
If *Salisbury* be lost.

R. Plan. My noble Father,
Three times to day I hope him to his Horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Perswaded him from any further Act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich Hangings in an homely House,
So was his Will in his old feeble Body.
But noble as he is, look where he comes:

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day;
By th' Mafs so did we all. I thank you *Richard*.
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You have defended me from eminent Death.
Well Lords, we have not got that which we have,
'Tis not enough our Foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing Nature.

Tork.

Tork. I know our safety is to follow them,
For, as I hear, the King is fled to *London*,
To call a present Court of Parliament.
Let us pursue him e'er the Writs go forth.
What says Lord *Warwick*, shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can:
Now by my Hand, Lords, 'twas a glorious Day.
St. Alban's Battel won by famous *Tork*,
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drum and Trumpets, and to *London* all,
And more such Days as these to us befall.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Third Volume.



