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The
W O R K S
of
SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the sixth :

containing,

Henry V ;
Henry VI. *Part I* ;
Henry VI. *Part II* ;
Henry VI. *Part III*.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

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May, 1873

HENRY V.

Persons represented.

King Henry the fifth :
Dukes of Bedford, and Gloster, his Brothers :
Duke of Exeter, his Uncle.
Duke of York. Archbishop of Canterbury.
Earls of Warwick, Westmoreland, Salisbury,
and Cambridge. Bishop of Ely. Lord Scroop.
Sir Thomas Grey, and Sir Thomas Erpingham.
Gower, Fluellen, Jamy, and Macmorris, Officers ;
Bates, Court, and Williams, Soldiers in the King's Army :
Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph, Soldiers in the same ;
Boy, their Companion. a Herald. Chorus.
Charles the sixth, the French King :
Dauphin, his Son. Constable of France.
Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and Burgundy.
Lords Grandprée, and Rambures. an Ambassador.
Governor of Harfleur. Mountjoy, a Herald.
a Messenger. a French Gentleman.

Isabel, the French Queen :
Catherine, her Daughter.
Alice, a Lady attending Catherine.
Hofe's, Wife to Pistol.

Divers other Attendants, Lords, Ladies, Officers,
Soldiers, &c. French and English.

Scene, dispers'd ; in England, and France.

HENRY V.

ACT I.

Enter Chorus.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven 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,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment. 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 casques
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 accompt,
 On your imaginary forces work :
 Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
 Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts
 The perilous 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'the receiving earth :
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
 Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;
 Turning the accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour-glass ; For the which supply,
 Admit me chorus to this history ;
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [Exit.

SCENE I. London. A Room in the King's Palace.
Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY,
and the Bishop of ELY.

CAN. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,
 Which, in the eleventh year o'the last king's reign,
 Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
 But that the scrambling and unquiet time
 Did push it out of farther question.

ELY. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now ?

CAN. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
 We lose the better half 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;
 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 pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.

ELY. This would drink deep.

CAN. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

ELY. But what prevention?

CAN. The king is full of grace, and fair regard:

ELY. And a true lover of the holy church.

CAN. 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 whip'd the offending *Adam* out of him;
 Leaving his body as a paradise,
 To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made:
 Never came reformation in a flood,
 With such a heady current, scouring 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.

CAN. 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 common-wealth affairs,
 You would say — it hath been all-in-all his study :
 Lift his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in musick :
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The *Gordian* knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences ;
 So that the art and practick part of life
 Must be the mistress to this 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.

ELR. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle ;
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
 Unseen, yet crecive in his faculty.

CAN. It must be so : for miracles are ceas'd ;
 And therefore we must needs admit the means,
 How things are perfected.

ELR. But, my good lord,
 How now for mitigation of this bill
 Urg'd by the commons ? Doth his majesty

Incline to it, or no ?

CAN. He seems indifferent ;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing the 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 ?

CAN. 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 the impediment that broke this off ?

CAN. The *French* ambassador, upon that instant,
Crav'd audience : and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing ; Is it four o'clock ?

ELY. It is.

CAN. Then go we in, to know his embassy :
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. [*Ex.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the same.*
Enter King Henry, and Train of Nobles ; Dukes of Bedford,
Gloster, and EXETER ; Earl of WESTMORELAND, &c.

Kin. Where is my gracious lord of *Canterbury*?

EXE. Not here in presence.

Kin. Send for him, good uncle. [Exit an Att.]

WES. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

Kin. 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 *CANTERBURY*, and *ELY*.

CAN. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

Kin. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law *Salique*, which 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
Suits 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 the 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 fore complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the sword
That makes such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord:

And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism. [peers,

CAN. 'Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and you
That owe yourselves, 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 né succedant,
No woman shall succeed in Salique land :
Which *Salique* 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 *Salique* is in *Germany*,
Between the floods of *Sala* and of *Elbe* :
Where *Charles* the great, having subdu'd the *Saxons*,
There left behind and settl'd certain *French* ;
Who, holding in disdain the *German* women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd there this law,—to wit, No female
Should be inheritrix in *Salique* land ;
Which *Salique*, as I said, 'twixt *Elbe* and *Sala*,
Is, at this day, in *Germany* call'd—*Meisen*.
Thus doth it well appear, the *Salique* law
Was not devised for the realm of *France* :
Nor did the *French* possess the *Salique* land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king *Pharamond*,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law ;
Who dy'd within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty six ; and *Charles* the great

Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did feat 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 *Blitbild*, which was daughter to king *Clothair*,
 Make claim and title to the crown of *France*.
Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the crown
 Of *Charles* the duke of *Lorain*, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of *Charles* the great,—
 To fine his title with some show of truth,
 (When, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught)
 Convey'd himself as heir to the 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 ninth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper *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 *Ermengare*,
 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* unto this day;
 Howbeit they would hold up this *Salique* law,
 To bar your highness claiming from the female;
 And rather choose to hide them in a net,

Than amply to unbare their crooked titles,
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors. [claim ?

Kin. May I, with right and conscience, make this

CAN. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign !

For in the book of *Numbers* is it writ—

When the son dies, let the inheritance

Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,

Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;

Look back unto your mighty ancestors :

Go, my dread lord, to your great grandfire's grave,

From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike spirit,

And your great uncle's, *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 lyon'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,

All out of work, and cold for action !

ELR. 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 enterprizes.

EXE. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth

Do all expect that you should rouze yourself,

As did the former lions of your blood. [and might ;

WES. They know, your grace hath cause, and means,

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 pavilion'd in the fields of *France*.

CAN. 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.

Kin. We must not only arm to invade the *French*;
 But lay down our proportions to defend
 Against the *Scot*, who will make road upon us
 With all advantages.

CAN. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
 Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
 Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

Kin. We do not mean the courting 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 unfurnish'd kingdom
 Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
 With ample and brim fulness of his force;
 Galling the gleaned land with hot assays;
 Girding with grievous siege castles, and towns;
 That *England*, being empty of defence,
 Hath shook and trembl'd at the ill neighbourhood.

CAN. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd,
 For hear her but exampl'd by herself,— [my liege:
 When all her chivalry hath been in *France*,

And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
 She hath herself 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 her chronicle as rich with praise,
 As is the ouse and bottom of the sea
 With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

WES. 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 nest the weazel *Scot*
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
 Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
 To taint and havock more than she can eat.

EXE. It follows then, the cat must stay at home:
 Yet that is but a crude necessity;
 Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
 And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
 The advised head defends itself at home:
 For government, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent;
 Congruing in a full and natural close,
 Like music.

CAN. True: therefore doth heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion;
 To which is fixed, as an aim or but,
 Obedience: for so work the honey bees;
 Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach

The art of order to a peopl'd 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 bud ;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor :
 Who, busy'd in his majesty, surveys
 The singing mason building roofs of gold ;
 'The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
 The poor mechanick porters crouding 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,
 Fly to one mark ;
 As many several ways meet in one town ;
 As many fresh streams run in one self sea ;
 As many lines close in the dial's center ;
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
 End 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 that power left at home,
 Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
 Let us be worry'd ; and our nation lose

The name of hardiness, and policy

Kin. Call in the messengers sent from the dauphin.

[*Exeunt some Attendants. King takes his Throne.*]

Now are we well 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,
 Tomblefs, 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 worship'd with a waxen epitaph.—

Enter certain Embassadors, and Train, asper'd.

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.

Emb. Pleaseth 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 embassy ?

Kin. 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.

Emb. Thus then, in few.
 Your highness, lately sending into *France*,
 Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
 Of your great predecessor, *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.

Kin. What treasure, uncle ?

EXE. Tennis-balls, my liege.

Kin. We are glád, 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,
 How 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 ourself
 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 fail of greatness,
 When I do rouze me in my throne of *France* :
 For that I have lay'd 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 fore 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 lies 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 you well.

[*Exeunt* Embassadors.]

EXE. This was a merry message.

Kin. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[*coming from his Throne.*]

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
 That may give furtherance 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.*]

ACT II.

Enter Chorus.

Now all the youth of *England* are on fire,
 And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;
 Now thrive the armorers, 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 fits expectation in the air ;
 And hides a sword, from hilts 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 she 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 Grey* 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 die,
 (If hell and treason hold their promises)
 Ere he take ship for *France*, e'en in *Southampton*.
 Linger your patience on ; and well digest
 The abuse of distance, while we 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 pafs ; 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.

SCENE I. *The same. A Street.*

Enter BARDOLPH, and NYM, meeting.

BAR. Well met, corporal Nym.

NYM. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

BAR. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet ?

NYM. 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 a simple one ; But what
 though ? it will toast cheese ; and it will endure cold,
 as another man's sword will : and there's an end.

BAR. 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 Nym.

NYM. '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.

BAR. It is certain, corporal, that he is marry'd to *Nell Quickly*: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

NYM. 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 mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL, and the Hostess.

BAR. Here comes ancient *Pistol*, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host *Pistol*?

PIS. Base tike, call'st thou me—host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my *Nell* keep lodgers.

HOF. 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. [*Nym, and Pistol, eye one another, and draw.*] O wel-a-day, lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

BAR. Good ancient,—good corporal,—offer nothing here. [*going between them.*]

NYM. Pish!

PIS. Pish for thee, *Iseland* dog; thou prick-ear'd cur of *Iseland*.

HOF. Good corporal *Nym*, shew the valour of a man,

and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

Pis. *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 talk; and *Pistol's* cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbason*; 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.

Pis. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes
the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a
soldier.

Pis. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.—
Give me thy fist, [*to Nym.*] thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair
terms; that is the humour of it. [again.]

Pis. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I thee defy
O hound of *Crete*, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powd'ring tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of *Cressid's* kind,

Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse :
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam Quickly*
For the only she ; and—*Pauca*, there's enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host *Pistol*, you must come to my master,—
and you hostess ;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—
Good *Bardolph*, put thy face between his sheets, and
do the office of a warming-pan : 'faith, he's very ill.

BAR. Away, you rogue.

Hof. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding
one of these days : the king has kill'd his heart.—Good
husband, come home presently. [*Ex. Hostess, and Boy.*]

BAR. 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 ? [on !]

PIS. Let floods o'er-swell, and fiends for food howl

NYM. You'll pay me the eight shillings, I won of you
at betting ?

PIS. Base is the slave that pays.

NYM. That now I will have ; that's the humour of it.

PIS. As manhood shall compound ; Push home.

BAR. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust,
I'll kill him ; by this sword, I will. [course.]

PIS. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their

BAR. Corporal *Nym*, an thou wilt be friends, be
friends : an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with
me too : Pry'thee, put up.

NYM. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you
at betting ?

PIS. 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 *Nym*, and *Nym* shall live by me ;—
Is not this just ?—for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble ?

Pis. In cash most justly pay'd.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Hostess.

Hos. As ever you came of women, come in quickly
to sir *John* : Ah, poor heart ! he is so shak'd of a burn-
ing quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to be-
hold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight,
that's the even of it.

Pis. *Nym*, thou hast spoke the right ;
His heart is fractured, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king : but it must be as
it may ; he passes some humours, and careers.

Pis. Let us condole the knight ; for, lambkins, we
will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Southampton. *A Hall of Council.*

Enter BEDFORD, EXETER, and WESTMORELAND.

BED. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these trai-

EXE. They shall be apprehended by and by. [*tors.*

WES. How smooth and even they do bear themselves !
As if allegiannce in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

BED. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

WES. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Trumpets. Enter King Henry; the Lords SCROOP,
CAMBRIDGE, Sir Thomas GREY, and Others.*

Kin. Now fits 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 assembl'd them?

SCR. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

Kin. 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 fits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

GRE. Even those, that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their galls in honey; and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

Kin. 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.

SCR. So service shall with steeled sinews toil;
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

Kin. We judge no less. — Uncle of *Exeter*,

Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
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.

SCR. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

Kin. O, let us yet be merciful.

CAM. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

GRE. Sir, you shew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

Kin. 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 *Grey*,—in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,— [ses;
Would have him punish'd. And now to our *French* cau-
Who are the late commissioners?

CAM. I one, my lord;
Your highness bad me ask for it to-day.

SCR. So did you me, my liege.

GRE. And me, my royal sovereign. [yours;—

Kin. Then, *Richard* earl of *Cambridge*, there † is
There † yours, lord *Scroop* of *Masbam*;—and, sir knight,
Grey of *Northumberland*, this † same is yours;—
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness. —
My lord of *Westmoreland*, — 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.

CAM. I do confes my fault; and do submit me
 To your highness' mercy.

SCR. GRE. To which we all appeal.

Kin. 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 them.—
 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 practises of *France*,
 To kill us here in *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 *Scroop*; thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
 Thou, that didst 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 practic'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 stands off as gross

As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason, and murder, ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly in a natural cause,
 That admiration did not whoop at them ;
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder :
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
 That wrought upon thee so prepost'rously,
 H'ath got the voice in hell for excellence :
 All other devils, that suggest by treasons,
 Do botch and bungle up damnation
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
 From glist'ring semblances of piety ;
 But he, that temper'd thee, bad thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou should'st 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 gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty *Tartar* back,
 And tell the legions—I can never win
 A soul so easy as that *Englishman's*.
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance ! Shew men dutiful ?
 Why, so didst thou : Or 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, not 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 mark the full-fraught man, the best indu'd,
 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-trea-
 son, by the name of *Henry* lord *Scroop* of *Masbam*.—I
 arrest thee of high-treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Grey knight of *Northumberland*.

SCR. 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 rejoice,
 Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

GRE. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
 Prevented from a damned enterprize:
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

Kin. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
 You have conspir'd against our royal person,
 Join'd with an enemy, and from his coffers

4 make thee full fraught man, and best 32 enemy proclaim'd,

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 unto desolation :
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge ;
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you three fought, 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 Conspirators, guarded.*]

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 beginnings, we doubt not now
 But every rub is smoothed in our way.
 Then, forth, dear countrymen ; let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Chearly to sea ; the signs of war advance :
 No king of *England*, if not king of *France*. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. London. *Before a Tavern.*

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH,
 and the Boy.

Hof. Pry'thee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring
 thee to *Staines*.

Pis. No; for my manly heart doth yern. —
Bardolph, be blith; — *Nym*, rouze thy vaunting veins; —
 Boy, bristle thy courage up;
 For *Falstaff* he is dead, and we must yern therefore.

BAR. 'Would, I were with him, wheresome'er he is,
 either in heaven, or in hell.

Hof. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in *Arthur's*
 bosom, if ever man went to *Arthur's* bosom. 'A made a
 fine end; and went away, an it had been any chryssom'
 child; 'a parted just between twelve and one, e'en at
 turning of the tide: for after I saw him fumble with
 the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his
 fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his
 nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbl'd of green fields.
 How now, sir *John*? quoth I: what, man! be o' good
 cheer: So 'a cry'd 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 to trouble
 himself with any such thoughts yet: So 'a bad me lay
 more cloaths on his feet: I put my hand into the bed,
 and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then
 I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone;
 and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any
 stone.

Nym. They say, he cry'd out of sack.

Hof. Ay, that 'a did.

BAR. And of women.

Hof. Nay, that 'a did not. [carnate.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils in-

Hof. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a co-
 lour he never lik'd. [women.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about

Hof. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women : but then he was rheumatick ; and talk'd of the whore of *Pabylon*.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon *Bardolph's* nose ; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire.

BAR. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire : that's all the riches I got in his service.

NRM. Shall we shog ? the king will be gone from *Southampton*.

Pis. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
[*kissing her.*]

Look to my chattels, and my moveables :

Let senses rule ; the word is, Pitch and pay :

Trust none ;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck ;

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.—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.

Pis. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

BAR. Farewel, hostess. [kissing her.]

NRM. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it ; but adieu. [mand.]

Pis. Let huswif'ry appear ; keep close, I thee com-

Hof. Farewel ; adieu. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *France. A Room in some Palace.*

Enter the French King, and Train of Nobles ;

the Dauphin, Constable, &c.

Fr. K. 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 *Bretagne*,
 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 gulph.
 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 itself should not so dull a kingdom,
 (Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question)
 But that defences, musters, preparations,
 Should be maintain'd, assembl'd, 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 busy'd with a whitsun' morris-dance:
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
 Her scepter so fantasticaly born
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humourous 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 embassy,
 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 gard'ners do with ordure hide those roots,
 That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable.
 But, though we think it so, it is no matter :
 In cases 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 cloth.

Fr.K. 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* battle fatally was struck,
 And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
 Of that black name, *Edward* black prince of *Wales* ;
 Whiles that his mountain fire, — on mountain standing,
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun, —
 Saw his heroical feed, 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.

Mes. Embassadors from *Harry* king of *England*
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr.K. We'll give them present audience.—Go, and
bring them. [*Exeunt Mes. and certain Lords.*]
You see, this chace is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. 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.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.

Fr.K. From our brother of *England*?

EXE. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
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 aukward 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 this 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, indirectly held
 From him the native and true challenger.

Fr.K. Or else what follows ?

EXE. 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 compel.
 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 his vasty jaws : and on your head
 Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
 The dead mens' blood, the pining maidens' groans,
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message ;
 Unless the dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr.K. 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 misbecome
 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 loud an answer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of *France*
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
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 those *Paris* balls.

EXE. He'll make your *Paris Louvre* 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; which you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in *France*.

Fr.K. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

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. [tions:

Fr.K. You shall be soon dispatch'd, with fair condi-
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

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 *Hampton* 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 threaten sails,
 Born with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge : O, do but think,
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold
 A city on the 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, pith 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 ordinance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded *Harfleur*.
 Suppose, the ambassador from the *French* comes back ;
 Tells *Harry* — that the king doth offer him
Catharine, his daughter ; and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not : and the nimble gunner
 With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,

[*Alarum; and Chambers go off.*

And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *The same. Before Harfleur.*

*Other Alarums, Firings, &c. Enter King Henry,
and Forces, with Scaling-ladders.*

Kin. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once
Or close the wall up with our *English* dead! [more;
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 action 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, 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 saint *George!*
 [*Exeunt, sounding a Charge.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter other Forces, and pass over; then, NYM,
 BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.*

BAR. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

NYM. Pray thee, lieutenant, 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. [abound;

PIS. The plain-song is most just: for humours do
 Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
 And sword, and shield,
 In bloody field,
 Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would, I were in an ale-house in *London!* I
 would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

PIS. And I:
 If wishes would prevail with me,
 My purpose should not fail with me,
 But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, (but not as truly) as bird doth sing
 on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

FLU. Got's plud! — Up to the preaches you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?

[*driving them forward with his Partizan.*]

PIS. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

NYM. These be good humours! — your honour wins bad humours.
[*Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH, driven in by FLUELLEN.*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such anticks 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 *Nym*, — 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 match'd 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. *Nym*, and *Bardolph*, are sworn brothers in filching; and in *Calais* they stole a fire-shovel: I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves, or their handkerchiefs: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from ano-

ther's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing 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.

Re-enter FLUELLEN; to him GOWER.

GOW. Captain *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of *Gloster* would speak with you.

FLU. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so goot to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th'athverfary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digt himself four yards under the countermines: by *Chefhu*, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not petter directions.

GOW. The duke of *Gloster*, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an *Irishman*; a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

FLU. It is captain *Mac-morris*, is it not?

GOW. I think, it be.

FLU. By *Chefhu*, he is an afs, as in the 'orld; I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the *Roman* disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

*Enter MAC-MORRIS, and JAMY,
at a Distance.*

GOW. Here a' comes; and the *Scots* captain, captain *Jamy*, with him.

FLU. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular

knowledge of his directions: by *Cheshu*, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the *Romans*.

JAM. I say, gud-day, captain *Fluellen*.

FLU. God-den to your worship, goot captain *Jamy*.

GOW. How now, captain *Mac-morris*? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

MAC. By *Chriſt*, la, tish ill done; the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so *Chriſt* save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

FLU. Captain *Mac-morris*, I pefeech 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 satisfify my opinion, and, partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

JAM. It shall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I shall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that shall I, mary.

MAC. It is no time to discourse, so *Chriſt* save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and (by *Chriſt*) 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, la.

JAM. By the meſs, ere theiſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlumber, ayle do gud ſervice, or ayle lig i'th' grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ayle pay't as valorouſly as I may, that fall I ſuerly do, that is the breſſ and the long : Mary, I wad full ſain heard ſome queſtion 'tween you tway.

FLU. Captain *Mac-morris*, I think, look you, under your correſtion, there is not many of your nation—

MAC. 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 *Mac-morris*, peradventure, I ſhall think you do not use me with that affability as in diſcretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourſelf, both in the diſciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

MAC. I do not know you ſo good a man as myſelf: ſo *Chriſh* ſave me, I will cut off your head.

GOW. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

JAM. Au! that's a foul fault. [Parley ſounded.

GOW. The town ſounds a parley.

FLU. Captain *Mac-morris*, when there is more petter opportunity to be required, look you, I will be ſo pold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of war; and there is an end. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The ſame. Before a Gate.*

Governor, and Others, upon the walls; below, the English Forces.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, and Train.

Kin. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
 This is the latest parle we will admit :
 Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves ;
 Or, like to men proud of destruction,
 Defy us to our worst : for, as I am a soldier,
 (A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best)
 If I begin the battery once again,
 I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harfleur*,
 'Till in her ashes she lie 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 flow'ring infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious war,—
 Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—
 Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
 Enlink'd to waste and desolation ?
 What is't to me, when you yourselves 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 the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
 As send précépts to the leviathan
 To come ashore. 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 murther, spoil, and villany.
 If not, Why, in a moment, look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of *Jewry*
 At *Herod's* bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
 What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
 The dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
 Returns us — that his powers are not yet ready
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread 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.

Kin. Open your gates. — Come, uncle *Exeter*,
 Go you and enter *Harfleur*; there remain,
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the *French*:
 Use mercy to them all for us, good uncle.
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers, we will retire to *Calais*.
 To-night in *Harfleur* will we be your guest;
 To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

[*Flourish*; and *Exeunt* English to the Town.]

SCENE IV. Roan. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lady CATHARINE, and ALICE.

CAT. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien

le langage.

ALI. Un peu, madame.

CAT. Je te prie, m'enseignez ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous — la main, en Anglois ?

ALI. La main ? ell'est appelée — de hand.

CAT. De hand. Et les doigts ?

ALI. Les doigts ? ma foy, je oublie — les doigts ; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts ? Je pense, qu'ils sont appelé — de fingers ; oui, de fingers.

CAT. La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingers : Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier ; je gagnée deux mots d'Anglois visiblement. Comment appelez vous — les ongles ?

ALI. Les ongles ? les appellons — de nails.

CAT. De nails. Escoutez ; dites moi, si je parle bien : De hand, de fingers, de nails.

ALI. C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois.

CAT. Dites moi en Anglois — le bras.

ALI. De arm, madame.

CAT. Et le coude.

ALI. De elbow.

CAT. De elbow. Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots que vous m'avez apprinse dès à present.

ALI. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

CAT. Excusez moi, Alice ; Escoutez : De hand, de fingers, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

ALI. De elbow, madame.

CAT. O seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie ; De elbow. Comment appelez vous — le col ?

ALI. De neck, madame.

CAT. De neck : Et le menton ?

ALI. De chin.

CAT. De fin. Le col, de neck ; le menton, de fin.

ALI. Oui. Sauf vostre honneur ; en verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.

CAT. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu ; et en peu de temps. [seignée ?

ALI. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay en-

CAT. Non ; je reciteray á vous promptement. De hand, de fingers, de mails, —

ALI. De nails, madame.

CAT. De nails, de arm, de ilbow, —

ALI. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

CAT. Ainsi dis je ; de elbow, de neck, et de fin. Comment appelez vous — les pieds, et la robe ?

ALI. De foot, madame ; et de con.

CAT. De foot, et de con ? O seigneur Dieu ! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et 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, de foot, et de con, neant-moins. Je reciteray une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : De hand, de fingers, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de fin, de foot, de con.

ALI. Excellent, madame !

CAT. C'est assez pour une fois ; allons nous en disner.

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Duke of BOURBON, 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 fathers' luxury,—
 Our syens, put in wild and savage stock,
 Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
 And over-grow their grafters?

Bou. 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 slobbery 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-rein'd jades, their barley broth,
 Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
 And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
 Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
 Let us not hang like roping icicles
 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.

Bou. They bid us — to the *English* dancing-schools,
 And teach *lavolta's* high, and swift *corranto's*;
 Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
 And that we are most lofty run-aways.

Fr.K. 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 sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of *France*;
 You dukes of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alenson, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgundy*;
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vaudemont*,
Beaumont, *Grandprée*, *Rouffi*, and *Fauconberg*,
Foix, *Lestrale*, *Bouciqualt*, and *Charolois*;
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
 For your great feats, now quit you of great shames.
 Bar *Harry England*, that sweeps through our land
 With pennons painted in the blood of *Harfleur*:
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the valleys; whose low vassal feat
 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 famish'd 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.K. Therefore, lord constable, haste on *Montjoy*;
 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 so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr.K. 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.*

SCENE VI. *Camp of the English Forces in Picardy.*

Enter GOWER, and FLUELLEN, meeting.

Gow. How now, captain *Fluellen*? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent service committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of *Exeter* safe?

Flu. The duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agameinnon*; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers: he is not (Got be praised and blessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ancient lieutenant there at the pridge,— I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as *Mark Antony*; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld; but I did see him do gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd—ancient *Pistol*.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes the man.

Pis. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours.

The duke of *Exeter* doth love thee well:

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pis. *Bardolph*, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
Of buxom valour, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddes blind,
That stands upon the rowling restless stone,—

FLU. By your patience, ancient *Pistol*. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you — that fortune is plind : And she is painted also with a wheel ; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and variations, and mutabilities : and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rowls, and rowls, and rowls ; — Surely, the poet is make an excellent description of fortune ; fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pis. Fortune is *Bardolph's* foe, and frowns on him ; For he hath stoln a *pax*, and hanged must 'a be. Damn'd 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 :

Pis. Why then rejoice therefore.

FLU. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at : for if, look you, he were my prother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to executions ; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pis. Die, and be damn'd ; and *figo* for thy friendship !

FLU. It is well.

Pis. The fig of *Spain* !

[*Exit PISTOL.*]

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' utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's 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 foldier. And such fellows are perfect in 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 disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they can perfectly in phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid shout of the camp, will do among foming bottles, and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you must learn to know such flanders 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 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter King Henry, and Forces; GLOSTER, and Others, with him.

Got pless your majesty! [bridge?]

Kin. How now, *Fluellen*? camest thou from the

FLU. Ay, 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.

Kin. 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 pupuncles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

Kin. 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 pay'd 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. Enter MONTJOY.

MON. You know me by my habit. [thee?

Kin. Well then, I know thee; What shall I know of

MON. My master's mind.

Kin. Unfold it.

MON. 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 *Harfleur*; 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 the 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.

Kin. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mon. *Montjoy.*

Kin. Thou dost 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 confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage) My people are with sickness 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, *Montjoy*.
 Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
 If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolour: and so, *Montjoy*, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this:
 We would not seek a battle, as we are;
 Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it;
 So tell your master.

Mon. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[*Exit* MONTJOY.]

Glo. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

Kin. 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 ourselves;
 And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The French Camp, near Agincourt.*
Enter the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBURES,
the Duke of ORLEANS, Dauphin, and 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?

Dau. 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.

Dau. What a long night is this! — I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ha, ha!* he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the *Pegasus*, *qui 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 the nutmeg.

Dau. 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 mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call — beasts.

Cor. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

ORL. No more, cousin.

Dau. 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 palfrey: 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 known) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise; and began thus, *Wonder of nature*, —

ORL. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

ORL. Your mistress bears well.

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 bridl'd.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode like a kerne of *Ireland*, your *French* hose off, and in your strait trossers.

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 lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a fow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné a son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au borbier*: thou mak'st use of any thing.

Con. Yet I do 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 to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself. [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. [France.

ORL. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of

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. [than you.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better

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, fir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.

ORL. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb, with — There is flattery in friendship. [his due.

ORL. And I will take up that, with — Give the devil

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.

Mes. My lord high constable, the *English* lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mes. The lord *Grandprée*.

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 such heavy head-pieces.

RAM. That island of *England* breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

ORL. Foolish curs! 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 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 steal, 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 o'clock: but, let me see, — by ten, We shall have each a hundred *Englishmen*. [Excunt.]

ACT IV.

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 fixt centinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch:
 Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's 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 busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll ;
 And the third hour of drowzy morning's 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 cripple tardy-gaited night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned *English*,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminatè
 The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad,
 And war-worn coats, investing lank-lean cheeks,
 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 countrymen.
 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 largesse universal, like the sun,
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,

¹³ Investing lanke-leane Cheeks, and Warre-worne Coats,
 VOL. VI.

Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of *Harry* in the night :
 And so our scene must to the battle 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, fit and see ;
 Minding true things by what their mockeries be. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *The English Camp.*

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and GLOSTER.

Kin. *Gloster*, 'tis true, that we are in great danger ;
 The greater therefore should our courage be. —
 Good morrow, brother *Bedford*. — God almighty !
 There is some foul 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*.

ERP. Not so, my liege ; this lodging likes me better,
 Since I may say — Now lye I like a king.

Kin. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains,
 Upon example ; so the spirit is eased :

¹ feare, that meane

And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowzy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Lend me thy cloak, fir *Thomas*. — Brothers both,
[*throwing the Cloak about him.*

Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

GLO. We shall, my liege. [*Exeunt GLO. and Bed.*

ERP. Shall I attend your grace?

Kin. 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.

ERP. The Lord in heaven blefs thee, noble *Harry*!

[*Exit ERPINGHAM.*

Kin. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheer-

Enter PISTOL. [fully.

Pis. *Qui va là?*

Kin. A friend.

Pis. Discufs unto me, Art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

Kin. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pis. Trail'st thou the puiffant pike?

Kin. Even so: What are you?

Pis. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

Kin. Then you are a better than the king.

Pis. 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 kifs his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings

I love the lovely bully. What is thy name ?

Kin. *Harry le Roi.*

Pis. *Le Roi?* — a *Cornish* name ; —

Art thou of *Cornish* crew ?

Kin. No, I am a *Welshman.*

Pis. Know'st thou *Fluellen?*

Kin. Yes.

Pis. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon faint *Davy's* day.

Kin. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that
day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pis. Art thou his friend ?

Kin. And his kinsman too.

Pis. The *figo* for thee then !

Kin. I thank you : God be wi' you !

Pis. My name is *Pistol* call'd.

[*Exit.*

Kin. It forts well with your fierceness.

Enter GOWER, and FLUELLEN.

Gow. Captain *Fluellen,* —

Flu. So ! in the name of *Cheſtu* *Christ*, speak fewer.
It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when
the true and ancient prerogatives and laws of the wars
is not kept : if you would take the pains but to exam-
ine the wars of *Pompey* the great, you shall find, I
warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble
pabble 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 heard 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 GOW. and FLU.*]

Kin. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this *Welshman*.

Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.

COW. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the morning,
which breaks yonder?

BAT. I think, it be: but we have no great cause to
desire the approach of day.

WIL. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but,
I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes
there?

Kin. A friend.

WIL. Under what captain serve you?

Kin. Under sir *Thomas Erpingham*.

WIL. A good old commander, and a most kind gen-
tleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

Kin. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look
to be wash'd off the next tide.

BAT. He hath not told his thought to the king?

Kin. No; nor it is not meet, he should. For, though
I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I
am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the ele-
ment shews to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have
but human conditions: his ceremonies lay'd by, in his
nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affec-
tions are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they
stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore when

he fees 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.

BAT. He may shew what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in *Thames* up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

Kin. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think, he would not wish himself any where, but where he is.

BAT. Then, 'would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

Kin. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honorable.

WIL. That's more than we know.

BAT. 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.

WIL. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reck'ning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopt off in a battle, 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 a battle; 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.

Kin. 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 servant'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 murder; 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, than 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 do 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.

WIL. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

BAT. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

Kin. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransom'd.

WIL. 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. [after.

Kin. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word

WIL. You pay him then! that's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a 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.

Kin. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

WIL. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

Kin. I embrace it.

WIL. How shall I know thee again?

Kin. 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.

WIL. Here's my † glove; give me another of thine.

Kin. There †.

WIL. 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 take thee a box on the ear.

Kin. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

WIL. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

Kin. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

WIL. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

BAT. Be friends, you *English* fools, be friends; we have *French* quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

Kin. 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.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
 Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
 Our sins, lay on the king; — we must bear all.
 O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
 Subjected to the breath of every fool,
 Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
 What infinite heart's-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 griefs, than do thy worshippers?
 What are thy rents, what are thy comings-in,
 O ceremony,—shew me but thy worth,—
 What is thy roul of adoration?
 Art thou aught 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 fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly 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-tissu'd robe of gold and pearl,
 The farfed title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, lay'd in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cram'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.

Kin. Good old knight,
 Collect them all together at my tent:
 I'll be before thee.

ERP. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*

Kin. O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts!
 Possess them not with fear; take from them now
 The sense of reck'ning, lest 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 bestow'd more contrite tears,
 Than from it issu'd 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 chantries, where the sad and solemn priests

Sing still for *Richard's* soul. More will I do :
 Though all that I can do, is nothing worth ;
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

GLO. My liege!

Kin. My brother *Gloster's* voice.—

I know thy errand, I will go with thee :—

The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The French Camp.*

Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and Others.

ORL. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.

Dau. *Montez cheval:*—My horse! *valet!* *lacquay!* ha!

ORL. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via! l'eau et terre.*

ORL. *Rien plus? l'air et feu.*

Enter Constable.

Dau. *Ciel!* cousin *Orleans,*—Now, my lord constable?

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides;
 That their hot blood may spin in *English* eyes,
 And daunt them with superfluous courage. Ha! [blood?]

RAM. What, will you have them weep our horses?
 How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The *English* are embattl'd, you *French* peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
 Do but behold yon' 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 curtle-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 exceptions, lords,
 That our superfluous lacqueys, and our peasants,—
 Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
 About our squares of battle,—were enough
 To purge this field of such a hilding foe;
 Though 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.

GRA. Why do you stay so long, my lords of *France*?
 Yon' 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.
 Their 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 palled mouths the jymold bit
 Lies 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 itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shews itself. [death.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
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.

SCENE III. *Before the Camp.*

*Enter the Host of England; BEDFORD, GLOSTER,
EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORLAND.*

GLO. Where is the king?

BED. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

WES. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

EXE. There's five to one; besides, they all are 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 *Gloster*, — and my good lord *Exeter*, —
And my kind kinsman, — warriors all, adieu! [thee!
BED. Farewel, good *Salisbury*; and good luck go with
EXE. Farewel, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day.
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour. [Ex. SAL.

BED. He is as full of valour, as of kindness ;
Princely in both.

WES. O, that we now had here

Enter King Henry.

But one ten thousand of those men in *England*,
That do no work to-day !

Kin. What's he, that wishes so ?

My cousin *Westmorland* ? — No, my fair cousin :
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
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 nam'd,

And rouze him at the name of *Crispian*.

He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
 And say — to-morrow is faint *Crispian* :
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars.
 Old men forget ; 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 Gloster, —
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And *Crispin 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 abed,
 Shall think themselves accur'd, they were not here ;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
 That fought with us upon faint *Crispin's* day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

SAL. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed :
 The *French* are bravely in their battles set,
 And will with all expedience charge on us.

Kin. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

WES. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now !

Kin. Thou dost not wish more help from *England*,
 cousin ?

WES. God's will, my liege, would you and I alone,

' see this day, and live 5 forget ; yet all

Without more help, might fight this battle out. [men ;

Kin. Why, now thou halt unwish'd five thousand
Which likes me better, than to wish us one —
You know your places : God be with you all !

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

MON. 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 gulph,
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 [dies
From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor bo-
Must lie and fester.

Kin. Who hath sent thee now ?

MON. The constable of *France*.

Kin. I pray thee, bear my former answer back ;
Bid them achieve 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.
A 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, though bury'd in your dunghills,
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 choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in *France*.
Mark then a bounding valour in our *English* ;

That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Breaks out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse.

Let me speak proudly; — Tell the constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day:
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me — yet ere 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,
(As, if please God, they shall) my ransom then
Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save 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.

MON. I shall, king *Harry*. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.

Kin. I fear, thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter the Duke of York.

YOR. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward. [away: —

Kin. Take it brave *York*. — Now, soldiers, march
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The Field of Battle.*

Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Excursions. Enter a

Frenchman, *flying*; PISTOL, and Boy, *following*.

Pis. Yield, cur.

Fre. *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Pis. Quality! cality! — construe me, —
Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name?
Discufs.

Fre. *O seigneur Dieu!*

Pis. O, signieur *Dew* should be a gentleman: —
Perpend my words, o signieur *Dew*, and mark; —
O signieur *Dew*, thou dy'ft on point of fox,
Except, o signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fre. *O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moi!*

Pis. Moy shall not ferve, I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fre. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

Pis. Brafs, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'ft me brafs?

Fre. *O, pardonnez moi!*

Pis. Say'ft thou me so? is that a tun of moys? —
Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in *French*
What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez; Comment estes vous appellé?*

Fre. *Monfieur le Fer.*

Boy. He fays, his name is — master *Fer*.

Pis. Master *Fer*! I'll fer him, and ferk him, and
ferret him: — discufs the same in *French* unto him.

Boy. I do not know the *French* for fer, and ferret,
and ferk.

Pis. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fre. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire, que vous vous teniez prest; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pis. *Oui, coupe le gorge, par ma foy, pesant, Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns; Or mangl'd shalt thou be by this my sword.*

Fre. *O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison; gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pis. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pis. Tell him — my fury shall abate,
And I the crowns will take.

Fre. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous lui promettez, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fre. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens: et je me estime heureux, que j'ai tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, comme je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pis. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks: and esteems himself happy, that he hath fall'n into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pis. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew. —

Follow me, cur.

[Exit PISTOL.

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitain.*

[Exit Frenchman, after him.

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. *Bardolph*, and *Nym*, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing advent'rously. I must stay with the lacqueys, 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.

SCENE V. *The same. Another Part of it.*

Alarums, &c. Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, Constable, BOURBON, and divers Others.

Con. *O diable!*

ORL. *O seigneur! — le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!

Reproach, reproach, and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes. — *O meschante fortune!* —

Do not run away.

[other Alarums.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. *O perdurable shame!* — let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches, that we play'd at dice for?

ORL. Is this the king, we sent to for his ransom?

BOU. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die instant: — 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,

Whilit by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now:
Let us, on heaps, go offer up our lives.

ORL. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smother up the *English* in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

BOU. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:
Let life be short; else, shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. Another Part of it.*

Alarums. Enter King Henry, and Forces;

EXETER, and Others, with him.

Kin. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all's not done, yet keep the *French* the field. [*fty.*]

EXE. The duke of *York* commends him to your maje-

Kin. 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.

EXE. In which array (brave soldier) doth he lie,
Larding the plain: and by his bloody side
(Yoak-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble earl of *Suffolk* also lies.

Suffolk first dy'd: and *York*, all hagg'l'd o'er,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud,—*Tarry, my cousin Suffolk!*

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!

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 kiss'd 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 so much of man in me ;
 But all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

Kin. I blame you not ;
 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. —

[*a loud Alarum.*

But, hark ! what new alarum is this same ? —
 The *French* have re-inforc'd their scatter'd men : —
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners ;
 Give the word through.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The same. Another Part of it.*

Alarums. Enter GOWER, and FLUELLEN.

FLU Kill the poys, and the luggage ! 'tis expressly
 against the law of arms : 'tis as arrant a piece of kna-
 very, mark you now, as can be offer'd ; In your con-
 science now, is it not ?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive ; and
 the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, ha' done
 this slaughter : besides, they have burned, and carry'd
 away, all that was in the king's tent ; wherefore the

king, most worthily, hath caus'd every foldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

FLU. Ay, he was born 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 call'd — *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

FLU. I think, it is in *Macedon*, where *Alexander* is porn. I tell you, captain, — If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the situations, look you, is both alike: There is a river in *Macedon*; and there is also moreover 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 fo like as my fingers is to 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*, (Got 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 pest 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, ere it is made an end and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As *Alexander* is kill his friend *Clytus*, being in his ales and his cups; so also *Harry Monmouth*, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great-pelly doublet; he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks, I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falstaff*.

FLU. That is he: I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarums. Enter King Henry, and Forces; Warwick,
GLOSTER, EXETER, and Others.

Kin. I was not angry since I came to *France*,
Until this instant. — Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon' 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 skir away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old *Affyrian* 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.

[*Exeunt a Herald, and Others.*]

EXE. Here comes the herald of the *French*, my liege.

Enter MONTJOY.

GLO. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be. [not,

Kin. How now! what means this herald? know'st thou
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

MON. No, great king:
 I come to thee for charitable licence,
 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!)
 Lie drown'd and foak'd in mercenary blood;
 So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
 In blood of princes; and the wounded steeds
 Fret fetlock-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.

Kin. I tell thee truly, herald,
 I know not, if the day be ours, or no;
 For yet a many of your horse appear,
 And gallop o'er the field.

MON. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God, and not our strength for it. —
 What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

MON. They call it — *Agincourt*.

Kin. 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-uncle *Edward* the
 plack prince of *Wales*, as I have read in the chronicles,
 fought a most prave pattle here in *France*.

Kin. They did, *Fluellen*.

FLU. Your majesty says very true: If your majesties
 is remember'd of it, the *Welshmen* did goot service in a
 garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their

Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service: and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon faint *Tavy's* day.

Kin. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am *Welsh*, you know, good countryman.

FLU. All the water in *Wye* cannot wash your majesty's *Welsh* blood out of your body, I can tell you that: Got please it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace and his majesty too!

Kin. Thanks, good my countryman.

FLU. By *Chester*, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

Kin. God keep me so! — Our heralds, go with him; Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. — Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Seeing WILLIAMS among the Troops.*

EXE. Soldier, you must come to the king.

[*Exeunt MONTJOY, and Others.*

Kin. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

WIL. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

Kin. An *Englishman*?

WIL. An't please your majesty; a rascal, that swagger'd with me last night: who if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o'the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which, he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive) I would strike it out soundly.

Kin. What think you, captain *Fluellen*; is it fit, this

foldier keep his oath ?

FLU. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

Kin. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great fort, quite from the answer of his degree.

FLU. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath : if he be perjurd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

Kin. Then keep thy vow, firrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

WIL. So I will, my liege, as I live.

Kin. Who serv'st thou under ?

WIL. Under captain *Gower*, my liege.

FLU. *Gower* is a goot captain ; and is goot knowledge and literature in the wars.

Kin. Call him hither to me, soldier.

WIL. I will, my liege. [Exit.

Kin. Here, *Fluellen* ; wear thou this † favour for me, and stick it in thy cap : When *Alenon* and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm : if any man challenge this, he is a friend to *Alenon*, and an enemy to our person ; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

FLU. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects : I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself agrief'd at this glove, that is all ; but I would fain see it once ; an please Got of his grace, that I might see it.

Kin. Know'st thou *Gower* ?

FLU. He is my dear friend, an please you. [tent.

Kin. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my

FLU. I will fetch him. [Exit.

Kin. Mylord 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'the ear ;

It is the soldier's ; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin *Warwick* :

If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge

By his 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 gun-powder,

And quickly will return an injury :

Follow, and see there be no harm between them. —

Go you with me, uncle of *Exeter*. [Exit.

SCENE VIII. *The English Camp.*

Enter *GOWER*, and *WILLIAMS*.

WIL. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter *FLUELLEN*.

FLU. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I pefeech
you now, come apace to the king : there is more goot
toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge
to dream of. [Cap.

WIL. Sir, know you this glove ? [shewing that in his

FLU. Know the glove ? I know, the glove is a glove.

WIL. I know this ; [pointing to the Glove in *Fluellen's*
Cap.] and thus I challenge it. [strikes him.

FLU. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the uni-
versal 'orld, or in *France*, or in *England*.

Gow. How now, fir? you villain!

Wil. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain *Gowver*; I will give treason his payment in plows, I warrant you.

Wil. 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 *Alenson's*.

Enter WARWICK, and Gloster.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of *Warwick*, here is (praised be Got 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.

Kin. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has strook the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of *Alenson*.

Wil. My liege, that 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 with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy, knave it is: I hope, your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of *Alenson*, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

[the fellow of it:

Kin. Give me thy glove, soldier; Look, here is † 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised't to strike;

And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

FLU. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

Kin. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

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

Kin. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

WIL. Your majesty came not like yourself: 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 own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me. [crowns,

Kin. Here, uncle *Exeter*, fill this glove † with 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.

FLU. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly: — Hold, there is twelve-pence for you; and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

WIL. I will none of your money.

FLU. It is with a goot 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 goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter a Herald, and Others.

Kin. Now, herald; are the dead number'd?

Sir *Richard Ketly, 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 the other? — take it, God,
For it is only thine.

EXE. 'Tis wonderful!

Kin. 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, an please your majesty, to tell
how many is kill'd?

Kin. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

FLU. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

Kin. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung, *Non nobis*, and *Te deum*.
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We'll then to *Calais*; and to *England* then;
Where ne'er from *France* arriv'd more happier men.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and for such as have,

I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life
 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 whifler '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-heat*:
 Where that his lords desire him, to have born
 His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
 Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
 Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
 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 fort,—
 Like to the senators of the antique *Rome*,
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering *Cæsar* in:
 As, by a low 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.
 And here 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 : — But these notes
 Pass in silence over ; and omit
 All the occurrences whatever chanc'd,
 'Till *Harry's* back-return again to *France* ;
 There must we bring him ; and myself have play'd
 The *interim*, by rememb'ring you — 'tis past.
 Then brook abridgment ; and your eyes advance,
 After your thoughts, straight back again to *France*.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I. *France. A Court of Guard.*

Enter GOWER, and FLUELLEN.

GOW. Nay, that's right ; But why wear you your leek to-day ? saint *Davy's* day is past.

FLU. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things : I will tell you, as my friend, captain *Gower* ; The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, *Pistol*, — which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, 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 where I could not breed no contentions with him ; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap 'till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

[cock.

GOW. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-

FLU. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his tur-

² As yet the

key-cocks. — Got pless you, ancient *Pistol*! you scurvy lousy knave, Got pless you! [*jan*,

Pis. Ha! art thou *Bedlam*? dost thou thirst, base *Tro-*
To have me fold up *Parca*'s fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, [*taking the Leek from his Cap.*] scurvy lousy knave, at my desires, and my requelts, 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.

Pis. Not for *Cadwallader*, and all his goats.

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

Pis. Base *Trojan*, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*beating him again.*] You call'd me yesterday, mountain 'squire; but I will make you to-day a 'squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; [*beating again.*] 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: — bite, I pray you; [*giving the Leek into his Hand.*] it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pis. Must I bite?

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

Pis. By this leek, [*eating of it.*] I will most horribly revenge. I eat, and eat, I swear.

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

PIS. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

FLU. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb: When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

PIS. Good.

FLU. Ay, leeks is goot: — Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

PIS. 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.

PIS. 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. Got be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.]

PIS. All hell shall stir for this.

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

PIS. Doth fortune play the huswy' with me now? News have I, that my *Nell* is dead i'the 'spital Of malady of *France*;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
 Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
 Honour is cudgel'd. Well, bawd will I 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 scars;
 And swear, I got them in the *Gallia* wars. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in some Palace.*

Enter, at one Door, King Henry, and Train of Nobles; EXETER, amongst them, and WESTMORLAND: at another, the French King, and his Queen, the Lady CATHARINE, ALICE, and other Ladies, Lords, &c. Duke of BURGUNDY, and Train.

King. 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 *Catharine*; —
 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.

Fr. Queen. 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.

Kin. To cry amen to that, we thus appear.

Fr. Q. You *English* princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love, [our'd,
Great kings of *France* and *England!* That I have lab-
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
'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 mangl'd 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 chaf'd ;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in it's 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 savag'ry :
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckl'd cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,

Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
 Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
 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 assembl'd: and my speech entreats,
 That I may know the let, why gentle peace
 Should not expel these inconveniencies,
 And bless us with her former qualities.

Kin. If, duke of *Burgundy*, you would the peace,
 Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
 With full accord to all our just demands;
 Whose tenures and particular effects
 You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your † hands.

BUR. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
 There is no answer made.

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

Fr. K. I have but with a cursory eye
 O'er-glanc'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,

† And all our

Pass, or accept, and peremptory answer.

Kin. Brother, we shall. — Go, uncle *Exeter*, —
And brother *Clarence*, — and you, brother *Gloster*, —
Warwick, — and *Huntington*, — go with the king :
And take with you free power, to ratify,
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 ?

Fr. 2. 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.

Kin. Yet leave our cousin *Catharine* here with us ;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Fr. 2. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt All but Hen. Cath. and her Gentlewoman.*]

Kin. Fair *Catharine*, and 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 ?

CAT. Your majesty shall mock at me ; I cannot speak
your *England*.

Kin. O fair *Catharine*, if you will love me soundly
with your *French* heart, I will be glad to hear you con-
fess it brokenly with your *English* tongue. Do you like
me, *Kate* ?

CAT. *Pardonnez moi*, I cannot tell what is — like me.

Kin. An angel is like you, *Kate* ; and you are like
an angel.

CAT. *Que dit-il ? que je suis semblable á les anges ?*

1 Passe our accept

ALI. *Oui, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit-il.*

Kin. I said so, dear *Catharine*; and I must not blush to affirm it.

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

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

ALI. *Oui*; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princefs.

Kin. The princefs 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 so clap hands, and a bargain: How say you, lady?

CAT. *Sauf vostre bonneur*, me understand vell.

Kin. Marry, 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 pro-

testation ; only downright oaths, which I never use 'till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier : If thou canst love me for this, take me : if not, to say to thee — that I shall die, is true ; but — for thy love, by the Lord, no ; yet I love thee too. And while thou 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 rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, — they do always reason themselves out again. What ! a speaker is but a prater ; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall ; a strait 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 have such a one, take me : And take me ; take a soldier, take a soldier ; take a king. And what say'st thou then to my love ? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

CAT. Is it possible, dat I should love de enemy of *France* ?

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

CAT. I cannot tell vat is dat.

Kin. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in *French*; which, I am fure, will hang upon my tongue, like a new-marry'd wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi*, — let me see, What then? *Saint Dennis* be my speed! — *donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne*. It is as easy for me, *Kate*, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more *French*: I shall never move thee in *French*, unless it be to laugh at me.

CAT. *Sauf vostre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle*.

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

CAT. I cannot tell.

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

CAT. I do not know dat.

Kin. 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 Catharine du monde, mon tres chere et divine deesse?*

CAT. Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse French* enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France*.

Kin. Now, fie upon my false *French*! By mine honour, in true *English*, I love thee, *Kate*: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempting 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 *Catharine*, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say — *Harry of England*, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, — *England* is thine, *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good-fellows. Come,

your answer in broken musick; for thy voice is musick, and thy *English* broken: therefore, queen of all, *Gatharine*, break thy mind to me in broken *English*, Wilt thou have me?

CAT. Dat is as it shall please de *roi mon pere*.

Kin. Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please him, *Kate*.

CAT. Den it shall also content me.

Kin. Upon that I kifs your hand; and I call you — my queen.

CAT. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; excusez moi, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

Kin. Then I will kifs your lips, *Kate*.

CAT. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.*

Kin. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

ALI. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour* de ladies of *France*, — I cannot tell vat is, *baiser, en English*.

Kin. To kifs.

ALI. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moi*.

Kin. It is not a fashion for the maids in *France* to kifs before they are marry'd, would she say?

ALI. *Oui, vrayment.*

Kin. O, *Kate*, nice customs curt'sy 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 mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kifs: therefore, patiently, and yielding.

[*kisses her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the *French* council; and they should sooner persuade *Harry of England*, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the French King, and his Queen;
BURGUNDY, *Lords, &c.*

BUR. God save your majesty! my royal cousin,
Teach you our princess *English*?

Kin. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good *English*.

BUR. Is she not apt?

Kin. 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 likenefs.

BUR. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likenefs, he must appear naked, and blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosy'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.

Kin. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

BUR. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they see not what they do.

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

BUR. 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 *Bartholomew-tide*, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

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

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

Kin. 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. K. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdl'd with maiden walls, that war hath not enter'd.

Kin. Shall *Kate* be my wife?

Fr. K. So please you.

Kin. 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. K. We have consented to all terms of reason.

Kin. Is't so, my lords of *England*?

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

EXE. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:— Where your majesty demands,— that the king of *France*, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in *French*,— *Nostre tres cher filz Henry roi d'Angleterre, heretier de France*; and thus in *Latin*,— *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ*.

Fr. K. Nor this I have not, brother, so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

Kin. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest :
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. K. Take her, fair son ; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me : that the contending kingdoms
Of *France* and *England*, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred ; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt *England* and fair *France*.

all. Amen !

Kin. Now, welcome, *Kate* :—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Shouts, and Flourish of Instruments.*]

Fr. Q. 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 jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league ;
But *English* may as *French*, *French Englishmen*,
Receive each other !—God speak this amen !

all. Amen !

Kin. 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!

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

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 liv'd

This star of *England*: fortune made his sword;

By which the world's best garden he achiev'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 stage hath shown; and, for their sake,

In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*]

HENRY VI.

Part I.

Persons represented.

King Henry the sixth.

Duke of Bedford, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.

Duke of Gloster, Uncle likewise to the King, and Protector.

Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, great Uncle to the King.

*Henry Beaufort, great Uncle likewise to the King, and
Bishop of Winchester; afterwards, Cardinal.*

Richard Plantagenet; afterwards, Duke of York.

Earl of Somersset; afterwards, Duke. Earl of Salisbury.

Earl of Warwick. Earl of Suffolk. Lord Talbot, and his Son.

Edmund Mortimer, claiming to be Earl of March.

Sir Tho. Gargrave. Sir Will. Glansdale. Sir John Falstaff.

Sir Will. Lucy. Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.

Woodvile, Lieutenant of the Tower. The Mayor of London.

Master Vernon, a Yorkist. Master Bassett, a Lancastrian.

Warders of the Tower, two; Servants of Gloster, two;

Serv. of Winchester; Serv. of Talbot: Messengers, & Officers, eight.

Charles, Dauphin of France. Duke of Burgundy.

Reignier, Duke of Anjou, titular King of Naples, &c.

Duke of Alençon. The Bastard of Orleans.

a Gunner, and his Son; a Serjeant, and two Soldiers;

a Porter; General of the French Forces within Bourdeaux;

a Legate; Messenger; Shepherd, Father to Pucelle.

Margaret, Daughter to Reignier. Countess of Auvergne.

Joan of Arc; call'd, of the French, La Pucelle.

Fiends, appearing to Pucelle. Governor of Paris. Attendants,

Officers, Soldiers, &c. French and English.

Scene, dispers'd; in England, and France.

The first Part of
King HENRY the sixth.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Westminster. The Prince's Chamber.
*Solemn Musick The Corpse of King Henry the fifth discover'd,
lying in great State; solemnly attended on by the Dukes of BED-
FORD, GLOSTER, EXETER; Beaufort, Bishop of WINCH-
ESTER; and divers other Noblemen, Prelates, &c.*

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

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto *Henry's* death!
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, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzl'd 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. [blood ?

EXE. We mourn in black, Why mourn we not in
Henry is dead, and never shall revive :

Upon a wooden coffin we attend ;

And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,

Like captives bound to a triumphant car.

What? shall we curse the planets of mis-hap,

That plotted thus our glories' overthrow ?

Or shall we think the subtle-witted *French*
Conjurers and forcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magick verses have 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 battles of the Lord of hosts he fought :

The church's prayers made him so prosperous. [pray'd,

GLO. The church! where is it? Had not church-men

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd :

None do you like but an effeminate prince,

Whom like a school-boy you may over-awe.

WIN. *Gloster*, 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. peace!

BED. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in

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 mother's moist eyes babes shall suck;
 Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,
 And none but women left to wail the dead. —

Henry the fifth, thy ghost I invoke;
 Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
 Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
 A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
 Than *Julius Cæsar*, or bright ———

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My honourable lords, health to you all!
 Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
 Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Roan, Orleans,
Paris, Gisors, Poitiers, are all quite lost. [corse?]

BED. What say'st thou, man, before dead *Henry's*
 Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
 Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

GLO. Is *Paris* lost? is *Roan* yielded up?
 If *Henry* were recall'd to life again,
 These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

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

Mes. 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 ling'ring 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 :
Cropt are the flower-de-luces in your arms ;
Of *England's* coat one half is cut away.

EXE. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their 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 another Messenger. [chance,

2. *M.* Lords, view these † letters, full of bad mis-
France is revolted from the *English* quite ;
Except some petty 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*, takes his part ;
The duke of *Alençon* flyeth to his side.

EXE. 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. *Gloster*, 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. *M.* 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. *M.* O, no ; wherein lord *Talbot* was o'er-thrown :

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, pluck'd out of hedges,
 They pitched in the ground confusedly,
 To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
 More than three hours the fight continued ;
 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 slew :
 The *French* exclaim'd, The devil was in arms ;
 All the whole army stood agaz'd on him :
 His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
 A *Talbot*, a *Talbot* ! cried out amain,
 And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
 Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
 If sir *John Falstaff* had not play'd the coward :
 He being in the rere ward plac'd behind,
 With purpose to relieve and follow them,
 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
 Hence grew the general wreck 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 assembl'd strength,
 Durst not presume to look once in the face.

BED. Is *Talbot* slain then? I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foeman is betray'd.

3. *M.* 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 faint *George's* feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all *Europe* quake.

3. *M.* So you had need; for *Orleans* is besieg'd;
The *English* army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of *Salisbury* craveth supply;
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

EXE. Remember, lords, your oaths to *Henry* sworn;
Either to quell the dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

BED. I do remember it; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit.]

GLO. I'll to the tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young *Henry* king. [Exit.]

EXE. To *Elham* 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. Scene closes.*]

SCENE II. France. *The English Posts before Orleans.*
Drums. Enter the Dauphin, CHARLES, and his Forces ;
REIGNIER, ALENSON, and Others.

CHA. *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* ;
 The whiles the famish'd *English*, like pale ghosts,
 Faintly besiege us one hour in a month. [beeves :

ALE. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-
 Either they must be dieted like mules,
 And have their provender ty'd to their mouths ;
 Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

REI. Let's raise the siege ; Why sit we idly here ?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear :
 Remaineth none, but mad-brain'd *Salisbury* ;
 And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
 Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

CHA. Sound, found alarum ; — we will rush on them.
 [*Charge sounded.*]

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.*]

Alarums; Skirmishings; afterwards, a Retreat:

Re-enter CHARLES, and the rest.

CHA. 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.

REI. *Salisbury* is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

ALE. *Froisard*, a countryman of ours, records,
England all *Oliviers* and *Rowlands* bred,
During the time *Edward* the third did reign:
More truly now may this be verify'd;
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? [slaves,

CHA. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd
And hunger will enforce them be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

REI. I think, by some odd gimmals or device,
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

ALE. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans. [him.

Bas. Where's the prince dauphin? I have news for

CHA. Bastard of *Orleans*, thrice welcome to us.

Bas. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer ap-
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence? [pall'd;
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 prophesy 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 unfallible. [skill,

CHA. Go, call her in: [*Exit Bas.*] But, first, to try her
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.

[retires.

Enter La Pucelle, usher'd.

REI. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous
 feats ?

PUC. *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.

[driving them back.

REI. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

PUC. 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 sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
 God's mother deigned 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 herself ;
 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.

CHA. 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.

PUC. I am prepar'd : here is my keen-edg'd sword,
[drawing it.]
 Deck'd with fine flower-de-luces on each side ;
 The which at *Touraine*, in saint *Catharine's* church-yard,
 Out of a great deal of old iron I chose.

CHA. Then come o'God's name, for I fear no wo-
 man. [addressing him to the Combat.]

PUC. And, while I live, I'll never fly no man.
[engaging him.]

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

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

CHA. Whoe'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.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
 For my profession's sacred from above :
 When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
 Then will I think upon a recompence.

CHA. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

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

ALE. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock ;
 Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

REI. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean ?

ALE. He may mean more than we poor men do know :
 These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

REI. My lord, [*to the Dauphin, advancing.*] where are
 you ? what devise you on ?

Shall we give o'er this *Orleans*, or no ?

Puc. Why, no, I say : distrustful recreants,
 Fight 'till the last gasp ; I will be your guard.

CHA. What she says, I'll confirm ; we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the *English* scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise :

Expect faint *Martin's* summer, *Halcyon* days,

Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water ;

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,

'Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought :

With *Henry's* death, the *English* circle ends ;

Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insulting ship,

Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bare at once.

CHA. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great *Constantine*,
Nor yet faint *Philip's* daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of *Venus*, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I ever worship thee enough?

ALE. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

REI. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from hence, and be immortaliz'd. [it:—

CHA. Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away about
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. London. Hill before the Tower.

Warders within, attending: Enter, to the Gates, the
Duke of GLOSTER, and Servingmen in blue.

GLO. I am come to survey the tower this day;
Since *Henry's* death, I fear, there is conveyance.—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?

[Servingmen knock at the Gates.

Open the gates; 'tis *Glocester*, that calls.

1. *W.* Who's there, that knocketh so imperiously?

1. *S.* It is the noble duke of *Glocester*.

2. *W.* Whoe'er he be, he may not be let in.

1. *S.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1. *W.* The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no 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?

7 I reverently wor- 10 from Orleance, 22 knocks 24 be, you may

Servants rush at the Gates. Enter, to the Gates, within, WOODVILE, the Lieutenant.

Woo. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's *Gloster*, that would enter.

Woo. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open,
The cardinal of *Winchester* forbids:
From him I have express commandement,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Winchester*? that haughty prelate,
Whom *Henry*, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Ser. Open the gates unto the lord protector;
We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.

Servants rush at the Gates again.

Enter Beaufort, Bishop of WINCHESTER; and Train of Servants, in tawny.

WIN. How now, ambitious *Humphry*? what means this?

Glo. Piel'd priest, dost thou command me 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 contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences 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 heard thee to thy face.

GLO. What, am I dar'd, and bearded to my face ?—
Draw, men, for all this priviledged place ;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. — Priest, beware thy beard ;
[Gloster, and his Men, attack the others.

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. Gloster, thou'lt 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 !

*A great Tumult : Enter the Mayor
of London, and Officers.*

May. 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 *Beaufort*, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the tower to his use.

WIN. Here's *Gloster* too, a foe to citizens ;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'er-charging your free purses with large fines ;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm ;
And would have armour here out of the tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

GLO. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Tumult begins again.*]

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation :—

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

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

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

WIN. *Gloster*, we'll meet ; to thy dear cost, be sure :
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away :—
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

GLO. Mayor, farewell : thou dost but what thou may'st.

WIN. Abominable *Gloster* ! guard thy head ;
For I intend to have it, ere't be long.

[*Exeunt either Party, severally.*]

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God ! that nobles should such stomachs bear !
I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. France. Under Orleans.

*Enter, upon the Walls, above, a Gunner,
and his Son.*

Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd ;
And how the *English* have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know ; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me :
 Chief master-gunner am I of this town ;
 Something I must do, to procure me grace.
 The prince's 'spials have informed me,
 How the *English*, in the suburbs close entrench'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 ord'nance 'gainst it I have plac'd ;
 And fully even these three days have I watch'd,
 If I could see them : Now, boy, do thou watch ;
 For I can stay no longer.
 If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word ;
 And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

[*Exit, from above.*]

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

*Enter the Lords SALISBURY and TALBOT,
 Sir Thomas GARGRAVE, Sir William GLANSDALE,
 and Others.*

SAL. *Talbot*, my life, my joy, again return'd !
 How wert thou handl'd, being prisoner ?
 Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd ?
 Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

TAL. The duke of *Bedford* had a prisoner,
 Called—the brave lord *Ponton de Santrailles* ;
 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'g, scorn'd ; and craved death,

Rather than I would be so pill'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
 In open market-place produc'd they me, [taunts.
 To be a publick spectacle to all;
 Here, said they, is the terror of the *French*,
 The scare-screw that affrights our children so:
 Then broke I from the officers that led me;
 And with my nails dig'd stones out of the ground,
 To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
 My grizly 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,
 That walk'd about me every minute while;
 And if I did but stir out of my bed,
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

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 fortify;
 Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee. —
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and *sir William Glansdale*,
 Let me have your express opinions,

18 were spread

Where is best place to make our battery next.

GAR. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

GLA. 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.

[*Shot from the Town.* *SAL.* and *Sir Tho. GAR.* fall.

SAL. O Lord have mercy on us, wretched finners!

GAR. O Lord have mercy on me, woful man!

TAL. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost
Speak, *Salisbury*; at least, if thou canst speak; [us?—
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off! —
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles *Salisbury* o'er-came;
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 his 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,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn :
Wretched shall *France* be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard ; afterwards, an Alarum.*

What stir is this ? What tumult's in the heavens ?
Whence cometh this alarum, and this noise ?

Enter a Messenger, hastily. [head :

Mes. My lord, my lord, the *French* have gather'd
The dauphin, with one *Joan la Pucelle* join'd,—
A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Salisbury groans.*

TAL. Hear, hear, how dying *Salisbury* doth groan ;
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd. —

Frenchmen, I'll be a *Salisbury* to you : —

Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dog-fish,

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingl'd brains. —

Convey me *Salisbury* into his tent,
And then we'll try what dastard *Frenchmen* dare.

[*Excunt, bearing out the Bodies.*

SCENE V. *The same. Before one of the Gates.*

Alarums. Skirmishings. 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 LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes : — I'll have a bout with thee ;

[*throwing himself in her Way.*

Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee :

Blood will I draw of thee, thou art a witch,

And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. 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 strumpet.

[fight again.]

Puc. *Talbot*, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
[quitting him, to head some Troops.]

I must go victual *Orleans* forthwith.

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, with Troops, to the Town.]

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 smoke, and doves with noisome 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 Skirmish.]

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,

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

Renounce your foil, give sheep in lions' stead:

Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,

Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,

As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves. —

[another Skirmish.]

It will not be: — Retire into your trenches:

You all consented unto *Salisbury's* death,

[Retreat sounded.

For none would strike a stroke in his revenge. —

Pucelle is enter'd into *Orleans*,

In spite of us, or ought that we could do.

O, would I were to die with *Salisbury*!

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Exeunt, TALBOT, and Forces of both Sides.*

SCENE VI. *The same.*

Enter, upon the Walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENSON, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;

Rescu'd is *Orleans* from the *English* wolves: —

Thus *Joan la Pucelle* hath perform'd her word.

Cha. Divinest creature, bright *Asiræa's* daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?

Thy promises are like *Adonis's* gardens,

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.

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

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,

And feast and banquet in the open streets,

To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Ale. All *France* will be replete with mirth and joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

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

For which, I will divide my crown with her:

And all the priests and friars in my realm

Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
 A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
 Than *Rhodope's*, or *Memphis'*, ever was :
 In memory of her, when she is dead,
 Her ashes, in an urn more precious
 Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of *Darius*
 Transported, shall be at high festivals
 Before the kings and queens of *France* up-born,
 No longer on faint *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. *The same.*

*Enter a French Serjeant, and Sentinels,
 to the Gate.*

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant :
 If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
 Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
 Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1. S. Serjeant, you shall. [*Exit Ser.*] Thus are poor
 servitors

(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
 Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter the Dukes of BEDFORD, and BURGUNDY,
 the Lord TALBOT, and Forces, at a Distance, 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 banqueted :
 Embrace we then this opportunity ;
 As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
 Contriv'd by art, and baleful forcery. [fame,

BED. Coward of *France* ! — how much he wrongs his
 Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
 To join with witches, and the help of hell.

BUR. Traitors have never other company.
 But what's that *Pucelle*, whom they term so pure ?

TAL. A maid, they say.

BED. A maid ! and be so martial !

BUR. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long ;
 If underneath the standard of the *French*
 She carry armour, as she hath begun.

TAL. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits :
 God is our fortress ; in whose conquering name,
 Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

BED. Ascend, brave *Talbot* ; we will follow thee.

TAL. Not altogether : better far, I guess,
 That we do make our entrance several ways ;
 That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
 The other yet may rise against their force.

BED. Agreed ; I'll to yon' corner.

BUR. 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.

[*they disperse, and scale the Walls, crying, Saint
 George ! a Talbot ! &c. and all enter the City.*

Sen. Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French leap o'er the Walls in their Shirts.

Enter, confusedly, and unready, the Bastard of Orleans,

ALENSON, REIGNIER, and Others.

ALE. How now, my lords? what, all unready so?

Bas. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

REI. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake, and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

ALE. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate, than this.

Bas. I think, this *Talbot* be a fiend of hell.

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

ALE. Here cometh *Charles*; I marvel, how he sped.

Enter CHARLES, and PUCELLE.

Bas. Tut! holy *Joan* was his defensive guard.

CHA. 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?

PUC. 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 fall'n.

CHA. Duke of *Alenson*, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

ALE. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Baf. Mine was secure.

REI. And so was mine, my lord.

CHA. And, for myself, 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 sentinels :
Then how, or which way, should they first break in ?

PUC. Question, my lords, 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.

*Alarums. Enter an English 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.

SCENE II. *The same. Within the Town.*

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

BED. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here found retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.]

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 their chiefeft 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 terror he had been to *France*.
 But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
 I muse, we met not with the dauphin's grace ;
 His new-come champion, virtuous *Joan of Arc* ;
 Nor any of his false confederates.

BED. 'Tis thought, lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
 Rouz'd on the sudden from their drowzy beds,
 They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
 Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

BUR. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
 For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night)
 Am sure, I scar'd the dauphin, and his trull ;
 When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
 Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
 That could not live afunder day or night.
 After that things are set in order here,
 We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. 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 ?

Mef. The virtuous lady, countess of *Auvergne*,

With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies ;
That she may boast, she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

BUR. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with. —
You may not, 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. [*Exit Mes.*
Will not your honours bear me company ?

BED. No, truly ; that is more than manners will :
And I have heard it said, Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

TAL. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy ! — [*mind.*
Come, hither, captain ; [*whispers him.*] You perceive my
Cap. I do, my lord ; and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

*Enter the Countess of Auvergne, her Porter,
and Others.*

Cou. Porter, remember what I gave in charge ;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Por. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Cou. The plot is lay'd : if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As *Scythian Tomyris* by *Cyrus'* death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
 And his achievements of no less account :
 Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
 To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger, and TALBOT.

Mes. Madam, according as your ladyship
 By message crav'd, so is lord *Talbot* come.

Cou. And he is welcome : What ! is this the man ?

Mes. Madam, it is.

Cou. Is this the scourge of *France* ?
 Is this the *Talbot*, so much fear'd abroad
 That with his name the mothers still their babes ?
 I see, report is fabulous and false :
 I thought, I should have seen some *Hercules*,
 A second *Hector*, for his grim aspect,
 And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
 Alas ! this is a child, a silly dwarf :
 It cannot be, this weak and wrizl'd 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. *[going.]*

Cou. What means he now ? — Go ask him, whither
 he goes.

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

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

Re-enter Porter, with Keys.

Cou. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

TAL. Prisoner ! to whom ?

Cou. 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 ! [moan.

Cou. Laughest thou, wretch ? thy mirth shall turn to

TAL. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
 To think that you have ought but *Talbot's* shadow,
 Whereon to practise your severity.

Cou. Why, art not thou the man ?

TAL. I am, indeed.

Cou. Then have I substance too.

TAL. No, no, I am but shadow of myself :
 You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here ;
 For what you see, is but the smallest part
 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't.

Cou. 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 a Horn. Drums heard; then,
 a Peal of Ordinance: The Gates are forced; and
 Enter certain of his Troops.*

How say you, madam ? are you now persuaded,
 That *Talbot* is but shadow of himself ?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
 With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
 Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
 And in a moment makes them desolate.

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

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

Cou. With all my heart; and think me honoured,
 To feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. London. *The Temple Garden.*

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and
 WARWICK; Richard PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and
 another Lawyer.*

PLA. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this
 Dare no man answer in a case of truth? [silence?]

SUF. Within the temple hall we were too loud;
 The garden here is more convenient.

PLA. Then say at once, If I maintain'd the truth;
 Or, else, was wrangling *Somerset* i'the right?

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. [us.

SOM. Judge you, my lord of *Warwick*, then between

WAR. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
 Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
 Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
 Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
 Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
 I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment :
 But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
 Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

PLA. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance :
 The truth appears so naked on my side,
 That any purblind eye may find it out.

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

PLA. 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 pleaded 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 *Plantagenet*.

SUF. I pluck this red † rose, with young *Somerſet* ;
 And say withal, I think he held the right.

VER. Stay, lords, and gentlemen ; and pluck no more,

'Till you conclude — that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropt 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.

PLA. 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 where still I am.

SOM. Well, well, come on; Who else?

LAW. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held [to Som.] was wrong in you;
In sign whereof, I pluck a white † rose too.

PLA. Now, *Somerset*, where is your argument?

SOM. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red. [ses;

PLA. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our ro-
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

SOM. No, *Plantagenet*,
'Tis not for fear; but anger — that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

PLA. Hath not thy rose a canker, *Somerset*?

SOM. Hath not thy rose a thorn, *Plantagenet*?

PLA. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falshood.

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

PLA. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

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

PLA. Proud *Poole*, 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 Poole*!

We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him. [*set*;

WAR. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, *Somer-*
His grandfather was *Lionel* duke of *Clarence*,
Third son to the third *Edward* king of *England*;
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

PLA. 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 maintain my words
On any plot of ground in christendom:

Was not thy father, *Richard*, earl of *Cambridge*,

For treason executed in our late king's days?

And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, 'till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

PLA. My father was attached, not attainted;

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than *Somerfet*,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker *Poole*, and you yourself,

I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this apprehension:

Look to it well ; and say, you are well warn'd.

SOM. Ay, 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.

PLA. 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.

SOM. Have with thee, *Poole* : — Farewel, ambitious
Richard. [*Exeunt* *SUF.* and *SOM.*

PLA. 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 *Gloster* :
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 Poole*,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose :
And here I prophesy, — This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

PLA. 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.

LAW. And so will I.

PLA. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner : I dare say,

This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The same. A Room in the Tower.*

*Enter Edmund MORTIMER, supported
by two of his Keepers.*

MOR. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himself. —

[*seating him in a Chair.*]

Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment :
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
These eyes — like lamps, whose wasting oil is spent —
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent :
Weak shoulders, over-born with burth'ning grief ;
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That drops his sapless branches to the ground : —
Yet are these feet — whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay, —
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have. —
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ?

1. K. *Richard Plantagenet*, my lord, will come :

We sent unto the temple, to his chamber ;
And answer was return'd — that he will come.

MOR. Enough ; my soul shall then be satisfy'd. —

Poor gentleman ! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms)
This loathsome sequestration have I had ;
And even since then hath *Richard* been obscur'd,

Depriv'd of honour and inheritance :
 But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence ;
 I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
 That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard PLATAGENET.

I. K. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

MOR. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come ?

PLA. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
 Your nephew, late-despised *Richard*, comes.

MOR. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
 And in his bosom spend my latter gasp :

O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,

That I may kindly give one fainting kiss. —

And now declare, sweet stem from *York's* great stock,
 Why didst thou say — of late thou wert despis'd ?

PLA. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm ;
 And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my dis-ease.

This day, in argument upon a case,

Some words their grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me :

Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,

And did upbraid me with my father's death ;

Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,

Else with the like I had requited him :

Therefore, good uncle, — for my father's sake,

In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,

And for alliance sake, — declare the cause,

My father, earl of *Cambridge*, lost his head.

MOR. That 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.

PLA. Discover more at large what cause that was ;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

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

Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his cousin *Richard* ; *Edward's* son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of *Edward* king, the third of that descent :
During whose reign, the *Percies* 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 *Lionel* duke of *Clarence*, the third son
To king *Edward* the third ; whereas he, *Bolingbroke*,
From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that heroick line :
But mark ; as, in this haughty great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when *Henry* the fifth, —
Succeeding his father *Bolingbroke*, — 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,
Levy'd an army ; weening to redeem,
And have instal'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.

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

MOR. True; and thou see'st, 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.

PLA. 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 settl'd place.

PLA. O, uncle, 'would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age! [doth,

MOR. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaughterer
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 befall thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war!

[*Mortimer sinks in his Chair, and expires.*]

PLA. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit over-pass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself

Will see his burial better than his life. —

[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out Mortimer.*]

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 ill the advantage of my good. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The ſame, The Parliament-houſe.*

King Henry is diſcover'd upon his Throne, ſurrounded by his Nobility; among whom are, the Dukes of GLOSTER, and EXETER; the Earls of SOMERSET, Suffolk, and WARWICK; and Biſhop of WINCHESTER: Richard PLANTAGENET, and many Others, attending: GLOSTER comes from his Seat, and offers to put up a Bill:

WIN. Com'ſt thou with deep-premeditated lines,

[*ſnatches the Bill, and tears it.*]

With written pamphlets ſtudiouſly devis'd,

Humphry of Gloſter? 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.

GLO. Presumptuous prieſt! this place commands my
patience,

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 lewd, 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 lay'dst 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 defy thee. — Lords, vouchsafe
 To give me hearing what I shall reply.
 If I were covetous, perverse, ambitious,
 As he will have me, How am I so poor ?
 Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
 Or raise myself, 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 breast,
 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 fir; For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

GLO. And am I not protector, saucy 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 theft.

WIN. Unreverent *Gloster!*

GLO. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

WIN. *Rome* shall remedy this.

GLO. Roam thither then.

SOM. My lord, [*to Glo.*] it were your duty to forbear.

WAR. Ay, see the bishop be not over-born.

SOM. 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?

PLA. "*Plantagenet*, I see, must hold his tongue;"

"Left it be said, *Speak, firrah, when you should*;"

"*Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords*?"

"Else would I have a sling at *Winchester*."

Kin. Uncles of *Gloster*, and of *Winchester*,

[*coming from his Throne.*]

The special watchmen of our *English* weal;

I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,

To join your hearts in love and amity.

O, what a scandal is it to our crown,

That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
 Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
 Civil dissention is a vip'rous worm,
 That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth. —

[*Noise within*; Down with the tawny-coats! &c.
 What tumult's this?

WAR. An uproar, I dare warrant,
 Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

Noise again; Stones! stones! *Enter the Mayor of
 London, attended.*

May. O, my good lords, — and virtuous *Henry*, —
 Pity the city of *London*, pity us!
 The bishop and the duke of *Gloster's* men,
 Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
 Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
 And, themselves banding in contráry parts,
 Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
 That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
 Our windows are broke down in every street,
 And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, certain Retainers and Servants
 of Gloster and the Bishop, with bloody Pates.*

Kin. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
 To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace: —
 Pray, uncle *Gloster*, mitigate this strife.

1. *S.* Nay, if we be
 Forbidden stones, we'll fall to't with our teeth.

2. *S.* 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. *S.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man

Just and upright ; and, for your royal birth,
 Inferior to none, but to his majesty :
 And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,
 So kind a father of the common-weal,
 To be disgraced by an ink-horn mate,
 We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
 And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1. S. 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 persuade you to forbear a while.

Kin. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul ! —
 Can you, my lord of *Winchester*, behold
 My sighs and tears, and will not once relent ?
 Who should be pitiful, if you be not ?
 Or who should study to prefer a peace,
 If holy churchmen take delight in broils ?

WAR. My lord protector, yield ; — yield, *Winchester* ; —
 Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
 To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm :
 You see what mischief, and what murder too,
 Hath been enacted 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, ere 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.

Kin. Fie, uncle *Beaufort*! 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.

[*joining Hands with him.*]

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 ourselves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

WIN. “So help me God, as I intend it not.”

Kin. O loving uncle! kind, kind duke of *Gloster*!
How joyful am I made by this contract. —
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1. S. Content; — I'll to the surgeon's.

2. S. And so will I.

3. S. And I will see what physick

The tavern affords. [*Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c.*]

WAR. Accept this † scrowl, most gracious sovereign;
Which in the right of *Richard Plantagenet*
We do exhibit to your majesty. [*prince,*]

GLO. Well urg'd, my lord of *Warwick*; — for, sweet
An 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.

Kin. 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 recompenc'd.

WIN. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester*.

Kin. 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.

PLA. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, 'till the point of death.

Kin. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot ;
[*Plantagenet kneels to the King.*]

And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I girt † thee with the valiant sword of *York* :
Rise, *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet* ;
And rise created princely duke of *York*.

PLA. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall !
And as my duty springs, [*rising.*] so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty !

Lor. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of
York !

SOM. “ Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of *York* ! ”

GLO. Now will it best avail your majesty,
'To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in *France* :
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends ;
As it disanimates his enemies.

Kin. When *Gloster* says the word, king *Henry* goes ;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

GLO. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Exeunt All but 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 degree,
 'Till bones, and flesh, and sinews fall away,
 So will this base and envious discord breed.
 And now I fear that fatal prophesy,
 Which, in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the fifth,
 Was in the mouth of 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 ere that hapless time. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *France. Before Roan.*

Enter PUCELLE, and Soldiers, disguis'd like
 Countrymen, with Sacks upon their Backs.

PUC. 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 money for their corn.
 If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall)
 And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
 I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
 That *Charles* the dauphin may encounter them.

1. S. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,

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

Gua. [within.] *Qui va là ?*

Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France :*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Gua. Enter, go in ; the market-bell is rung.

Puc. Now, *Roan*, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the
ground. [Guard open ; and *PUCELLE*, and
her Soldiers, enter the City.

*Enter, at a Distance, marching, the Bastard of
Orleans, CHARLES, ALENSON, and Forces.*

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

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

ALE. 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 enter'd.

*Enter PUCELLE, on a Battlement ;
holding out a Torch.*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding-torch,
That joineth *Roan* unto her countrymen ;
But burning fatal to the *Talbotites*.

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

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

ALE. Defer no time, Delays have dangerous ends ;
Enter, and cry — *The dauphin* ! — presently,
And then do execution on the watch,

[they shout ; force open the Gate, and enter.

¹ v. Note. ¹⁶ Here ²⁴ *Talbonites* ²⁹ v. Note.

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, and certain English.

TAL. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If *Talbot* but survive thy treachery.—

Pucelle, that witch, that damned forcerefs,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
'That hardly we escap'd the pride of *France*.

[*Enters the City again.*

*Other Alarums. Enter the English Forces
retreating, bearing out BEDFORD (sick) in a Chair;
TALBOT, and BURGUNDY, covering them. Then, Enter,
upon the Walls, aloft, PUCELLE, CHARLES, Bastard,
ALENSON, and Others.*

PUC. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for
I think, the duke of *Burgundy* will fast, [bread?
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; Do you like the taste?

BUR. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan:
I trust, ere long to choak thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

CHA. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

BED. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason.

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

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

TAL. Foul fiend of *France*, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with this shame.

[*English consult together.*

PUC. Are you so hot, fir?—Yet, *Pucelle*, hold thy peace;

If *Talbot* do but thunder, rain will follow. —

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

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

PUC. 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?

ALE. Signior, no.

TAL. Signior, hang! — base muliteers of *France!*
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

PUC. 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 will we be too, ere it be long;
Or else reproach be *Talbot's* greatest fame! —

Vow, *Burgundy*, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by publick wrongs, sustain'd in *France*)

Either to get the town again, or die:
And I, — as sure as *English Henry* lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great *Cœur-de-lion's* heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

BUR. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

TAL. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of *Bedford*: — Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

BED. Lord *Talbot*, do not so dishonour me:

Here will I sit before the walls of *Roan*,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces; leaving Bedford under the Guard of a Captain, and Others.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter, in one of them, Sir J. FALSTAFF.

Cap. Whither away, sir *John Falstaff*, in such haste?

FAL. Whither away? to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.

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

FAL. Ay;

All the *Talbots* in the world, to save my life. [Exit.

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

Other Alarums. Afterwards, a Retreat.

Enter, flying, Pucelle, Charles, &c. and Exeunt.

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 carry'd off in his Chair.*

Flourish. Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and Others.

TAL. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!

This is a double honour, *Burgundy*:—

Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!

BUR. Warlike and martial *Talbot*, *Burgundy*
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

TAL. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is *Pucelle* now?
I think, her old familiar is asleep:

Now where's the bastard's braves, and *Charles* his gleeks?
What, all amort? *Roan* hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers;

And then depart to *Paris*, to the king;

For there young *Henry*, with his nobles, lyes.

BUR. What wills lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgundy*.

TAL. But yet, before we go, let's not forget

The noble duke of *Bedford*, late deceal'd,

But see his exequies fulfil'd in *Roan*;

A braver soldier never couched lance,

A gentler heart did never sway in court:

But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;

For that's the end of human misery.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Plains near the City.*

Enter PUCELLE, CHARLES, Bastard,

ALENSON, and Forces.

PUC. 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.

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

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

ALE. We'll fet thy statue in some holy place,
 And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint ;
 Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

PUC. Then thus it must be ; this doth *Joan* devise :
 By fair persuasions, mixt with sugar'd words,
 We will entice the duke of *Burgundy*
 To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.

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

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

PUC. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
 To bring this matter to the wished end. [*Drum heard.*]
 Hark ! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
 Their powers are marching unto *Paris*-ward.

English March. Enter, and pass over, at a Distance,
Talbot, and his Forces.

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

French March. Enter the Duke of *BURGUNDY*,
 and *Forces.*

Now, in the rereward, comes the duke, and his :

Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.

Summon a parley, we will talk with him. [*Trumpet.*

CHA. A parley with the duke of *Burgundy*.

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

PUC. The princely *Charles* of *France*, thy countryman.

BUR. What say'st thou *Charles*? for I am marching hence.

CHA. Speak, *Pucelle*; and enchant him with thy words.

PUC. Brave *Burgundy*, undoubted hope of *France*,
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

BUR. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

PUC. 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 thyself hast giv'n her woful breast!

O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

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

PUC. 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 profit's sake?
When *Talbot* hath set footing once in *France*,

And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
 Who then, but *English Henry*, will be lord,
 And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
 Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
 Was not the duke of *Orleans* thy foe?
 And was he not in *England* prisoner?
 But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
 They set him free, without his ransom pay'd,
 In spite of *Burgundy*, and all his friends.
 See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
 And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men:
 Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

BUR. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers
 Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
 And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
 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.

PUC. “Done like a *Frenchman*; turn, and turn again!”

CHA. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us
 fresh:

BAS. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

ALE. *Pucelle* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
 And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

CHA. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
 And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Paris. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry; with GLOSTER, and Train of
 Nobles, &c. VERNON, and BASSET, in the Train:

To them, TALBOT, and some of his Officers.

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, —
Lest 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.

Kin. Is this the Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France ?

GLO. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

Kin. 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 handl'd arms.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war ;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because 'till now we never saw your face :
Therefore, stand up ; and, for these good deserts,
We here create † you earl of Shrewsbury ;
And in our coronation take your place.

[Flourish. Exeunt King, GLO. TAL. and Nobles.]

VER. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York, —

Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st ?

BAS. Yes, fir ; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your faucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of *Somerſet*.

VER. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

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

VER. Hark ye ; not ſo : in witneſs, take ye that.

[*ſtriking him.*]

BAS. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is ſuch,
That, whoſo draws a ſword, 'tis preſent death ;
Or elſe this blow ſhould broach thy deareſt blood.
But I'll unto his majeſty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong ;
When thou ſhalt ſee, I'll meet thee to thy coſt.

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

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The ſame. A Hall of State.*

*King Henry is ſeen ſitting upon his Throne ; attended on
by the Dukes of GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, and SOMER-
SET ; the Lords Suffolk, WARWICK, and TALBOT ;
and divers other Nobles, &c. French and English :
WINCHESTER bearing his Crown ; and the Governor
of Paris attending.*

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

WIN. God ſave king *Henry*, of that name the ſixth !
[*ſetting on the Crown.*]

GLO. Now, governor of *Paris*, take your oath, —

[*Governor kneels.*]

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 !

[*Exeunt Gov. and Train. King comes from his Throne.*

Enter Sir John FALSTAFF.

FAL. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from *Calais*,
 To haste unto your coronation,
 A letter was deliver'd to my hands, [presenting it.
 Writ to your grace from the duke of *Burgundy*.

FAL. 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,
 [plucking it off.

(Which I have done) because unworthily
 Thou wast installed in that high degree. —
 Pardon me, princely *Henry*, and the rest :
 This dastard, at the battle 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 ;
 Myself, 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 beseming any common man ;
 Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

FAL. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
 Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
 Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
 But always resolute in most extreams:
 He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
 Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
 Prophaning this most honourable order;
 And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

Kin. 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
 stile? [viewing the Superscription.]

No more but, plain and bluntly, — *To the King?*

Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will? [*opens the Letter.*]

What's here? — *I have, upon especial cause, —*

Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon, —

Forsoaken your pernicious faction,

And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France,

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

Kin. What! doth my uncle *Burgundy* revolt?

GLO. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

Kin. Is that the worst, this letter doth contain?

GLO. It is the worst, and all (my lord) he writes.

Kin. Why then, lord *Talbot* there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse: —
My lord, how say you? are you not content?

TAL. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I'm prevented,
I should have beg'd I might have been employ'd.

Kin. Then gather strength, and march unto him
straight:

Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

TAL. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.

Enter VERNON, and BASSET.

VER. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

BAS. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

YOR. This † is my servant, Hear him, noble prince!

SOM. And this † is mine, Sweet *Henry*, favour him!

Kin. 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.

Kin. What is that wrong, whereof you both com-
First let me know, and then I'll answer you. [plain?

BAS. Crossing the sea from *England* into *France*,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying — the sanguine colour of the leaves

⁸ How say you (my Lord)

Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
 When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
 About a certain question in the law,
 Argu'd betwixt the duke of *York* and him ;
 With other vile and ignominious terms :
 In confutation of which rude reproach,
 And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
 I crave the benefit of law of arms.

VER. And that is my petition, noble lord :
 For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
 To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
 Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him ;
 And he first took exceptions at this † badge,
 Pronouncing — that the paleness of this flower
 Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

YOR. Will not this malice, *Somerſet*, be left ?

SOM. Your private grudge, my lord of *York*, will out,
 Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. [men,

Kin. 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 *York* and *Somerſet*,
 Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

YOR. 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 ourselves let us decide it then.

YOR. There is my † pledge ; accept it, *Somerſet*.

[*throwing down a Glove.*

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 betwixt yourselves;
 Let me persuade you take a better course. [friends.]

EXE. It grieves his highness; — Good my lords, be

Kin. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
 Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
 Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause. —
 And you, my lords,— remember where we are;
 In *France*, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
 If they perceive dissention in our looks,
 And that within ourselves we disagree,
 How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
 Beside, what infamy will there arise,
 When foreign princes shall be certify'd,
 That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
 King *Henry's* peers, and chief nobility,
 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of *France*?
 O, think upon the conquest of my father,
 My tender years; and let us not forego
 That for a trifle, which was bought with blood!
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
 I see no reason, if I wear this † rose,
 That any one should therefore be suspicious
 I more incline to *Somerset*, than *York*:
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:

As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
 Because (forsooth) the king of *Scots* is crown'd.
 But your discretions better can persuade,
 Than I am able to instruct or teach :
 And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
 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.
 Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
 After some respite, will return to *Calais* ;
 From thence to *England* ; where I hope ere long
 To be presented, by your victories,
 With *Charles*, *Alenſon*, and that traiterous rout.

[*Flourish*. Exeunt King, GLOSTER, SOMERSET,
 WINCHESTER, Suffolk, and BASSET.

WAR. My lord of *York*, I promise you, the king
 Prettily (methought) did play the orator.

YOR. 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.

YOR. An if I wist he did, — But let it rest ;
 Other affairs must now be managed.

[Exeunt YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.

EXE. Well didst thou, *Richard*, to suppress thy voice :
 For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
 I fear, we should have seen decypher'd there

More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
 Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd :
 But howso'er, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of nobility,
 This should'ring of each other in the court,
 This factious bandying of their favourites,
 But that he doth presage some ill event.
 'Tis much, when scepters are in children's hands ;
 But more, when envy breeds unkind division ;
 There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. France. Before Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, and Forces, marching.

TAL. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
 Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter General of the French
 Forces within Bourdeaux, upon the Walls.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
 Servant in arms to Harry king of England ;
 And thus he would, — Open your city gates,
 Be humbl'd 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,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire ;
 Who, in a moment, even with the earth
 Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
 If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
 Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge,
 The period of thy tyranny approacheth.

On us thou canst not enter, but by death;
 For (I protest) we are well fortify'd,
 And strong enough to issue out and fight:
 If thou retire, the dauphin, well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of death to tangle thee:
 On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
 To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
 Ten thousand *French* have ta'en the sacrament,
 To rive their dangerous artillery
 Upon no christian soul but *English Talbot*.
 Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
 This is the latest glory of thy praise,
 That I, thy enemy, dew thee withal;
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*

Hark, hark! the dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy musick to thy timorous soul;
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exit General.*

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 faint *George* ! *Talbot*, and *England's* right !
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight !

[*Exeunt TALBOT, and Forces.*]

SCENE III. *Plains in Gascony.*
Enter YORK, and Forces ; a Messenger
with him.

YOR. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
 That dog'd the mighty army of the dauphin ?

Mes. 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 espials were discovered

Two mightier troops than that the dauphin led ; [*deaux.*
 Which join'd with him, and made their march for *Bour-*

YOR. A plague upon that villain *Somerfet* ;
 That thus delays my promised supply
 Of horsemen, that were levy'd for this siege !
 Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my aid ;
 And I am louted by a traitor villain,
 And cannot help the noble chevalier :
 God comfort him in this necessity !

If he miscarry, farewell wars in *France*.

Enter Sir William LUCY.

LUC. Thou princely leader of our *English* strength,

Never so needful on the earth of *France*,
 Spur to the rescue of the noble *Talbot* ;
 Who now is girdl'd with a waste of iron,
 And hem'd about with grim destruction :
 To *Bourdeaux*, warlike duke ! to *Bourdeaux*, *York* !
 Else, farewell *Talbot*, *France*, and *England's* honour.

YOR. O God ! that *Somerfet* — who, in proud heart,
 Doth stop my cornets — were in *Talbot's* place !
 So should we save a valiant gentleman,
 By forfeiting a traitor, and a coward.
 Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
 That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

LUC. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord !

YOR. He dies, we lose ; I break my warlike word :
 We mourn, *France* smiles ; we lose, they daily get ;
 All long of this vile traitor *Somerfet*.

LUC. Then, God take mercy on brave *Talbot's* soul !
 And on his son, young *John* ; whom, 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.

YOR. Alas ! what joy shall noble *Talbot* have,
 To bid his young son welcome to his grave ?
 Away ! vexation almost stops my breath,
 That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death. —

Lucy, farewell : no more my fortune can,
 But curse the cause I cannot aid the man. —

Maine, *Bloys*, *Poitiers*, and *Tours*, are won away ;
 Long all of *Somerfet*, and his delay. [Exit.]

LUC. Thus, while the vultur of sedition
 Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
 Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss

The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
 That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth : Whiles they each other cross,
 Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Other Plains in the same.*

Enter SOMERSET, and Forces; an Officer
 of *Talbot's* with him.

SOM. It is too late; [*to the Off.*] I cannot send them,
 This expedition was by *York*, and *Talbot*, [*now:*
 Too rashly plotted; all our general force
 Might with a fally of the very town
 Be buckl'd with: the over-daring *Talbot*
 Hath sully'd all his gloss of former honour
 By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
 That, *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the name.

Enter Sir William LUCY.

Off. Here is sir *William Lucy*, who with me
 Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

SOM. How now, sir *William*? whither were you sent?

LUC. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord
 Who, ring'd about with bold adversity, [*Talbot;*
 Cries out for noble *York* and *Somerfet*,
 To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
 And whiles the honourable captain there
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-weary'd limbs,
 And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
 You, his false hopes, the trust of *England's* honour,
 Keep off aloof with worthless emulation:
 Let not your private discord keep away
 The levy'd succours that should 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* tet him on, *York* should have sent him aid.

LUC. And *York* as fast upon your grace exclaims;
 Swearing, that you withhold his levy'd 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.

LUC. 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.

LUC. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain:
 For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
 And fly would *Talbot* never, if he might.

SOM. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu!

LUC. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Camp near Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, and Son; Officers at a Distance.

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-boding stars! —
 Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
 A terrible and unavoyded danger:
 Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
 And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
 By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

Son. 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.

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

TAL. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

Son. 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 lie in one tomb?

Son. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

TAL. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

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

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

Son. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

TAL. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

Son. Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight abuse it?

TAL. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that

Son. You cannot witness for me, being slain. [Stain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

TAL. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

Son. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

TAL. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
[embracing him.

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.

SCENE VI. *A Field of Battle.*

Loud Alarums. Enter the English Forces, pursuing;

TALBOT, and his Son, heading them.

TAL. Saint *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.

Son. O twice my father! twice am I 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* rescu'd thee:
The ireful bastard *Orléans* — that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight — I soon encountered;
And, enterchanging 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 thou not weary, *John*? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, 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.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with *Frenchmen's* rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day;
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and *England's* fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;

All these are fav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

Son. The sword of *Orleans* hath not made me smart,
 These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart :
 Out on that vantage, 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,
 An 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 desperate fire of *Crete*,
 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* ; *Trumpets sounding a Charge*,

SCENE VI. *Another Part of the same.*

Alarums. Enter English, retreating ; with *TALBOT*
 wounded, leaning upon a Servant.

TAL. Where is my other life ? — mine own is gone ; —
 O, where's young *Talbot* ? where is valiant *John* ? —
 Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
 Young *Talbot's* valour makes me smile at thee : —
 When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 And, like a hungry lion, did commence
 Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience :
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,

Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clust'ring battle 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 Soldiers, with the Body of young Talbot.

Ser. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is born!

TAL. Thou antick death, which laugh'ft us here to
 Anon, from thy insulting tyranny, [scorn,
 Coupl'd in bonds of perpetuity,

Two *Talbots*, winged through the lither sky,
 In thy despight, shall 'scape mortality —

O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
 Speak to thy father, ere 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 dy'd 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.*

[*Alarums. Exeunt Sol. and Ser. leaving the two Bodies.*

*Drums. Enter PUCELLE, CHARLES, Bastard,
 BURGUNDY, and Soldiers.*

CHA. Had *York* and *Somerfet* brought rescue in,
 We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bas. How the young whelp of *Talbot's*, raging-wood,
 Did flesh his puny sword in *Frenchmen's* blood !

Puc. Once I encounter'd him ; and thus I said,
 Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid :

But — with a proud, majestic, high scorn —
He answer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench :*

So, rushing in the bowels of the *French*,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

BUR. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhered in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bas. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder;
Whose life was *England's* glory, *Gallia's* wonder.

CHA. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter Sir William LUCY, attended;
Herald of the French preceding.*

LUC. Herald, conduct me to the dauphin's tent;
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

[*Herald shews the Dauphin to him.*]

CHA. On what submissive message art thou sent?

LUC. 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.

CHA. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

LUC. Where is the great *Alcides* of the field,
Valiant lord *Talbot*, earl of *Shrewsbury*?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of *Washford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*;
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*,
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, lord *Verdun* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwel* of *Wingfield*, lord *Furnival* of *Sheffield*,
The thrice victorious lord of *Falconbridge*;

Knight of the noble order of saint *George*,
 Worthy faint *Michael*, and the golden fleece ;
 Great marishal to *Henry* the sixth,
 Of all his wars within the realm of *France* ?

Puc. Here is a silly stately stile, indeed !
 The *Turk*, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
 Writes not so tedious a stile as this. —
 He, whom thou magnify'st with all these titles,
 Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here † at our feet.

Luc. Is *Talbot* slain ; the *Frenchmen's* only scourge,
 Your kingdom's terror and black *Nemesis* ?
 O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd ;
 That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces !
 O, that I could but call these dead to life !
 It were enough to fright the realm of *France* :
 Were but his picture left amongst 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.

Puc. I think, this upstart is old *Talbot's* ghost,
 He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
 For God's sake, let him have 'em ; to keep them here,
 They would but stink, and putrify the air.

CHA. Go, take their bodies hence.

Luc. I'll bear them hence : [*Att. take up the Bodies.*
 But from their ashes, Dauphin, shall be rear'd
 A phoenix, that shall make all *France* afeard.

CHA. So we be rid, do with them what thou wilt.

[*Exeunt Luc. and Att. bearing out the Bodies.*

And now to *Paris*, in this conquering vein ;
 All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot's* slain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter King, GLOSTER, EXETER, and Others.*

Kin. 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*.

Kin. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

Kin. 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.

Kin. Marriage, good uncle! alas, my years are young;
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the 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 a Legate, and two Embassadors, usher'd ;

WINCHESTER *with them, habited as a Cardinal.*

EXE. "What! is my lord of *Winchester* install'd,"

"And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!"

"Then, I perceive, that will be verify'd,"

"Henry the fifth did some time prophesy," —

"If once he come to be a cardinal,"

"He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."

Kin. My lords embassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.

Your purpose is both good and reasonable :

And, therefore, we are 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.

Kin. In argument and proof of which contráct,

Bear her this † jewel, [*to the Emb.*] pledge of my affec-

And so, my lord protector, see them guarded, [tion. —

And safely brought to *Dover*; where, inship'd,

Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt* Kin. GLO. EXE. &c. *Embassadors follow.*]

WIN. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive

The sum of money, which I promised

Should be deliver'd to his holiness

For cloathing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

²⁵ wherein ship'd

WIN. Now *Winchester* will not submit, I trow,
 Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphry of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
 That, nor in birth, nor for authority,
 The bishop will not be o'er-born by thee :
 I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
 Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter PUCELLE, CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENSON,
 and Forces, marching.

CHA. These news, my lords, may chear our droop-
 spirits :

'Tis said, the stout *Parisians* do revolt,
 And turn again unto the warlike *French*.

ALE. Then march to *Paris*, royal *Charles* of *France*,
 And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

PUC. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us ;
 Else, ruin combat with their palaces !

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Success unto our valiant general,
 And happiness to his accomplices !

CHA. What tidings send our scouts ? I pr'ythee, speak.

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

CHA. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is ;
 But we will presently provide for them.

BUR. I trust, the ghost of *Talbot* is not there ;
 Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

PUC. Of all base passions, fear is most accur'd : —
 Command the conquest, *Charles*, it shall be thine ;

^a neither in birth, or for ²⁵ parties

Let Henry fret, and all the word repine.

CHA. Then on, my lords; And France be fortunate!

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Under Angiers.*

Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Excursions.

Enter PUCELLE, hastily.

Puc. 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!

[*She performs certain Ceremonies. Thunder heard.*]

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Under the lordly monarch of the north,

Appear, and aid me in this enterprize.

[*Thunder again. Enter certain Fiends.*]

This speedy quick appearance argues proof

Of your accusom'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 sullenly about her.*]

O, 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 redrefs? — My body shall

Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

[*they shake their Heads.*]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,

Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that *England* give the *French* the foil.

[Thunder; and 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 antient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with: —

Now, *France*, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *[Exit.]*

*Other Alarums. Enter French and English,
fighting; YORK and PUCELLE heading them:
French fly, leaving Pucelle.*

YOR. Damsel of *France*, I think I have you fast:

[laying Hands on her.]

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.

PUC. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

YOR. O, *Charles* the dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

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

YOR. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue.

PUC. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

YOR. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

[Exeunt, with PUCELLE.]

*Other short Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK,
bringing in MARGARET.*

SUF. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[gazes earnestly on her.

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers [*kissing her Hand.*] for eternal peace:
Who art thou, say, that I may honour thee?

MAR. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,
The king of *Naples*, whoso'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 turns from him, as going.*

O, 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 counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fie, *De-la-poule!* disable not thyself;
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 make the senses crouch.

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.

6 v. Note. 14 prisoner! 29 rough.

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 woo'd:
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 leave him, for he will not hear.

SUF. There all is mar'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 satisfy'd,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anjou* and *Maine*, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.

MAR. Hear ye me, 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 though I be enthral'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 courtesy.

SUF. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause —

MAR. Tush! women have been captivate ere now.

SUF. Stay, hear me, 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 be my —

MAR. What?

SUF. His love.

MAR. I am unworthy to be *Henry's* wife.

SUF. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?

MAR. An if my father please, I am content.

SUF. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:—
[to his Troops; who come forward.

And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.—

Trumpet sounds a Parley: Is answer'd from within:
and, Enter REIGNIER, upon the Walls.

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

REI. To whom?

SUF. To me.

REI. *Suffolk*, what remedy?

I am a foldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's ficklenefs.

SUF. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, (and, for thy honour, give consent)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

REI. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?

SUF. Fair *Margaret* knows,
That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face, or feign.

REI. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit, from the Walls.*

SUF. And here I will expect thy coming, *Reignier*.

Trumpets. Enter *REIGNIER*, below.

REI. 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?

REI. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the countries *Maine* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be *Henry's*, if he please.

SUF. That is her ransom, I deliver † her;
And those two countries, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

REI. And I again, — in *Henry's* royal name,

As deputy unto that gracious king,—
Give thee her † hand, for sign of plighted faith.

SUF. *Reignier of France*, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffick of a king :

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

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.

REI. 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*. [going.]

SUF. Farewel, sweet madam! But hark you, *Margaret*;
[calling her back.]

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 thyself; I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[Exeunt REIGNIER, and MARGARET.]

SUF. O, wert thou for myself! But, *Suffolk*, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.

Sollicit *Henry* with her wondrous praise :
 Bethink thee on her virtues that furrmount,
 And 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. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and Others.

YOR. Bring forth that forceress, condemn'd to burn.

*Enter PUCELLE, guarded; Shepherd, her
 Father, with her.*

She. Ah, *Joan*, this kills thy father's heart outright!
 Have I sought every country far and near,
 And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
 Must I behold thy timeless cruel death ?

Ah, *Joan*, sweet daughter *Joan*, I'll die with thee !

PUC. Decrepit miser ! base ignoble wretch !
 I am descended of a gentler blood ;
 Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

She. Out, out ! — My lords, an 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 batchelorship.

WAR. Graceless ! wilt thou deny thy parentage ?

YOR. This argues what her kind of life hath been ;
 Wicked and vile ; and so her death concludes.

She. 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 pr'ythee, gentle *Joan*.

PUC. Peasant, avant ! — You have suborn'd this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

She. '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 my 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* Shepherd.]

YOR. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,— that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils:
No, misconceivers; *Joan of Arc* hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chast and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,

Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

YOR. Ay, ay; — away with her to execution.

WAR. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enough:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

PUC. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts? —
Then, *Joan*, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy priviledge. —
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murther not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

YOR. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

WAR. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

YOR. She and the dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

WAR. Well, well, go to; we'll have no bastards live;
Especially, since *Charles* must father it.

PUC. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was *Alenson*, that enjoy'd my love.

YOR. *Alenson!* that notorious *Machiavel!*
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

PUC. 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 marry'd man! that's most intolerable.

YOR. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

WAR. It's sign, she hath been liberal and free.

YOR. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure. —
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain. [curse:

Puc. Then lead me hence; — with whom I leave my
 May never glorious sun reflex his beams
 Upon the country where you make abode!
 But darkness, and the gloomy shade of death
 Environ you; 'till mischief, and despair,
 Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

[*Exit, guarded.*

YOR. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
 You foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal Beaufort, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
 With letters of commission from the king.
 For know, my lords, the states of christendom,
 Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
 Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
 Betwixt our nation and the aspiring *French*;
 And here at hand the dauphin, and his train,
 Approacheth, to confer about some matters.

YOR. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
 After the slaughter of so many peers,
 So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
 That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
 And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
 Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
 Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
 By treason, falshood, and by treachery,
 Our great progenitors had conquered? —
 O, *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, attended; REIGNIER,
ALENSON, and Others.*

CHA. Since, lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in *France*,
I come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

YOR. Speak, *Winchester*; for boiling choler choaks
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Car. *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 thyself.
'Thou shalt be plac'd as vice-roy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

ALE. Must he be then as shadow of himself ?
Adorn his temples with a coronet ;
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but priviledge of a private man ?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

CHA. 'Tis known, already that I am possess'd
Of more than half the *Gallian* territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king :
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but vice-roy of the whole ?
No, lord embassador; I'll rather keep

That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

FOR. 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. [nacy"]

REI. "My lord [*to Cha.*] you do not well, in obli-
"To cavil in the course of this contract:"
"If once it be neglected, ten to one,"
"We shall not find like opportunity."

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

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

CHA. It shall: only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

FOR. 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 ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry, and SUFFOLK, conferring;

GLOSTER, and EXETER, after them.

Kin. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me :
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settl'd passions in my heart :
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide ;
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

SUF. Tush, my good lord ! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise :
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command ;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour *Henry* as her lord.

Kin. 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 dispense with that 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*,
 As his alliance will confirm our peace,
 And keep the *Frenchmen* 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 choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his queen,
 And not to seek a queen to make him rich :
 So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
 As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
 But marriage is a matter of more worth,
 Than to be dealt in by attorneyship ;
 Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
 Must be companion of his nuptial bed :
 And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
 It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
 In our opinions she should be prefer'd.

For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
 An age of discord and continual strife?
 Whereas the contrary bringeth forth blifs,
 And is a pattern of celestial peace.
 Whom should 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.

Kin. 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 ruminatè my grief.

[Exit.

GLO. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exeunt GLOSTER, and EXETER.

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.

H E N R Y VI.

Part II.

Persons represented.

King Henry the sixth :

Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.

Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester.

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York :

Edward, and Richard, his Sons.

Dukes of Somerset, Suffolk, and Buckingham.

Earl of Salisbury. Earl of Warwick.

Lord Clifford, and his Son. Lord Say.

Lord Scales, Governor of the Tower.

Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother. Sir John Stanley.

Hume, a Priest : Southwel, and Bolingbroke, Sorcerers :

a Spirit, rais'd by them. a Herald. four Messengers.

Tho. Horner, an Armorer : Peter, his Man. two Petitioners.

Neighbours of Horner, three. two Prentices. a Citizen.

Sheriff of London. a Gentleman. two Murtherers.

Mayor, Beadle, Townsman of Saint Alban's.

Simpcox, an Impostor. Servant of Gloster. Clerk of Chatham.

a Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate ; and

Walter Whitmore. two Gentlemen, Prisoners with Suffolk.

George, John, Dick, Will, Michael, and another, Rebels :

Jack Cade, their Leader. Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.

Margaret, Queen to Henry.

Eleanor, Dutcheess of Gloster.

Mother Jourdain, a Witch. Wife to Simpcox.

*Lords, Ladies, and divers other Attendants ; Soldiers of the
different Armies, Citizens, &c.*

Scene, England ; dispersedly.

The second Part of
King HENRY the sixth.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*
Flourish of Trumpets, &c. Enter, on one Side, King Henry;
Duke of GLOSTER, Cardinal Beaufort, the Lords SALIS-
BURY, WARWICK, &c: on the other, Queen Margaret, led
by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM,
and Others, following.

SUF. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess *Margaret* for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, *Tours*,—
In presence of the kings of *France*, and *Sicile*,
The dukes of *Orleans*, *Calaber*, *Bretaigne*, *Alençon*,
Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,—
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of *England* and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
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.

Kin. *Suffolk*, arise. — Welcome, queen *Margaret* :
 I can exprefs no kinder fign of love,
 Than this † kind kifs. — O Lord, that lends me life,
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulnefs !
 For thou haft given me, in this beauteous face,
 A world of earthly bleffings to my foul,
 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Que. 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-liefest fovereign,
 Makes me the bolder to falute my king
 With ruder terms ; fuch as my wit affords,
 And over-joy of heart doth minifter.

Kin. Her fight did ravifh : but her grace in fpeech,
 Her words y-clad with wisdom's majefty,
 Makes me, from wond'ring, fall to weeping joys ;
 Such is the fulnefs of my heart's content. —
 Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

all. Long live queen *Margaret*, *England's* happinefs !

Que. We thank you all. [Flourifh.]

Suf. My lord protector, fo it please your grace,
 Here are the † articles of contracted peace,
 Between our fovereign and the *French* king *Charles*,
 For eighteen months concluded by confent.

GLO. [reads.] Imprimis, it is agreed between the
French king, *Charles*, and *William de la Poole*, mar-
 quifs of *Suffolk*, embaffador for *Henry* king of *England*,
 — that the faid *Henry* fhall espoufe the lady *Margaret*,
 daughter to *Reignier* king of *Naples*, *Sicily*, and *Jeru-*
salem ; and crown her queen of *England*, ere the thirtieth

of May next ensuing. Item, ——— that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her fa —

Kin. Uncle, how now?

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

Kin. Uncle of *Winchester*, I pray, read on.

Car. [taking the Paper from *Glo.* and reading.] Item, it is further agreed between them, — that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry. [you down:

Kin. They please us well. — Lord marquis, kneel
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 in the parts of *France*,
'Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd. —
Thanks, uncle *Winchester*, *Gloster*, *York*, and *Buckingham*,
Somerfet, *Salisbury*, and *Warwick*, thanks;
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.*

Glo. Brave peers of *England*, pillars of the state,
To you duke *Humphrey* must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother *Henry* spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?

Did he so often lodge in open field,
 In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
 To conquer *France*, his true inheritance?
 And did my brother *Bedford* toil his wits,
 To keep by policy what *Henry* got?
 Have you yourselves, *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
 Brave *York*, and *Salisbury*, victorious *Warwick*,
 Receiv'd deep scars in *France* and *Normandy*?
 Or hath mine uncle *Beaufort*, and myself,
 With all the learned counsel of the realm,
 Study'd so long, sat in the council-house,
 Early and late, debating to and fro
 How *France* and *Frenchmen* might be kept in awe?
 Or hath his highness in his infancy
 Been crown'd in *Paris*, in despite of foes;
 And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
 Shall *Henry's* conquest, *Bedford's* vigilance,
 Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
 O peers of *England*, shameful is this league!
 Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
 Blotting your names from books of memory;
 Rasing the characters of your renown;
 Reversing 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 roast,
 Hath given the dutchies of *Anjou* and *Maine*
 Unto the poor king *Reignier*, whose large style

Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

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

WAR. For grief that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and *Maine*! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

YOR. 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 costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in *France*, and starv'd in *France*,
Before —

CAR. My lord of *Gloster*, now you 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 dislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out, proud prelate; in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,

We shall begin our ancient bickerings: —
 Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
 I prophesy'd — *France* will be lost ere long. [Exit.]

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
 'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:
 Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
 And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
 Consider, lords, — he is the next of blood,
 And heir apparent to the *English* crown;
 Had *Henry* got an empire by his marriage,
 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
 There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:
 Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
 Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
 What though the common people favour him,
 Calling him — *Humphrey*, the good duke of *Glosser*;
 Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice —
Jesu maintain your royal excellence!

With — *God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*
 I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
 He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buc. 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 quickly hoise duke *Humphrey* from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
 I'll to the duke of *Suffolk* presently. [Exit.]

Som. Cousin of *Buckingham*, tho' *Humphrey'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.

Buc. Thou, or I, *Somerset*, will be protector,
Despight duke *Humphrey*, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt Buc. and Som.*

SAL. Pride goes before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw but *Humphrey* duke of *Gloster*
Did bear him like a noble gentleman :
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal —
More like a soldier, than a man o'the church ;
As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all, —
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal. —

Warwick my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke *Humphrey* : —
And, brother *York*, thy acts in *Ireland*,
In bringing them to civil discipline ;
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 *Humphrey's* deeds,
While they do tend to profit of the land.

WAR. So God help *Warwick*, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country.

3 *Buc.* Or thou, 30 tend the pro —

YOR. And so says *York*, for he hath greatest cause.

SAL. Then let's make haste, and look unto the main.

WAR. Unto the main! O, father, *Maine* is lost;
That *Maine*, which by main force *Warwick* did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant, *Maine*;
Which I will win from *France*, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt WAR. and SAL.*]

YOR. *Anjou*, and *Maine*, are given to the *French*;
Paris is lost; the state of *Normandy*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all; What is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap penn'worth of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, 'till all be gone:
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is born away;
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.
So *York* must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
Methinks, the realms of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,
Unto the prince's heart of *Calydon*.
Anjou and *Maine*, both given unto the *French*!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of *France*,

Even as I have of fertile *England's* soil.
 A day will come, when *York* shall claim his own ;
 And therefore I will take the *Newils'* parts,
 And make a shew of love to proud duke *Humphrey*,
 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 *Humphrey* with the peers be fall'n at jars :
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be 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.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in Gloster's House.*

Enter GLOSTER, and his Dutcheffs.

Dut. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
 Hanging the head at *Ceres'* plenteous load ?
 Why doth the great duke *Humphrey* knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favours of the world ?
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight ?
 What see'st thou there ? king *Henry's* diadem,

Inchaf'd with all the honours of the world ?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circl'd with the same.
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold :
 What, is't too short ? I'll lengthen it with mine :
 And, having both together heav'd it up,
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven ;
 And never more abase our sight so low,
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, if thou dost love thy lord,
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts :
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill
 Against my king and nephew, virtuous *Henry*,
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world !
 My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Dut. What drea.n'd my lord ? tell me, and I'll requite it
 With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,
 Was broke in twain ; by whom, I have forgot,
 But, as I think, it was by the cardinal ;
 And on the pieces of the broken wand
 Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* duke of *Somerset*,
 And *William de la Poole* first duke of *Suffolk*.
 This was my dream ; what it doth bode, God knows.

Dut. 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 *Humphrey*, my sweet duke :
 Methought, I sat in feat of majesty,
 In the cathedral church of *Westminster*,
 And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd ;
 Where *Henry*, and dame *Margaret*, kneel'd to me,

And on my head did set the diadem.

GLO. Nay, *Eleanor*, then must I chide out-right :
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd *Eleanor* !
Art thou not second woman in the realm ;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him ?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought ?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet ?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

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

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint *Alban's*,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

GLO. I go. — Come, *Nell*, thou wilt ride with us too ?

Dut. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently. —
[*Exeunt GLO. and Mes.*

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

Enter HUME.

HUM. *Jesu* preserve your royal majesty!

Dut. My majesty! why, man, I am but grace.

HUM. But, by the grace of God, and *Hume's* advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Dut. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet confer'd
With *Margery Jourdain*, the cunning witch;
With *Roger Bolingbrook*, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

HUM. 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.

Dut. It is enough, I'll think upon the questions:
When from Saint *Alban's* 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 Dutcheffs.]

HUM. *Hume* must make merry with the dutcheffs' gold;
Marry, and shall. But, how now, fir *John Hume*?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but — mum;
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame *Eleanor* gives gold, to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
I dare not 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 dutcheffs,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say, A crafty knave does need no broker ;
 Yet am I *Suffolk* 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 dutchefs' wreck ;
 And her attainture will be *Humphrey's* fall :
 Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PETER, and Others, with Petitions.

1 P. 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 P. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man ! *Jesu* blefs him !

Enter SUFFOLK, and Queen.

PET. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him : I'll be the first, sure.

2 P. Come back, fool ; this is the duke of *Suffolk*, and not my lord protector.

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

1 P. I pray, my lord, pardon me ! I took ye for my lord protector.

Que. For my lord protector ! are your supplications to his lordship ? Let me see them : What is thine ?

[taking a Petition.]

1 P. Mine is, an't please your grace, against *John Goodman*, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

SUF. Thy wife too ? that is some wrong, indeed. — What's yours ? — [taking another.] What's here ! [reads.]

Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford. — How now, sir knave?

2 P. Alas, fir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

PET. [*giving his Petition.*] Against my master, *Thomas Horner*, for saying, That the duke of *York* was rightful heir to the crown.

Que. What say'st thou? Did the duke of *York* say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

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 Servants.*] Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently: — we'll hear more of your matter before the king. [*Exeunt Servants, with PETER.*]

Que. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*tears the Petitions.*]

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

1 P. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

Que. My lord of *Suffolk*, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of *England*?
Is this the government of *Britain's* isle,
And this the royalty of *Albion's* king?
What, shall king *Henry* be a pupil still,
Under the surly *Gloster's* governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, *Pole*, when in the city *Tours*
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of *France*;

I thought, king *Henry* had resembl'd thee,
 In courage, courtship, and proportion :
 But all his mind is bent to holiness,
 To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads :
 His champions are — the prophets, and apostles ;
 His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ ;
 His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
 Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
 I would, the colledge of the cardinals
 Would choose him pope, and carry him to *Rome*,
 And set the triple crown upon his head ;
 That were a state fit for his holiness.

SUF. Madam, be patient : as I was cause
 Your highness came to *England*, so will I
 In *England* work your grace's full content.

Que. Beside the haught protector, have we *Beaufort*,
 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.

Que. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
 As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
 She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
 More like an empress, than duke *Humphrey's* wife ;
 Strangers in court do take her for the queen :
 She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
 And in her heart she scorns our poverty :
 Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ?
 Contemptuous base-born 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, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: And, madam, 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 *Humbrey* in disgrace;
As for the duke of *York*,— this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Enter King Henry; YORK, and SOMERSET,
talking with him; Duke of GLOSTER, and Dutcheffs,
Cardinal Beaufort, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY,
and WARWICK.*

Kin. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or *Somerfet*, or *York*, all's one to me.

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

SOM. If *Somerfet* be unworthy of the place,
Let *York* be regent, I will yield to him.

WAR. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that; *York* is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy betters speak.

WAR. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

BUC. 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 prefer'd in this.

Que. Because the king, forſooth, will have it ſo.

GLO. Madam, the king is old enough himſelf
To give his cenſure : theſe are no women's matters.

Que. 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 wreck :

The dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the ſeas ;

And all the peers and nobles of the realm

Have been as bondmen to thy ſovereignty. [bags,

Car. The commons haſt thou rack'd ; the clergy's
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

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

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

Que. 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 *GLOSTER*.

Give me my fan ; What, minion, can you not ?

[gives the Dutcheſs a Box on the Ear.

I cry you mercy, madam ; Was it you ?

Dut. Was't I ? yea, I it was, proud *Frenchwoman* ;
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd ſet my ten commandments in your face.

Kin. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Dut. 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 Dutcheffs.*]

Buc. "Lord cardinal, I will follow *Eleanor*;"
"And listen after *Humphrey*, how he proceeds:"
"She's tickl'd now; her fume can need no spurs,"
"She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction."

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]

Re-enter GLOSTER.

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 so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my soveraign, *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.

YOR. 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 danc'd attendance on his will,

'Till *Paris* was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

WAR. That can I 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 Servants of Suffolk, bringing in
the Armorer, and his Man.*

SUF. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the duke of *York* excuse himself.

YOR. Doth any one accuse *York* for a traitor? [these?

Kin. What mean'st thou, *Suffolk*; tell me? What are

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.

Kin. Say, man, were these thy words?

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

PET. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak
them to me in the garret one night, as we were scour-
ing my lord of *York*'s armour.

YOR. 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 rigour of the law.

Arm. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the
words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did
correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon
his knees he would be even with me: I have good wit-
ness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not

cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

Kin. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law ?

GLO. This do, my lord, if I may be the 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 *Humphrey's* doom.

SOM. I humbly thank your royal majeſty.

ARM. And I accept the combat willingly.

PET. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight ; for God's ſake, pity my caſe ! the fight 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.

Kin. Away with them to priſon : and the day of combat ſhall be the laſt of the next month. —

Come, *Somerſet*, we'll ſee thee ſent away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The ſame.* *Gloſter's Garden.*

A Table ſet out, and Things proper for the Incantation.

Enter HUME, BOLINGBROOK, SOUTHWEL,
and Mother JOURDAIN.

HUM. Come, my maſters ; the dutcheſs, I tell you, expects performance of your promiſes.

BOL. Maſter *Hume*, we are therefore provided : Will her ladyſhip behold and hear our exorcisms ?

HUM. Ay ; What elſe ? fear you not her courage.

BOL. 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 he busy below ;

and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. —

[Exit HUME.]

Mother *Jourdain*, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth: — *John Southwel*, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Dutchess, at a Window, above.

Dut. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. Come, to this geer; the sooner the better.

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

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

Spi. *Adsum.*

Jou. *Asmatb,*

By the eternal God, whose name and power

Thou trembl'st at, answer that I shall ask;

For, 'till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spi. Ask what thou wilt: — That I had said and done!

BOL. *First, of the king; [reading out of a Paper.] What shall become of him?*

Spi. The duke yet lives, that *Henry* shall depose; But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[*Southwel writes the Answer.*]

BOL. *What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?*

Spi. By Water shall he die, and take his end.

BOL. *What shall befall the duke of Somersset?*

Spi. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be on sand,
Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

BOL. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake;
False fiend, avoid! [*Thunder. Spirit descends.*

A Noise of breaking in.

*Enter YORK, and BUCKINGHAM, hastily;
Guard, and Others, with them.*

YOR. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.—
Beldame, I think, we watch'd you to an inch.—
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
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.

Dut. Not half so bad as thine to *England's* king,
Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.

Buc. True, madam, none at all. What call you this?
[*shewing her the Papers.*

Away with them; let them be clap'd up close,
And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us;—
Stafford, take her to thee. [*Exeunt some to the Dut.*
We'll see your trinkets here forth-coming all;
Away. [*Exeunt others, with BOL. SOU. &c.*

YOR. Lord *Buckingham*, methinks, you watch'd her
A pretty plot, well chose to build upon! [*well:*
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*taking the Papers, and reading,*
The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.
Why, this is just,—

No it, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.

Well, to the rest :

M. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk ?

A. By Water shall he die, and take his end.

M. What shall befall the duke of Somerset ?

A. Let him shun castles ;

Safer shall he be on sand,

Than where castles mounted stand.

Come, come away, my lords : these oracles
Are hardly attain'd, and hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint *Alban's* ;

With him, the husband of this lovely lady :

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them ;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

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

YOR. At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within
there, ho !

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of *Salisbury*, and *Warwick*,

To sup with me to-morrow night — Away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Saint *Alban's*. Entrance of the Town.

Enter King, Queen, GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK ;
with Attendants, and Falconers, hallooing.

Que. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven' day ;
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high ;
And, ten to one, old *Joan* had not gone out.

Kin. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest! —
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.

SUF. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know, their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

GLO. My lord, tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much, he'd be above the clouds.

GLO. Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?

Kin. 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 common-weal.

GLO. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown so
peremptory?

Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ? churchmen so hot?
Good uncle, hide such malice; With such holiness,
Can you not do it?

SUF. No malice, fir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

GLO. As who, my lord?

SUF. Why, as yourself, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

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

Que. And thy ambition, *Gloster*.

Kin. I pr'ythee, peace, good queen;
And whet not on these too too furious peers,

For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword.

Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that.

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine own person answer thy abuse. [dar'st,"

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: "an if thou
" This evening, on the east side of the grove."

Kin. How now, my lords?

Car. Believe me, cousin *Gloster*,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly, [sword."
We had had more sport. "Come with thy two-hand

Glo. True, uncle, Are ye avis'd? "The east side of
" Cardinal, I am with you." [the grove?"

Kin. Why, how now, uncle *Gloster*?

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
"Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
" Or all my fence shall fail." [for this,"

Car. "*Medice teipsum*;"
"Protector, see to't well, protect yourself." [lords.

Kin. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs,
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 of the Town, crying out,
A miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?—Fellow, what miracle
Dost thou proclaim?

Tow. A miracle, a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, tell him what miracle.

Tow. Forsooth, a blind man at saint *Alban's* shrine,

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

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

Enter a great Multitude, bearing

*SIMPCOX between two in a Chair, his Wife with him;
the Mayor of Saint Alban's, and his Brethren,
following in Procession.*

Car. Here are the townsmen on procession,
Come to present your highness with the man.

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

GLO. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king,
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

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

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

SIM. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wif. Ay, indeed, was he.

SUF. What woman is this?

Wif. His wife, an't like your worship. [better told.

GLO. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st have

Kin. Where wert thou born?

SIM. At *Berwick* in the north, an't like your grace.

Kin. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass, [thee:
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Que. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

SIM. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep
By good saint *Alban*: who said,—Saunders, come;

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

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

Car. What, art thou lame?

SIM. Ay, God almighty help me!

SUF. How cam'st thou so?

SIM. A fall off of a tree.

Wif. A plum-tree, master.

GLO. How long hast thou been blind?

SIM. O, born so, master.

GLO. What, and would'st climb a tree?

SIM. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wif. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

GLO. Mafs, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st
venture so.

SIM. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

GLO. A subtle knave; but yet it shall not serve. —
Let me see thine eyes: wink now; now open them:
In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well. [*saint Alban.*]

SIM. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and

GLO. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

SIM. Red, master; red as blood.

GLO. Why, that's well said:

What colour is my gown of?

SIM. Black, forsooth;

Coal-black as jet.

Kin. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

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

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

Wif. Never, before this day, in all his life.

GLO. Tell me, firrah, what's my name?

SIM. Alas, master, I know not.

GLO. What's his † name?

SIM. I know not.

GLO. Nor † his?

SIM. No, indeed, master.

GLO. What's thine own name?

SIM. *Saunder Simpcox*, an if it please you, master.

GLO. Then, *Saunder*, sit thou there, the lying'st knave
In christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well know all our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish colours; but suddenly
To nominate them all, it is impossible.—

My lords, faint *Alban* here hath done a miracle;
Would ye not think his cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

SIM. O, master, that you could!

GLO. My masters of Saint *Alban's*,
Have you not beades in your town, and things
Call'd whips?

May. Yes, my good lord, if't please your grace.

GLO. Then fend for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

GLO. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.—
Now, sirrah, [Stool set out.]
If you do mean to save yourself from whipping,
Leap me over this stool, and run away.

SIM. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

GLO. Well, fir, we must have you find your legs.—

Sirrah beadle, whip him 'till he leap over that same stool.

Bea. I will, my lord. — Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

SIM. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand. [*He is taken out of his Chair, and stript: and after the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the Stool, and runs away; and the People follow, and cry — A Miracle!*]

Kin. O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?

Que. It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

GLO. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wif. Alas, fir, we did it for pure need.

GLO. Let them be whipt through every market town,
'Till they do come to *Barwick*, whence they came.

[*Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, &c.*]

Car. Duke *Humphrey* 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, in a day, my lord, made whole towns fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Kin. What tidings with our cousin *Buckingham*?

BUC. 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 dang'rously 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,

14 Barwick, from whence 19 v. Note.

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. ”

Glo. Ambitious churchman, 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.

Kin. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones ;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby !

Que. *Gloster*, see here the tainture of thy nest ;
And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

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

Kin. 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.

SCENE II. *London. Duke of York’s Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

YOR. Now, my good lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to *England's* crown.

SAL. My lord, I long to hear it at the full.

WAR. Sweet *York*, begin: and, if thy claim be good,
The *Newils* are thy subjects to command.

YOR. Then thus:—

Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, *Edward* the black prince, prince of *Wales*;
The second, *William* of *Hatfield*; and the third,
Lionel, duke of *Clarence*; next to whom,
Was *John* of *Gaunt*, the duke of *Lancaster*:
The fifth, was *Edmond Langley*, duke of *York*;
The sixth, was *Thomas* of *Woodstock*, duke of *Gloster*;
William of *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 Bolingbrook*, 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 you both know,
Harmless king *Richard* trait'rously was murder'd.

WAR. Father, the duke hath surely told the truth;
Thus got the house of *Lancaster* the crown.

YOR. 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.

YOR. The third son, duke of *Clarence*, (from whose I claim the crown) had issue—*Philippe*, a daughter; [line Who marry'd *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 *Bolingbrook*, As I have read, lay'd claim unto the crown;
And, but for *Owen Glendower*, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, 'till he dy'd.
But, to the rest.

YOR. His eldest sifter, *Anne*,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Marry'd *Richard*, earl of *Cambridge*; who was son
To *Edmond Langley*, *Edward* the third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she then was heir
To *Roger*, earl of *March*; who was the son
Of *Edmond Mortimer*; who marry'd *Philippe*,
Sole daughter unto *Lionel*, duke of *Clarence*:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

WAR. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from *John of Gaunt*,
The fourth son; but *York* claims it from the third.
'Till *Lionel's* issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
'Then, father *Salisbury*, kneel we both 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!

YOR. 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 *Beaufort'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 *Humphrey*:
 'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
 Shall find their deaths, if *York* can prophesy.

SAL. My lord, break off; we know your mind at full.

WAR. My heart assures me, that the earl of *Warwick*
 Shall one day make the duke of *York* a king.

YOR. And, *Newil*, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the earl of *Warwick*
 The greatest man in *England*, but the king. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. A Hall of Justice.*

Trumpets. Enter King Henry, and Queen, Duke of GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SALISBURY, and divers Others: then, Enter Officers, &c. bringing in the Dutchess of Gloster, Hume, Southwel, Bolingbrook, and Mother Jourdain.

Kin. Stand forth, dame *Eleanor Cobham*, *Gloster's* wife:
 In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
 Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
 Such as by God's book are 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 burnt to ashes,

And you three shall be strangl'd on the gallows. —
 You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
 Despoiled of your honour in your life,
 Shall, after three days' open penance done,
 Live in your country here, in banishment,
 With sir *John Stanley*, in the isle of *Man*. [death.]

Dut. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my

Glo. *Eleanor*, the law, thou see'st, hath judged thee;
 I cannot justify whom the law condemns. —

[*Exeunt Officers, with Dutchess, and the other Prisoners.*
 Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

Ah, *Humphrey*, this dishonour in thine age
 Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground! —
 'Beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
 Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

Kin. Stay, *Humphrey* duke of *Gloster*: ere thou go,
 Give up thy staff; *Henry* will to himself
 Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
 My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet:
 And go in peace, *Humphrey*; no less belov'd,
 Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Que. I see no reason, why a king of years
 Should be to be protected like a child: —
 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,
 May honourable peace attend thy throne! [Exit.]

Que. Why, now is *Henry* king, and *Margaret* queen;

And *Humphrey*, 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 it best fits to be, in *Henry's* † hand.

SUF. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus *Eleanor's* pride dies in her youngest days.

YOR. Lords, let him go.— Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

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

Kin. O'God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, And God defend the right!

YOR. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Drums. Enter, on one Side, the Armourer, and
certain of his Neighbours, drinking to him so much,
that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his Staff,
with a Sand bag fasten'd to it; Drum before him:
On the other Side, Enter his Man, and Prentices
drinking to him; bearing à like Staff; Drum
likewise before him.

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

2 *N.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 *N.* 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 P. Here, *Peter*, I drink to thee ; and be not afraid.

2 P. Be merry, *Peter*, and fear not your master :
fight for credit of the prentices.

PET. I thank you all : drink, and pray for me, I
pray you ; for, I think, I have taken my last draught
in this world — Here, † *Robin*, an if I die, I give thee
my apron ; — and, *Will*, thou shalt have my † hammer : —
and here, *Tom*, take all the † money that I have. — O
Lord blefs me, I pray God ! for I am never able to deal
with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

SAL. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. —
Sirrah, what's thy name ?

PET. *Peter*, forsooth.

SAL. *Peter* ! what more ?

PET. *Thump*.

SAL. *Thump* ! then see thou thump thy master well.

Arm. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon
my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself
an honest man : and touching the duke of *York*, — I will
take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the
king, nor the queen ; And therefore, *Peter*, have at thee
with a down-right blow. [ble. —

YOR. Dispatch ; — this knave's tongue begins to dou-
Sound trumpets, 'larum to the combatants.

Alarum. *They fight ; and Peter strikes down
his Master.*

Arm. Hold, *Peter*, hold ! I confes, I confes treason.

YOR. Take away his weapon : — Fellow, thank God,
and the good wine in thy master's way.

PET. O God ! have I overcome mine enemy in this

presence? O *Peter*, thou hast prevail'd in right!

Kin. Go, take away that traitor from our fight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants, all in Mourning.

GLO. Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;
And, after summer, evermore succeeds
Bare winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys go round, as seasons fleet.—
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Ser. Ten, my lord.

GLO. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd dutchefs:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender feeling feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious looks still laughing at thy shame;
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare,
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the Dutchefs of Gloster, bare-foot, and a
white Sheet about her, with Papers pin'd upon her
Back, and a Taper burning in her Hand; accompany'd
with the Sheriffs of London, Sir John STANLEY, and
Officers with Bills and Halberds.*

Ser. So please your grace, we'll take her from the she-

GLO. No, stir not for your lives, let her pass by. [ruff.

Dut. 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, *Gloster*, hide thee from their hateful looks;

And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,

And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

GLO. Be patient, gentle *Nell*; forget this grief.

Dut. Ah, *Gloster*, teach me to forget myself:

For, whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,

And thou a prince, protector of this land,

Methinks, I should not thus be led along,

Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;

And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice

To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;

And, when I start, the envious people laugh,

And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, *Humphrey*, can I bear this shameful yoke?

Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;

Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;

To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.

Sometime I'll say, I am duke *Humphrey's* wife;

And he a prince, and ruler of the land:

Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,

As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn dutcheff,

Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,

To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;

Nor stir at nothing, 'till the axe of death
 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 *Beaufort* that false priest,
 Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
 And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee :
 But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
 Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

GLO. Ah, *Nell*, forbear; thou aimest all awry ;
 I must offend, before I be attainted :
 And had I twenty times so many foes,
 And each of them had twenty times their power,
 All these could not procure me any scathe,
 So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
 Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach ?
 Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
 And I in danger for the breach of law.
 Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle *Nell* :
 I pray thee, fort thy heart to patience ;
 This 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 the next month.

GLO. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before !
 This is close dealing. — Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*

My *Nell*, I take my leave :— and, master sheriff,
 Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

She. An't please your grace, here my commission stays :
 And sir *John Stanley* is appointed now
 To take her with him to the isle of *Man*.

GLO. Must you, sir *John*, protect my lady here?

STA. 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.

Dut. What, gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell?

GLO. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER, and Servants.*]

Dut. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is — death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity. —

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

STA. Why, madam, that is to the isle of *Man*;
There to be us'd according to your state.

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

STA. Like to a dutchess, and duke *Humphrey's* lady,
According to that state you shall be us'd.

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

She. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

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

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

Dut. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bury. *A Room in the Abbey.*

Enter King Henry, and Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, YORK, SUFFOLK, BUCKINGHAM, and Others.

Kin. 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.

Que. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How 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 *Humphrey* 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 put to speak my mind,
 I think, I should have told your grace's tale.
 The dutchess, by his subornation,
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices :
 Or if he were not privy to those faults,
 Yet the 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 deepest ;
 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?

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

Buc. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke *Humphrey*.

Kin. My lords, at once; the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman *Gloster* is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall. [ance!

Que. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affi-
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

SOM. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

Kin. Welcome, lord *Somerjet*. What news from *France*?

SOM. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost. [done!

Kin. Cold news, lord *Somerjet*: But God's will be

YOR. "Cold news for me; for I had hope of *France*,"

“ As firmly as I hope for fertile *England*.”
 “ Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,”
 “ And caterpillars eat my leaves away :”
 “ But I will remedy this geer ere long,”
 “ Or sell my title for a glorious grave.”

Enter GLOSTER.

GLO. All happiness unto my lord the king !
 Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

SUF. Nay, *Gloster*, 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 ? [*France,*

YOR. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of
 And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay ;
 By means whereof, his highness hath lost *France*. [it?

GLO. Is it but thought so ? What are they, that think
 I never rob'd the soldiers of their pay,
 Nor ever had one penny bribe from *France*.
 So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
 Ay, night by night,—in studying good for *England* !
 That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
 Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
 Be brought against me at my trial day !
 No ; many a pound of mine own proper store,
 Because I would not tax the needy commons,
 Have I dispersed 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!

YOR. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That *England* was defam'd by tyranny. [tector,

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

SUF. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are lay'd unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself,
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

Kin. My lord of *Gloster*, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspect;
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:

19 commit you to 22 suspense,

But mine is made the prologue to their play ;
 For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
 Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort'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 lies upon his heart ;
 And dogged *York*, that reaches at the moon,
 Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
 By false accuse doth level at my life : —
 And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
 Causeless have lay'd disgraces on my head ;
 And, with your best endeavour, have stir'd up
 My liefest liege to be mine enemy : —
 Ay, all of you have lay'd your heads together,
 Myself had notice of your conventicles,
 And all to make away my guiltless life :
 I shall not want false witnesses to condemn me,
 Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;
 The ancient proverb will be well effected, —
 A 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 traitors' 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 clerkly couch'd,
 As if she had suborned some to swear
 False allegations to o'er-throw his state ?

Que. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed; —
 Beshrew the winners, for they play me false! —
 And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buc. He'll wrest the sence, and hold us here all day: —
 Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.
[to some Attendants.]

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.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with GLOSTER.*]

Kin. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
 Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Que. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

Kin. Ay, *Margaret*; my heart is drown'd with grief,
 Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
 My body round engirt with misery;
 For what's more miserable than discontent? —
 Ah! uncle *Humphrey*, in thy face I see
 The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
 And yet, good *Humphrey*, is the hour to come,
 That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
 What louring star now envies thy estate,
 That these great lords, and *Margaret* our queen,
 Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
 Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
 And as the butcher takes away the calf,
 And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
 Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;

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 myself bewail 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. [Exit.

Que. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs, [beams.
 'Too full of foolish pity: and *Gloster's* shew
 Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
 Or as the snake, rowl'd on a flow'ring 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 mine own wit good)
 This *Gloster* 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.

FOR. So that, by this, you would not have him die,

SUF. Ah, *York*, no man alive so fain as I.

YOR. 'Tis *York* that hath more reason for his death. —
But, my lord cardinal, — and you, my lord of *Suffolk*, —
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls, —
Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke *Humphrey* for the king's protector?

Que. 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 *Humphrey's* prov'd by reasons to my liege.
And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; For that is good deceit,
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Que. Thrice noble *Suffolk*, resolutely spoke.

SUF. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue, —
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe, —
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of *Suffolk*,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,

22 *Suffolke*, 'tis resolutely

I tender so the safety of my liege.

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

Que. And so say I.

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Great lords, from *Ireland* am I come amain,
To signify — that rebels there are up,
And put the *Englishmen* unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable;
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?

YOR. That *Somerfet* be sent as regent thither:
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in *France*.

SOM. If *York*, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in *France* so long.

YOR. 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:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

Que. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with: —
No more, good *York*; — sweet *Somerfet*, be still; —
Thy fortune, *York*, hadst thou been regent there,
Might hapily have prov'd far worse than his. [all!

YOR. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take

SOM. And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame!

CAR. My lord of *York*, try what your fortune is.

The uncivil kerns of *Ireland* are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of *Englishmen* :
To *Ireland* will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the *Irishmen* ?

YOR. 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.

YOR. 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 *Humphrey*.

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.

YOR. 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 all but York.*]

YOR. 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 the enjoying :
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart. [thought ;
Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than a 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 madman's hands.
 Whiles 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-bred flaw.
 And, for a minister of my intent,
 I have seduc'd a head-strong *Kentishman*,
John Cade of *Ashford*,
 To make commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the title of *John Mortimer*.
 In *Ireland* have I seen this stubborn *Cade*
 Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
 And fought so long, 'till that his thighs with darts
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
 And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
 Caper upright, like to a wild morisco,
 Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
 Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
 Hath he conversed with the enemy;
 And undiscover'd come to me again,
 And given me notice of their villanies.

This devil here shall be my substitute ;
 For that *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble :
 By this I shall perceive the commons' minds,
 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, *Humphrey* being dead, as he shall be,
 And *Henry* put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

Enter certain Murtherers, hastily.

1 *M.* Run to my lord of *Suffolk* ; let him know,
 We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 *M.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
 Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

1 *M.* Here comes my lord.

SUF. Now, firs,
 Have you dispatch'd this thing?

1 *M.* 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 lay'd fair the bed? are all things well,
 According as I gave directions?

1 *M.* Yes, my good lord.

SUF. Away, be gone. [Exeunt Murtherers.

*Enter King, Queen, Cardinal, SOMERSET,
Lords, and Others.*

Kin. 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.*]

Kin. 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.

Que. God forbid, any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman !
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion ! [*much.*—

Kin. I thank thee, *Meg* ; these words content me
Re-enter SUFFOLK, hastily.

How now ? why look'st thou pale ? why trembl'st thou ?
Where is our uncle ? what's the matter, *Suffolk* ?

SUF. Dead in his bed, my lord ; *Gloster* is dead.

Que. Marry, God forefend !

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

[*King swoons.*]

Que. How fares my lord ? — Help, lords ! the king is

SOM. Rear up his body ; wring him by the nose. [*dead.*]

Que. Run, go, help, help ! — O, *Henry*, ope thine eyes !

SUF. He doth revive again ; — Madam, be patient.

Kin. O heavenly God !

Que. How fares my gracious lord ?

SUF. Comfort, my sovereign ! gracious *Henry*, comfort !

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

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers ;

And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
 By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
 Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
 Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
 Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
 Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
 Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
 Upon thy eye-balls murd'rous 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 *Gloster's* dead.

Que. Why do you rate my lord of *Suffolk* thus?
 Although the duke was enemy to him,
 Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death:
 And for myself,— foe as he was to me,
 Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
 Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
 I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
 Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
 And all to have the noble duke alive.
 What know I how the world may deem of me?
 For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
 It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
 So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
 And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
 This get I by his death: Aye me unhappy!
 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

Kin. Ah, woe is me for *Gloster*, wretched man!

Que. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.

What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
 What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
 Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
 Is all thy comfort shut in *Gloster's* tomb?
 Why, then dame *Margaret* was ne'er thy joy:
 Erect his statue then, and worship it,
 And make my image but an ale-house sign.
 Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
 And twice by aukward wind from *England's* bank:
 Drove back again unto my native clime?
 What boded this, but well-fore-warning wind
 Did seem to say,— Seek not a scorpion's nest,
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
 What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
 And he that loof'd them forth their brazen caves;
 And bid them blow towards *England's* blessed shore,
 Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
 Yet *Æolus* would not be a murtherer,
 But left that hateful office unto thee:
 The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
 Knowing, that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore
 With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
 The splitting rocks cow'd in the sinking sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy palace perish *Margaret*.
 As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
 And when the dusky sky began to rob
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,

I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
 And threw it 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 fit and witch me, as *Ascanius* did,
 When he to madding *Dido*, would unfold
 His father's acts, commenc'd in burning *Troy*?
 Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
 Aye me, I can no more! Die, *Margaret*;
 For *Henry* weeps, that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Commons are seen pressing
 towards the Door, with Salisbury keeping them back:*

Enter WARWICK.

WAR. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 That good duke *Humphrey* trait'rously is murther'd
 By *Suffolk's* and the cardinal *Beaufort'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:
 Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
 Until they hear the order of his death.

Kin. That he is dead, good *Warwick*, 'tis too true;
 But how he dy'd, God knows, not *Henry*:
 Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
 And comment then upon his sudden death.

WAR. That shall I do, my liege: — Stay, *Salisbury*,

With the rude multitude, 'till I return.

[*Exit, to an inner Room.*]

Kin. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts ;
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were lay'd on *Humphrey'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 ;
And, to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater ?

A Door is thrown open, and Gloster discover'd dead upon his Bed : WARWICK, and Others, by him.

WAR. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

Kin. That is to see how deep my grave is made :
For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace ;
And, seeing him, I see my death in life.

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 lay'd
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 settl'd in his face !
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the lab'ring heart ;

Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy ;
 Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
 To blush and beautify the cheek again.
 But, see, his face is black, and full of blood ;
 His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd,
 Staring full ghastly like a strangl'd man :
 His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling ;
 His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
 And tug'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
 Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking ;
 His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
 It cannot be, but he was murder'd here ;
 The least of all these signs were probable. [death ?

SUF. Why, *Warwick*, who should do the duke to
 Myself, and *Beaufort*, had him in protection ;
 And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers. [foes ;

WAR. But both of you were vow'd duke *Humphrey's*
 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.

Que. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen,
 As guilty of duke *Humphrey's* timeless death.

WAR. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
 And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
 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 unbloody'd beak ?
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy. [knife ?

Que. Are you the butcher, *Suffolk* ? where's your

Is *Beaufort* term'd a kite? where are his talons?

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 murder's crimson badge: —
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of *Warwickshire*,
That I am faulty in duke *Humphrey's* death.

[*Exeunt Car. Som. and Others.*

WAR. What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolk* dare

Que. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit, [him?
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though *Suffolk* dare him twenty thousand times.

WAR. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say it;
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 *Nevils'* noble race.

WAR. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the death's-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murd'rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say — it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

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

WAR. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke *Humphrey's* ghost.

[*Exeunt SUF. and WAR.*]

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

Que. What noise is this? [Noise within.

Re-enter SUFFOLK, and WARWICK.

Kin. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons
Here in our presence? dare you be so bold? — [drawn
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

SUF. The trait'rous *Warwick*, with the men of *Bury*,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Enter SALISBURY.

SAL. Sirs, stand apart, the king shall know your mind.

[to the Commons, entering.]

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me, —
Unless lord *Suffolk* straight be done to death,
Or banished fair *England's* territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good duke *Humphrey* dy'd;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death:
And meer instinct of love, and loyalty, —
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking, —
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,

That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
 And charge — that no man should disturb your rest,
 In pain of your dislike, or pain of death ;
 Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
 Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
 That slyly glided towards your majesty,
 It were but necessary you were wak'd ;
 Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
 The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal :
 And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
 That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
 From such fell serpents as false *Suffolk* is ;
 With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
 Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
 They say, is shamefully bereft of life. [Salisbury.]

Com. [within.] An answer from the king, my lord of

SUF. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
 Could send such message to their sovereign
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
 To shew how quaint an orator you are :
 But all the honour *Salisbury* hath won,
 Is — that he was the lord embassador,
 Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king. [all break in.]

Com. [within.] An answer from the king, or we will

Kin. Go, *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
 I thank them for their tender loving care :
 And had I not been cited so by them,
 Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;
 For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
 Mischance unto my state by *Suffolk's* means.
 And therefore, — by his majesty I swear,
 Whose far unworthy deputy I am, —

He shall not breath infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit SALISBURY.]

Que. O Henry, let me plead for gentle *Suffolk*!

Kin. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle *Suffolk*.

No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,

Thou wilt but add encrease 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'ft found.

On any ground that I am ruler of,

The world shall not be ransom for thy life. —

Come, *Warwick*, come, good *Warwick*, go with me;

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exeunt King, WARWICK, Lords, &c.]

Que. Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!

Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,

Be play-fellows to keep you company!

There's two of you, The devil make a third!

And three-fold vengeance tend upon your steps!

SUF. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,

And let thy *Suffolk* take his heavy leave.

Que. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies? [them?]

SUF. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,

I would invent as bitter searching terms,

As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,

Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

With full as many signs of deadly hate,

As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave:

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;
 My hair be fixt on end, 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, murth'ring basilisks !
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings !
 Their musick, frightful as the serpent's hiss ;
 And boding scritch-owls make the concert full !
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell —

Que. Enough, sweet *Suffolk*, thou torment'st thyself ;
 And these dread curses — like the sun 'gainst glass,
 Or like an over-charged gun,—recoil,
 And turn the force of them upon thyself.

SUF. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave ?
 Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Que. O, let me entreat thee cease ! Give me thy hand,
 That I may dew it with my mournful tears ;
 Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
 To wash away my woful monuments.
 O, could this [kiss be printed in thy hand ;
 That thou might'st think on these lips, by the seal,
 Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee !
 So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief ;
 'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
 As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
 Adventure to be banished myself:
 And banished I am, if but from thee.
 Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.
 O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
 Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
 Loth'er 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 itself,
 With every several pleasure in the world;
 And where thou art not, desolation.
 I can no more: Live thou to joy thy life;
 Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter a Gentleman, hastily.

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

Gen. To signify unto his majesty,
 That cardinal *Beaufort* is at point of death:
 For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
 That makes him gasp and stare, and catch the air,
 Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
 Sometime, he talks as if duke *Humphrey's* ghost
 Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
 And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
 The secrets of his over-charged soul:
 And I am sent to tell his majesty,
 That even now he cries aloud for him.

Que. Go, tell this heavy message to the king. [*Ex. Gen.*]

Ay me ! what is this world ? what news are these ?
 But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
 Omitting *Suffolk's* exile, my soul's treasure ?
 Why only, *Suffolk*, mourn I not for thee,
 And with the southern clouds contend in tears ;
 Theirs for the earth's encrease, 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 breath my soul into the air,
 As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
 Dying with mother's dug between it's 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 should'st thou either turn my flying soul,
 Or I should breath it so into thy body,
 And then it liv'd in sweet *Elyzium*.
 To die by thee, were but to die in jest ;
 From thee to die, were torture more than death :
 O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Que. Away ! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
 It is applied to a deathful wound.
 To *France*, sweet *Suffolk* : Let me hear from thee ;
 For where'soe'er thou art in this world's globe,
 I'll have an *Iris* that shall find thee out.

SUF. I go.

Que. And take my heart with thee along.

SUF. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st cask
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we ;
This way fall I to death.

Que. This way for me. [Exeunt, severally.]

SCENE III. *The same. Another Room.*

The Cardinal in his Bed; Attendants by him: Enter King, WARWICK, SALISBURY, and Others.

Kin. How fares my lord? speak, *Beaufort*, to thy sovereign. [sure,

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee *England's* treasure enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

Kin. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

WAR. *Beaufort*, 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, wh'er they will or no?
O! 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.
Comb down his hair; look, look, it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

Kin. O thou eternal mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

WAR. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin,

SAL. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

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

WAR. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

Kin. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all. —
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Kent. *The sea Shore.*

*Firing heard at Sea. After that, a Boat appears;
and puts ashore a Captain, a Master, a Master's Mate,
Walter WHITMORE, and Others: and with them, as
Prisoners, SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen.*

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 drowzy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's 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 discolour'd shore. —
Master, this † prisoner freely give I thee; —
And thou that art his mate, make boot of † this; —
The † other, *Walter Whitmore*, is thy share.

1 G. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Maf. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

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

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?— [crowns,
Cut both the villains' throats;— for die you shall;
The lives of those which we have lost in fight,
Cannot be pois'd with such a petty sum.

1 G. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 G. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

WHI. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die; [to Suf.
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 pay'd.

WHI. And so am I; my name is— *Walter Whitmore*.
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

SUF. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me— that by Water I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is— *Gualtier*, being rightly founded.

WHI. *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 fell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world.

[is laying Hands on Suffolk, to bear him off.]

SUF. Stay, *Whitmore*; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of *Suffolk*, *William de la Pole*.

Cap. The duke of *Suffolk*, muff'd up in rags!

SUF. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
Jove sometime went disguis'd, And why not I?

Cap. But *Jove* was never slain, as thou shalt be.

SUF. Obscure and lowly swain, king *Henry's* blood,
 The honourable blood of *Lancaster*,

Must not be shed by such a jady groom.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrop,

And bare-head 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.

WHI. 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 thine own.

Cap. Yes, *Pole*.

SUF. *Pole*?

Cap. *Pole*? ay, *Pole*;

Nay, 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 the treasure of the realm:

Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
 And thou, that smil'dst at good duke *Humphrey's* death,
 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 affy a mighty lord
 Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
 Having neither 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 *Maine* were sold to *France*:
 The false revolting *Normans*, thorough thee,
 Didstain to call us lord; and *Picardy*
 Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
 The princely *Warwick*, and the *Newils* all,—
 Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
 As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
 And now the house of *York*—thrust from the crown,
 By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
 And lofty proud encroaching 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 pinnace, threatens more
 Than *Bargulus* 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 thyself.
 Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me :
 I go of message from the queen to *France* ;
 I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. *Walter*,—

WHI. Come, *Suffolk*, I must waft thee to thy death.

SUF. *Gelidus timor occupat artus* : — 'tis thee I fear.

WHI. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

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

1 *G.* My gracious lord, entreat 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 heaven, and to my king ;
 And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
 Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
 Know, true nobility is exempt from fear : —
 More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

SUF. Come, soldiers, [*presenting himself to them.*] shew
 what cruelty ye can,

That this my death may never be forgot. —
 Great men oft die by vile bezonians :
 A *Roman* swarder and banditto slave
 Murther'd sweet *Tully* ; *Brutus'* bastard hand
 Stab'd *Julius Cæsar* ; savage islanders,

Pompey the great; and *Suffolk* dies by pirates.

[*Exit, with WHITMORE, and Others.*

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.

[*Exeunt All but the first Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE, with Suffolk's Body.

WHI. There let his head and lifeless body lie,

[*throwing it down.*

Until the queen his mistress bury it.

[*Exit.*

I G. 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, with the Body.*

SCENE II. The same. Black-heath.

Enter George Bevis, and John Holland.

GEO. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of
a lath; they have been up these two days.

JOH. They have the more need to sleep now then.

GEO. I tell thee, *Jack Cade* the clothier means to
dress the common-wealth, and turn it, and set a new
nap upon it.

JOH. So he had need, 'tis thread-bare. Well, I say,
it was never merry world in *England*, since gentlemen
came up.

GEO. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in
handicrafts-men.

JOH. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

GEO. Nay more, the king's council are no good
workmen.

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

GEO. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

JOH. I see them! I see them! There *Best's* son, the tanner of *Wingham*;

GEO. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

JOH. And *Dick* the butcher;

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

JOH. And *Will* the weaver:

GEO. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

JOH. Come, come, let's fall in with them: for our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.

Drum. Enter DICK the Butcher,

WILL the Weaver, and Others in great Number,
with CADE at the Head of them.

CAD. We *John Cade*, so term'd of our supposed father,—

DIC. “Or, rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.”

CAD. Command silence.

DIC. Silence!

CAD. My father was a *Mortimer*; [layer.”

DIC. “He was an honest man, and a good brick-

CAD. My mother a *Plantagenet*;

DIC. “I knew her well, she was a midwife.”

CAD. My wife descended of the *Lacies*;

DIC. “She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and”
“fold many laces.”

WIL. "But now of late, not able to travel with her"
"fur'd pack, she washes bucks here at home."

CAD. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

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

CAD. Valiant I am:

WIL. "'A must needs; for beggary is valiant."

CAD. I am able to endure much:

DIC. "No question of that; for I have seen him"
"whip'd three market-days together."

CAD. I fear neither sword nor fire. [proof.]

WIL. "He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of

DIC. "But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire,"
"being burnt i'th' hand for stealing of sheep."

CAD. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and
vows reformation. There shall be, in *England*, seven
half-penny loaves fold for a penny: the three-hoop'd
pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to
drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common,
and in *Cheapside* shall my palfrey go to grafs. And,
when I am king, (as king I will be) —

all. God save your majesty!

CAD. I thank you, good people.— there shall be no
money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will
apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like
brothers, and worship me their lord.

DIC. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

CAD. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamen-
table thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should
be made parchment; that parchment, being scribbl'd o'er,
should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say,

'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter Some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham.

WIL. The clerk of *Chatham*: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

CAD. O monstrous!

WIL. We took him setting of boys copies.

CAD. Here's a villain!

WIL. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

CAD. Nay, then he is a conjurer. [hand.

DIC. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-

CAD. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. — Come hither, firrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Cle. *Emanuel.*

DIC. They use to write it on the top of letters; — 'twill go hard with you.

CAD. Let me alone: — Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Cle. 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's a villain, and a traitor.

CAD. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [*Exeunt Some with the Clerk.*

Enter MICHAEL, hastily.

MIC. Where's our general?

CAD. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

MIC. Fly, fly, fly! sir *Humphrey Stafford*, and his brother, are hard by, with the king's forces.

CAD. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down :
he shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself ;
He is but a knight, is 'a ?

MIC. No.

CAD. To equal him, I will make myself a knight pre-
sently ; Rise up fir *John Mortimer*. Now have at him.

Drum. Enter Sir Humphrey STAFFORD,
and Brother, with Forces.

STA. 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.

Bro. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward : therefore yield, or die.

CAD. As for these filken-coated slaves, — I pass not ; —
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign ;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

STA. Villain, thy father was a plaisterer ;
And thou thyself, a shearman, Art thou not ?

CAD. And *Adam* was a gard'ner.

Bro. And what of that ?

CAD. Marry, this : *Edmund Mortimer*, earl of *March*,
Marry'd the duke of *Clarence*' daughter ; Did he not ?

STA. Ay, fir.

CAD. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's false.

CAD. Ay, that'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.

DIC. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

WIL. 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.

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

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

Bro. *Jack Cade*, the duke of *York* hath taught you this.

CAD. "He lies, for I invented it myself."—Go to, firrah, 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.

DIC. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord *Say*'s head, for selling the dukedom of *Maine*.

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

STA. O gross and miserable ignorance!

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

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

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the king.

STA. Herald, away: and, throughout every town, Proclaim them traitors that are up with *Cade*;

That those, which fly before the battle ends,
 May, even in their wives' and children's fight,
 Be hang'd up for example at their doors: —
 And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt STAFFORD, and Forces.*]

CAD. And you, that love the commons, follow me.—
 Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
 We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
 Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoen;
 For they are thrifty honest men, and such
 As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

DIC. They are all in order, and march toward us.

CAD. But then are we in order, when we are most
 out of order. Come, march forward. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. Another Part of it.*

*Alarums. Enter the two Parties, and fight;
 and both the Staffords are slain.*

CAD. Where's Dick, the butcher of *Ashford*?

DIC. Here, sir.

CAD. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and
 thou behav'dst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own
 slaughter-house: therefore thus will I 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.

DIC. I desire no more.

CAD. And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. —
 This monument of the victory [*taking off Stafford's Ar-
 mour.*] will I bear; and the bodies shall be drag'd at
 my horse' heels, 'till I do come to *London*, where we will
 have the mayor's sword born before us.

DIC. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open

the goals, and let out the prisoners.

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

SCENE IV. *London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry, reading; BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord Say, with him: at a Distance, Queen Margaret, mourning over a Head.

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

Buc. What answer makes your grace to the rebels'
supplication?

Kin. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parly with *Jack Cade* their general.
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

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

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

SAY. Ay, but (I hope) your highness shall have his.

Kin. How now, madam?

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

Que. No, love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.
Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Kin. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mes. The rebels are in *South-wark*; Fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself lord *Mortimer*,
Descended from the duke of *Clarence*' house;
And calls your grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in *Westminster*.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir *Humphrey 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.

Kin. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buc. My gracious lord, retire to *Kenelworth*,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Que. Ah, were the duke of *Suffolk* now alive,
These *Kentish* rebels should be soon appeas'd.

Kin. Lord *Say*, the traitor rebel hateth thee,
Therefore away with us to *Kenelworth*.

SAR. 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*, my lord;
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.

BUC. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

Kin. Come, *Margaret*; God, our hope, will succour

Que. My hope is gone, now *Suffolk* is deceas'd. [us.

Kin. Farewel, my lord; trust not to *Kentish* rebels.

BUC. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

SAR. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. The same. The Tower.

*Lord SCALES, and Others, upon the Walls. Enter
certain Citizens, beneath.*

SCA. How now? is *Jack Cade* slain?

1 C. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

SCA. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubl'd here with them myself,
The rebels have assay'd to win the tower.
But get you into *Smithfield*, gather head,
And thither will I send you *Matthew Gough*:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. The same. Cannon-street.

*Enter JACK CADE, and the rest, and strikes his
Sword upon London-stone.*

CAD. 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 one of his Soldiers, running.

Sol. Jack Cade, Jack Cade,—

CAD. Knock him down there. [*they kill him.*]

WIL. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye *Jack Cade* more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

DIC. My lord, there's an army gather'd together in *Smithfield*.

CAD. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set *London-bridge* on fire; and, if you can, burn down the *Tower* too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The same.* *Smithfield.*

Alarums. Enter, on one Side, CADE and his Company; on the other, Citizens, and King's Forces, headed by Matthew Gough: They fight; and the Citizens, &c. are routed, and Gough slain.

CAD. So, sirs:—Now go some and pull down the *Savoy*; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

DIC. I have a suit unto your lordship.

CAD. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

DIC. Only, that the laws of *England* may come out of your mouth.

JOH. “Mafs, ’twill be fore law then; for he was”
“thrust in the mouth with a spear, and ’tis not whole yet.”

WIL. “Nay, *John*, it will be stinking law; for his”
“breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.”

CAD. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of *England*.

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

CAD. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

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.

CAD. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. — Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of *Normandy* unto monsieur *Basimecu*, the dauphin of *France*? Be it known unto thee by these presence, 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 traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words, as no christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer: Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and, because they could not read, thou hast 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?

CAD. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear

a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

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

SAY. You men of *Kent*,—

DIC. What say you of *Kent*?

SAY. Nothing but this,—'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

CAD. Away with him, away with him! he speaks *Latin.*

SAY. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries *Cæsar* writ,

Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:

Sweet is the country, because full of riches;

The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;

Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

I sold not *Maine*, I lost not *Normandy*;

Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.

Justice with favour have I always done;

Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

When have I aught 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,

You cannot but forbear to murder me.

This tongue hath parly'd unto foreign kings

For your behoof,—

CAD. 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. [folks!

GEO. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind

SAR. These cheeks are pale with watching for your good. [’em red again.]

CAD. Give him a box o’th’ear, and that will make

SAR. Long sitting to determine poor men’s causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

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

DIC. Why dost thou quiver, man?

SAR. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

CAD. 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.

SAR. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?

Are my chests fill’d up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

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

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,

This breast from harb’ring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let me live!

CAD. “I feel remorse in myself with his words:”
“but I’ll bridle it; he shall die, and it be but for plead-”
“ing so well for his life.” Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not, o’God’s name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law’s house, fir *James Cromer*, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

all. It shall be done.

[prayers,

SAR. Ah, countrymen! if, when you make your God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?

And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

CAD. Away with him, and do as I command ye:—

[*Exeunt Some with Lord SAY.*

the proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be marry'd, but she shall pay to me her maiden-head ere they have it: Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

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

CAD. Marry, presently.

all. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the Heads.

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

SCENE VIII. Southwark.

Alarums. Enter CADE, and his Party.

CAD. Up *Fish-street*! down *Saint Magnus'* corner! kill and knock down! throw them into *Thames*!—

[*Parley sounded; afterwards, a Retreat.*

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

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and old CLIFFORD;

Forces with them.

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

Know, *Cade*, we come embassadors 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.

o. C. What say ye, countrymen ? will ye relent,
 And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you ;
 Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths ?
 Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
 Fling up his cap, and say — God save his majesty !
 Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all *France* to quake,
 Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

all. God save the king ! God save the king !

CAD. What, *Buckingham*, and *Clifford*, are ye so
 brave ? — And you, base peasants, do ye believe him ?
 will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your
 necks ? Hath my sword therefore broke through *London*
 gates, that you should leave me at the *White-hart* in
Southwark ? I thought, ye would never have given out
 these arms, 'till you had recover'd your antient free-
 dom : but you are all recreants, and dastards ; and de-
 light 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*.

o. C. 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 — *Villageois!* unto all they meet:
 Better, ten thousand base-born *Cades* miscarry,
 Than you should stoop unto a *Frenchman's* mercy.
 To *France*, to *France*, and get what you have lost;
 Spare *England*, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
 God on our side, doubt not of victory.

all. A *Clifford!* a *Clifford!* we'll follow the king,
 and *Clifford*.

CAD. 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 ho-
 nour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but
 only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes
 me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

BVC. 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. —

[*Excunt some of them.*

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean

To reconcile you all unto the king.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE IX. Kenelworth.

*Enter King Henry, and Queen, with SOMERSET
and Others, upon a Terras.*

Kin. 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 old CLIFFORD.

Buc. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

Kin. Why, *Buckingham*, is the traitor *Cade* surpriz'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter, below, the Soldiers of Cade's Army,
with Halters about their Necks.*

o. C. 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.

Kin. 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 yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

all. God save the king! God save the king! [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of *York* is newly come from *Ireland*:

And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of nimble *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.

Kin. Thus ſtands my ſtate, 'twixt *Cade* and *York* di-
Like to a ſhip, that, having 'ſcap'd a tempeſt, [ſtreſſ'd;
Is ſtraitway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate:
But now is *Cade* driven back, his men diſperſ'd;
And now is *York* in arms, to ſecond him. —
I pray thee, *Buckingham*, go and meet 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'd from him.

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

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

Buc. I will, my lord; and doubt not ſo to deal,
As all things ſhall redound unto your good.

Kin. Come, wiſe, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may *England* curſe my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter CADE.

CAD. Fie on ambition! fie on myſelf; that have a
ſword, and yet am ready to ſaniſh! Theſe five days

have I hid me in these woods ; and durst not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me ; but now am I fo hungry, that, if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, o'er a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden ; to see if I can eat grafs, or pick a fallet another while, which is not amifs to cool a man's stomach this hot weather : And, I think, this word fallet was born to do me good : for, many a time, but for a fallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill ; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart-pot to drink in ; and now the word fallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN.

IDE. 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 wax great by others' waining ; Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy ; Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state, And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

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

IDE. 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 spight of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

CAD. 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 all as dead as a door-nail,
I pray God, I may never eat grafs more.

IDE. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while *England* stands,
That *Alexander Iden*, 'squire of *Kent*,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is dig'd already in the earth.
As for more words,— let this † my sword report,
Whose greatness answers words, what speech forbears.

CAD. By my valour, the most compleat champion
that ever I heard. — Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut
not out the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef ere thou
sleep in thy sheath, I beseech *Jove* on my knees, thou
may'st be turn'd to hob-nails. [*fight; and Cade falls.*]
O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me:
let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me
but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all.—
Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to
all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquer'd
soul of *Cade* is fled.

IDE. 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 that thy master got.

CAD. *Idem*, farewell; and be proud of thy victory:
 Tell *Kent* from me, she hath lost her best man, and ex-
 hort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared
 any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*dies.*]

IDE. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven 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 dunghil, 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, dragging out the Body.*]

SCENE II. Fields near Saint Alban's.
Two Camps pitch'd, the King's, and the Duke
of York's; on either Side, one. Enter
YORK, attended.

YOR. 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, majesty, who would not buy thee dear!
 Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
 This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
 I cannot give due action to my words

Except a sword, or scepter, balance it.
 A scepter shall it have, have I a soul;
 On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of *France*.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? *Buckingham*, to disturb me?
 The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

BUC. *York*, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

YOR. *Humphrey of Buckingham*, I accept thy greeting.
 Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

BUC. 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'st raise so great a power without his leave,
 Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

YOR. "Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great."
 "O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,"
 "I am so angry at these abject terms;"
 "And now, like *Ajax Telamonius*,"
 "On sheep and 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. —"

O *Buckingham*, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
 That I have given no answer all this while;
 My mind was troubl'd 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.

BUC. That is too much presumption on thy part:
 But if thy arms be to no other end,

The king hath yielded unto thy demand ;
The duke of *Somerſet* is in the tower,

YOR. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner ?

BUC. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

YOR. Then, *Buckingham*, I do diſmiſs my powers : —
Soldiers, I thank you all ; diſperſe yourſelves ;
Meet me to-morrow in ſaint *George's* field,
You ſhall have pay, and every thing you wiſh. —
And let my ſovereign, virtuous *Henry*,
Command my eldeſt ſon, — nay, all my ſons, —
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll ſend them all as willing as I live ;
Lands, goods, horſe, armour, any thing I have
Is to his uſe, ſo *Somerſet* may die.

BUC. *York*, I commend this kind ſubmiſſion :
We twain will go into his highneſs' tent.

Enter King Henry, attended.

Kin. *Buckingham*, doth *York* intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm ?

YOR. In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
York doth preſent himſelf unto your highneſs.

Kin. Then what intend theſe forces thou doſt bring ?

YOR. To heave the traitor *Somerſet* from hence ;
And fight againſt that monſtrous rebel, *Cade*,
Whom ſince I hear 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. [thou ! —

Kin. The head of *Cade*? — Great God, how juſt art
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 ?

IDE. I was, an't like your majesty.

Kin. How art thou call'd ? and what is thy degree ?

IDE. *Alexander Iden*, that's my name ;

A poor esquire of *Kent*, that loves the king.

Buc. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

Kin. *Iden*, kneel down ; now rise thou up a knight :
We give thee for reward a thousand marks ;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

IDE. May *Iden* live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege !

Enter the Queen, and SOMERSET.

Kin. See, *Buckingham* ! *Somerstet* comes with the queen ;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

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

YOR. How now ! is *Somerstet* at liberty ?
Then *York* unloose thy long imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of *Somerstet* ?—

False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse ?

King did I call thee ? no, thou art not king ;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not, rule a traitor :

That head of thine doth not become a crown ;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

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,

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

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

Kin. Ay, *Clifford* ; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

o. C. He is a traitor ; let him to the tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.

Que. He is arrested, but will not obey ;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

YOR. Will you not, sons ?

EDW. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

RIC. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

o. C. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here !

YOR. Look in a glass, and call thy image so ;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor. —
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell lurking curs ;
Bid *Salisbury*, and *Warwick*, come to me.

Drums. Enter SALISBURY, and WARWICK,
with Forces.

o. C. Are these thy bears ? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

RIC. 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 clap'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd :
And such a piece of service will you do,

If you oppose yourselves to match lord *Warwick*.

y. C. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

YOR. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

o. C. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

Kin. Why, *Warwick*, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—

Old *Salisbury*,— shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—

O, where is faith? o, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—

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 mickle age.

SAL. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to *England's* royal seat.

Kin. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

SAL. I have.

Kin. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such a vow?

SAL. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath:
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,

To wring the widow from her custom'd right ;
 And have no other reason for this wrong,
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath ?

Que. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

Kin. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arm himself.

YOR. Call *Buckingham*, and all the friends thou hast,
 I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

o. C. 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.

o. C. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
 Than any thou canst conjure up to-day ;
 And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
 Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

WAR. Now by my father's age, old *Nevil's* crest,
 The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
 This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
 (As on a mountain top the cedar shows,
 That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm)
 Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

o. C. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
 And tread it under foot with all contempt,
 Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

y. C. And so to arms, victorious noble father,
 To quell these traitors, and their complices.

Ric. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spight,
 For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

y. C. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

Ric. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Saint Alban's.*

Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Excursions.

Enter WARWICK.

WAR. *Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!*
 And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
 Now, — when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
 And dead men's cries do fill the empty air, —
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
 Proud northern lord, *Clifford of Cumberland*,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

YOR. The deadly-handed *Clifford* slew my steed:
 But match to match I have encounter'd him,
 And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
 Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

WAR. Of one or both of us the time is come. [*to Cli.*

YOR. Hold, *Warwick*, seek thee out some other chace,
 For I myself must hunt this deer to death. [*'ft: —*

WAR. Then, nobly, *York*; 'tis for a crown thou fight:
 As I intend, *Clifford*, to thrive to-day,
 It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*

o. C. What see'st thou in me, *York*? why dost thou
 pause?

YOR. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
 But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

o. C. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
 But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

YOR. So let it help me now against thy sword,
 As I in justice and true right expresses it!

o. C. My soul and body on the action both!

YOR. A dreadful lay! — address thee instantly.

[*fight; and Clifford falls.*

o. C. La fin couronne les oeuvres. [dies.]

YOR. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will. [Exit.]

Alarums. Enter young CLIFFORD.

y. C. 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 heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! — Let no soldier fly:
He, that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour. — O, let the vile world end,

[seeing his dead Father.]

And the premised flames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together!

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty sounds

To cease! — Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,

To lose thy youth in peace, and to atchieve

The silver livery of advised age;

And, in thy reverence, and in thy chair-days, thus

To die in ruffian battle? — 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 reclaims,

Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:

Meet I an infant of the house of *York*,

Into as many gobbets will I cut it
 As wild *Medea* young *Abfyrtus* did :
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
 Come, thou new ruin of old *Clifford's* house ;
[taking up the Body.

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.

*Alarums. Enter RICHARD, and Somersfet,
 fighting ; and Somersfet falls.*

Ric. So, lye thou there ;—

For, underneath an ale-house paltry sign,
 The castle in Saint *Alban's*, *Somersfet*
 Hath made the wizard famous in his death.—
 Sword, hold thy temper ; heart, be wrathful still :
 Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.

*Alarums again. Excursions. Enter King Henry,
 and Queen, with Others, flying.*

Que. Away, my lord, you are slow ; for shame, away !

Kin. Can we out-run the heavens ? good *Margaret*,
 stay.

Que. What are you made of ? you'll nor fight, nor fly :
 Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
 To give the enemy way ; and to secure us
 By what we can, which can no more but fly.
 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 stopt.

Other Alarums. Enter young CLIFFORD.

y. C. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must; uncureable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present party.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Fields without the Town.

*Retreat heard. Flourish; and Enter, with Drum
and Colours, triumphantly, YORK, RICHARD,
WARWICK, and Soldiers.*

YOR. Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
Aged contusions and all bruth of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

RIC. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

SAL. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
[*to York.*]
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 imminent death. —
 Well, lords, we have not got that which we have ;
 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
 Being opposites of such repairing nature.

YOR. I know, our safety is to follow them ;
 For, as I hear, the king is fled to *London*,
 To call a present court of parliament.

Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth : —
 What says lord *Warwick*, shall we after them ?

WAR. After them ! nay, before them, if we can.
 Now by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day :
 Saint *Alban's* battle, won by famous *York*,
 Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come. —

Sound, drums and trumpets ; — and to *London* all :
 And more such days as this to us befall ! [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

H E N R Y VI.

Part III.

Persons represented.

King Henry the sixth :

Edward, Prince of Wales, his Son.

Lewis the eleventh, the French King.

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York :

Edward, Earl of March, afterwards King ;

George, afterwards Duke of Clarence ;

Richard, afterwards Duke of Gloster ;

Edmund, Earl of Rutland, a Youth,

Dukes of Exeter, Norfolk, and Somersset.

Earl of Warwick : Marquess of Mountague, his Brother.

Earls of Westmoreland, Oxford, and Northumberland.

Lords Clifford, Hastings, and Rivers.

Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer. Sir John Montgomery.

Sir John Somerville. a Nobleman.

Lieutenant of the Tower. The Mayor of York.

Humphrey, and Sinklo, Huntsmen. another Huntsman.

a Son, that has kill'd his Father :

a Father, that has kill'd his Son.

Tutor to Rutland. three Watchmen. eight Messengers.

Margaret, Queen to Henry.

Lady Grey, afterwards Queen to Edward.

Bona, Sister to the French Queen.

*Attendants, French and English. Soldiers
of both Parties : Officers, &c.*

Scene, dispers'd ; in England, and France.

The third Part of
King HENRY the sixth.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *The Parliament House.*

*Drums. Enter Soldiers of York's Party, as breaking in :
Then, Enter the Duke of YORK, with EDWARD
and RICHARD, his Sons; Earl of WARWICK, Marquess
of MOUNTAGUE, Duke of NORFOLK, and Others, with
white Roses in their Hats.*

WAR. I wonder, how the king escap'd our hands.

YOR. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slyly stole away, and left his men :
Whereat the great lord of *Northumberland*,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
Lord *Clifford*, and lord *Stafford*, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

EDW. Lord *Stafford's* father, duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either slain, or wounded dang'rously :
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow ;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*shewing his bloody Sword.*

MOU. And, brother, here's the earl of *Wiltshire's* blood,
[*to Warwick, shewing his.*

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

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

[*shewing Somersets Head.*

YOR. *Richard* hath best deserv'd of all my sons. —

Is your grace dead, my lord of *Somersets*?

NOR. Such end have all the line of *John of Gaunt*!

RIC. Thus do I hope to shake king *Henry's* head.

[*shakes, and throws it away.*

WAR. And so do I. — Victorious prince of *York*,

Before I see thee seated in that throne

Which now the house of *Lancaster* usurps,

I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful king,

[*drawing towards the Throne.*

And this the regal seat: possess it, *York*;

For it is thine, and not king *Henry's* heirs'.

YOR. Assist me then, sweet *Warwick*, and I will;

For hither are we broken in by force.

NOR. We'll all assist you; he, that flies, shall die.

YOR. Thanks, gentle *Norfolk*. — Stay by me, my lords; —

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

WAR. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to put us out by force.

[*to the Soldiers, who retire.*

YOR. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament;

But little thinks, we shall be of her council:

By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

RIC. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

WAR. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,

Unless *Plantagenet*, duke of *York*, be king;

And bashful *Henry* depos'd, whose cowardise

Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

YOR. Then leave me not, my lords ; be resolute ;
I mean to take possession of my right.

WAR. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up *Lancaster*,
Dares stir a wing, if *Warwick* shake his bells.
I'll plant *Plantagenet*, root him up who dares : —

[*putting him in the Throne.*]

Resolve thee, *Richard* ; claim the *English* crown.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, attended ;

*Duke of EXETER, Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND, Earl
of WESTMORELAND, Lord CLIFFORD, and Others,*
with red Roses in their Hats.

Kin. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state ! belike, he means,
(Back'd by the power of *Warwick*, that false peer)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king. —
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father ; —
And thine, lord *Clifford* ; and you both have vow'd
Revenge on him, his sons, his favourers.

NORth. If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me !

CLI. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourn in steel.

WES. What, shall we suffer this ? let's pluck him down :
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

Kin. Be patient, gentle earl of *Westmoreland*.

CLI. Patience is for poltroons, and such as † he :
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of *York*.

NORth. Well hast thou spoken, cousin ; be it so.

Kin. Ah, know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck ?

EXE. But, when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

19 favourites, and his friends.

Kin. Far be it from the thoughts of *Henry's* heart,
 To make a shambles of the parliament house!
 Cousin of *Exeter*, frowns, words, and threats,
 Shall be the war that *Henry* means to use. —
 Thou factious duke of *York*, descend my throne,
 And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
 I am thy sovereign.

YOR. Thou'rt deceiv'd, I am thine. [*York.*

EXE. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of

YOR. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

EXE. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

WAR. *Exeter*, thou art a traitor to the crown,
 In following this usurping *Henry*.

CLI. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

WAR. True, *Clifford*; and that's *Richard*, duke of *York*.

Kin. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

YOR. It must and shall be so, content thyself.

WAR. Be duke of *Lancaster*, let him be king.

WES. He is both king and duke of *Lancaster*;
 And that the lord of *Westmoreland* shall maintain.

WAR. And *Warwick* shall disprove it. You forget,
 That we are those, which chac'd you from the field,
 And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
 March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

NORTB. Yes, *Warwick*, I remember't to my grief;
 And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

WES. *Plantagenet*, of thee, and these thy sons,
 Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
 Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

CLI. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
 I send thee, *Warwick*, such a messenger,
 As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

WAR. Poor *Clifford!* how I scorn his worthless threats!

YOR. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

Kin. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of *York*;
Thy grandfather, *Roger Mortimer*, earl of *March*:
I am the son of *Henry* the fifth,
Who made the dauphin and the *French* to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

WAR. Talk not of *France*, sith thou hast lost it all.

Kin. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

RIC. You are old enough now, and yet (methinks)
you lose:—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

EDW. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

MOU. Good brother, [*to War.*] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus. [*fly.*]

RIC. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will

YOR. Sons, peace!

Kin. Peace thou! and give king *Henry* leave to speak.

WAR. *Plantagenet* shall speak first:—hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live. [*throne,*]

Kin. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly
Wherein my grandfire, and my father, sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often born in *France*;
And now in *England*, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.

WAR. But prove it, *Henry*, and thou shalt be king.

Kin. *Henry* the fourth by conquest got the crown.

YOR. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

Kin. "I know not what to say; my title's weak."

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

YOR. What then?

Kin. An if he may, then am I lawful king:

For *Richard*, in the view of many lords,

Resign'd the crown to *Henry* the fourth;

Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

YOR. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign the crown perforce.

WAR. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to the crown?

EXE. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

Kin. Art thou against us, duke of *Exeter*?

EXE. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

YOR. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

EXE. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.

[to the Lords.]

Kin. "All will revolt from me, and turn to him."

NORth. *Plantagenet*, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that *Henry* shall be so depos'd.

WAR. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

NORth. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of *Essex*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, nor of *Kent*,—

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

CLI. King *Henry*, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vows to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,

Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

Kin. O *Clifford*, how thy words revive my heart!

YOR. *Henry of Lancaster*, resign thy crown:—

What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

WAR. Do right unto this princely duke of *York*;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*Stamps, and the Soldiers shew themselves.*]

Kin. My lord of *Warwick*, hear me but one word;—
Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.

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

Kin. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

CLI. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?

WAR. What good is this to *England*, and himself?

WES. Base, fearful, and despairing *Henry*!

CLI. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us?

WES. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

NORT^b. Nor I.

CLI. Come, cousin, let's go tell the queen these news.

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

NORT^b. Be thou a prey unto the house of *York*,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

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

[*Exeunt CLI. WES. and NORTH.*]

WAR. Turn this way, *Henry*, and regard them not.

EXE. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

Kin. Ah, *Exeter*!

WAR. Why should you fight, my lord ?

Kin. Not for myself, lord *Warwick*, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But, be it as it may : — I here entail
The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever ;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign ;
Neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

YOR. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

[*coming from the Throne.*

WAR. Long live king *Henry* ! — *Plantagenet*, embrace
him.

Kin. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons !

YOR. Now *York* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.

EXE. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes !

[*Flourish; and the Lords come forward.*

YOR. Farewel, my gracious lord ; I'll to my castle.

WAR. And I'll keep *London* with my soldiers.

NOR. And I to *Norfolk*, with my followers.

MOU. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

Kin. “ And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.”

[*Exeunt YORK, and his Sons, WAR.*

NOR. MOU. their Soldiers, and Att.

EXE. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her
I'll steal away. [anger :

Kin. *Exeter*, so will I.

[going.

Enter the Queen, and Prince.

Que. Nay, go not from me ; I will follow thee.

Kin. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Que. Who can be patient in such extreams ?

Ah, wretched man! 'would I had dy'd a maid,
 And never seen thee, never born thee son,
 Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
 Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus?
 Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
 Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
 Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
 Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
 Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
 And dis-inherited thine only son.

Pri. Father, you cannot dis-inherit me:

If you be king, why should not I succeed? [son; —

Kin. Pardon me, *Margaret*; — pardon me, sweet
 The earl of *Warwick*, and the duke, enforc'd me.

Que. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
 I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, tимерous wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
 And given unto the house of *York* such head,
 As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance:
 To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
 What is it, but to make thy sepulcher,
 And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of *Calais*;
 Stern *Falconbridge* commands the narrow seas;
 The duke is made protector of the realm;
 And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
 The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
 Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
 The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
 Before I would have granted to that act.
 But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:
 And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,

Both from thy table, *Henry*, and thy bed,
 Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
 Whereby my son is dis-inherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread :
 And spread they shall be ; to thy foul disgrace,
 And utter ruin of the house of *York*.

Thus do I leave thee : — Come, son, let's away ;
 Our army's ready, come, we'll after them.

Kin. Stay, gentle *Margaret*, and hear me speak.

Que. Thou hast spoke too much already ; get thee gone.

Kin. Gentle son *Edward*, thou wilt stay with me ?

Que. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Pri. When I return with victory from the field,
 I'll see your grace : 'till then, I'll follow her.

Que. Come, son, away ; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her Son.*]

Kin. Poor queen ! how love to me, and to her son,
 Hath made her break out into terms of rage !

Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke ;
 Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
 Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
 Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son.

The loss of those three lords torments my heart :

I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair ; —

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

EXE. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Sandal Castle,
 near Wakefield in Yorkshire. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MOUNTAGUE.

Ric. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

EDW. No, I can better play the orator.

MOU. But I have reasons strong and forceable.

Enter YORK.

YOR. Why, how now, sons, and cousin, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

EDW. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

YOR. About what?

RIC. About that which concerns your grace, and us;
The crown of *England*, father, which is yours.

YOR. Mine, boy? not 'till king *Henry* be dead.

RIC. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

EDW. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of *Lancaster* leave to breath,
It will out-run you, father, in the end.

YOR. I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.

EDW. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.

RIC. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.

YOR. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

RIC. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

YOR. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

RIC. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,

That hath authority over him that swears:

Henry had none, but did usurp the place;

Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms: And, father, do but think,

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;

Within whose circuit is *Elyzium*,

And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,

Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the luke-warm blood of *Henry's* heart.

YOR. *Richard*, enough; I will be king, or die. —

Cousin, thou shalt to *London* presently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this enterprize. —

Thou, *Richard*, shalt to the duke of *Norfolk* go,
And tell him privily of our intent. —

You, *Edward*, shall unto my lord of *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentishmen* will willingly rise:

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, and courteous, liberal, full of spirit. —

While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise;

And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of *Lancaster*?

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

But, stay; What news? — Why com'st thou in such post?

Mes. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:

She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

YOR. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that
we fear them? —

Edward and *Richard*, you shall stay with me; —

My cousin *Mountague* shall post to *London*:

Let noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple *Henry*, nor his oaths.

Mov. Cousin, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit MOUNTAGUE.*

Enter Sir John, and Sir Hugh MORTIMER.

YOR. Sir *John*, and sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine uncles!
You are come to *Sandal* in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir J. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

YOR. What, with five thousand men?

RIC. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; What should we fear?

[*March afar off.*

EDW. I hear their drums: Let's set our men in order;
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

YOR. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in *France*,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III, *Plains near the Castle.*

*Alarums, as a Battle join'd. Excursions, and
Parties flying. Enter, in the Rear of them, Edmund
Earl of RUTLAND, and his Tutor.*

RUT. Ah, whither shall I fly, to scape their hands!
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody *Clifford* comes!

Enter CLIFFORD, and Soldiers, pursuing.

CLI. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,—
His father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

CLI. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, *Clifford*, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man. [*Exit, forc'd off.*

CLI. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes? — I'll open them.

RUT. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws :
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey ;
And so he comes, to rend his limbs afunder. —
Ah, gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet *Clifford*, hear me speak before I die ; —
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath ;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live. [blood

CLI. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my father's
Hath stop't the passage where thy words should enter.

RUT. Then let my father's blood open it again ;
He is a man, and, *Clifford*, cope with him.

CLI. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me :
No, if I dig'd up thy fore-fathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not flake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of *York*
Is as a fury to torment my soul ;
And 'till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore —

RUT. O, let me pray before I take my death : —
To thee I pray ; Sweet *Clifford*, pity me !

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

RUT. I never did thee harm ; Why wilt thou slay me ?

CLI. Thy father hath.

RUT. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me ;

Left, in revenge thereof,—fith God is just,—
 He be as miserably slain as I.
 Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;
 And when I give occasion of offence,
 Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

CLI. No cause ?

Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die.

[*Slabbing him.*

RUT. *Dii faciant, laudis summa fit ista tuæ!* [dies.

CLI. *Plantagenet!* I come, *Plantagenet!*

And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
 Shall rust upon my weapon, 'till thy blood,
 Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Part of them.*

Alarums, &c. Enter YORK.

YOR. The army of the queen hath got the field :
 My uncles both are slain, in rescuing me ;
 And all my followers to the eager foe
 Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
 Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
 My sons — God knows, what hath bechanced them :
 But this I know, They have demean'd themselves
 Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
 Three times did *Richard* make a lane to me ;
 And thrice cry'd,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
 And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,
 With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him :
 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
 And cry'd—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*

A scepter, or an earthly sepulcher!

With this, we charg'd again : but (out, alas!)
 We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
 With bootless labour swim against the tide,
 And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*Alarum heard.*]

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
 And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
 And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
 The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter Queen, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND,
 and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody *Clifford*, — rough *Northumberland*, —
 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
 I am your but, and I abide your shot.

Norib. Yield to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet*.

CLI. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
 With downright payment, shew'd unto my father.
 Now *Phaeton* hath tumbld from his car,
 And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.

YOR. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
 A bird that will revenge upon you all:
 And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
 Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

CLI. So cowards fight, when they can fly no farther;
 So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
 So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
 Breath out invectives 'gainst the officers.

YOR. O, *Clifford*, but bethink thee once again,
 And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:

And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face ;
 And bite thy tongue, that flanders him with cowardise
 Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

CLI. I will not bandy with thee word for word ;
 But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[*assailing him.*]

Que. Hold, valiant *Clifford* ! for a thousand causes,
 I would prolong a while the traitor's life : —
 Wrath makes him deaf ; speak thou, *Northumberland*.

NORth. Hold, *Clifford* ; do not honour him so much,
 To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart :
 What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
 For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
 When he might spurn him with his foot away ?
 It is war's prize, to take all vantages ;
 And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*joins with Cli.*]

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

NORth. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

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

[*falls his sword.*]

NORth. What would your grace have done unto him now ?

Que. Brave warriors, *Clifford*, and *Northumberland*,
 Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here ;
 That raught at mountains with out-stretched arms,
 Yet parted but the shadow with his hand. —
 What ! was it you, that would be *England's* king ?
 Was't you, that revel'd in our parliament,
 And made a preachment of your high descent ?
 Where are your mefs of sons, to back you now ?
 The wanton *Edward*, and the lusty *George* ?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
 Was wont to chear his dad in mutinies?
 Or, with the rest, where is your darling *Rutland*?
 Look, *York*; I stain'd this † napkin with the blood
 That valiant *Clifford*, with his rapier's point,
 Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
 And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
 I give thee this † to dry thy cheeks withal.
 Alas, poor *York*! but that I hate thee deadly,
 I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, *York*.
 What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
 That not a tear can fall for *Rutland's* death?
 Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;
 And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
 Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
 Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown. —
 A crown for *York*; — and, lords, bow low to him. —

[*they give her a paper Crown.*]

Hold you his hands, whilst I do fet it on. —

[*puts it upon his Head.*]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
 Ay, this is he that took king *Henry's* chair;
 And this is he was his adopted heir. —
 But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
 As I bethink me, you should not be king,
 'Till our king *Henry* had shook hands with death.
 And will you pale your head in *Henry's* glory,
 And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath ?

O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable! —

Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;

And, whilst we breath, take time to do him dead.

CLI. That is my office, for my father's death.

Que. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

YOR. She-wolf of *France*, but worse than wolves of
France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,

To triumph, like an *Amazonian* trull,

Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates ?

But that thy face is vizard-like, unchanging,

Made impudent with use of evil deeds,

I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shame-

Thy father bears the type of king of *Naples*, [less.

Of both the *Sicils*, and *Jerusalem*;

Yet not so wealthy as an *English* yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;

Unless the adage must be verify'd, —

That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.

'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:

'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:

'Tis government, that makes them seem divine;

The want thereof makes thee abominable:

Thou art as opposite to every good,

As the *Antipodes* are unto us,

Or as the south to the *Septentrion*.

O tygres' heart, wrapt in a woman's hide !
 How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ?
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 Bid'st thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy wish :
 Would'st thou have me weep ? why, now thou hast thy will :
 For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
 And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
 These tears are my sweet *Rutland's* obsequies ;
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death, —
 'Gainst thee, fell *Clifford*, — and thee, false *French-woman*.

NORTH. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
 That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

YOR. That face of his the hungry cannibals [blood :
 Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with
 But you are more inhuman, more inexorable, —
 O, ten times more, — than tygers of *Hyrkania*.
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears :
 This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 Keep thou † the napkin, and go boast of this :
 And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears ;
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
 And say, — Alas, it was a piteous deed !
 There, take † the crown, and, with the crown, my curse ;
 And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand ! —
 Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the world ;

My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

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

Que. What, weeping ripe, my lord *Northumberland*?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears. [death.

CLI. Here's † for my oath, here's † for my father's

Que. And here's † to right our gentle-hearted king.
[stabbing him.

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

[dies.

Que. Off with his head, and set it on *York* gates; —
So *York* may over-look the town of *York*. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Plain in Hereford-shire.

Drums. Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD, with Forces,
marching.

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

RIC. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.

I saw him in the battle range about ;
 And watch'd him, how he singl'd *Clifford* forth,
 Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
 As doth a lion in a herd of neat :
 Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs ;
 Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
 'The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him :
 So far'd our father with his enemies,
 So fled his enemies my warlike father ;
 Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
 See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,
 Trim'd like a yonker, prancing to his love ?

EDW. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns ?

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

EDW. 'Tis wond'rous strange, the like yet never heard
 I think, it cites us, brother, to the field ;
 That we, the sons of brave *Plantagenet*,
 Each one already blazing by our meeds,
 Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
 And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
 Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
 Upon my target three fair shining suns. [it,

RIC. Nay, bear three daughters ; by your leave I speak
 You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Mes. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on,
When as the noble duke of *York* was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

EDW. O, speak no more ! for I have heard too much.

Ric. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.

Mes. Environed he was with many foes ;
And stood against them, as the hope of *Troy*
Against the *Greeks*, that would have enter'd *Troy*.
But *Hercules* himself must yield to odds ;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak,
By many hands your father was subdu'd ;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting *Clifford*, and the queen :
Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high despight ;
Laugh'd in his face ; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slain :
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of *York*
They set the same ; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

EDW. Sweet duke of *York*, our prop to lean upon ;

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay ! —

O *Clifford*, boistrous *Clifford*, thou hast slain

The flower of *Europe* for his chivalry ;

And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,

For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee ! —

Now my foul's palace is become a prison :
 Ah, would she break from hence ! that this my body
 Might in the ground be closed up in rest :
 For never henceforth shall I joy again ;
 Never, o, never, shall I see more joy,

Ric. I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart :
 Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen ;
 For self-fame wind, that I should speak withal,
 Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
 And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench,
 To weep, is to make less the depth of sorrow :
 Tears, then, for babes ; blows, and revenge, for me ! —
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
 Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee ;
 His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Ric. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
 Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :
 For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;
 Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

Drums. Enter *WARWICK*, Mountague, and Others,
 with Forces.

WAR. How now, fair lords ? What fare ? what news
 abroad ?

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

Edw. Ah, *Warwick*, *Warwick*, that *Plantagenet*
 Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,

10 fires all my breast, | And burnes

Is by the stern lord *Clifford* done to death!

WAR. Ten days ago, I drown'd these news in tears:
 And now, to add more measure to your woes,
 I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
 After the bloody fray at *Wakefield* fought,
 Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
 Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
 Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
 I then in *London*, keeper of the king,
 Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
 March'd toward Saint *Alban's* to intercept the queen,
 Bearing the king in my behalf along:
 For by my scouts I was advertised,
 That she was coming with a full intent
 To dash our late decree in parliament,
 Touching king *Henry's* oath, and your succession.
 Short tale to make, — We at Saint *Alban's* met,
 Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
 But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
 Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
 That rob'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
 Or whether 'twas report of her success;
 Or more than common fear of *Clifford's* rigour,
 Who thunders to his captives — blood and death,
 I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
 Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
 Our soldiers' — like the night-owl's lazy flight,
 Or like an idle thresher with a flail, —
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
 I cheer'd them up with justice of the cause,
 With promise of high pay and great rewards:
 But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,

And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
 So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
 Lord *George* your brother, *Norfolk*, and myself,
 In haste, post haste, are come to join with you;
 For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
 Making another head to fight again.

EDW. Where is the duke of *Norfolk*, gentle *Warwick*?
 And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England*?

WAR. Some six miles off the duke is with his power;
 And for your brother,—he was lately sent,
 From your kind aunt, dutchess of *Burgundy*,
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

RIC. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant *Warwick* fled:
 Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit;
 But ne'er, 'till now, his scandal of retire.

WAR. Nor now my scandal, *Richard*, dost thou hear:
 For thou shalt know, this strong right-hand of mine
 Can pluck the diadem from faint *Henry's* head,
 And wring the awful scepter from his fist;
 Were he as famous and as bold in war,
 As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

RIC. I know it well, lord *Warwick*: blame me not;
 'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
 But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
 Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
 And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
 Numb'ring our *Ave-maries* with our beads?
 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
 Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
 If for the last, say — Ay, and to it, lords.

WAR. Why, therefore *Warwick* came to seek you out;
 And therefore comes my brother *Mountague*.

Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
 With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
 And, of their feather, many more proud birds,
 Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax:
 He swore consent to your succession,
 His oath enrolled in the parliament;
 And now to *London* all the crew are gone,
 To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
 May make against the house of *Lancaster*.
 Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
 Now, if the help of *Norfolk*, and myself,
 With all the friends that thou, brave earl of *March*,
 Among the loving *Welshmen* canst procure,
 Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
 Why, *via!* to *London* will we march amain;
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
 And once again cry — Charge upon the foe,
 But never once again turn back and fly.

RIC. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great *Warwick* speak:
 Ne'er may he live to see a sun-shine day,
 That cries — Retire, when *Warwick* bids him stay.

EDW. Lord *Warwick*, on thy shoulder will I lean;
 And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
 Must *Edward* fall, Which peril heaven forefend!

WAR. No longer earl of *March*, but duke of *York*;
 The next degree is, *England's* royal king:
 For king of *England* shalt thou be proclaim'd
 In every borough as we pass along;
 And he, that casts not up his cap for joy,
 Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
 King *Edward*, — valiant *Richard*, — *Mountague*, —
 Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,

But found the trumpets, and about our talk.

Ric. Then, *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as steel,
(As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds)

I come to pierce it, — or to give thee mine. [for us!

Edw. Then strike up, drums; — God, and saint *George*,
Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

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

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors: Let's away.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE II. *Before York.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, marching,
King Henry, and Queen, Prince, CLIFFORD,
NORTHUMBERLAND, and Forces.*

Que. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of *York*.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

Kin. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their
To see this sight, it irks my very soul: — [wreck; —
With-hold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

CLI. My gracious liege, this too much lenity,
And harmful pity, must be lay'd aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?

Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
 The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
 And doves will peck, in safe-guard of their brood.
 Ambitious *York* did level at thy crown,
 Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows :
 He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
 And raise his issue like a loving fire ;
 Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
 Didst yield consent to dis-inherit him,
 Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.
 Unreasonable creatures feed their young :
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
 Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight,
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?
 For shame, my liege, make them your precedent !
 Were it not pity, that this † goodly boy
 Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault ;
 And long hereafter say unto his child,—
*What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
 My careles's father fondly gave away ?*
 Ah, what a shame were this ! Look on the boy ;
 And let his manly face, which promiseth
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

Kin. Full well hath *Clifford* play'd the orator,
 Inferring arguments of mighty force.
 But, *Clifford*, tell me, didst thou never hear,—
 That things ill-got had ever bad success ?
 And happy always was it for that son,

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
 And 'would, my father had left me no more!
 For all the rest is held at such a rate,
 As brings a thousand fold more care to keep,
 Than in possession any jot of pleasure. —

Ah, cousin *York*! 'would, thy best friends did know,
 How it doth grieve me that thy head is here! [nigh,

Que. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are
 And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;
 Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently: —
Edward, kneel down.

Kin. *Edward Plantagenet*, arise a knight;
 And learn this lesson, — Draw thy sword in right.

Pri. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
 I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
 And in that quarrel use it to the death.

CLI. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
 For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
 Comes *Warwick*, backing of the duke of *York*;
 And, in the towns as they do march along,
 Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
 Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

CLI. I would, your highness would depart the field;
 The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Que. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

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

NORTH. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Pri. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,

And hearten those that fight in your defence :
Unsheath your sword, good father ; cry, *Saint George !*

*Drums. Enter EDWARD, Duke of York ; with
GEORGE, and RICHARD, his Brothers ; WARWICK,
Norfolk, Mountague, and Soldiers.*

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

Que. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy :
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king ?

EDW. I am his king, and he should bow his knee ;
I was adopted heir by his consent :
Since when, his oath is broke ; for, as I hear,
You — that are king, though he do wear the crown, —
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

CLI. And reason too ;
Who should succeed the father, but the son ?

RIC. Art thou there, butcher ? — O, I cannot speak !

CLI. Ay, crook-back ; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy fort.

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

CLI. Ay, and old *York*, and yet not satisfy'd.

RIC. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

WAR. What say'st thou, *Henry*, wilt thou yield the
crown ? [you speak ?

Que. Why, how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick* ? dare
When you and I met at *Saint Alban's* last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

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

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

WAR. 'Twas not your valour, *Clifford*, drove me thence.

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

RIC. *Northumberland*, I hold thee reverently ; —
Break off the parley ; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big swoln heart
Upon that *Clifford* there, that cruel child-killer.

CLI. I slew thy father ; Call'st thou him a child ?

RIC. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother *Rutland* ;
But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed. [speak.

Kin. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me

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

Kin. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue ;
I am a king, and priviledg'd to speak.

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

RIC. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword :
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,
That *Clifford's* manhood lies upon his tongue.

EDW. Say, *Henry*, shall I have my right, or no ?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

WAR. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head ;
For *York* in justice puts his armour on.

Pri. If that be right, which *Warwick* says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

RIC. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands ;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Que. But thou art neither like thy fire, nor dam ;
But like a foul mis-shapen fligmatick,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom'd toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Ric. Iron of *Naples*, hid with *English* gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself. —

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be *Menelaus*;
And ne'er was *Agamemnon's* brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this † king by thee.
His father revel'd in the heart of *France*,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
And, had he † match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day;
Even then that sun-shine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of *France*,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slept our claim until another age.

Geo. But, when we saw our sun-shine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, 'till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;

Not willing any further conference,
 Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak. —
 Sound, trumpets! — let our bloody colours wave! —
 And either victory, or else a grave.

Que. Stay, *Edward*.

EDW. No, wrangling woman, I'll no longer stay :
 Thy words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

WAR. Fore-spent with toil, as runners with a race,
 I lay me down a little while to breath :
 For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repay'd,
 Have rob'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
 That, spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter EDWARD, running.

EDW. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
 For this world frowns, and *Edward's* sun is clouded.

WAR. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

GEO. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair ;
 Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us :
 What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

EDW. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings ;
 And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

RIC. Ah, *Warwick*, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
 Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
 Broach'd with the steely point of *Clifford's* lance :
 And, in the very pangs of death, he cry'd,
 Like to a dismal clangor heard from far, —

Warwick, *revenge! brother, revenge my death!*
 So underneath the belly of their steeds,
 That stain'd their fet-locks in his smoaking blood,
 The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

WAR. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood :
 I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
 Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
 Wailing our losses, while the foe doth rage ;
 And look upon, as if the tragedy
 Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
 Here on my † knee I vow to God above,
 I'll never pause again, never stand still,
 'Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
 Or fortune giv'n me measure of revenge.

EDW. O *Warwick*, I do bend † my knee with thine ;
 And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine. —
 And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
 I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,
 Thou setter up and plucker down of kings ;
 Beseeching thee, — if with thy will it stands,
 That to my foes this body must be prey, —
 Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul ! —
 Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
 Where-e'er it be, in heaven, or in earth. [*wick,*

RIC. Brother, give me thy hand ; — and, gentle *War-*
 Let me embrace thee in my weary arms : —
 I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
 That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

WAR. Away, away ! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

GEO. Yet let us all together to our troops :
 And give them leave to fly that will not stay :

And call them pillars, that will stand to us;
 And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
 As victors wear at the *Olympian* games :
 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts ;
 For yet is hope of life, and victory.
 Fore-flow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. The same. Another Part of it.

Excursions. Enter RICHARD, and CLIFFORD.

RIC. Now, *Clifford*, I have singl'd thee alone :
 Suppose, this arm is for the duke of *York*,
 And this for *Rutland* ; both bound to revenge,
 Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

CLI. Now, *Richard*, I am with thee here alone :
 This is the hand, that stab'd thy father *York* ;
 And this the hand, that slew thy brother *Rutland* ;
 And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
 And cheers these hands, that slew thy fire and brother,
 To execute the like upon thyself ;
 And so, have at thee. [*they fight.*]

Enter Warwick, as joining Richard ;

CLIFFORD flies.

RIC. Nay, *Warwick*, single out some other chace ;
 For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. The same. Another Part.

Alarums. Enter King Henry.

Kin. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing light ;
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
 Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,

Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;
 Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
 Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind :
 Sometime, the flood prevails ; and then, the wind ;
 Now, one the better ; then, another best ;
 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
 Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered :
 So is the equal poize of this fell war.
 Here on this mole-hill will I fit me down.
 To whom God will, there be the victory !
 For *Margaret* my queen, and *Clifford* too,
 Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both,
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.
 'Would, I were dead ! if God's good will were so :
 For what is in this world, but grief and woe ?
 O God ! methinks, it were a happy life,
 To be no better than a homely swain ;
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
 How many make the hour full compleat,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the time :
 So many hours must I tend my flock,
 So many hours must I take my rest,
 So many hours must I cõtemplate,
 So many hours must I sport myself ;
 So many days my ewes have been with young,
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean,
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece :

21 makes 25 Times

Z 4

So minutes, hours, days, ~~weeks~~, months, and years,
 Past over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
 O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
 And to conclude, — the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

*Alarums. Enter a Son that has kill'd his
 Father, dragging in the Body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits nobody.
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 May be possessed with some store of crowns:
 And I, that (haply) take them from him now,
 May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.

[goes to rifle him.]

Who's this? — O God! it is my father's face,
 Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
 O heavy times, begetting such events!
 From *London* by the king was I press'd forth;
 My father, being the earl of *Warwick's* man,
 Came on the part of *York*, press'd by his master;

And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him. —
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did! —
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee! —
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
 And no more words, 'till they have flow'd their fill.

Kin. O piteous spectacle! o bloody times!
 Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity. —
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
 And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

*Enter a Father that has kill'd his Son,
 bringing in the Body.*

Fat. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows. —
 But let me see! is this our foe-man's face?
 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son! —
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
 Blown by the windy tempest of my heart,
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart! —
 O, pity, God, this miserable age! —
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget! —
 O boy, thy father gave thee life too late,
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too soon! [grief!]

Kin. Woe above woe! grief more than common
 O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds! —
 O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity! —

The red rose and the white are on his face,
 The fatal colours of our striving houses:
 The one, his purple blood right well resembles;
 The other, his pale cheek (methinks) presenteth:
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
 Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd?

Fat. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
 Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd?

Kin. How will the country, for these woful chances,
 Mis think the king, and not be satisfy'd?

Son. Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death?

Fat. Was ever father, so bemoan'd his son?

Kin. Was ever king, so griev'd for subjects' woe?
 Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
 [Exit, with the Body.]

Fat. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
 My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulcher;
 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go:
 My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
 And so obsequious will thy father be,
 Even for the loss of thee, having no more,
 As *Priam* was for all his valiant sons.
 I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
 For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[Exit, with the Body.]

Kin. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
 Here fits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, Prince,
 EXETER, and Others, hastily.*

Pri. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And *Warwick* rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit. [main:

Que. Mount you, my lord, towards *Berwick* post a-
Edward and *Richard*, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel graspt in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

EXE. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after, I'll away before.

Kin. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet *Exeter*;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same.*

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

CLI. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
[sinks.

Which, whilst it lasted, gave king *Henry* light.
Ah, *Lancaster*, I fear thine over-throw,
More than my body's parting with my soul:
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
Impairing *Henry*, strength'ning misproud *York*,
The common people swarm like summer flies:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now, but *Henry's* enemy?
O *Phœbus*, hadst thou never given consent
That *Phaeton* should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth:

And, *Henry*, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
 And as thy father, and his father, did,
 Giving no ground unto the house of *York*,
 I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
 Had left no mourning widows for our deaths,
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
 For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
 And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
 Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
 No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
 And, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint: —
 Come, *York*, and *Richard*, *Warwick*, and the rest;
 I stab'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast. [*faints*.

*Drums. Enter EDWARD; GEORGE, and
 RICHARD, his Brothers; WARWICK, Mountague,
 and Forces.* [*pause,*

EDW. Now breath we, lords; good fortune bids us
 And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks. —
 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen; —
 That led calm *Henry*, though he were a king,
 As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
 Command an argosy to stem the waves.
 But think you, lords, that *Clifford* fled with them?

WAR. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
 For, though before his face I speak the words,
 Your brother *Richard* mark'd him for the grave;
 And, wherefoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*Clifford greans.*
EDW. Who's soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

RIC. A deadly groan, like life in death departing.

EDW. See who it is : and, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

RIC. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*;
Who not contented that he lop'd the branch
In hewing *Rutland* when his leaves put forth,
But set his murd'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean, our princely father, duke of *York*.

WAR. From off the gates of *York* fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which *Clifford* placed there :
Instead whereof, let his supply the room ;
Measure for measure must be answered.

EDW. Bring forth that fatal scritch-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours :
Now death shall stop his dismal threat'ning sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Attendants bring the Body forward.*]

WAR. I think, his understanding is bereft : —
Speak, *Clifford*, dost thou know who speaks to thee ? —
Dark cloudy death o'er-shades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

RIC. O, 'would he did ! and so, perhaps, he doth ;
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
As in the time of death he gave our father.

GEO. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

RIC. *Clifford*, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

EDW. *Clifford*, repent in bootless penitence.

WAR. *Clifford*, devise excuses for thy faults.

GEO. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

RIC. Thou didst love *York*, and I am son to *York*.

EDW. Thou pity'dst *Rutland*, I will pity thee.

GEO. Where's captain *Margaret*, to fence you now?

WAR. They mock thee, *Clifford*; swear as thou wast wont. [hard,

RIC. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes
When *Clifford* cannot spare his friends an oath: —

I know by that, he's dead; And, by my soul,
Would this right hand buy but an hour's life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
I'd chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young *Rutland* could not satisfy.

WAR. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands. —

And now to *London* with triumphant march,
There to be crowned *England's* royal king.
From thence shall *Warwick* cut the sea to *France*,
To ask the lady *Bona* for thy queen:
So shalt thou finew both these lands together;
And, having *France* thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation;
And then to *Britany* I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

EDW. Even as thou wilt, sweet *Warwick*, let it be:
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;

And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting. —

Richard, I will create thee duke of *Gloster*; —
And *George*, of *Clarence*; — *Warwick*, as ourself,

Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

RIC. Let me be duke of *Clarence*; *George*, of *Gloster*; For *Gloster's* dukedom is too ominous.

WAR. Tut, that's a foolish observation;
Richard, be duke of *Gloster*: Now to *London*,
To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Chace in the North of England.*

*Enter HUMPHREY, and SINKLO, Keepers; with
Cross-bows in their Hands.*

SIN. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud our-
For through this lawn anon the deer will come; [selves;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

HUM. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

SIN. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this self place where now we mean to stand.

HUM. Here comes a man, let's stay 'till he be past.

Enter King Henry, disguis'd.

K. H. From *Scotland* am I fiolen, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful fight.
No, *Harry, Harry*, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee *Cæsar* now,

No humble suitors prease to speak for right,
 No, not a man comes for redress of thee ;
 For how can I help them, and not myself ?

SIN. “ Ay, here’s a deer, whose skin’s a keeper’s fee : ”
 “ This is the *quondam* king ; let’s seize upon him.”

K. H. Let me embrace these four adversities ;
 For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

HUM. “ Why linger we ? let us lay hands upon him.”

SIN. “ Forbear a while, we’ll hear a little more.”

K. H. My queen, and son, are gone to *France* for aid ;
 And (as I hear) the great commanding *Warwick*
 Is thither gone, to crave the *French* king’s sister
 To wife for *Edward* : If this news be true,
 Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost ;
 For *Warwick* is a subtle orator,
 And *Lewis* a prince soon won with moving words.
 By this account, then, *Margaret* may win him ;
 For she’s a woman to be pity’d much :
 Her sighs will make a battery in his breast ;
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;
 The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn ;
 And *Nero* will be tainted with remorse,
 To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
 Ay, but she’s come to beg ; *Warwick*, to give :
 She, on his left side, craving aid for *Henry* ;
 He, on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
 She weeps, and says — her *Henry* is depos’d ;
 He smiles, and says — his *Edward* is install’d ;
 That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more :
 Whiles *Warwick* tells his title, smooths the wrong,
 Inferreth arguments of mighty strength ;
 And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,

With promise of his sister, and what else,
 To strengthen and support king *Edward's* place.
 O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be ; and thou (poor soul)
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

HUM. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and
 queens ? [Starting out upon him.]

K. H. More than I seem, and less than I was born to :
 A man at least, for less I should not be ;
 And men may talk of kings, And why not I ?

HUM. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. H. Why, so I am, in mind ; and that's enough.

HUM. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown ?

K. H. My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;
 Not deck'd with diamonds, and *Indian* stones,
 Nor to be seen : my crown is call'd, content ;
 A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

HUM. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
 Your crown content, and you, must be contented
 To go along with us : for, as we think,
 You are the king, king *Edward* hath depos'd ;
 And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
 Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. H. But did you never swear, and break an oath ?

HUM. No, never such an oath ; nor will not now.

K. H. Wheredid you dwell, when I was king of *England* ?

HUM. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. H. I was anointed king at nine months old ;
 My father, and my grandfather, were kings ;
 And you were sworn true subjects unto me :
 And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths ?

SIN. No ; for we were subjects but while you were king.

K. H. Why, am I dead ? do I not breath a man ?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
 Look, as I blow this † feather from my face,
 And as the air blows it to me again,
 Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
 And yielding to another when it blows,
 Commanded always by the greater guff;
 Such is the lightness of you common men.
 But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin,
 My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
 Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
 And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.

SIN. We are true subjects to the king, king *Edward*.

K. H. So would you be again to *Henry*,
 If he were seated as king *Edward* is.

SIN. We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
 To go with us unto the officers. [obey'd :

K. H. In God's name, lead; your king's name be
 And what God will, that let your king perform;
 And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Edward, as King; the Lady Grey with him;

CLARENCE, and GLOSTER, following.

K. E. Brother of *Gloster*, at *Saint Alban's* field
 This lady's husband, sir *John Grey*, was slain,
 His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
 Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
 Which we in justice cannot well deny,
 Because in quarrel of the house of *York*
 The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

GLO. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;
 It were dishonour, to deny it her.

K. E. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

GLO. "Yea, is it so?"

"I see, the lady hath a thing to grant," [to Cla.]

"Before the king will grant her humble suit." [wind?]

CLA. "He knows the game; How true he keeps the

GLO. "Silence!"

K. E. Widow, we will consider of your suit;

And come some other time, to know our mind.

Lad. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:

May't please your highness, to resolve me now;

And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me. [lands,]"

GLO. "Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your

"An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you."

"Fight closer, or (good faith) you'll catch a blow."

CLA. "I fear her not, unless she chance to fall."

GLO. "God forbid that! for he'll take vantages."

K. E. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

CLA. "I think, he means to beg a child of her."

GLO. "Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two."

Lad. Three, my most gracious lord.

GLO. "You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him."

K. E. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's land.

Lad. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. E. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

GLO. "Ay, good leave have you; for you will have"

"leave,"

"Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch."

[retiring to a Distance with Cla.]

K. E. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

Lad. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. E. And would you not do much to do them good?

Lad. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. E. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

Lad. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. E. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

Lad. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. E. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

Lad. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. E. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

Lad. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. E. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

Lad. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

GLO. "He plies her hard; and much rain wears the"
"marble."

CLA. "As red as fire! nay, then her wax will melt."

Lad. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. E. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

Lad. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. E. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

Lad. I take my leave, with many thousand thanks.

GLO. "The match is made, she seals it with a curt'fy."

K. E. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

Lad. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. E. Ay, but (I fear me) in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get? [ers;

Lad. My love 'till death, my humble thanks, my pray-
That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. E. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

Lad. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did?

K. E. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

Lad. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. E. To tell thee plain, I aim to lye with thee.

Lad. To tell you plain, I had rather lye in prison.

K. E. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

Lad. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower ;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. E. Herein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

Lad. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me :
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit ;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. E. Ay ; if thou wilt say, ay, to my request :
No ; if thou dost say, no, to my demand.

Lad. Then, no, my lord ; my suit is at an end.

GLO. "The widow likes him not, she knits her brows."

CLA. "He is the bluntest wooer in christendom."

K. E. "Her looks do argue her replete with modesty ;"
"Her words do shew her wit incomparable ;"
"All her perfections challenge sovereignty ;"
"One way, or other, she is for a king ;"
"And she shall be my love, or else my queen." —
Say, that king *Edward* take thee for his queen ?

Lad. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord :
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. E. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends ;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

Lad. And that is more than I will yield unto :
I know, I am too mean to be your queen ;
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. E. You cavil, widow ; I did mean my queen.

Lad. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call
you — father. [ther.

K. E. No more, than when my daughters call thee mo-

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children ;
 And, by God's mother, I, being but a batchelor,
 Have other some : why, 'tis a happy thing,
 To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

GLO. " The ghostly father now hath done his shrift."

CLA. " When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift."

K. E. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

GLO. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. E. You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

CLA. To whom, my lord ?

K. E. Why, *Clarence*, to myself.

GLO. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

CLA. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

GLO. By so much is the wonder in extreams.

K. E. Well, jest on, brothers : I can tell you both,
 Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter some Noblemen.

1 N. My gracious lord, *Henry* your foe is taken,
 And brought as prisoner to your palace gate.

K. E. See, that he be convey'd unto the tower : —
 And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
 To question of his apprehension. —

Widow, go you along ; — Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt King, Lady, CLARENCE, and Lords.*]

GLO. Ay, *Edward* will use women honourably.
 'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
 That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
 To cross me from the golden time I look for !
 And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,
 (The lustful *Edward*'s title buried)
 Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his son young *Edward*,

And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
 To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
 A cold premeditation for my purpose!
 Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty; —
 Like one that stands upon a promontory,
 And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
 Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
 And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
 Saying — he'll lade it dry to have his way:
 So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
 And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
 And so I say — I'll cut the causes off,
 Flattering me with impossibilities: —
 My eye's too quick, my heart o'er-weens too much,
 Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
 Well, say there is no kingdom then for *Richard*;
 What other pleasure can the world afford?
 I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
 And deck my body in gay ornaments,
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
 O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
 Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
 Why, love fore-swore me in my mother's womb:
 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
 She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
 To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
 To make an envious mountain on my back,
 Where sits deformity to mock my body;
 To shape my legs of an unequal size;
 To disproportion me in every part,
 Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
 That carries no impression like the dam.

And am I then a man to be belov'd ?
 O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought !
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
 But to command, to check, to o'er-bear such
 As are of better person than myself,
 I'll make my heaven — to dream upon the crown ;
 And, while I live, to account this world but hell,
 Until the head, this mis-shap'd trunk doth bear,
 Be round-impaled with a glorious crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 For many lives stand between me and home :
 And I, — like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns ;
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way ;
 Not knowing how to find the open air,
 But toiling desperately to find it out, —
 Torment myself to catch the *English* crown :
 And from that torment I will free myself,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile ;
 And, cry, content, to that which grieves my heart ;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions :
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;
 I'll play the orator as well as *Nestor*,
 Deceive more sily than *Ulysses* could,
 And, like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy* :
 I can add colours to the cameleon ;
 Change shapes, with *Proteus*, for advantages,
 And set the murth'rous *Machiavel* to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?

8 Untill my mis-shap'd Tranke, that beares this Head,

Tut! were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

SCENE III. France. A Room in some Palace.

Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, and Lady BONA, attended: King takes his State. Then, Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward her Son, and the Earl of OXFORD.

LEW. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret, [rising.

Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Q. M. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her fall, and learn a while to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour lay'd me on the ground;
Where I must take like feat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself. [despair?

LEW. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep

Q. M. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

LEW. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself, [neck
And sit thee by our side: [seats her by him.] yield not thy
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief. [thoughts,

Q. M. Those gracious words revive my drooping
And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
 And forc'd to live in *Scotland* a forlorn ;
 While proud ambitious *Edward*, duke of *York*,
 Usurps the regal title, and the seat
 Of *England*'s true anointed lawful king.
 This is the cause, that I, poor *Margaret*,—
 With this my son, prince *Edward*, *Henry*'s heir,—
 Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid ;
 And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done :
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help ;
 Our people and our peers are both mis-led,
 Our treasure seiz'd, our foldiers put to flight,
 And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.

LEW. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
 While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. M. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

LEW. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. M. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
 And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

LEW. What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence ?

Q. M. Our earl of *Warwick*, *Edward*'s greatest friend.

LEW. Welcome, brave *Warwick*! [*coming from his State*]
 What brings thee to *France* ? [*Mar. rises.*]

Q. M. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise ;
 For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

WAR. From worthy *Edward*, king of *Albion*,
 My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
 I come,— in kindness, and unfeigned love,—
 First, to do greetings to thy royal person ;
 And, then, to crave a league of amity ;
 And, lastly, to confirm that amity

With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady *Bona*, thy fair sister,
To *England's* king, in lawful marriage.

Q. M. "If that go forward, *Henry's* hope is done."

WAR. And, gracious madam, [*to Bona.*] in our king's
behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. M. King *Lewis*, — and lady *Bona*, — hear me speak,
Before you answer *Warwick*. His demand
Springs not from *Edward's* well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity:
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice, —
That *Henry* liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here prince *Edward* stands, king *Henry's* son.
Look therefore, *Lewis*, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

WAR. Injurious *Margaret*!

Pri. And why not queen?

WAR. Because thy father *Henry* did usurp;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

OXF. Then *Warwick* disannuls great *John* of *Gaunt*,
Which did subdue the greatest part of *Spain*;
And, after *John* of *Gaunt*, *Henry* the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;

And, after that wise prince, *Henry* the fifth,
 Who by his prowess conquered all *France* :
 From these our *Henry* lineally descends.

WAR. *Oxford*, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
 You told not, how *Henry* the sixth hath lost
 All that which *Henry* the fifth had gotten ?
 Methinks, these peers of *France* should smile at that.
 But for the rest,—You tell a pedigree
 Of threescore and two years; a silly time,
 To make prescription for a kingdom's worth. [liege,

OXF. Why, *Warwick*, canst thou speak against thy
 Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
 And not bewray thy treason with a blush ?

WAR. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the right,
 Now buckler falshood with a pedigree ?
 For shame, leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* king.

OXF. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
 My elder brother, the lord *Aubrey Vere*,
 Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
 Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
 When nature brought him to the door of death ?
 No, *Warwick*, no ; while life upholds this arm,
 This arm upholds the house of *Lancaster*.

WAR. And I the house of *York*.

LEW. Queen *Margaret*, prince *Edward*, and lord *Oxford*,
 Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside
 While I use further conference with *Warwick*.

Q. M. Heavens grant, that *Warwick's* words bewitch
 him not ! [retiring, with *Oxf.* and the *Prince*.

LEW. Now, *Warwick*, tell me, even upon thy consci-
 Is *Edward* your true king? for I were loth, [ence,
 To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

WAR. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

LEW. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

WAR. The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.

LEW. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sifter *Bona*.

WAR. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—
That this his love was an eternal plant;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady *Bona* quit his pain.

LEW. Now, sifter, let us hear your firm resolve.

BON. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
Yet I confess, [*to War.*] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire. [*Edward's*;

LEW. Then, *Warwick*, this,—Our sifter shall be *Ed-*
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoiz'd:—
Draw near, queen *Margaret*; and be a witness,
That *Bona* shall be wife to the *English* king.

Pri. To *Edward*, but not to the *English* king.

Q. M. Deceitful *Warwick*! it was thy device,
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming, *Lewis* was *Henry's* friend.

LEW. And still is friend to him and *Margaret*:
But if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by *Edward's* good success,—

Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
 From giving aid, which late I promised.
 Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
 Which your estate requires, and mine can yield.

WAR. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
 Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
 And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,—
 You have a father able to maintain you;
 And better 'twere, you troubl'd him than *France*.

Q. M. Peace, impudent and shameless *Warwick*, peace;
 Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
 I will not hence, 'till with my talk and tears
 (Both full of truth) I make king *Lewis* behold
 Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
 For both of you are birds of self-fame feather.

[*Tucket heard.*

LEW. *Warwick*, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord embassador, these † letters are for you;
 Sent from your brother, marquess *Mountague*. —
 These † from our king unto your majesty. — [*to Lew.*
 And, madam, these † for you; from whom, I know not.
 [*to Mar. They all read their Letters.*

OXF. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
 Smiles at her news, while *Warwick* frowns at his.

Pri. Nay, mark, how *Lewis* stamps as he were nettled:
 I hope, all's for the best. [*queen?*

LEW. *Warwick*, what are thy news?— and yours, fair

Q. M. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

WAR. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

LEW. What! has your king marry'd the lady *Grey*?
 And now, to sooth your forgery and his,

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
 Is this the alliance that he seeks with *France*?
 Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. M. I told your majesty as much before:
 This proveth *Edward's* love, and *Warwick's* honesty.

WAR. King *Lewis*, I here protest, — in sight of heaven,
 And by the hope I have of heavenly blifs, —
 That I am clear from this misdeed of *Edward's*;
 No more my king, for he dishonours me;
 But most himself, if he could see his shame. —
 Did I forget, that by the house of *York*
 My father came untimely to his death?
 Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
 Did I impale him with the regal crown;
 Did I put *Henry* from his native right;
 And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
 Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.
 And, to repair my honour lost for him,
 I here renounce him, and return to *Henry*: —
 My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
 And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
 I will revenge his wrong to lady *Bona*,
 And replant *Henry* in his former state. [love;

Q. M. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to
 And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
 And joy that thou becom'st king *Henry's* friend.

WAR. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
 That, if king *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish us
 With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
 I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
 And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
 'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:

And as for *Clarence*,— as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him ;
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

BON. Dear brother, how shall *Bona* be reveng'd,
But by the help of this distressed queen ?

Q. M. Renowned prince, how shall poor *Henry* live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair ?

BON. My quarrel, and this *English* queen's, are one.

WAR. And mine, fair lady *Bona*, joins with yours.

LEW. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margaret's*.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.

Q. M. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

LEW. Then, *England's* messenger, return in post ;
And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed king,—
That *Lewis* of *France* is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride :
Thou see'st what's past, go fear thy king withal.

BON. Tell him, In hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. M. Tell him, My mourning weeds are lay'd aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

WAR. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong ;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

There's thy † reward ; be gone. [Exit Messenger.

LEW. But, *Warwick* ;
Thyself, and *Oxford*, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false *Edward* battle :
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt ; —

What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

WAR. This shall assure my constant loyalty; —
That, if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock-bands.

Q. M. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion: —
Son *Edward*, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to *Warwick*;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only *Warwick's* daughter shall be thine.

Pri. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my † hand.

LEW. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be le-
And thou, lord *Bourbon*, our high admiral, [vy'd,—
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet. —
I long, 'till *Edward* fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of *France*.

[*Exeunt All but Warwick.*

WAR. I came from *Edward* as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale, but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity *Henry's* misery,
But seek revenge on *Edward's* mockery. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLARENCE, GLOSTER, SOMERSET,
MOUNTAGUE, and Others.*

GLO. Now tell me, brother *Clarence*, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady *Grey*?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

CLA. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to *France*;
How could he stay 'till *Warwick* made return?

SOM. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

GLO. And his well-chosen bride.

CLA. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended;

*Lady Grey, as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, HASTINGS,
and divers Others.*

K. E. Now, brother of *Clarence*, how like you our
That you stand pensive, as half malecontent? [choice,

CLA. As well as *Lewis* of *France*, or the earl of *Warwick*;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. E. Suppose, they take offence without a cause,
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwick*; I am *Edward*,
Your king and *Warwick*'s, and must have my will.

GLO. And you shall have your will; because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. E. Yea, brother *Richard*, are you offended too?

GLO. Not I:

No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd,
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To funder them that yoke so well together.

K. E. Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,
Tell me some reason, why the lady *Grey*
Should not become my wife, and *England*'s queen:—

And you too, *Somerſet*, and *Mountague*,
Speak freely what you think.

CLA. Then this is my opinion,— that king *Lewis*
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady *Bona*.

GLO. And *Warwick*, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now diſhonoured by this new marriage.

K. E. What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By ſuch invention as I can deviſe ?

MOU. Yet to have join'd with *France* in ſuch alliance,
Would more have ſtrengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainſt foreign ſtorms, than any home-bred marriage.

HAS. Why, knows not *Mountague*, that of itſelf
England is ſafe, if true within itſelf ?

MOU. Yes; but the ſafer, when 'tis back'd with *France*.

HAS. 'Tis better uſing *France*, than truſting *France*:
Let us be back'd with God, and with the ſeas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourſelves;
In them, and in ourſelves, our ſafety lies.

CLA. For this one ſpeech, lord *Hafterings* well deſerves
To have the heir of the lord *Hungerford*.

K. E. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
And, for this once, my will ſhall ſtand for law. [well,

GLO. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done
To give the heir and daughter of lord *Scales*
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or *Clarence*:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

CLA. Or elſe you would not have beſtow'd the heir
Of the lord *Bonville* on your new wife's ſon,
And leave your brothers to go ſpeed elſewhere.

K. E. Alas, poor *Clarence!* is it for a wife,
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

CLA. In choosing for yourself, you shew'd your judg-
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave [ment:
'To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. E. Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be king,
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.

Que. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess,—
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. E. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

GLO. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter Messenger.

K. E. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From *France*?

Mes. My liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I (without your special pardon)
Dare not relate.

K. E. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,

Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes king *Lewis* unto our letters?

Mef. At my depart, these were his very words;
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. E. Is *Lewis* so brave? belike, he thinks me *Henry*.
But what said lady *Bona* to my marriage?

Mef. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

K. E. I blame her not, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said *Henry's* queen?
For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Mef. Tell him, quoth she, *my mourning weeds are done,*
And I am ready to put armour on.

K. E. Belike, she minds to play the *Amazon*.
But what said *Warwick* to these injuries?

Mef. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words;
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

K. E. Ha! durst the traitor breath out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.

But say, is *Warwick* friends with *Margaret*? [friendship,

Mef. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in
That young prince *Edward* marries *Warwick's* daughter.

CLA. Belike, the elder; *Clarence* will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to *Warwick's* other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

I may not prove inferior to yourself: —
You, that love me and *Warwick*, follow me.

[*Exit. SOMERSET follows.*]

GLO. “Not I:”

“My thoughts aim at a further matter; I”

“Stay not for love of *Edward*, but the crown.”

K. E. *Clarence* and *Somerset* both gone to *Warwick*!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;

And haste is needful in this desperate case. —

Pembroke, and *Stafford*, you in our behalf

Go levy men, and make prepare for war;

They are already, or quickly will be landed:

Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt Pemb. and Staf.*]

But, ere I go, *Hastings*, — and *Mountague*, —

Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

Are near to *Warwick*, by blood, and by alliance:

Tell me, if you love *Warwick* more than me?

If it be so, then both depart to him;

I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends:

But if you mind to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,

That I may never have you in suspect.

Mov. So God help *Mountague*, as he proves true!

Has. And *Hastings*, as he favours *Edward*'s cause!

K. E. Now, brother *Richard*, will you stand by us?

GLO. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. E. Why so; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,

'Till we meet *Warwick* with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Plain in Warwickshire,*

Enter WARWICK, Oxford, and Forces,

WAR. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE, and Somersfet.

But, see, where *Somersfet* and *Clarence* comes; —
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

CLA. Fear not that, my lord. [*awick*; —

WAR. Then, gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *War-*
And welcome, *Somersfet*: — I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that *Clarence*, *Edward's* brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, *Clarence*; my daughter shall be thine.

[*giving him his Hand*,

And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as *Ulysses*, and stout *Diomedes*,
By flight and manhood stole to *Rhesus's* tents,
And brought from thence the *Thracian* fatal steeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down *Edward's* guard,
And seize himself; I say not — slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprize him. —
You that will follow me in this attempt,
Applaud the name of *Henry*, with your leader.

[*they all cry*, Henry!

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:

For *Warwick* and his friends, God and faint *George*!
 [Exeunt, marching.]

SCENE III. *Edward's Camp, near Warwick.*

His Tent in Front: Enter certain Watchmen.

1. *W.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;
 The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

2. *W.* What, will he not to bed?

1. *W.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow,—
 Never to lye and take his natural rest,
 Till *Warwick*, or himself, be quite suppress.

2. *W.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
 If *Warwick* be so near as men report.

3. *W.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
 That with the king here resteth in his tent?

1. *W.* 'Tis the lord *Hastings*, the king's chiefeft friend.

3. *W.* O, is it so? But why commands the king,
 That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
 While he himself keeps here in the cold field?

2. *W.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

3. *W.* Ay; but give me worship, and quietness,
 I like it better than a dangerous honour.
 If *Warwick* knew in what estate he stands,
 'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1. *W.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2. *W.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
 But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter WARWICK, Clarence, Oxford,
 Somerset, and Forces.*

WAR. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard:
 Courage, my masters; honour now, or never!
 But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

1. *W.* Who goes there?
2. *W.* Stay, or thou dy'ft.

*Warwick, and the rest, cry all — Warwick!
Warwick! — and set upon the Guard; who fly,
crying — Arm! arm! — Warwick, and the rest,
following them.*

*The Drum beating, and Trumpet sounding,
Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest; bringing the
King out in his Gown, sitting in a Chair:
Gloster, and Hastings fly.*

SOM. What are they that fly there? [duke.

WAR. Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here's the

K. E. The duke! why, *Warwick*, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king.

WAR. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of *York*.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?

K. E. Yea, brother of *Clarence*, and art thou here too?
Nay, then I see, that *Edward* needs must down. —
Yet, *Warwick*, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

WAR. Then, for his mind, be *Edward* *England's* king:

Fell *Warwick's* brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Que. 'Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of *Edward's* off-spring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle my passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King *Edward's* fruit, true heir to the *English* crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is *Warwick* then become?

Que. I am informed, that he comes towards *London*,
To set the crown once more on *Henry's* head:
Guess thou the rest, king *Edward's* friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of *Edward's* right;
There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If *Warwick* take us, we are sure to die. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Yorkshire. Park of Middleham Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, Sir William Stanley,
and Others.

GLO. Now, my lord *Hastings*, and sir *William Stanley*,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my brother,

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
 He hath good usage and great liberty;
 And often, but attended with weak guard,
 Comes hunting this way to disport himself:
 I have advértis'd him by secret means,
 That if, about this hour, he make this way,
 Under the colour of his usual game,
 He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
 To set him free from his captivity. [Horns.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman.

Hun. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. E. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen
 stand. —

Now, brother of *Gloster*, lord *Hastings*, and the rest,
 Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

GLO. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
 Your horse stands ready at the park-corner for you.

K. E. But whither shall we then? [ders.

HAS. To *Lyn*, my lord; and ship from thence to *Flan-*

GLO. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my mean-

K. E. *Stanley*, I will requite thy forwardness. [ing.

GLO. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. E. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hun. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

GLO. Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado. [frown;

K. E. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from *Warwick's*
 And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. London. A Room in the Tower.

Enter King Henry, and the Lieutenant of the Tower;

SOMERSET, leading in his Hand young *Richmond*;

WARWICK, *CLARENCE*, *OXFORD*, and divers Others.

K. H. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken *Edward* from the regal seat ;
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys ;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees? [reigns ;

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their love-
But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. H. For what, lieutenant ? for well using me ?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure :
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty. —
But, *Warwick*, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee ;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me ;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars ;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

WAR. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous ;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars :
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me, when *Clarence* is in place.

CLA. No, *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the sway,

To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
 Adjudg'd an olive branch, and lawrel crown,
 As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
 And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

WAR. And I choose *Clarence* only for protector.

K. H. *Warwick*, and *Clarence*, give me both your hands;
 Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,
 That no dissention hinder government:
 I make you both protectors of this land;
 While I myself will lead a private life,
 And in devotion spend my latter days,
 To sin's rebuke, and my creator's praise.

WAR. What answers *Clarence* to his sovereign's will?

CLA. That he consents, if *Warwick* yield consent;
 For on thy fortune I repose myself.

WAR. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
 We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
 To *Henry's* body, and supply his place;
 I mean, in bearing weight of government,
 While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
 And, *Clarence*, now then it is more than needful,
 Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a traitor,
 And all his lands and goods confiscated.

CLA. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

WAR. Ay, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.

K. H. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
 Let me entreat, (for I command no more)
 That *Margaret* your queen, and my son *Edward*,
 Be sent for, to return from *France* with speed:
 For, 'till I see them here, by doubtful fear
 My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

CLA. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. H. My lord of *Somerſet*, what youth is that,
Of whom you ſeem to have ſo tender care?

SOM. My liege, it is young *Henry* earl of *Richmond*.

K. H. Come hither, *England's* hope: If ſecret powers
[*laying his Hand on his Head.*

Suſpect but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliſs:
His looks are full of peaceful majeſty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a ſcepter; and himſelf
Likely, in time, to bleſs a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Muſt help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Meſſenger.

WAR. What news, my friend?

Meſ. That *Edward* is eſcaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears ſince, to *Burgundy*.

WAR. Unfavoury news: But how made he eſcape?

Meſ. He was convey'd by *Richard* duke of *Gloſter*,
And the lord *Hafterings*, who attended him
In ſecret ambuſh on the foreſt ſide,
And from the biſhop's huntsmen reſcu'd him;
For hunting was his daily exerciſe.

WAR. My brother was too careleſs of his charge. —
But let us hence, my ſovereign, to provide
A ſalve for any ſore that may betide.

[*Exeunt King, WAR. CLA. Lieu. and Att.*

SOM. My lord, I like not of this flight of *Edward's*:
For, doubtleſs, *Burgundy* will yield him help;
And we ſhall have more wars, before't be long.
As *Henry's* late preſaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*:

So doth my heart mis-give me, in these conflicts
 What may befall him, to his harm, and ours :
 Therefore, lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worst,
 Forthwith we'll send him hence to *Britany*,
 'Till storms be past of civil enmity.

OXF. Ay; for, if *Edward* repossess the crown,
 'Tis like, that *Richmond* with the rest shall down.

SOM. It shall be so; he shall to *Britany*.

Come therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Before York.*

Drums. Enter King Edward, *GLOSTER*,
HASTINGS, and *Forces*, marching.

K. E. Now, brother *Richard*, lord *Hastings*, and the rest;
 Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
 And says — that once more I shall enterchange
 My wained state for *Henry's* regal crown.
 Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
 And brought desired help from *Burgundy* :
 What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
 From *Ravensturg* haven before the gates of *York*,
 But that we enter, as into our dukedom.

[*they approach the Gates, and knock.*]

GLO. The gates made fall! — Brother, I like not this;
 For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
 Are well foretold — that danger lurks within. [*us :*

K. E. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright
 By fair or foul means we must enter in,
 For hither will our friends repair to us.

HAS. My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon them.

Enter the Mayor, and Others,
upon the Walls.

May. My lords, we were fore-warned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves ;
For now we owe allegiance unto *Henry*.

K. E. But, master mayor, if *Henry* be your king,
Yet *Edward*, at the least, is duke of *York*.

May. True, my good lord ; I know you for no less.

K. E. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom ;
As being well content with that alone.

GLO. “ But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,”
“ He'll soon find means to make the body follow.”

HAS. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt ?
Open the gates, we are king *Henry's* friends.

May. Ay, say you so ? the gates shall then be open'd.

[*Exit, from above.*]

GLO. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon !

HAS. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him : but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter Mayor, below ; Attendants with him.

K. E. So, master mayor : these gates must not be shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.

What ! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys ;

[*taking them of him.*]

For *Edward* will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drums. Enter MONTGOMERY, and Forces.

GLO. Brother, this is sir *John Montgomery*,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. E. Welcome, sir *John* ! But why come you in arms ?

MON. To help king *Edward* in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

15 soone persuaded

K. E. Thanks, good *Montgomery*: But we now forget
Our title to the crown; and only claim
Our dukedom, 'till God please to send the rest.

MON. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke:—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*March begun.*]

K. E. Nay, stay, sir *John*, a while; and we'll debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

MON. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title? [points?]

GLO. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice

K. E. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our
'Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning. [claim:—

HAS. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

GLO. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. E. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but usurps the diadem.

MON. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be *Edward's* champion. [claim'd:—

HAS. Sound, trumpet; *Edward* shall be here pro-
Come, fellow soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*giving him a Paper.*]

Trumpet sounds.

Sol. [reads.] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God,*
king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.

MON. And whosoe'er gainsays king *Edward's* right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*throwing down his Gauntlet.*]

all. Long live *Edward* the fourth!

K. E. Thanks, brave *Montgomery*; —

And thanks unto you all:

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in *York*:

And, when the morning sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards *Warwick*, and his mates;

For, well I wot, that *Henry* is no foldier. —

Ah, froward *Clarence*! how evil it befeems thee,

To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy brother!

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwick*. —

Come on, brave foldiers: doubt not of the day;

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King Henry, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MOUNT-
AGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.*

WAR. What counsel, lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With hafty *Germans*, and blunt *Hollanders*,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to *London*;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. H. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

CLA. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

WAR. In *Warwickshire* I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: — and thou, son *Clarence*,
Shall stir, in *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and in *Kent*,

The knights and gentlemen to come with thee: —
 Thou, brother *Mountague*, in *Buckingham*,
Northampton, and in *Leicestershire*, shalt find
 Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'ft: —
 And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,
 In *Oxfordshire* shalt muster up thy friends. —
 My sovereign, with the loving citizens, —
 Like to his island, girt in with the ocean;
 Or modest *Dian*, circl'd with her nymphs, —
 Shall rest in *London*, 'till we come to him. —
 Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply. —
 Farewel, my sovereign.

K. H. Farewel, my *Hector*, and my *Troy's* true hope.

CLA. In sign of truth, I kiss † your highness' hand.

K. H. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate!

MOU. Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.

OXF. And thus † I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. H. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Mountague*,
 And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

WAR. Farewel, sweet lords; let's meet at *Coventry*.

[*Exeunt WAR. CLA. OXF. and MOU.*]

K. H. Here at the palace will I rest a while.

Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinks your lordship?

Methinks, the power, that *Edward* hath in field,
 Shall not be able to encounter mine.

EXE. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. H. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame:
 I have not stop'd mine ears to their demands,
 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
 My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
 My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
 My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:

I have not been desirous of their wealth,
 Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd ;
 Then why should they love *Edward* more than me ?
 No, *Exeter*, these graces challenge grace :
 And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
 The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! a Lancaster!*

EXE. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these ?

*Enter Edward, and Soldiers, hastily; GLOSTER,
 and Others, with him.*

K. E. Seize on the shame-fac'd *Henry*, bear him hence,
 And once again proclaim us king of *England*. —
 You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow :
 Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
 And swell so much the higher, by their ebb. —
 Hence with him to the tower; let him not speak. —

[*Henry born off.*

And, lords, towards *Coventry* bend we our course,
 Where peremptory *Warwick* now remains :
 The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
 Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

GLO. Away betimes, before his forces join,
 And take the great-grown traitor unawares :
 Brave warriors, march amain towards *Coventry*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Coventry.

Enter, upon the Walls, WARWICK, and divers Others.

WAR. Where is the post, that came from valiant *Oxford*?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1. *M.* By this at *Dunsmore*, marching hitherward.

WAR. How far off is our brother *Mountague*?—

Where is the post, that came from *Mountague*?

2. *M.* By this at *Daintry*, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John SOMERVILE.

WAR. Say, *Somerville*, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is *Clarence* now?

SOM. At *Southam* I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[*Drum heard.*

WAR. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I hear his drum.

SOM. It is not his, my lord; here † *Southam* lies;
The drum, your honour hears, marcheth from *Warwick*.

WAR. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

SOM. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*Drums. Enter King Edward, with GLOSTER,
and Forces, marching.*

K. E. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

GLO. See, how the surly *Warwick* mans the wall.

WAR. O unbid spite! is sportful *Edward* come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. E. Now, *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call *Edward*—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

WAR. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call *Warwick*—patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of *York*.

GLO. I thought, at least he would have said—the king;

Or did he make the jest against his will?

WAR. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

GLO. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

WAR. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. E. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwick's* gift.

WAR. Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight:
And, weakling, *Warwick* takes his gift again;
And *Henry* is my king, *Warwick* his subject.

K. E. But *Warwick's* king is *Edward's* prisoner:
And, gallant *Warwick*, do but answer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?

GLO. Alas, that *Warwick* had no more fore-cast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck! —
You left poor *Henry* at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the tower.

K. E. 'Tis even so; yet you are *Warwick* still. [down:

GLO. Come, *Warwick*, take the time, kneel down, kneel
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

WAR. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee. [friend;

K. E. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter OXFORD, with Drum and Colours.

WAR. O chearful colours! see, where *Oxford* comes!

OXF. *Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!*

[*he, and his Forces, enter the City.*

GLO. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. E. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

WAR. O, welcome, *Oxford!* for we want thy help.

Enter MOUNTAGUE, with Drum and Colours.

MOU. *Mountague, Mountague, for Lancaster!*

[he too enters the City.]

GLO. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. E. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with Drum and Colours.

SOM. *Somerjet, Somerjet, for Lancaster!*

[he too enters the City.]

GLO. Two of thy name, both dukes of *Somerjet,*
Have sold their lives unto the house of *York;*
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with Drum and Colours.

WAR. And, lo, where *George of Clarence* sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love: —
Come, *Clarence,* come; thou wilt, if *Warwick* calls.

CLA. Father of *Warwick,* know you what this means?

[taking his red Rose out of his Hat.]

Look here, I throw † my infamy at thee:
I will not ruate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up *Lancaster.* Why, trow'st thou, *Warwick,*

That *Clarence* is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
 To bend the fatal instruments of war
 Against his brother, and his lawful king?
 Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
 To keep that oath, were more impiety
 Than *Jephthah's*, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
 I am so sorry for my trespass made,
 That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
 I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
 With resolution, wherefoe'er I meet thee,
 (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad)
 To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.
 And so, proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defy thee,
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks:—
 Pardon me, *Edward*, I will make amends;—
 And, *Richard*, do not frown upon my faults,
 For I will henceforth be no more inconstant.

K. E. Now welcome more, and ten times more lov'd,
 Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

GLO. Welcome, good *Clarence*; this is brother-like.

WAR. O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust! [fight?

K. E. What, *Warwick*, wilt thou leave the town, and
 Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

WAR. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
 I will away towards *Barnet* presently,
 And bid thee battle, *Edward*, if thou dar'st. [way:—

K. E. Yes, *Warwick*, *Edward* dares, and leads the
 Lords, to the field; *Saint George*, and victory!

[*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Field near Barnet.*

Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Excursions. Enter King

Edward, *bringing in WARWICK wounded.*

K. E. So, lye thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For *Warwick* was a bug, that fear'd us all. —
Now, *Mountague*, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That *Warwick's* bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit Edward.*

WAR. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, *York*, or *Warwick*?
Why ask I that? my mangl'd body shews,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch over-peer'd *Jove's* spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dim'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchers;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when *Warwick* bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD, and SOMERSET.

SOM. Ah, *Warwick, Warwick!* wert thou as we are,

We might recover all our loss again !
The queen from *France* hath brought a puissant power ;
Even now we heard the news ; Ah, couldst thou fly !

WAR. Why, then I would not fly. — Ah, *Mountague*,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while !
Thou lov'st me not ; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, *Mountague*, or I am dead.

SOM. Ah, *Warwick*, *Mountague* hath breath'd his last ;
And, to the latest gasp, cry'd out on *Warwick*,
And said — Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have said ; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That could not be distinguish'd : but, at last,
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan, —
O, farewell, *Warwick* ! [selves ;

WAR. Sweet rest his soul ! — Fly, lords, and save your-
For *Warwick* bids farewell, to meet in heaven. [dies.

OXF. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power !
[*Exeunt, bearing off the Body.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another Part of it.*

Flourish. Enter King Edward in Triumph; with

CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.

K. E. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed :

20 bids you all farewell

I mean, my lords,— those powers, that the queen
Hath rais'd in *Gallia*, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

CLA. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came :
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up ;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

GLO. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And *Somerſet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her ;
If ſhe have time to breath, be well affur'd,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.

K. E. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their courſe towards *Tewksbury* :
We, having now the beſt at *Barnet* field,
Will thither ſtraight, For willingneſs rids way ;
And, as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented
In every county as we go along. —
Strike up the drum ; cry, Courage ! and away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Plains near Tewksbury.

*Drums. Enter Queen Margaret, and the
Prince her Son ; with SOMERSET, OXFORD,
and Soldiers, marching.*

Q. M. Great lords, wiſe men ne'er fit and wail their loſs,
But chearly ſeek how to redreſs their harms.
What though the maſt be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, our holding anchor loſt,
And half our ſailors ſwallow'd in the flood ?
Yet lives our pilot ſtill : Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much ;

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
 Which industry and courage might have fav'd ?
 Ah, what a shame ! ah, what a fault were this !
 Say, *Warwick* was our anchor ; What of that ?
 And *Mountague* our top-mast ; What of him ?
 Our slaughter'd friends the tackles ; What of these ?
 Why, is not *Oxford* here another anchor ?
 And *Somerſet* another goodly maſt ?
 The friends of *France* our ſhrouds and tacklings ?
 And, though unſkilful, why not *Ned* and I
 For once allow'd the ſkilful pilot's charge ?
 We will not from the helm, to ſit and weep ;
 But keep our courſe, though the rough wind ſay — no,
 From ſhelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
 As good to chide the waves, as ſpeak them fair.
 And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſs ſea ?
 What *Clarence*, but a quick-ſand of deceit ?
 And *Richard*, but a ragged fatal rock ?
 All theſe the enemies to our poor bark.
 Say, you can ſwim ; alas, 'tis but a while :
 Tread on the ſand ; why, there you quickly ſink :
 Beſtride the rock ; the tide will waſh you off,
 Or elſe you ſamiſh, that's a threefold death.
 This ſpeak I, lords, to let you underſtand,
 In caſe ſome one of you would fly from us,
 That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
 More than with ruthleſs waves, with ſands, and rocks.
 Why, courage then ! what cannot be avoided,
 'Twere childiſh weakneſs to lament, or fear.

Pri. Methinks, a woman of this valiant ſpirit
 Should, if a coward heard her ſpeak theſe words,
 Infuſe his breaſt with magnanimity,

And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
 I speak not this, as doubting any here:
 For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
 He should have leave to go away betimes;
 Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
 And make him of like spirit to himself.
 If any such be here, (as God forbid!)
 Let him depart, before we need his help.

OXF. Women and children of so high a courage,
 And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame. —
 O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
 Doth live again in thee; Long may'st thou live,
 To bear his image, and renew his glories!

SOM. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
 Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
 If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. M. Thanks, gentle *Somerſet*;—sweet *Oxford*, thanks.

Pri. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Prepare you, lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
 Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

OXF. I thought no less: it is his policy,
 To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

SOM. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Q. M. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

OXF. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

*Drums. Enter, at a Distance, King Edward,
 and Forces, marching.*

K. E. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
 Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
 Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
 I need not add more fuel to your fire,

For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

[*he, and his, draw off.*]

Q. M. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should
My tears gain-say; for every word I speak, [say,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, no more but this:—*Henry*, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancel'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both the Armies.*]

SCENE V. *The same. Another Part of them.*

Alarums; Excursions; afterwards, a Retreat.

*Then, Enter, as from Conquest, King Edward, CLARENCE,
GLOSTER, and Forces; with Queen Margaret, OXFORD,
and SOMERSET, Prisoners.*

K. E. Lo, here a period of tumultuous broils.—
Away with *Oxford* to *Hammes'* castle straight:
For *Somerset*, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

OXF. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

SOM. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt OXF. and SOM. guarded.*]

Q. M. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet *Jerusalem*.

K. E. Is proclamation made,—that, who finds *Edward*,
Shall have a high reward, and he his life.

GLO. It is; and, lo, where youthful *Edward* comes.

Enter Soldiers, with the Prince.

K. E. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak :
What, can so young a thorn begin to prick ? —

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to ?

Pri. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious *York* :
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth ;
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to.

Q. M. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd !

GLO. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stoln the breech from *Lancaster*.

Pri. Let *Æsop* fable in a winter's night ;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

GLO. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. M. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

GLO. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Pri. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. E. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

CLA. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Pri. I know my duty, you are all undutiful :
Lascivious *Edward*, — and thou perjur'd *George*, —
And thou mis-shapen *Dick*, — I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are ; —
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. E. Take that, [*stabbing him.*] thou likenefs of this
railer here.

GLO. Sprawl'st thou ? take † that, to end thy agony.

CLA. And † there's for twitting me with perjury.

Q. M. O, kill me too !

GLO. Marry, and shall, [lifting up his Dagger.

K. E. Hold, Richard, hold, [slaying him.] for we have done too much.

GLO. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. E. What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

GLO. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother; I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear more news.

CLA. What? what?

GLO. The tower, the tower. [Exit GLOSTER.

Q. M. O Ned, sweet Ned, speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak? — O traitors! murtherers! —

They, that stab'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by, to equal it:

He was a man; this, in respect, a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murtherer, that I may name it?

No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak: —

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. —

Butchers and villains, bloody canibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropt!

You have no children, butchers; if you had,

The thought of them would have stir'd up remorse:

But, if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,

As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince.

K. E. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. M. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;

Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:

What, wilt thou not? — then, Clarence, do it thou.

CLA. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. M. Good *Clarence*, do; sweet *Clarence*, do thou do it.

CLA. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it?

Q. M. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What, wilt thou not?—Where is that butcher, *Richard*?

Hard-favour'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?

Thou art not here: Murther is thy alms-deed;

Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. E. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. M. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince!

[*Exit, led out forcibly.*]

K. E. Where's *Richard* gone?

CLA. To *London*, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the tower.

K. E. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence: discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to *London*,

And see our gentle queen how well she fares;

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *London. A Room in the Tower.*

King Henry is seen sitting at his Book, the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

GLO. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?

K. H. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:

Good *Gloster*, and good devil, were alike,

And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

GLO. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

K. H. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
 And next his throat unto the butcher's knife. —
 What scene of death hath *Roscius* now to act?

GLO. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. H. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
 With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:
 And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
 Have now the fatal object in my eye,
 Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

GLO. Why, what a peevish fool was that of *Crete*,
 That taught his son the office of a fowl?
 And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. H. I, *Dædalus*; my poor son, *Icarus*;
 Thy father *Minos*, that deny'd our course;
 The sun, that fear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
 Thy brother *Edward*; and thyself, the sea,
 Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life:
 Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
 My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
 Than can my ears that tragick history.
 But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

GLO. Think'st thou, I am an executioner?

K. H. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
 If murd'ring innocents be executing,
 Why, then thou art an executioner.

GLO. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. H. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst
 presume,
 Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
 And thus I prophesy,— that many a thousand,
 Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;

And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
 And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
 Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
 And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
 Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
 The night-crow cry'd, aboding luckless time;
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
 The raven croak'd her on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
 To wit,—an undigest deformed lump,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
 To signify—thou cam'st to bite the world:
 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st—

GLO. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy speech;
[stabbing him.]

For this, among'st the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. H. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [dies.]

GLO. What, will the aspiring blood of *Lancaster*
 Sink in the ground? I thought, it would have mounted.
 See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
 O, may such purple tears be always shed
 From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,
 Down, down to hell; and say— I sent thee thither,
[stabbing him again.]
 I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—

Indeed, 'tis true, that *Henry* told me of;
 For I have often heard my mother say,
 I came into the world with my legs forward:
 Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
 And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
 The midwife wonder'd; and the women cry'd,
 O, Jesus *blefs us, he is born with teeth!*
 And so I was; which plainly signify'd—
 That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog:
 Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it.
 I have no brother, I am like no brother:
 And this word—love, which grey-beards call divine,
 Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in me; I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
 But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:
 For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
 That *Edward* shall be fearful of his life;
 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next; and then the rest;
 Counting myself but bad, 'till I be best.—
 I'll throw thy body in another room,
 And triumph, *Henry*, in thy day of doom.

[*Exit, with the Body.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*King Edward is seen sitting in his Throne; The Queen,
 with the infant Prince in her Arms, CLARENCE, and
 Others, by him: to them, GLOSTER.*

K. E. Once more we sit in *England's* royal throne,

Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
 What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
 Have we mow'd down, in top of all their pride?
 Three dukes of *Somerſet*, threefold renown'd
 For hardy and undoubted champions:
 Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the ſon,
 And two *Northumberlandſ*; two braver men
 Ne'er ſpur'd their courſers at the trumpet's ſound:
 With them, the two brave bears, *Warwick* and *Mountague*,
 That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
 And made the foreſt tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus have we ſwept ſuſpicion from our ſeat,
 And made our foot-ſtool of ſecurity. —
 Come hither, *Beſs*, and let me kiſs my boy: —
 Young *Ned*, for thee, thine uncles, and myſelf,
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
 Went all afoot in ſummer's ſcalding heat,
 That thou might'ſt repoſſeſs the crown in peace;
 And of our labours thou ſhalt reap the gain.

GLO. “ I'll blaſt his harveſt, if your head were lay'd;”
 “ For yet I am not look'd on in the world.”
 “ This ſhoulder was ordain'd ſo thick, to heave;”
 “ And heave it ſhall ſome weight, or break my back: —”
 “ Work thou the way, — and thou ſhalt execute.”

K. E. Clarence, and *Gloſter*, love my lovely queen;
 And kiſs your princely nephew, brothers both.

CLA. The duty, that I owe unto your majeſty,
 I ſeal upon the lips of this † ſweet babe.

QUE. Thanks, noble *Clarence*; worthy brother, thanks:

GLO. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
 ſprang'ſt,

Wiſneſs the loving kiſs † I give the fruit: —

“ To say the truth, so *Judas* kiss'd his master ;”
 “ And cry'd — all hail, when as he meant — all harm.”

K. E. Now am I seated as my foul delights,
 Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

CLA. What will your grace have done with *Margaret?*
Reignier, her father, to the king of *France*
 Hath pawn'd the *Sicils* and *Jerusalem*,
 And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. E. Away with her, and waft her hence to *France*.
 And now what rests, [*rising.*] but that we spend the time
 With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shews,
 Such as besit the pleasures of a court? —
 Sound, drums and trumpets! — farewel, four annoy;
 For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

Flourish.

Exeunt.





